



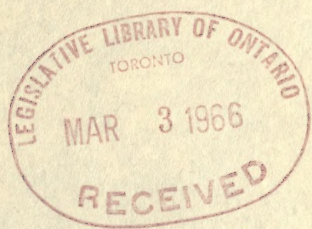
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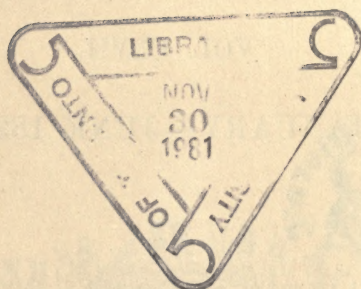
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BLACKWOOD'S

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No. DCCCCLI.

JANUARY 1895.

VOL. CLVII.

THE CLOSED CABINET.

It was with a little alarm and a good deal of pleasurable excitement that I looked forward to my first grown-up visit to Mervyn Grange. I had been there several times as a child, but never since I was twelve years old, and now I was over eighteen. We were all of us very proud of our cousins the Mervyns: it is not everybody that can claim kinship with a family who are in full and admitted possession of a secret, a curse, and a mysterious cabinet, in addition to the usual surplusage of horrors supplied in such cases by popular imagination. Some declared that a Mervyn of the days of Henry VIII. had been cursed by an injured abbot from the foot of the gallows. Others affirmed that a dissipated Mervyn of the Georgian era was still playing cards for his soul in some remote region of the Grange. There were stories of white ladies and black imps, of blood-stained passages and

magic stones. We, proud of our more intimate acquaintance with the family, naturally gave no credence to these wild inventions. The Mervyns indeed followed the accepted precedent in such cases, and greatly disliked any reference to the reputed mystery being made in their presence; with the inevitable result that there was no subject so pertinaciously discussed by their friends in their absence. My father's sister had married the late baronet, Sir Henry Mervyn, and we always felt that she ought to have been the means of imparting to us a very complete knowledge of the family secret. But in this connection she undoubtedly failed of her duty. We knew that there had been a terrible tragedy in the family some two or three hundred years ago,—that a peculiarly wicked owner of Mervyn, who flourished in the latter part of the sixteenth century, had been murdered by his wife,

who subsequently committed suicide. We knew that the mysterious curse had some connection with this crime, but what the curse exactly was we had never been able to discover. The history of the family since that time had indeed in one sense been full of misfortune. Not in every sense. A coal-mine had been discovered in one part of the estate, and a populous city had grown over the corner of another part; and the Mervyns of to-day, in spite of the usual percentage of extravagant heirs and political mistakes, were three times as rich as their ancestors had been. But still their story was full of bloodshed and shame, of tales of duels and suicides, broken hearts and broken honour. Only these calamities seemed to have little or no relation to each other, and what the precise curse was that was supposed to connect or account for them we could not learn. When she first married, my aunt was told nothing about it. Later on in life, when my father asked her for the story, she begged him to talk upon a pleasanter subject; and being unluckily a man of much courtesy and little curiosity, he complied with her request. This, however, was the only part of the ghostly traditions of her husband's home upon which she was so reticent. The haunted chamber, for instance—which of course existed at the Grange—she treated with the greatest contempt. Various friends and relations had slept in it at different times, and no approach to any kind of authenticated ghost-story, even of the most trivial description, had they been able to supply. Its only claim to respect, indeed, was that it contained the famous Mervyn cabinet, a fascinating puzzle of which I will speak later, but which certainly had nothing haunting or horrible about its appearance.

My uncle's family consisted of

three sons. The eldest, George, the present baronet, was now in his thirties, married, and with children of his own. The second, Jack, was the black-sheep of the family. He had been in the Guards; but about five years back had got into some very disgraceful scrape, and had been obliged to leave the country. The sorrow and the shame of this had killed his unhappy mother, and her husband had not long afterwards followed her to the grave. Alan, the youngest son, probably because he was the nearest to us in age, had been our special favourite in earlier years. George was grown up before I had well left the nursery, and his hot quick temper had always kept us youngsters somewhat in awe of him. Jack was four years older than Alan, and besides, his profession had in a way cut his boyhood short. When my uncle and aunt were abroad, as they frequently were for months together on account of her health, it was Alan chiefly who had to spend his holidays with us, both as school-boy and as undergraduate. And a brighter, sweeter-tempered comrade, or one possessed of more diversified talents for the invention of games or the telling of stories, it would have been difficult to find.

For five years together now our ancient custom of an annual visit to Mervyn had been broken. First there had been the seclusion of mourning for my aunt, and a year later for my uncle; then George and his wife, Lucy,—she was a connection of our own on our mother's side, and very intimate with us all,—had been away for nearly two years on a voyage round the world; and since then sickness in our own family had kept us in our turn a good deal abroad. So that I had not seen my cousins since all the calamities which had befallen them in the interval, and

as I steamed northwards I wondered a good deal as to the changes I should find. I was to have come out that year in London, but ill-health had prevented me; and as a sort of consolation Lucy had kindly asked me to spend a fortnight at Mervyn, and be present at a shooting-party which was to assemble there in the first week of October.

I had started early, and there was still an hour of the short autumn day left when I descended at the little wayside station, from which a six-mile drive brought me to the Grange. A dreary drive I found it—the round, grey, treeless outline of the fells stretching around me on every side beneath the leaden, changeless sky. The night had nearly fallen as we drove along the narrow valley in which the Grange stood: it was too dark to see the autumn tints of the woods which clothed and brightened its sides, almost too dark to distinguish the old tower,—Dame Alice's tower as it was called,—which stood some half a mile farther on at its head. But the light shone brightly from the Grange windows, and all feeling of dreariness departed as I drove up to the door. Leaving maid and boxes to their fate, I ran up the steps into the old, well-remembered hall, and was informed by the dignified man-servant that her ladyship and the tea were awaiting me in the morning-room.

I found that there was nobody staying in the house except Alan, who was finishing the long vacation there: he had been called to the Bar a couple of years before. The guests were not to arrive for another week, so that I had plenty of opportunity in the interval to make up for lost time with my cousins. I began my observations that evening as we sat down to dinner, a cosy party of four. Lucy was quite unchanged—pretty, foolish, and gentle as ever. George showed the full

five years' increase of age, and seemed to have acquired a somewhat painful control of his temper. Instead of the old petulant outbursts, there was at times an air of nervous, irritable self-restraint, which I found the less pleasant of the two. But it was in Alan that the most striking alteration appeared. I felt it the moment I shook hands with him, and the impression deepened that evening with every hour. I told myself that it was only the natural difference between boy and man, between twenty and twenty-five, but I don't think that I believed it. Superficially the change was not great. The slight-built, graceful figure; the deep grey eyes, too small for beauty; the clear-cut features; the delicate, sensitive lips, close shaven now, as they had been hairless then,—all were as I remembered them. But the face was paler and thinner than it had been, and there were lines round the eyes and at the corners of the mouth, which were no more natural to twenty-five than they would have been to twenty. The old charm indeed—the sweet friendliness of manner, which was his own peculiar possession—was still there. He talked and laughed almost as much as formerly, but the talk was manufactured for our entertainment, and the laughter came from his head and not from his heart. And it was when he was taking no part in the conversation that the change showed most. Then the face, on which in the old time every passing emotion had expressed itself in a constant, living current, became cold and impassive—without interest, and without desire. It was at such times that I knew most certainly that here was something which had been living and was dead. Was it only his boyhood?

Still, in spite of all, that week was one of the happiest of my life. The brothers were both men of

enough ability and cultivation to be pleasant talkers, and Lucy could perform adequately the part of conversational accompanist, which, socially speaking, is all that is required of a woman. The meals and evenings passed quickly and agreeably; the mornings I spent in unending gossips with Lucy, or in games with the children, two bright boys of five and six years old. But the afternoons were the best part of the day. George was a thorough squire in all his tastes and habits, and every afternoon his wife dutifully accompanied him round farms and coverts, inspecting new buildings, trudging along half-made roads, or marking unoffending trees for destruction. Then Alan and I

would ride by the hour together over moor and meadowland, often picking our way homewards down the glen-side long after the autumn evenings had closed in. During these rides I had glimpses many a time into depths in Alan's nature, of which I doubt whether in the old days he had himself been aware. To me certainly they were as a revelation. A prevailing sadness, occasionally a painful tone of bitterness, characterised these more serious moods of his; but I do not think that, at the end of that week, I would, if I could, have changed the man, whom I was learning to revere and to pity, for the light-hearted playmate whom I felt was lost to me for ever.

II.

The only feature of the family life which jarred on me was the attitude of the two brothers towards the children. I did not notice this much at first, and at all times it was a thing to be felt rather than to be seen. George himself never seemed quite at ease with them. The boys were strong and well grown, healthy in mind and body; and one would have thought that the existence of two such representatives to carry on his name and inherit his fortune would have been the very crown of pride and happiness to their father. But it was not so. Lucy indeed was devoted to them, and in all practical matters no one could have been kinder to them than was George. They were free of the whole house, and every indulgence that money could buy for them they had. I never heard him give them a harsh word. But there was something wrong. A constraint in their presence, a relief in their absence, an evident dislike of discussing them and their affairs, a total want of that enjoyment of love and possession

which in such a case one might have expected to find. Alan's state of mind was even more marked. Never did I hear him willingly address his nephews, or in any way allude to their existence. I should have said that he simply ignored it, but for the heavy gloom which always overspread his spirits in their company, and for the glances which he would now and again cast in their direction—glances full of some hidden painful emotion, though of what nature it would have been hard to define. Indeed, Alan's attitude towards her children I soon found to be the only source of friction between Lucy and this otherwise much-loved member of her husband's family. I asked her one day why the boys never appeared at luncheon. "Oh, they come when Alan is away," she answered; "but they seem to annoy him so much that George thinks it is better to keep them out of sight when he is here. It is very tiresome. I know that it is the fashion to say that George has got the temper of the family; but I assure you that Alan's

nervous moods and fancies are much more difficult to live with."

That was on the morning—a Friday it was—of the last day which we were to spend alone. The guests were to arrive soon after tea; and I think that with the knowledge of their near approach Alan and I prolonged our ride that afternoon beyond its usual limits. We were on our way home, and it was already dusk, when a turn of the path brought us face to face with the old ruined tower, of which I have already spoken as standing at the head of the valley. I had not been close up to it yet during this visit at Mervyn. It had been a very favourite haunt of ours as children, and partly on that account, partly perhaps in order to defer the dreaded close of our ride to the last possible moment, I proposed an inspection of it. The only portion of the old building left standing in any kind of entirety was two rooms, one above the other. The lower room, level with the bottom of the moat, was dark and damp, and it was the upper one, reached by a little outside staircase, which had been our rendezvous of old. Alan showed no disposition to enter, and said that he would stay outside and hold my horse, so I dismounted and ran up alone.

The room seemed in no way changed. A mere stone shell, littered with fragments of wood and mortar. There was the rough wooden block on which Alan used to sit while he first frightened us with bogey-stories, and then calmed our excited nerves by rapid sallies of wild nonsense. There was the plank from behind which, erected as a barrier across the doorway, he would defend the castle against our united assault, pelting us with fir-cones and sods of earth. This and many a bygone scene thronged on me as I stood there, and the room filled again with the memories of

childish mirth. And following close came those of childish terrors. Horrors which had oppressed me then, wholly imagined or dimly apprehended from half-heard traditions, and never thought of since, flitted around me in the gathering dusk. And with them it seemed to me as if there came other memories too,—memories which had never been my own, of scenes whose actors had long been with the dead, but which, immortal as the spirit before whose eyes they had dwelt, still lingered in the spot where their victim had first learnt to shudder at their presence. Once the ghastly notion came to me, it seized on my imagination with irresistible force. It seemed as if from the darkened corners of the room vague, ill-defined shapes were actually peering out at me. When night came they would show themselves in that form, vivid and terrible, in which they had been burnt into the brain and heart of the long ago dead.

I turned and glanced towards where I had left Alan. I could see his figure framed in by the window, a black shadow against the grey twilight of the sky behind. Erect and perfectly motionless he sat, so motionless as to look almost lifeless, gazing before him down the valley into the illimitable distance beyond. There was something in that stern immobility of look and attitude which struck me with a curious sense of congruity. It was right that he should be thus—right that he should be no longer the laughing boy who a moment before had been in my memory. The haunting horrors of that place seemed to demand it, and for the first time I felt that I understood the change. With an effort I shook myself free from these fancies, and turned to go. As I did so, my eye fell upon a queer-shaped painted board, leaning up against the wall,

which I well recollected in old times. Many a discussion had we had about the legend inscribed upon it, which in our wisdom we had finally pronounced to be German, chiefly because it was illegible. Though I had loudly professed my faith in this theory at the time, I had always had uneasy doubts on the subject, and now half smiling I bent down to verify or remove them. The language was English, not German; but the badly painted, faded Gothic letters in which it was written made the mistake excusable. In the dim light I had difficulty even now in deciphering the words, and felt when I had done so that neither the information conveyed nor the style of the composition was sufficient reward for the trouble I had taken. This is what I read:—

“Where the woman sinned the maid
shall win;
But God help the maid that sleeps
within.”

What the lines could refer to I neither had any notion nor did I pause then even in my own mind to inquire. I only remember vaguely wondering whether they were intended for a tombstone or for a doorway. Then, continuing my way, I rapidly descended the steps and remounted my horse, glad to find myself once again in the open air and by my cousin's side.

The train of thought into which he had sunk during my absence was apparently an absorbing one, for to my first question as to the painted board he could hardly rouse himself to answer.

“A board with a legend written on it? Yes, he remembered something of the kind there. It had always been there, he thought. He knew nothing about it,”—and so the subject was not continued.

The weird feelings which had haunted me in the tower still op-

pressed me, and I proceeded to ask Alan about that old Dame Alice whom the traditions of my childhood represented as the last occupant of the ruined building. Alan roused himself now, but did not seem anxious to impart information on the subject. She had lived there, he admitted, and no one had lived there since. “Had she not,” I inquired, “something to do with the mysterious cabinet at the house? I remember hearing it spoken of as ‘Dame Alice's cabinet.’”

“So they say,” he assented; “she and an Italian artificer who was in her service, and who, chiefly I imagine on account of his skill, shared with her the honour of reputed witchcraft.”

“She was the mother of Hugh Mervyn, the man who was murdered by his wife, was she not?” I asked.

“Yes,” said Alan, briefly.

“And had she not something to do with the curse?” I inquired after a short pause, and nervously. I remembered my father's experience on that subject, and I had never before dared to allude to it in the presence of any member of the family. My nervousness was fully warranted. The gloom on Alan's brow deepened, and after a very short “They say so” he turned full upon me, and inquired with some asperity why on earth I had developed this sudden curiosity about his ancestress.

I hesitated a moment, for I was a little ashamed of my fancies; but the darkness gave me courage, and besides I was not afraid of telling Alan—he would understand. I told him of the strange sensations I had had while in the tower—sensations which had struck me with all that force and clearness which we usually associate with a direct experience of fact. “Of course it was a trick of imagination,” I commented; “but I could not get rid

of the feeling that the person who had dwelt there last must have had terrible thoughts for the companions of her life."

Alan listened in silence, and the silence continued for some time after I had ceased speaking.

"It is strange," he said at last; "instincts which we do not understand form the motive-power of most of our life's actions, and yet we refuse to admit them as evidence of any external truth. I suppose it is because we *must* act somehow, rightly or wrongly; and there are a great many things which we need not believe unless we choose. As for this old lady, she lived long—long enough, like most of us, to do evil; unlike most of us, long enough to witness some of the results of that evil. To say that, is to say that the last years of her life must have been weighted heavily enough with tragic thought."

I gave a little shudder of repulsion.

"That is a depressing view of life, Alan," I said. "Does our peace of mind depend only upon death coming early enough to hide from us the truth? And, after all, can it? Our spirits do not die. From another world they may witness the fruits of our lives in this one."

"If they do," he answered with sudden violence, "it is absurd to doubt the existence of a purgatory. There must in such a case be a terrible one in store for the best among us."

I was silent. The shadow that lay on his soul did not penetrate to mine, but it hung round me nevertheless, a cloud which I felt powerless to disperse.

After a moment he went on,—
"Provided that they are distant enough, how little, after all, do we think of the results of our actions! There are few men who would deliberately instil into a child a

love of drink, or wilfully deprive him of his reason; and yet a man with drunkenness or madness in his blood thinks nothing of bringing children into the world tainted as deeply with the curse as if he had inoculated them with it directly. There is no responsibility so completely ignored as this one of marriage and fatherhood, and yet how heavy it is and far-reaching."

"Well," I said, smiling, "let us console ourselves with the thought that we are not all lunatics and drunkards."

"No," he answered; "but there are other evils besides these, moral taints as well as physical, curses which have their roots in worlds beyond our own,—sins of the fathers which are visited upon the children."

He had lost all violence and bitterness of tone now; but the weary dejection which had taken their place communicated itself to my spirit with more subtle power than his previous mood had owned.

"That is why," he went on, and his manner seemed to give more purpose to his speech than hitherto,—"that is why, so far as I am concerned, I mean to shirk the responsibility and remain unmarried."

I was hardly surprised at his words. I felt that I had expected them, but their utterance seemed to intensify the gloom which rested upon us. Alan was the first to arouse himself from its influence.

"After all," he said, turning round to me and speaking lightly, "without looking so far and so deep, I think my resolve is a prudent one. Above all things, let us take life easily, and you know what St Paul says about 'trouble in the flesh,'—a remark which I am sure is specially applicable to briefless barristers, even though possessed of a modest competence of their own. Perhaps one of these days, when I am a fat old judge, I shall

give my cook a chance if she is satisfactory in her clear soups; but till then I shall expect you, Evie, to work me one pair of carpet-slippers per annum, as tribute due to a bachelor cousin."

I don't quite know what I answered,—my heart was heavy and aching,—but I tried with true feminine docility to follow the lead he had set me. He continued for some time in the same vein; but as we approached the house the effort seemed to become too much for him, and we relapsed again into silence.

This time I was the first to break it. "I suppose," I said, drearily, "all those horrid people will have come by now."

"Horrid people," he repeated, with rather an uncertain laugh, and through the darkness I saw his figure bend forward as he stretched out his hand to caress my horse's neck. "Why, Evie, I thought you were pining for gaiety, and that it was, in fact, for the purpose of meeting these 'horrid people' that you came here."

"Yes, I know," I said, wistfully; "but somehow the last week has

been so pleasant that I cannot believe that anything will ever be quite so nice again."

We had arrived at the house as I spoke, and the groom was standing at our horses' heads. Alan got off and came round to help me to dismount; but instead of putting up his arm as usual as a support for me to spring from, he laid his hand on mine. "Yes, Evie," he said, "it has been indeed a pleasant time. God bless you for it." For an instant he stood there looking up at me, his face full in the light which streamed from the open door, his grey eyes shining with a radiance which was not wholly from thence. Then he straightened his arm, I sprang to the ground, and as if to preclude the possibility of any answer on my part, he turned sharply on his heel, and began giving some orders to the groom. I went on alone into the house, feeling, I knew not and cared not to know why, that the gloom had fled from my spirit, and that the last ride had not after all been such a melancholy failure as it had bid fair at one time to become.

III.

In the hall I was met by the housekeeper, who informed me that, owing to a misunderstanding about dates, a gentleman had arrived whom Lucy had not expected at that time, and that in consequence my room had been changed. My things had been put into the East Room,—the haunted room,—the room of the Closed Cabinet, as I remembered with a certain sense of pleased importance, though without any surprise. It stood apart from the other guest-rooms, at the end of the passage from which opened George and Lucy's private apartment; and as it was consequently disagreeable to have a stranger there, it was always used when the house was full for a

member of the family. My father and mother had often slept there: there was a little room next to it, though not communicating with it, which served for a dressing-room. Though I had never passed the night there myself, I knew it as well as any room in the house. I went there at once, and found Lucy superintending the last arrangements for my comfort.

She was full of apologies for the trouble she was giving me. I told her that the apologies were due to my maid and to her own servants rather than to me; "and besides," I added, glancing round, "I am distinctly a gainer by the change."

"You know, of course," she said,

lightly, "that this is the haunted room of the house, and that you have no right to be here?"

"I know it is the haunted room," I answered; "but why have I no right to be here?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said. "There is one of those tiresome Mervyn traditions against allowing unmarried girls to sleep in this room. I believe two girls died in it a hundred and fifty years ago, or something of that sort."

"But I should think that people, married or unmarried, must have died in nearly every room in the house," I objected.

"Oh yes, of course they have," said Lucy; "but once you come across a bit of superstition in this family, it is of no use to ask for reasons. However, this particular bit is too ridiculous even for George. Owing to Mr Leslie having come to-day, we must use every room in the house: it is intolerable having a stranger here, and you are the only relation staying with us. I pointed all that out to George, and he agreed that, under the circumstances, it would be absurd not to put you here."

"I am quite agreeable," I answered; "and, indeed, I think I am rather favoured in having a room where the last recorded death appears to have taken place a hundred and fifty years ago, particularly as I should think that there can be scarcely anything now left in it which was here then, except, of course, the cabinet."

The room had, in fact, been entirely done up and refurnished by my uncle, and was as bright and modern-looking an apartment as you could wish to see. It was large, and the walls were covered with one of those white-and-gold papers which were fashionable thirty years ago. Opposite us, as we stood warming our backs before the fire, was the bed—a large double one,

hung with a pretty shade of pale blue. Material of the same colour covered the comfortable modern furniture, and hung from gilded cornices before the two windows which pierced the side of the room on our left. Between them stood the toilet-table, all muslin, blue ribbons, and silver. The carpet was a grey-and-blue Brussels one. The whole effect was cheerful, though I fear inartistic, and sadly out of keeping with the character of the house. The exception to these remarks was, as I had observed, the famous cabinet, to which I have more than once alluded. It stood against the same wall of the room as that in which the fireplace was, and on our right—that is, on that side of the fireplace which was farthest from the windows. As I spoke, I turned to go and look at it, and Lucy followed me. Many an hour as a child had I passed in front of it, fingering the seven carved brass handles, or rather buttons, which were ranged down its centre. They all slid, twisted, or screwed with the greatest ease, and apparently like many another ingeniously contrived lock; but neither I nor any one else had ever yet succeeded in sliding, twisting, or screwing them after such a fashion as to open the closed doors of the cabinet. No one yet had robbed them of their secret since first it was placed there three hundred years ago by the old lady and her faithful Italian. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship, was this tantalising cabinet. Carved out of some dark foreign wood, the doors and panels were richly inlaid with lapis-lazuli, ivory, and mother-of-pearl, among which were twisted delicately chased threads of gold and silver. Above the doors, between them and the cornice, lay another mystery, fully as tormenting as was the first. In a smooth strip of wood about an inch wide,

and extending along the whole breadth of the cabinet, was inlaid a fine pattern in gold wire. This at first sight seemed to consist of a legend or motto. On looking closer, however, though the pattern still looked as if it was formed out of characters of the alphabet curiously entwined together, you found yourself unable to fix upon any definite word, or even letter. You looked again and again, and the longer that you looked the more certain became your belief that you were on the very verge of discovery. If you could but approach the mysterious legend from a slightly different point of view, or look at it from another distance, the clue to the puzzle would be seized, and the words would stand forth clear and legible in your sight. But the clue never had been discovered, and the motto, if there was one, remained unread.

For a few minutes we stood looking at the cabinet in silence, and then Lucy gave a discontented little sigh. "There's another tiresome piece of superstition," she exclaimed; "by far the handsomest piece of furniture in the house stuck away here in a bedroom which is hardly ever used. Again and again have I asked George to let me have it moved down-stairs, but he won't hear of it."

"Was it not placed here by Dame Alice herself?" I inquired, a little reproachfully, for I felt that Lucy was not treating the cabinet with the respect which it deserved.

"Yes, so they say," she answered; and the tone of light contempt in which she spoke was now pierced by a not unnatural pride in the romantic mysteries of her husband's family. "She placed it here, and it is said, you know, that when the closed cabinet is opened, and the mysterious motto is read, the curse will depart from the Mervyn family."

"But why don't they break it

open?" I asked, impatiently. "I am sure that I would never have remained all my life in a house with a thing like that, and not found out in some way or another what was inside it."

"Oh, but that would be quite fatal," answered she. "The curse can only be removed when the cabinet is opened as Dame Alice intended it to be, in an orthodox fashion. If you were to force it open, that could never happen, and the curse would therefore remain forever."

"And what is the curse?" I asked, with very different feelings to those with which I had timidly approached the same subject with Alan. Lucy was not a Mervyn, and not a person to inspire awe under any circumstances. My instincts were right again, for she turned away with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

"I have no idea," she said. "George and Alan always look portentously solemn and gloomy whenever one mentions the subject, so I don't. If you ask me for the truth, I believe it to be a pure invention, devised by the Mervyns for the purpose of delicately accounting for some of the disreputable actions of their ancestors. For you know, Evie," she added, with a little laugh, "the less said about the character of the family into which your aunt and I have married the better."

The remark made me angry, I don't know why, and I answered stiffly, that as far as I was acquainted with them, I at least saw nothing to complain of.

"Oh, as regards the present generation, no,—except for that poor, wretched Jack," acquiesced Lucy, with her usual imperturbable good-humour.

"And as regards the next?" I suggested, smiling, and already ashamed of my little temper.

"The next is perfect, of course,

—poor dear boys.” She sighed as she spoke, and I wondered for the moment whether she was really as unconscious as she generally appeared to be of the strange dissatisfaction with which her husband seemed to regard his children. Anyhow the mention of them had evidently changed her mood, and almost directly afterwards, with the remark that she must go and look after her guests, who had all arrived by now, she left me to myself.

For some minutes I sat by the bright fire, lost in aimless wandering thought, which began with Dame Alice and her cabinet, and which ended somehow with Alan’s face, as I had last seen it looking up at me in front of the hall-door. When I had reached that point, I roused myself to decide that I had dreamt long enough, and that it was quite time to go down to the guests and to tea. I accordingly donned my best tea-gown, arranged my hair, and proceeded towards the drawing-room. My way there lay through the great central hall. This apartment was approached from most of the bedrooms in the house through a large, arched doorway at one end of it, which communicated directly with the great staircase. My bedroom, however, which, as I have said, lay among the private apartments of the house, opened into a passage which led into a broad gallery, or upper chamber, stretching right across the end of the hall. From this you descended by means of a small staircase in oak, whose carved balustrade, bending round the corner of the hall, formed one of the prettiest features of the picturesque old room. The barrier which ran along the front of the gallery was in solid oak, and of such a height that, unless standing close up to it, you could neither see nor be seen by the occupants of the room below. On approaching this gallery I heard

voices in the hall. They were George’s and Alan’s, evidently in hot discussion. As I issued from the passage, George was speaking, and his voice had that exasperated tone in which an angry man tries to bring to a close an argument in which he has lost his temper. “For heaven’s sake leave it alone, Alan; I neither can nor will interfere. We have enough to bear from these cursed traditions as it is, without adding one which has no foundation whatever to justify it—a mere contemptible piece of superstition.”

“No member of our family has a right to call any tradition contemptible which is connected with that place, and you know it,” answered Alan; and though he spoke low, his voice trembled with some strong emotion. A first impulse of hesitation which I had had I checked, feeling that as I had heard so much it was fairer to go on, and I advanced to the top of the staircase. Alan stood by the fireplace facing me, but far too occupied to see me. His last speech had seemingly aroused George to fury, for the latter turned on him now with savage passion.

“Damn it all, Alan!” he cried, “can’t you be quiet? I will be master in my own house. Take care, I tell you; the curse may not be quite fulfilled yet after all.”

As George uttered these words, Alan lifted his eyes to him with a glance of awful horror: his face turned ghastly white; his lips trembled for a moment; and then he answered back with one half-whispered word of supreme appeal—“George!” There was a long-drawn, unutterable anguish in his tone, and his voice, though scarcely audible, penetrated to every corner of the room, and seemed to hang quivering in the air around one after the sound had ceased. Then there was a terrible stillness. Alan stood trembling in every limb, in-

capable apparently of speech or action, and George faced him, as silent and motionless as he was. For an instant they remained thus, while I looked breathlessly on. Then George, with a muttered imprecation, turned on his heel and left the room. Alan followed him as he went with dull lifeless eyes; and as the door closed he breathed deeply, with a breath that was almost a groan.

Taking my courage in both hands, I now descended the stairs, and at the sound of my footfall he glanced up, started, and then came rapidly to meet me.

"Evie! you here," he said; "I did not notice you. How long have you been here?" He was still quite white, and I noticed that he panted for breath as he spoke.

"Not long," I answered, timidly, and rather spasmodically; "I only heard a sentence or two. You wanted George to do something about some tradition or other,—and he was angry,—and he said something about the curse."

While I spoke Alan kept his eyes fixed on mine, reading through them, as I knew, into my mind. When I had finished, he turned his gaze away satisfied, and answered very quietly, "Yes, that was it." Then he went back to the fireplace, rested his arm against the high mantelpiece above it, and leaning his forehead on his arm, remained silently looking into the fire. I could see by his bent brow and compressed lips that he was engaged upon some earnest train of thought or reasoning, and I stood waiting—worried, puzzled, curious, but above all things pitiful, and oh! longing so intensely to help him if I could. Presently he straightened himself a little, and addressed me more in his ordinary tone of voice, though without looking round. "So I hear they have changed your room."

"Yes," I answered. And then, flushing rather, "Is that what you and George have been quarrelling about?" I received no reply, and taking this silence for assent, I went on deprecatingly, "Because you know, if it was, I think you are rather foolish, Alan. As I understand, two girls are said to have died in that room more than a hundred years ago, and for that reason there is a prejudice against putting a girl to sleep there. That is all. Merely a vague, unreasonable tradition."

Alan took a moment to answer. "Yes," he said at length, speaking slowly, and as if replying to arguments in his own mind as much as to those which I had uttered. "Yes, it is nothing but a tradition after all, and that of the very vaguest and most unsupported kind."

"Is there even any proof that girls have not slept there since those two died?" I asked. I think that the suggestion conveyed in this question was a relief to him, for after a moment's pause, as if to search his memory, he turned round.

"No," he answered, "I don't think that there is any such proof; and I have no doubt that you are right, and that it is a mere prejudice that makes me dislike your sleeping there."

"Then," I said, with a little assumption of sisterly superiority, "I think that George was right, and that you were wrong."

Alan smiled,—a smile which sat oddly on the still pale face, and in the wearied, worn-looking eyes. "Very likely," he said; "I daresay that I am superstitious. I have had things to make me so." Then coming nearer to me, and laying his hands on my shoulders, he went on, smiling more brightly, "We are a queer-tempered, bad-nerved race, we Mervyns, and you must not take

us too seriously, Evie. The best thing that you can do with our odd ways is to ignore them."

"Oh, I don't mind," I answered, laughing, too glad to have won him back to even temporary brightness, "as long as you and George don't come to blows over the question of where I am to sleep; which after all is chiefly my concern,—and Lucy's."

"Well, perhaps it is," he replied, in the same tone; "and now be off to the drawing-room, where Lucy is defending the tea-table single-handed all this time."

I obeyed, and should have gone more cheerfully had I not turned at the doorway to look back at him, and caught one glimpse of his face as he sank heavily down into the large arm-chair by the fireside.

However, by dinner-time he appeared to have dismissed all painful reflections from his mind, or to have buried them too deep for discovery. The people staying in the house were, in spite of my sense of grievance at their arrival, individually pleasant, and after dinner I discovered them to be socially well assorted. For the first hour or two, indeed, after their arrival, each glared at the other across those triple lines of moral fortification behind which every well-bred Briton takes refuge on appearing at a friend's country-house. But flags of truce were interchanged over the soup, an armistice was agreed upon during the roast, and the terms of a treaty of peace and amity were finally ratified under the sympathetic influence of George's best champagne. For the achievement of this happy result Alan certainly worked hard, and received therefor many a grateful glance from his sister-in-law. He was more excited than I had ever seen him before, and talked brilliantly and well—though perhaps not as exclusively to his neigh-

bours as they may have wished. His eyes and his attention seemed everywhere at once: one moment he was throwing remarks across to some despairing couple opposite, and the next he was breaking an embarrassing pause in the conversation by some rapid sally of nonsense addressed to the table in general. He formed a great contrast to his brother, who sat gloomy and dejected, making little or no response to the advances of the two dowagers between whom he was placed. After dinner the younger members of the party spent the evening by Alan's initiative, and chiefly under his direction, in a series of lively and rather riotous games such as my nursery days had delighted in, and my schoolroom ones had disdained. It was a great and happy surprise to discover that, grown up, I might again enjoy them. I did so, hugely, and when bedtime came all memories more serious than those of "musical chairs" or "follow my leader" had vanished from my mind. I think, from Alan's glance as he handed me my bed candle, that the pleasure and excitement must have improved my looks.

"I hope you have enjoyed your first evening of gaiety, Evie," he said.

"I have," I answered, with happy conviction; "and really I believe that it is chiefly owing to you, Alan." He met my smile by another; but I think that there must have been something in his look which recalled other thoughts, for as I started up the stairs I threw a mischievous glance back at him and whispered, "Now for the horrors of the haunted chamber."

He laughed rather loudly, and saying "Good night, and good-luck," turned to attend to the other ladies.

His wishes were certainly fulfilled. I got to bed quickly, and—as soon as my happy excitement

was sufficiently calmed to admit of it—to sleep. The only thing which disturbed me was the wind, which blew fiercely and loudly all the earlier portion of the night, half

arousing me more than once. I spoke of it at breakfast the next morning; but the rest of the world seemed to have slept too heavily to have been aware of it.

IV.

The men went out shooting directly after breakfast, and we women passed the day in orthodox country-house fashion,—working and eating; walking and riding; driving and playing croquet; and above, beyond, and through all things, chattering. Beyond a passing sigh while I was washing my hands, or a moment of mournful remembrance while I changed my dress, I had scarcely time even to regret the quiet happiness of the week that was past. In the evening we danced in the great hall. I had two walses with Alan. During a pause for breath, I found that we were standing near the fireplace, on the very spot where he and George had stood on the previous afternoon. The recollection made me involuntarily glance up at his face. It looked sad and worried, and the thought suddenly struck me that his extravagant spirits of the night before, and even his quieter, careful cheerfulness of to-night, had been but artificial moods at best. He turned, and finding my eyes fixed on him, at once plunged into conversation, discussed the peculiarities of one of the guests, good-humouredly enough, but with so much fun as to make me laugh in spite of myself. Then we danced again. The plaintive music, the smooth floor, and the partner were all alike perfect, and I experienced that entire delight of physical enjoyment which I believe nothing but a valse under such circumstances can give. When it was over I turned to Alan, and exclaimed with impulsive appeal, “Oh, I am so happy,—you must be happy too!” He smiled

rather uncertainly, and answered, “Don’t bother yourself about me, Evie; I am all right. I told you that we Mervyns had bad nerves; and I am rather tired. That’s all.” I was too passionately determined just then upon happiness, and his was too necessary to mine for me not to believe that he was speaking the truth.

We kept up the dancing till Lucy discovered with a shock that midnight had struck, and that Sunday had begun, and we were all sent off to bed. I was not long in making my nightly preparations, and had scarcely inserted myself between the sheets when, with a few long moans, the wind began again, more violently even than the night before. It had been a calm, fine day, and I made wise reflections as I listened upon the uncertainty of the north-country climate. What a tempest it was! How it moaned, and howled, and shrieked! Where had I heard the superstition which now came to my mind, that borne upon the wind come the spirits of the drowned, wailing and crying for the sepulture which has been denied them? But there were other sounds in that wind too. Evil, murderous thoughts, perhaps, which had never taken body in deeds, but which, caught up in the air, now hurled themselves in impotent fury through the world. How I wished the wind would stop. It seemed full of horrible fancies, and it kept knocking them into my head, and it wouldn’t leave off. Fancies, or memories—which?—and my mind reverted with a flash to the fearful

thoughts which had haunted it the day before in Dame Alice's tower. It was dark now. Those ghastly intangible shapes must have taken full form and colour, peopling the old ruin with their ageless hideousness. And the storm had found them there and borne them along with it as it blew through the creviced walls. That was why the wind's sound struck so strangely on my brain. Ah! I could hear them now, those still living memories of dead horror. Through the window crannies they came, shrieking and wailing. They filled the chimney with spirit sobs, and now they were pressing on, crowding through the room,—eager, eager to reach their prey. Nearer they came;—nearer still! They were round my bed now! Through my closed eyelids I could almost see their dreadful shapes; in all my quivering flesh I felt their terror as they bent over me,—lower, lower. . . .

With a start I aroused myself and sat up. Was I asleep or awake? I was trembling all over still, and it required the greatest effort of courage I had ever made to enable me to spring from my bed and strike a light. What a state my nerves or my digestion must be in! From my childhood the wind had always affected me strangely, and I blamed myself now for allowing my imagination to run away with me at the first. I found a novel which I had brought up to my room with me, one of the modern, Chinese-American school, where human nature is analysed with the patient, industrious indifference of the true Celestial. I took the book to bed with me, and soon under its soothing influences fell asleep. I dreamt a good deal,—nightmares, the definite recollection of which, as is so often the case, vanished from my mind as soon as I awoke, leaving only a vague impression of horror. They

had been connected with the wind, of that alone I was conscious, and I went down to breakfast, maliciously hoping that others' rest had been as much disturbed as my own.

To my surprise, however, I found that I had again been the only sufferer. Indeed so impressed were most of the party with the quiet in which their night had been passed, that they boldly declared my storm to have been the creature of my dreams. There is nothing more annoying when you feel yourself aggrieved by fate than to be told that your troubles have originated in your own fancy; so I dropped the subject. Though the discussion spread for a few minutes round the whole table, Alan took no part in it. Neither did George, except for what I thought a rather unnecessarily rough expression of his disbelief in the cause of my night's disturbance. As we rose from breakfast, I saw Alan glance towards his brother, and make a movement, evidently with the purpose of speaking to him. Whether or not George was aware of the look or action, I cannot say; but at the same moment he made rapidly across the room to where one of his principal guests was standing, and at once engaged him in conversation. So earnestly and so volubly was he borne on, that they were still talking together when we ladies appeared again some minutes later, prepared for our walk to church. That was not the only occasion during the day on which I witnessed as I thought the same by-play going on. Again and again Alan appeared to be making efforts to engage George in private conversation, and again and again the latter successfully eluded him.

The church was about a mile away from the house, and as Lucy did not like having the carriages out on a Sunday, one service

a-week as a rule contented the household. In the afternoon we took the usual Sunday walk. On returning from it, I had just taken off my outdoor things, and was issuing from my bedroom, when I found myself face to face with Alan. He was coming out of George's study, and had succeeded apparently in obtaining that interview for which he had been all day seeking. One glance at his face told me what its nature had been. We paused opposite each other for a moment, and he looked at me earnestly.

"Are you going to church?" he inquired at last, abruptly.

"No," I answered, with some surprise. "I did not know that any one was going this evening."

"Will you come with me?"

"Yes, certainly; if you don't mind waiting a moment for me to put my things on."

"There's plenty of time," he answered; "meet me in the hall."

A few minutes later we started.

It was a calm, cloudless night, and although the moon was not yet half-full, and already past her meridian, she filled the clear air with gentle light. Not a word broke our silence. Alan walked hurriedly, looking straight before him, his head upright, his lips twitching nervously, while every now and then a half-uttered moan escaped unconsciously from between them. At last I could bear it no longer, and burst forth with the first remark which occurred to me. We were passing a big, black, queer-shaped stone standing in rather a lonely uncultivated spot at one end of the garden. It was an old acquaintance of my childhood; but my thoughts had been turned towards it now from the fact that I could see it from my bedroom window, and had been struck afresh by its uncouth, incongruous appearance.

"Isn't there some story connected with that stone?" I asked. "I remember that we always called it the Dead Stone as children."

Alan cast a quick, sidelong glance in that direction, and his brows contracted in an irritable frown. "I don't know," he answered, shortly; "they say that there is a woman buried beneath it, I believe."

"A woman buried there!" I exclaimed in surprise; "but who?"

"How should I know? They know nothing whatever about it. The place is full of stupid traditions of that kind." Then, looking suspiciously round at me, "Why do you ask?"

"I don't know; it was just something to say," I answered, plaintively. His strange mood so worked upon my nerves, that it was all that I could do to restrain my tears. I think that my tone struck his conscience, for he made a few feverish attempts at conversation after that. But they were so entirely abortive that he soon abandoned the effort, and we finished our walk to church as speechlessly as we had begun it.

The service was bright, and the sermon perhaps a little commonplace, but sensible as it seemed to me in matter, and adequate in style. The peaceful evening hymn which followed, the short solemn pause of silent prayer at the end, soothed and refreshed my spirit. A hasty glance at my companion's face as he stood waiting for me in the porch, with the full light from the church streaming round him, assured me that the same influence had touched him too. Haggard and sad he still looked, it is true; but his features were composed, and the expression of actual pain had left his eyes.

Silent as we had come we started homewards through the waning moonlight; but this silence was

of a very different nature to the other, and after a minute or two I did not hesitate to break it.

"It was a good sermon?" I observed, interrogatively.

"Yes," he assented, "I suppose you would call it so; but I confess that I should have found the text more impressive without its exposition."

"Poor man!"

"But don't you often find it so?" he asked. "Do you not often wish, to take this evening's instance, that clergymen would infuse themselves with something of St Paul's own spirit? then perhaps they would not water all the strength out of his words in their efforts to explain them."

"That is rather a large demand to make upon them, is it not?"

"Is it?" he questioned. "I don't ask them to be inspired saints. I don't expect St Paul's breadth and depth of thought. But could they not have something of his vigorous completeness, something of the intensity of his feeling and belief? Look at the text of to-night. Did not the preacher's examples and applications take something from its awful, unqualified strength?"

"Awful!" I exclaimed, in surprise; "that is hardly the expression I should have used in connection with those words."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I don't know. The text is very beautiful, of course, and at times, when people are tiresome and one ought to be nice to them, it is very difficult to act up to. But——"

"But you think that 'awful' is rather a big adjective to use for so small a duty," interposed Alan, and the moonlight showed the flicker of a smile upon his face. Then he continued, gravely, "I doubt whether you yourself realise the full import of the words. The

precept of charity is not merely a code of rules by which to order our conduct to our neighbours; it is the picture of a spiritual condition, and such, where it exists in us, must by its very nature be roused into activity by anything that affects us. So with this particular injunction, every circumstance in our lives is a challenge to it, and in presence of all alike it admits of one attitude only: 'Beareth all things, endureth all things.' I hope it will be long before that 'all' sticks in your gizzard, Evie, — before you come face to face with things which nature cannot bear, and yet which must be borne."

He stopped, his voice quivering; and then after a pause went on again more calmly, "And throughout it is the same. Moral precepts everywhere, which will admit of no compromise, no limitation, and yet which are at war with our strongest passions. If one could only interpose some 'unless,' some 'except,' even an 'until,' which should be short of the grave. But we cannot. The law is infinite, universal, eternal; there is no escape, no repose. Resist, strive, endure, that is the recurring cry; that is existence."

"And peace," I exclaimed, appealingly. "Where is there room for peace, if that be true?"

He sighed for answer, and then in a changed and lower tone added, "However thickly the clouds mass, however vainly we search for a coming glimmer in their midst, we never doubt that the sky *is* still beyond — beyond and around us, infinite and infinitely restful."

He raised his eyes as he spoke, and mine followed his. We had entered the wooded glen. Through the scanty autumn foliage we could see the stars shining faintly in the dim moonlight, and beyond them the deep illimitable blue. A dark

world it looked, distant and mysterious, and my young spirit rebelled at the consolation offered me.

"Peace seems a long way off," I whispered.

"It is for me," he answered, gently; "not necessarily for you."

"Oh, but I am worse and weaker than you are. If life is to be all warfare, I must be beaten. I cannot always be fighting."

"Cannot you? Evie, what I have been saying is true of every moral law worth having, of every ideal of life worth striving after, that men have yet conceived. But it is only half the truth of Christianity. You know that. We must strive, for the promise is to him that overcometh; but though our aim be even higher than is that of others, we cannot in the end fail to reach it. The victory of the Cross is ours. You know that? You believe that?"

"Yes," I answered, softly, too surprised to say more. In speaking of religion he, as a rule, showed to the full the reserve which is characteristic of his class and country, and this sudden outburst was in itself astonishing; but the eager anxiety with which he emphasised the last words of appeal impressed and bewildered me still further. We walked on for some minutes in silence. Then suddenly Alan stopped, and turning, took my hand in his. In what direction his mind had been working in the interval I could not divine; but the moment he began to speak I felt that he was now for the first time giving utterance to what had been really at the bottom of his thoughts the whole evening. Even in that dim light I could see the anxious look upon his face, and his voice shook with restrained emotion.

"Evie," he said, "have you ever thought of the world in which our spirits dwell, as our bodies do in

this one of matter and of sense, and of how it may be peopled? I know," he went on, hurriedly, "that it is the fashion nowadays to laugh at such ideas. I envy those who have never had cause to be convinced of their reality, and I hope that you may long remain among the number. But should that not be so, should those unseen influences ever touch your life, I want you to remember then, that, as one of the race for whom Christ died, you have as high a citizenship in that spirit land as any creature there: that you are your own soul's warden, and that neither principalities nor powers can rob you of that your birthright."

I think my face must have shown my bewilderment, for he dropped my hand, and walked on with an impatient sigh.

"You don't understand me. Why should you? I daresay that I am talking nonsense—only—only——"

His voice expressed such an agony of doubt and hesitation that I burst out—

"I think that I do understand you a little, Alan. You mean that even from unearthly enemies there is nothing that we need really fear—at least, that is, I suppose, nothing worse than death. But that is surely enough!"

"Why should you fear death?" he said, abruptly; "your soul will live."

"Yes, I know that, but still——" I stopped with a shudder.

"What is life after all but one long death?" he went on, with sudden violence. "Our pleasures, our hopes, our youth are all dying; ambition dies, and even desire at last; our passions and tastes will die, or will live only to mourn their dead opportunity. The happiness of love dies with the loss of the loved, and, worst of all, love

itself grows old in our hearts and dies. Why should we shrink only from the one death which can free us from all the others?"

"It is not true, Alan!" I cried, hotly. "What you say is not true. There are many things even here which are living and shall live; and if it were otherwise, in everything, life that ends in death is better than no life at all."

"You say that," he answered, "because for you these things are yet living. To leave life now, therefore, while it is full and sweet, untainted by death, surely that is not a fate to fear. Better, a thousand times better, to see the cord cut with one blow while it is still whole and strong, and to launch out straight into the great ocean, than to sit watching through the slow years, while strand after strand, thread by thread, loosens and unwinds itself,—each with its own separate pang of breaking, bringing the bitterness of death without its release."

His manner, the despairing ring in his voice, alarmed me even more than his words. Clinging to his arm with both hands, while the tears sprang to my eyes—

"Alan," I cried, "don't say such things,—don't talk like that. You are making me miserable."

He stopped short at my words, with bent head, his features hidden in the shadow thus cast upon them,—nothing in his motionless form to show what was passing within him. Then he looked up, and turned his face to the moonlight and to me, laying his hand on one of mine.

"Don't be afraid," he said; "it is all right, my little David. You have driven the evil spirit away." And lifting my hand, he pressed it gently to his lips. Then drawing it within his arm, he went on, as he walked forward, "And even when it was on me at its worst, I was not meditating suicide, as I

think you imagine. I am a very average specimen of humanity,—neither brave enough to defy the possibilities of eternity nor cowardly enough to shirk those of time. No, I was only trying idiotically to persuade a girl of eighteen that life was not worth living; and more futilely still, myself, that I did not wish her to live. I am afraid that in my mind philosophy and fact have but small connection with each other; and though my theorising for your welfare may be true enough, yet,—I cannot help it, Evie,—it would go terribly hard with me if anything were to happen to you."

His voice trembled as he finished. My fear had gone with his return to his natural manner, but my bewilderment remained.

"Why *should* there anything happen to me?" I asked.

"That is just it," he answered, after a pause, looking straight in front of him and drawing his hand wearily over his brow. "I know of no reason why there should." Then giving a sigh, as if finally to dismiss from his mind a worrying subject—"I have acted for the best," he said, "and may God forgive me if I have done wrong."

There was a little silence after that, and then he began to talk again, steadily and quietly. The subject was deep enough still, as deep as any that we had touched upon, but both voice and sentiment were calm, bringing peace to my spirit, and soon making me forget the wonder and fear of a few moments before. Very openly did he talk as we passed on across the long trunk shadows and through the glades of silver light; and I saw farther than into the most sacred recesses of his soul than I have ever done before or since.

When we reached home the moon had already set; but some of her beams seemed to have been

left behind within my heart, so pure and peaceful was the light which filled it.

The same feeling continued with me all through that evening. After dinner some of the party played and sang. As it was Sunday, and Lucy was rigid in her views, the music was of a sacred character. I sat in a low arm-chair in a dark corner of the room, my mind too dreamy to

think and too passive to dream. I hardly interchanged three words with Alan, who remained in a still darker spot, invisible and silent the whole time. Only as we left the room to go to bed, I heard Lucy ask him if he had a headache. I did not hear his answer, and before I could see his face he had turned back again into the drawing-room.

V.

It was early, and when first I got to my room I felt little inclined for sleep. I wandered to the window, and drawing aside the curtains, looked out upon the still, starlit sky. At least I should rest quiet to-night. The air was very clear, and the sky seemed full of stars. As I stood there, scraps of school-room learning came back to my mind. That the stars were all suns, surrounded perhaps in their turn by worlds as large or larger than our own. Worlds beyond worlds, and others farther still, which no man might number or even descry. And about the distance of those wonderful suns too,—that one, for instance, at which I was looking,—what was it that I had been told? That our world was not yet peopled, perhaps not yet formed, when the actual spot of light which now struck my sight first started from the star's surface! While it flashed along, itself the very symbol of speed, the whole of mankind had had time to be born, and live, and die!

My gaze dropped, and fell upon the dim, half-seen outline of the Dead Stone. That woman too. While that one ray speeded towards me her life had been lived and ended, and her body had rotted away into the ground. How close together we all were! Her life and mine; our joys, sufferings, deaths—all crowded together into

the space of one flash of light! And yet there was nothing there but a horrible skeleton of dead bones, while I——!

I stopped with a shudder, and turned back into the room. I wished that Alan had not told me what lay under the stone; I wished that I had never asked him. It was a ghastly thing to think about, and spoilt all the beauty of the night to me.

I got quickly into bed, and soon dropped asleep. I do not know how long I slept; but when I woke it was to the consciousness again of that haunting wind.

It was worse than ever. The world seemed filled with its din. Hurling itself passionately against the house, it gathered strength with every gust, till it seemed as if the old walls must soon crash in ruins round me. Gust upon gust; blow upon blow; swelling, lessening, never ceasing. The noise surrounded me; it penetrated my inmost being, as all-pervading as silence itself, and wrapping me in a solitude even more complete. There was nothing left in the world but the wind and I, and then a weird intangible doubt as to my own identity seized me. The wind was real, the wind with its echoes of passion and misery from the eternal abyss; but was there anything else? What was, and what had been, the world of sense and of

knowledge, my own consciousness, my very self,—all seemed gathered up and swept away in that one sole-existent fury of sound.

I pulled myself together, and getting out of bed, groped my way to the table which stood between the bed and the fireplace. The matches were there, and my half-burnt candle, which I lit. The wind penetrating the rattling case-ment circled round the room, and the flame of my candle bent, and flared, and shrank before it, throwing strange moving lights and shadows in every corner. I stood there shivering in my thin night-dress, half-stunned by the cataract of noise beating on the walls outside, and peered anxiously around me. The room was not the same. Something was changed. What was it? How the shadows leaped and fell, dancing in time to the wind's music. Everything seemed alive. I turned my head slowly to the left, and then to the right, and then round—and stopped with a sudden gasp of fear.

The cabinet was open!

I looked away, and back, and again. There was no room for doubt. The doors were thrown back, and were waving gently in the draught. One of the lower drawers was pulled out, and in a sudden flare of candle-light I could see something glistening at its bottom. Then the light dwindled again, the candle was almost out, and the cabinet showed a dim black mass in the darkness. Up and down went the flame, and each returning brightness flashed back at me from the thing inside the drawer. I stood fascinated, my eyes fixed upon the spot, waiting for the fitful glitter as it came and went. What was there there? I knew that I must go and see, but I did not want to. If only the cabinet would close again before I had looked, before I knew

what was inside it. But it stood open, and the glittering thing lay there, dragging me towards itself.

Slowly at last, and with infinite reluctance, I went. The drawer was lined with soft white satin, and upon the satin lay a long, slender knife, hilted and sheathed in antique silver, richly set with jewels. I took it up and turned back to the table to examine it. It was Italian in workmanship, and I knew that the carving and chasing of the silver were more precious even than the jewels which studded it, and whose rough setting gave so firm a grasp to my hand. Was the blade as fair as the covering, I wondered? A little resistance at first, and then the long thin steel slid easily out. Sharp, and bright, and finely tempered it looked, with its deadly, tapering point. Stains, dull and irregular, crossed the fine engraving on its surface and dimmed its polish. I bent to examine them more closely, and as I did so a sudden stronger gust of wind blew out the candle. I shuddered a little at the darkness and looked up. But it did not matter: the curtain was still drawn away from the window opposite my bedside, and through it a flood of moonlight was pouring in upon floor and bed.

Putting the sheath down upon the table, I walked to the window to examine the knife more closely by that pale light. How gloriously brilliant it was! darkened now and again by the quickly passing shadows of wind-driven clouds. At least so I thought, and I glanced up and out of the window to see them. A black world met my gaze. Neither moon was there nor moonlight: the broad silver beam in which I stood stretched no farther than the window. I caught my breath, and my limbs stiffened as I looked. No moon, no cloud, no movement in the clear, calm, starlit sky; while still the ghastly light

stretched round me, and the spectral shadows drifted across the room.

But it was not all dark outside : one spot caught my eye, bright with a livid unearthly brightness—the Dead Stone shining out into the night like an ember from hell's furnace ! There was a horrid semblance of life in the light,—a palpitating, breathing glow,—and my pulses beat in time to it, till I seemed to be drawing it into my veins. It had no warmth, and as it entered my blood my heart grew colder, and my muscles more rigid. My fingers clutched the dagger-hilt till its jewelled roughness pressed painfully into my palm. All the strength of my strained powers seemed gathered in that grasp, and the more tightly I held the more vividly did the rock gleam and quiver with infernal life. The dead woman ! The dead woman ! What had I to do with her ? Let her bones rest in the filth of their own decay,—out there under the accursed stone.

And now the noise of the wind lessens in my ears. Let it go on,—yes, louder and wilder, drowning my senses in its tumult. What is there with me in the room—the great empty room behind me ? Nothing ;—only the cabinet with its waving doors. They are waving to and fro, to and fro—I know it. But there is no other life in the room but that—no, no ; no other life in the room but that.

Oh ! don't let the wind stop. I can't hear anything while it goes on ;—but if it stops ! Ah ! the gusts grow weaker, struggling, forced into rest. Now—now—they have ceased.

Silence !

A fearful pause.

What is that that I hear ? There, behind me in the room ?

Do I hear it ? Is there anything ?

The throbbing of my own blood in my ears.

No, no ! There is something as well,—something outside myself.

What is it ?

Low ; heavy ; regular.

God ! it is—it is the breath of a living creature ! A living creature ! here—close to me—alone with me !

The numbness of terror conquers me. I can neither stir nor speak. Only my whole soul strains at my ears to listen.

Where does the sound come from ?

Close behind me—close.

Ah-h !

It is from there—from the bed where I was lying a moment ago ! . . .

I try to shriek, but the sound gurgles unuttered in my throat. I clutch the stone mullions of the window, and press myself against the panes. If I could but throw myself out !—anywhere, anywhere—away from that dreadful sound—from that thing close behind me in the bed ! But I can do nothing. The wind has broken forth again now ; the storm crashes round me. And still through it all I hear the ghastly breathing—even, low, scarcely audible—but I hear it. I shall hear it as long as I live ! . . .

Is the thing moving ?

Is it coming nearer ?

No, no ; not that,—that was but a fancy to freeze me dead.

But to stand here with that creature behind me, listening, waiting for the warm horror of its breath to touch my neck ! Ah ! I cannot. I will look. I will see it face to face. Better any agony than this one.

Slowly, with held breath, and eyes aching in their stretched fixity, I turn. There it is ! Clear in the moonlight I see the monstrous form within the bed,—the dark coverlet rises and falls with its heaving breath. . . . Ah ! heaven have

mercy! Is there none to help, none to save me from this awful presence? . . .

And the knife-hilt draws my fingers round it, while my flesh quivers, and my soul grows sick with loathing. The wind howls, the shadows chase through the room, hunting with fearful darkness more fearful light; and I stand looking, . . . and listening. . . .

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I must not stand here for ever; I must be up and doing. What a noise the wind makes, and the rattling of the windows and the doors. If he sleeps through this he will sleep through all. Noiselessly my bare feet tread the carpet as I approach the bed; noiselessly my left arm raises the heavy curtain. What does it hide? Do I not know? The bestial features, half-hidden in coarse, black growth; the muddy, blotched skin, oozing foulness at every pore. Oh, I know them too well! What a monster it is! How the rank breath gurgles through his throat in his drunken sleep. The eyes are closed now, but I know them too; their odious leer, and the venomous hatred with which they can glare at me from their blood-shot setting. But the time has come at last. Never again shall their passion insult me, or their fury degrade me in slavish terror. There he lies; there at my mercy, the man who for fifteen years has made God's light a shame to me, and His darkness a terror. The end has come at last,—the only end possible, the only end left me. On his head be the blood and the crime: God Almighty, I am not guilty! The end has come; I can bear my burden no farther.

“Beareth all things, endureth all things.”

Where have I heard those words? They are in the Bible; the precept

of charity. What has that to do with me? Nothing. I heard the words in my dreams somewhere. A white-faced man said them, a white-faced man with pure eyes. To me? —no, no, not to me; to a girl it was—an ignorant, innocent girl, and she accepted them as an eternal, unqualified law. Let her bear but half that I have borne, let her endure but one-tenth of what I have endured, and then if she dare let her speak in judgment against me.

Softly now; I must draw the heavy coverings away, and bare his breast to the stroke,—the stroke that shall free me. I know well where to plant it; I have learnt that from the old lady's Italian. Did he guess why I questioned him so closely of the surest, straightest road to a man's heart? No matter, he cannot hinder me now. Gently! Ah! I have disturbed him. He moves, mutters in his sleep, throws out his arm. Down; down; crouching behind the curtain. Heavens! if he wakes and sees me, he will kill me. No! alas! if only he would. I would kiss the hand that he struck me with; but he is too cruel for that. He will imagine some new and more hellish torture to punish me with. But the knife! I have got that; he shall never touch me living again. . . . He is quieter now. I hear his breath, hoarse and heavy as a wild beast's panting. He draws it more evenly, more deeply. The danger is past. Thank God.

God! What have I to do with Him? A God of Judgment. Ha, ha! Hell cannot frighten me; it will not be worse than earth. Only he will be there too. Not with him, not with him,—send me to the lowest circle of torment, but not with him. There, his breast is bare now. Is the knife sharp? Yes; and the blade is strong enough. Now let me strike—myself afterwards if need be, but him first. Is

it the devil that prompts me? Then the devil is my friend, and the friend of the world. No. God is a God of love. He cannot wish such a man to live. He made him, but the devil spoilt him; and let the devil have his handiwork back again. It has served him long enough here; and its last service shall be to make me a murderess.

How the moonlight gleams from the blade as my arm swings up and back: with how close a grasp the rough hilt draws my fingers round it. Now.

A murderess?

Wait a moment. A moment may make me free; a moment may make me—that!

Wait.

Hand and dagger droop again. His life has dragged its slime over my soul; shall his death poison it with a fouler corruption still?

"My own soul's warden."

What was that? Dream memories again.

"Resist, strive, endure."

Easy words. What do they mean for me? To creep back now to bed by his side, and to begin living again to-morrow the life which I have lived to-day? No, no; I cannot do it. Heaven cannot ask it of me. And there is no other way. That or this; this or that. Which shall it be? Ah! I have striven, God knows. I have endured so long

that I hoped even to do so to the end. But to-day! Oh! the torment and the outrage: body and soul still bear the stain of it. I thought that my heart and my pride were dead together, but he has stung them again into aching, shameful life. Yesterday I might have spared him, to save my own cold soul from sin; but now it is cold no longer. It burns, it burns, and the fire must be slaked.

Ay, I will kill him, and have done with it. Why should I pause any longer? The knife drags my hand back for the stroke. Only the dream surrounds me; the pure man's face is there, white, beseeching, and God's voice rings in my heart—

"To him that overcometh."

But I cannot overcome. Evil has governed my life, and evil is stronger than I am. What shall I do? what shall I do? God, if Thou art stronger than evil, fight for me.

"The victory of the Cross is ours."

Yes, I know it. It is true, it is true. But the knife? I cannot loose the knife if I would. How to wrench it from my own hold? Thou God of Victory be with me! Christ help me!

I seize the blade with my left hand; the two-edged steel slides through my grasp; a sharp pain in fingers and palm; and then—nothing. . . .

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VI.

When I again became conscious, I found myself half kneeling, half lying across the bed, my arms stretched out in front of me, my face buried in the clothes. Body and mind were alike numbed. A smarting pain in my left hand, a dreadful terror in my heart, were at first the only sensations of which I was aware. Slowly, very slowly, sense and memory returned to me, and with them a more vivid inten-

sity of mental anguish, as detail by detail I recalled the weird horror of the night. Had it really happened,—was the thing still there,—or was it all a ghastly nightmare? It was some minutes before I dared either to move or look up, and then fearfully I raised my head. Before me stretched the smooth white coverlet, faintly bright with yellow sunshine. Weak and giddy, I struggled to my feet, and, steadying my-

self against the foot of the bed, with clenched teeth and bursting heart, forced my gaze round to the other end. The pillow lay there, bare and unmarked save for what might well have been the pressure of my own head. My breath came more freely, and I turned to the window. The sun had just risen, the golden tree-tops were touched with light, faint threads of mist hung here and there across the sky, and the twittering of birds sounded clearly through the crisp autumn air.

It was nothing but a bad dream then, after all, this horror which still hung round me, leaving me incapable of effort, almost of thought. I remembered the cabinet, and looked swiftly in that direction. There it stood, closed as usual, closed as it had been the evening before, as it had been for the last three hundred years, except in my dreams.

Yes, that was it; nothing but a dream,—a gruesome, haunting dream. With an instinct of wiping out the dreadful memory, I raised my hand wearily to my forehead. As I did so, I became conscious again of how it hurt me. I looked at it. It was covered with half-dried blood, and two straight clean cuts appeared, one across the palm and one across the inside of the fingers just below the knuckles. I looked again towards the bed, and, in the place where my hand had rested during my faint, a small patch of red blood was to be seen.

Then it was true! Then it had all happened! With a low shuddering sob I threw myself down upon the couch at the foot of the bed, and lay there for some minutes, my limbs trembling, and my soul shrinking within me. A mist of evil, fearful and loathsome, had descended upon my girlhood's life, sullyng its ignorant innocence, saddening its brightness, as I felt, for ever. I lay there till my teeth began to chatter, and I realised that I

was bitterly cold. To return to that accursed bed was impossible, so I pulled a rug which hung at one end of the sofa over me, and, utterly worn out in mind and body, fell uneasily asleep.

I was roused by the entrance of my maid. I stopped her exclamations and questions by shortly stating that I had had a bad night, had been unable to rest in bed, and had had an accident with my hand,—without further specifying of what description.

"I didn't know that you had been feeling unwell when you went to bed last night, miss," she said.

"When I went to bed last night? Unwell? What do you mean?"

"Only Mr Alan has just asked me to let him know how you find yourself this morning," she answered.

Then he expected something, dreaded something. Ah! why had he yielded and allowed me to sleep here, I asked myself bitterly, as the incidents of the day before flashed through my mind.

"Tell him," I said, "what I have told you; and say that I wish to speak to him directly after breakfast." I could not confide my story to any one else, but speak of it I must to some one or go mad.

Every moment passed in that place was an added misery. Much to my maid's surprise I said that I would dress in her room—the little one which, as I have said, was close to my own. I felt better there; but my utter fatigue and my wounded hand combined to make my toilet slow, and I found that most of the party had finished breakfast when I reached the dining-room. I was glad of this, for even as it was I found it difficult enough to give coherent answers to the questions which my white face and bandaged hand called forth. Alan helped me by giving a resolute turn to the conversation. Once only our eyes met across the table. He

looked as haggard and worn as I did: I learned afterwards that he had passed most of that fearful night pacing the passage outside my door, though he listened in vain for any indication of what was going on within the room.

The moment I had finished breakfast he was by my side. "You wish to speak to me? now?" he asked in a low tone.

"Yes; now," I answered, breathlessly, and without raising my eyes from the ground.

"Where shall we go? Outside? It is a bright day, and we shall be freer there from interruption."

I assented; and then looking up at him appealingly, "Will you fetch my things for me? I *cannot* go up to that room again."

He seemed to understand me, nodded, and was gone. A few minutes later we left the house, and made our way in silence towards a grassy spot on the side of the ravine, where we had already indulged in more than one friendly talk.

As we went, the Dead Stone came for a moment in view. I seized Alan's arm in an almost convulsive grip. "Tell me," I whispered,—“you refused to tell me yesterday, but you must now,—who is buried beneath that rock?”

There was now neither timidity nor embarrassment in my tone. The horrors of that house had become part of my life for ever, and their secrets were mine by right. Alan, after a moment's pause, a questioning glance at my face, tacitly accepted the position.

"I told you the truth," he replied, "when I said that I did not know; but I can tell you the popular tradition on the subject, if you like. They say that Margaret Mervyn, the woman who murdered her husband, is buried there, and that Dame Alice had the rock placed over her grave,—whether to save it

from insult or to mark it out for opprobrium, I never heard. The poor people about here do not care to go near the place after dark, and among the older ones there are still some, I believe, who spit at the suicide's grave as they pass."

"Poor woman, poor woman!" I exclaimed, in a burst of uncontrollable compassion.

"Why should you pity her?" demanded he with sudden sternness; "she *was* a suicide and a murderer too. It would be better for the public conscience, I believe, if such were still hung in chains, or buried at the cross-roads with a stake through their bodies."

"Hush, Alan, hush!" I cried, hysterically, as I clung to him; "don't speak harshly of her: you do not know, you cannot tell, how terribly she was tempted. How can you?"

He looked down at me in bewildered surprise. "How can I?" he repeated. "You speak as if *you* could. What do you mean?"

"Don't ask me," I answered, turning towards him my face,—white, quivering, tear-stained. "Don't ask me. Not now. You must answer my questions first, and after that I will tell you. But I cannot talk of it now. Not yet."

We had reached the place we were in search of as I spoke. There, where the spreading roots of a great beech-tree formed a natural resting-place upon the steep side of the ravine, I took my seat, and Alan stretched himself upon the grass beside me. Then looking up at me—"I do not know what questions you would ask," he said, quietly; "but I will answer them, whatever they may be."

But I did not ask them yet. I sat instead with my hands clasping my knee, looking opposite at the glory of harmonious colour, or down the glen at the vista of far-off,

dreamlike loveliness, on which it opened out. The yellow autumn sunshine made everything golden, the fresh autumn breezes filled the air with life; but to me a loathsome shadow seemed to rest upon all, and to stretch itself out far beyond where my eyes could reach, befouling the beauty of the whole wide world. At last I spoke. "You have known of it all, I suppose; of this curse that is in the world,—sin and suffering, and what such words mean."

"Yes," he said, looking at me with wondering pity, "I am afraid so."

"But have you known them as they are known to some,—agonised, hopeless suffering, and sin that is all but inevitable? Some time in your life probably you have realised that such things are: it has come home to you, and to every one else, no doubt, except a few ignorant girls such as I was yesterday. But there are some,—yes, thousands and thousands,—who even now, at this moment, are feeling sorrow like that, are sinking deep, deeper into the bottomless pit of their soul's degradation. And yet men who know this, who have seen it, laugh, talk, are happy, amuse themselves—how can they, how can they?" I stopped with a catch in my voice, and then stretching out my arms in front of me—"And it is not only men. Look how beautiful the earth is, and God has made it, and lets the sun crown it every day with a new glory, while this horror of evil broods over and poisons it all. Oh, why is it so? I cannot understand it."

My arms drooped again as I finished, and my eyes sought Alan's. His were full of tears, but there was almost a smile quivering at the corners of his lips as he replied: "When you have found an answer to that question, Evie, come and tell me and mankind at large: it

will be news to us all." Then he continued—"But, after all, the earth is beautiful, and the sun does shine: we have our own happiness to rejoice in, our own sorrows to bear, the suffering that is near to us to grapple with. For the rest, for this blackness of evil which surrounds us, and which we can do nothing to lighten, it will soon, thank God, become vague and far off to you as it is to others: your feeling of it will be dulled, and, except at moments, you too will forget."

"But that is horrible," I exclaimed passionately; "the evil will be there all the same, whether I feel it or not. Men and women will be struggling in their misery and sin, only I shall be too selfish to care."

"We cannot go outside the limits of our own nature," he replied; "our knowledge is shallow and our spiritual insight dark, and God in His mercy has made our hearts shallow too, and our imagination dull. If, knowing and trusting only as men do, we were to feel as angels feel, earth would be hell indeed."

It was cold comfort, but at that moment anything warmer or brighter would have been unreal and utterly repellent to me. I hardly took in the meaning of his words; but it was as if a hand had been stretched out to me, struggling in the deep mire, by one who himself felt solid ground beneath him. Where he stood I also might some day stand, and that thought seemed to make patience possible.

It was he who first broke the silence which followed. "You were saying that you had questions to ask me. I am impatient to put mine in return, so please go on."

It had been a relief to me to turn even to generalisations of despair from the actual horror which had inspired them, and to which my mind was thus recalled. With an effort I replied, "Yes, I want to ask

you about that room—the room in which I slept, and—and the murder which was committed there.” In spite of all that I could do, my voice sank almost to a whisper as I concluded, and I was trembling from head to foot.

“Who told you that a murder was committed there?” Something in my face as he asked the question made him add quickly, “Never mind. You are right. That is the room in which Hugh Mervyn was murdered by his wife. I was surprised at your question, for I did not know that any one but my brothers and myself were aware of the fact. The subject is never mentioned: it is closely connected with one intensely painful to our family; and besides, if spoken of, there would be inconveniences arising from the superstitious terrors of servants, and the natural dislike of guests to sleep in a room where such a thing had happened. Indeed it was largely with the view of wiping out the last memory of the crime’s locality, that my father renewed the interior of the room some twenty years ago. The only tradition which has been adhered to in connection with it is the one which has now been violated in your person—the one which precludes any unmarried woman from sleeping there. Except for that, the room has, as you know, lost all sinister reputation, and its title of ‘haunted’ has become purely conventional. Nevertheless, as I said, you are right—that is undoubtedly the room in which the murder was committed.”

He stopped and looked up at me, waiting for more.

“Go on; tell me about it, and what followed.” My lips formed the words; my heart beat too faintly for my breath to utter them.

“About the murder itself there is not much to tell. The man, I

believe, was an inhuman scoundrel, and the woman first killed him in desperation, and afterwards herself in despair. The only detail connected with the actual crime of which I have ever heard, was the gale that was blowing that night—the fiercest known to this countryside in that generation; and it has always been said since that any misfortune to the Mervyns—especially any misfortune connected with the curse—comes with a storm of wind. That was why I so disliked your story of the imaginary tempests which have disturbed your nights since you slept there. As to what followed,”—he gave a sigh,—“that story is long enough and full of incident. On the morning after the murder, so runs the tale, Dame Alice came down to the Grange from the tower to which she had retired when her son’s wickednesses had driven her from his house, and there in the presence of the two corpses she foretold the curse which should rest upon their descendants for generations to come. A clergyman who was present, horrified, it is said, at her words, adjured her by the mercy of Heaven to place some term to the doom which she had pronounced. She replied that no mortal might reckon the fruit of a plant which drew its life from hell; that a term there should be, but as it passed the wisdom of man to fix it, so it should pass the wit of man to discover it. She then placed in the room this cabinet, constructed by herself and her Italian follower, and said that the curse should not depart from the family until the day when its doors were unlocked and its legend read.

“Such is the story. I tell it to you as it was told to me. One thing only is certain, that the doom thus traditionally foretold has been only too amply fulfilled.”

“And what was the doom?”

Alan hesitated a little, and when

he spoke his voice was almost awful in its passionless sternness, in its despairing finality; it seemed to echo the irrevocable judgment which his words pronounced: "That the crimes against God and each other which had destroyed the parents' life should enter into the children's blood, and that never thereafter should there fail a Mervyn to bring shame or death upon one generation of his father's house."

"There were two sons of that ill-fated marriage," he went on after a pause, "boys at the time of their parents' death. When they grew up they both fell in love with the same woman, and one killed the other in a duel. The story of the next generation was a peculiarly sad one. Two brothers took opposite sides during the civil troubles; but so fearful were they of the curse which lay upon the family, that they chiefly made use of their mutual position in order to protect and guard each other. After the wars were over, the younger brother, while travelling upon some parliamentary commission, stopped a night at the Grange. There, through a mistake, he exchanged the report which he was bringing to London for a packet of papers implicating his brother and several besides in a royalist plot. He only discovered his error as he handed the papers to his superior, and was but just able to warn his brother in time for him to save his life by flight. The other men involved were taken and executed, and as it was known by what means information had reached the Government, the elder Mervyn was universally charged with the vilest treachery. It is said that when after the Restoration his return home was rumoured, the neighbouring gentry assembled, armed with riding-whips, to flog him out of the county if he should dare to show his face there. He died

abroad, shame-stricken and broken-hearted. It was his son, brought up by his uncle in the sternest tenets of Puritanism, who, coming home after a lengthened journey, found that during his absence his sister had been shamefully seduced. He turned her out of doors, then and there, in the midst of a bitter January night, and the next morning her dead body and that of her new-born infant were found half buried in the fresh-fallen snow on the top of the wolds. The 'white lady' is still supposed by the villagers to haunt that side of the glen. And so it went on. A beautiful, heartless Mervyn in Queen Anne's time enticed away the affections of her sister's betrothed, and on the day of her own wedding with him, her forsaken sister was found drowned by her own act in the pond at the bottom of the garden. Two brothers were soldiers together in some Continental war, and one was involuntarily the means of discovering and exposing the treason of the other. A girl was betrayed into a false marriage, and her life ruined by a man who came into the house as her brother's friend, and whose infamous designs were forwarded and finally accomplished by that same brother's active though unsuspecting assistance. Generation after generation, men or women, guilty or innocent, through the action of their own will, or in spite of it, the curse has never yet failed of its victims."

"Never yet? But surely in our own time—your father?" I did not dare to put the question which was burning my lips.

"Have you never heard of the tragic end of my poor young uncles?" he replied. "They were several years older than my father. When boys of fourteen and fifteen they were sent out with the keeper for their first shooting lesson, and

the elder shot his brother through the heart. He himself was delicate, and they say that he never entirely recovered the shock. He died before he was twenty, and my father, then a child of seven years old, became the heir. It was partly, no doubt, owing to this calamity having thus occurred before he was old enough to feel it, that his comparative scepticism on the whole subject was due. To that I suppose, and to the fact that he grew up in an age of railways and liberal culture."

"He didn't believe, then, in the curse?"

"Well, rather, he thought nothing about it. Until, that is, the time came when it took effect, to break his heart and end his life."

"How do you mean?"

There was silence for a little. Alan had turned away his head, so that I could not see his face. Then—

"I suppose you have never been told the true story of why Jack left the country?"

"No. Was he—is he——?"

"He is one victim of the curse in this generation, and I, God help me, am the other, and perhaps more wretched one."

His voice trembled and broke, and for the first time that day I almost forgot the mysterious horror of the night before, in my pity for the actual, tangible suffering before me. I stretched out my hand to his, and his fingers closed on mine with a sudden, painful grip. Then quietly—

"I will tell you the story," he said, "though since that miserable time I have spoken of it to no one."

There was a pause before he began. He lay there by my side, his gaze turned across me up the sunbright, autumn-tinted glen, but his eyes shadowed by the memories which he was striving to recall and arrange in due order in his mind.

And when he did speak it was not directly to begin the promised recital.

"You never knew Jack," he said, abruptly.

"Hardly," I acquiesced. "I remember thinking him very handsome."

"There could not be two opinions as to that," he answered. "And a man who could have done anything he liked with life, had things gone differently. His abilities were fine, but his strength lay above all in his character: he was strong,—strong in his likes and in his dislikes, resolute, fearless, incapable of half measures—a man, every inch of him. He was not generally popular—stiff, hard, unsympathetic, people called him. From one point of view, and one only, he perhaps deserved the epithets. If a woman lost his respect she seemed to lose his pity too. Like a medieval monk, he looked upon such rather as the cause than the result of male depravity, and his contempt for them was mingled with anger, almost, as I sometimes thought, with hatred. And this attitude was, I have no doubt, resented by the men of his own class and set, who shared neither his faults nor his virtues. But in other ways he was not hard. He could love; I, at least, have cause to know it. If you would hear his story rightly from my lips, Evie, you must try and see him with my eyes. The friend who loved me, and whom I loved with the passion which, if not the strongest, is certainly, I believe, the most enduring of which men are capable,—that perfect brother's love, which so grows into our being that when it is at peace we are scarcely conscious of its existence, and when it is wounded our very life-blood seems to flow at the stroke. Brothers do not always love like that: I can only wish that we had not done so."

VII.

"Well, about five years ago, before I had taken my degree, I became acquainted with a woman whom I will call 'Delia,'—it is near enough to the name by which she went. She was a few years older than myself, very beautiful, and I believed her to be what she described herself—the innocent victim of circumstance and false appearance, a helpless prey to the vile calumnies of worldlings. In sober fact, I am afraid that, whatever her life may have been actually at the time that I knew her—a subject which I have never cared to investigate—her past had been not only bad enough irretrievably to fix her position in society, but bad enough to leave her without an ideal in the world, though still retaining within her heart the possibilities of a passion which, from the moment that it came to life, was strong enough to turn her whole existence into one desperate reckless straining after an object hopelessly beyond her reach. That was the woman with whom, at the age of twenty, I fancied myself in love. She wanted to get a husband, and she thought me—rightly—ass enough to accept the post. I was very young then even for my years,—a student, an idealist, with an imagination highly developed, and no knowledge whatever of the world as it actually is. Anyhow, before I had known her a month, I had determined to make her my wife. My parents were abroad at the time, George and Lucy here, so that it was to Jack that I imparted the news of my resolve. As you may imagine, he did all that he could to shake it. But I was immovable. I disbelieved his facts, and despised his contempt from the standpoint of my own superior

morality. This state of things continued for several weeks, during the greater part of which time I was at Oxford. I only knew that while I was there, Jack had made Delia's acquaintance, and was apparently cultivating it assiduously.

"One day, during the Easter vacation, I got a note from her asking me to supper at her house. Jack was invited too: we lodged together while my people were away.

"There is no need to dwell upon that supper. There were two or three women there of her own sort, or worse, and a dozen men from among the most profligate in London. The conversation was, I should think, bad even for that class; and she, the goddess of my idolatry, outstripped them all by the foul, coarse shamelessness of her language and behaviour. Before the entertainment was half over, I rose and took my leave, accompanied by Jack and another man,—Legard was his name,—who I presume was bored. Just as we had passed through into the anteroom, which lay beyond the one in which we had been eating, Delia followed us, and laying her hand on Jack's arm, said that she must speak to him. Legard and I went into the outer hall, and we had not been there more than a minute when the door from the anteroom opened, and we heard Delia's voice. I remember the words well,—that was not the only occasion on which I was to hear them. 'I will keep the ring as a record of my love,' she said, 'and understand, that though you may forget, I never shall.' Jack came through, the door closed, and as we went out I glanced towards his left hand, and saw, as I expected to see, the absence of the ring which he usually wore there. It con-

tained a gem which my mother had picked up in the East, and I knew that he valued it quite peculiarly. We always called it Jack's talisman.

"A miserable time followed, a time for me of agonising wonder and doubt, during which regret for my dead illusion was entirely swallowed up in the terrible dread of my brother's degradation. Then came the announcement of his engagement to Lady Sylvia Grey; and a week later, the very day after I had finally returned to London from Oxford, I received a summons from Delia to come and see her. Curiosity, and the haunting fear about Jack which still hung round me, induced me to consent to what otherwise would have been intolerably repellent to me, and I went. I found her in a mad passion of fury. Jack had refused to see her or to answer her letters, and she had sent for me, that I might give him her message,—tell him that he belonged to her and her only, and that he never should marry another woman. Angry at my interference, Jack disdained even to repudiate her claims, only sending back a threat of appealing to the police if she ventured upon any further annoyance. I wrote as she told me, and she emphasised my silence on the subject by writing back to me a more definite and explicit assertion of her rights. Beyond that for some weeks she made no sign. I have no doubt that she had means of keeping watch upon both his movements and mine; and during that time, as she relinquished gradually all hopes of inducing him to abandon his purpose, she was being driven to her last despairing resolve.

"Later, when all was over, Jack told me the story of that spring and summer. He told me how, when he found me immovable on the subject, he had resolved to

stop the marriage somehow through Delia herself. He had made her acquaintance, and sought her society frequently. She had taken a fancy to him, and he admitted that he had availed himself of this fact to increase his intimacy with her, and, as he hoped ultimately, his power over her. But he was not conscious of ever having varied in his manner towards her of contemptuous indifference. This contradictory behaviour,—his being constantly near her, yet always beyond her reach,—was probably the very thing which excited her fancy into passion, the one strong passion of the poor woman's life. Then came his deliberate demand that she should by her own act unmask herself in my sight. The unfortunate woman tried to bargain for some proof of affection in return, and on this occasion had first openly declared her feelings towards him. He did not believe her; he refused her terms; but when as her payment she asked for the ring which was so especially associated with himself, he agreed to give it to her. Otherwise hoping, no doubt against hope, dreading above all things a quarrel and final separation, she submitted unconditionally. And from the time of that evening, when Legard and I had overheard her parting words, Jack never saw her again until the last and final catastrophe.

"It was in July. My parents had returned to England, but had come straight on here. Jack and I were dining together with Lady Sylvia at her father's house—her brother, young Grey, making the fourth at dinner. I had arranged to go to a party with your mother, and I told the servants that a lady would call for me early in the evening. The house stood in Park Lane, and after dinner we all went out on to the broad balcony which opened from the drawing-room.

There was a strong wind blowing that night, and I remember well the vague, disquieted feeling of unreality that possessed me,—sweeping through me, as it were, with each gust of wind. Then, suddenly, a servant stood behind me, saying that the lady had come for me, and was in the drawing-room. Shocked that my aunt should have troubled herself to come so far, I turned quickly, stepped back into the room, and found myself face to face with Delia. She was fully dressed for the evening, with a long silk opera-cloak over her shoulders, her face as white as her gown, her splendid eyes strangely wide open and shining. I don't know what I said or did; I tried to get her away, but it was too late. The others had heard us, and appeared at the open window. Jack came forward at once, speaking rapidly, fiercely; telling her to leave the house at once; promising desperately that he would see her in his own rooms on the morrow. Well I remember how her answer rang out,—

“Neither to-morrow nor another day: I will never leave you again while I live.”

“At the same instant she drew something swiftly from under her cloak, there was the sound of a pistol-shot, and she lay dead at our feet, her blood splashing upon Jack's shirt and hands as she fell.”

Alan paused in his recital. He was trembling from head to foot; but he kept his eyes turned steadily downwards, and both face and voice were cold—almost expressionless.

“Of course there was an inquest,” he resumed, “which, as usual, exercised its very ill-defined powers in inquiring into all possible motives for the suicide. Young Grey, who had stepped into the room just before the shot had been fired, swore to the last words Delia had

uttered; Legard, to those he had overheard the night of that dreadful supper: there were scores of men to bear witness to the intimate relations which had existed between her and Jack during the whole of the previous spring. I had to give evidence. A skilful lawyer had been retained by one of her sisters, and had been instructed by her in points which no doubt she had originally learnt from Delia herself. In his hands, I had not only to corroborate Grey and Legard, and to give full details of that last interview, but also to swear to the peculiar value which Jack attached to the talisman ring which he had given Delia; to the language she had held when I saw her after my return from Oxford; to her subsequent letter, and Jack's fatal silence on the occasion. The story by which Jack and I strove to account for the facts was laughed at as a clumsy invention, and my undisguised reluctance in giving evidence added greatly to its weight against my brother's character.

“The jury returned a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind, the result of desertion by her lover. You may imagine how that verdict was commented upon by every Radical newspaper in the kingdom, and for once society more than corroborated the opinions of the press. The larger public regarded the story as an extreme case of the innocent victim and the cowardly society villain. It was only among a comparatively small set that Delia's reputation was known, and there, in view of Jack's notorious and peculiar intimacy, his repudiation of all relations with her was received with contemptuous incredulity. That he should have first entered upon such relations at the very time when he was already courting Lady Sylvia was regarded even in those circles as a ‘strong

order,' and they looked upon his present attitude with great indignation, as a cowardly attempt to save his own character by casting upon the dead woman's memory all the odium of a false accusation. With an entire absence of logic, too, he was made responsible for the suicide having taken place in Lady Sylvia's presence. She had broken off the engagement the day after the catastrophe, and her family, a clan powerful in the London world, furious at the mud through which her name had been dragged, did all that they could to intensify the feeling already existing against Jack.

"Not a voice was raised in his defence. He was advised to leave the army; he was requested to withdraw from some of his clubs, turned out of others, avoided by his fast acquaintances, cut by his respectable ones.

"He showed no resentment at the measure thus dealt out to him. Indeed, at the first, except for Sylvia's desertion of him, he seemed dully indifferent to it all. It was as if his soul had been stunned, from the moment that that wretched woman's blood had splashed upon his fingers, and her dead eyes had looked up into his own.

"But it was not long before he realised the full extent of the social damnation which had been inflicted upon him, and he then resolved to leave the country and go to America. The night before he started he came down here to take leave. I was here looking after my parents—George, whose mind was almost unhinged by the family disgrace, having gone abroad with his wife. My mother at the first news of what had happened had taken to her bed, never to leave it again; and thus it was in my presence alone, up there in my father's little study, that Jack gave him that night the whole story. He told it

quietly enough; but when he had finished, with a sudden outburst of feeling he turned upon me. It was I who had been the cause of it all. My insensate folly had induced him to make the unhappy woman's acquaintance, to allow and even encourage her fatal love, to commit all the blunders and sins which had brought about her miserable ending and his final overthrow. It was by means of me that she had obtained access to him on that dreadful night; my evidence which had most utterly damned him in public opinion; through me he had lost his reputation, his friends, his career, his country, the woman he loved, his hopes for the future; through me, above all, that the burden of that horrible death would lie for ever on his soul. He was lashing himself to fury with his own words as he spoke; and I stood leaning against the wall opposite to him, cold, dumb, unresisting, when suddenly my father interrupted. I think that both Jack and I had forgotten his presence; but at the sound of his voice, changed from what we had ever heard it, we turned to him, and I then for the first time saw in his face the death-look which never afterwards quitted it.

"'Stop, Jack,' he said; 'Alan is not to blame; and if it had not been in this way, it would have been in some other. I only am guilty, who brought you both into existence with my own hell-stained blood in your veins. If you wish to curse any one, curse your family, your name, me if you will, and may God forgive me that you were ever born into the world!'"

Alan stopped with a shudder, and then continued, dully, "It was when I heard those words, the most terrible that a father could have uttered, that I first understood all that that old sixteenth-

century tale might mean to me and mine,—I have realised it vividly enough since. Early the next morning, when the dawn was just breaking, Jack came to the door of my room to bid me good-bye. All his passion was gone. His looks and tones seemed part and parcel of the dim grey morning light. He freely withdrew all the charges he had made against me the night before; forgave me all the share that I had had in his misfortunes; and then begged that I would never come near him, or let him hear from me again. ‘The curse is heavy upon us both,’ he said, ‘and it is the only favour which you can do me.’ I have never seen him since.”

“But you have heard of him!” I exclaimed; “what has become of him?”

Alan raised himself to a sitting posture. “The last that I heard,” he said, with a catch in his voice, “was that in his misery and hopelessness he was taking to drink. George writes to him, and does what he can; but I—I dare not say a word, for fear it should turn to poison on my lips,—I dare not lift a hand to help him, for fear it should have power to strike him to the ground. The worst may be yet to come; I am still living, still living: there are depths of shame to which he has not sunk. And oh, Evie, Evie, he is my own, my best-loved brother!”

All his composure was gone now. His voice rose to a kind of wail

with the last words, and folding his arms on his raised knee, he let his head fall upon them, while his figure quivered with scarcely restrained emotion. There was a silence for some moments while he sat thus, I looking on in wretched helplessness beside him. Then he raised his head, and, without looking round at me, went on in a low tone: “And what is in the future? I pray that death instead of shame may be the portion of the next generation, and I look at George’s boys only to wonder which of them is the happy one who shall some day lie dead at his brother’s feet. Are you surprised at my resolution never to marry? The fatal prophecy is rich in its fulfilment; none of our name and blood are safe; and the day might come when I too should have to call upon my children to curse me for their birth,—should have to watch while the burden which I could no longer bear alone pressed the life from their mother’s heart.”

Through the tragedy of this speech I was conscious of a faint suggestion of comfort, a far-off glimmer, as of unseen home-lights on a midnight sky. I was in no mood then to understand, or to seek to understand, what it was; but I know now that his words had removed the weight of helpless banishment from my spirit—that his heart, speaking through them to my own, had made me for life the sharer of his grief.

VIII.

Presently he drew his shoulders together with a slight determined jerk, threw himself back upon the grass, and turning to me, with that tremulous, haggard smile upon his lips which I knew so well, but which had never before struck me with such infinite pathos, “Luckily,”

he said, “there are other things to do in life besides being happy. Only perhaps you understand now what I meant last night when I spoke of things which flesh and blood cannot bear, and yet which must be borne.”

Suddenly and sharply his words

roused again into activity the loathsome memory which my interest in his story had partially deadened. He noticed the quick involuntary contraction of my muscles, and read it aright. "That reminds me," he went on; "I must claim your promise. I have told you my story. Now, tell me yours."

I told him; not as I have set it down here, though perhaps even in greater detail, but incoherently, bit by bit, while he helped me out with gentle questions, quickly comprehending gestures, and patient waiting during the pauses of exhaustion which perforce interposed themselves. As my story approached its climax, his agitation grew almost equal to my own, and he listened to the close, his teeth clenched, his brows bent, as if passing again with me through that awful conflict. When I had finished, it was some moments before either of us could speak; and then he burst forth into bitter self-reproach for having so far yielded to his brother's angry obstinacy as to allow me to sleep the third night in that fatal room.

"It was cowardice," he said, "sheer cowardice! After all that has happened, I dared not have a quarrel with one of my own blood. And yet if I had not hardened my heart, I had reason to know what I was risking."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"Those other two girls who slept there," he said, breathlessly; "it was in each case after the third night there that they were found dead—dead, Evie, so runs the story, with a mark upon their necks similar in shape and position to the death-wound which Margaret Mervyn inflicted upon herself."

I could not speak, but I clutched his hand with an almost convulsive grip.

"And I knew the story,—I knew

it!" he cried. "As boys we were not allowed to hear much of our family traditions, but this one I knew. When my father redid the interior of the east room, he removed at the same time a board from above the doorway outside, on which had been written—it is said by Dame Alice herself—a warning upon this very subject. I happened to be present when our old housekeeper, who had been his nurse, remonstrated with him warmly upon this act; and I asked her afterwards what the board was, and why she cared about it so much. In her excitement she told me the story of those unhappy girls, repeating again and again that, if the warning were taken away, evil would come of it."

"And she was right," I said, dully. "Oh, if only your father had left it there!"

"I suppose," he answered, speaking more quietly, "that he was impatient of traditions which, as I told you, he at that time more than half despised. Indeed he altered the shape of the doorway, raising it, and making it flat and square, so that the old inscription could not have been replaced, even had it been wished. I remember it was fitted round the low Tudor arch which was previously there."

My mind, too worn with many emotions for deliberate thought, wandered on languidly, and as it were mechanically, upon these last trivial words. The doorway presented itself to my view as it had originally stood, with the discarded warning above it; and then, by a spontaneous comparison of mental vision, I recalled the painted board which I had noticed three days before in Dame Alice's tower. I suggested to Alan that it might have been the identical one—its shape was as he described. "Very likely," he answered, absently.

"Do you remember what the words were?"

"Yes, I think so," I replied. "Let me see." And I repeated them slowly, dragging them out as if were one by one from my memory:—

"Where the woman sinned the maid shall win;
But God help the maid that sleeps within."

"You see," I said, turning towards him slowly, "the last line is a warning such as you spoke of."

But to my surprise Alan had sprung to his feet, and was looking down at me, his whole body quivering with excitement. "Yes, Evie," he cried, "and the first line is a prophecy;—where the woman sinned the maid *has* won." He seized the hand which I instinctively reached out to him. "We have not seen the end of this yet," he went on, speaking rapidly, and as if articulation had become difficult to him. "Come, Evie, we must go back to the house and look at the cabinet—now, at once."

I had risen to my feet by this time, but I shrank away at those words. "To that room? Oh, Alan—no, I cannot."

He had hold of my hand still, and he tightened his grasp upon it. "I shall be with you; you will not be afraid with me," he said. "Come." His eyes were burning, his face flushed and paled in rapid alternation, and his hand held mine like a vice of iron.

I turned with him, and we walked back to the Grange, Alan quickening his pace as he went, till I almost had to run by his side. As we approached the dreaded room my sense of repulsion became almost unbearable; but I was now infected by his excitement, though I but dimly comprehended its cause. We met no one on our

way, and in a moment he had hurried me into the house, up the stairs, and along the narrow passage, and I was once more in the east room, and in the presence of all the memories of that accursed night. For an instant I stood strengthless, helpless, on the threshold, my gaze fixed panic-stricken on the spot where I had taken such awful part in that phantom tragedy of evil; then Alan threw his arm round me, and drew me hastily on in front of the cabinet. Without a pause, giving himself time neither to speak nor think, he stretched out his left hand and moved the buttons one after another. How or in what direction he moved them I know not; but as the last turned with a click, the doors, which no mortal hand had unclosed for three hundred years, flew back, and the cabinet stood open. I gave a little gasp of fear. Alan pressed his lips closely together, and turned to me with eager questioning in his eyes. I pointed my answer tremblingly at the drawer which I had seen open the night before. He drew it out, and there on its satin bed lay the dagger in its silver sheath. Still without a word he took it up, and reaching his right hand round me, for I could not now have stood had he withdrawn his support, with a swift strong jerk he unsheathed the blade. There in the clear autumn sunshine I could see the same dull stains I had marked in the flickering candle-light, and over them, still ruddy and moist, were the drops of my own half-dried blood. I grasped the lapel of his coat with both my hands, and clung to him like a child in terror, while the eyes of both of us remained fixed as if fascinated upon the knife-blade. Then, with a sudden start of memory, Alan raised his to the cornice of the

cabinet, and mine followed. No change that I could detect had taken place in that twisted gold-work ; but there, clear in the sight of us both, stood forth the words of the magic motto :—

“Pure blood shed by the blood-stained
knife
Ends Mervyn shame, heals Mervyn
strife.”

In low steady tones Alan read out the lines, and then there was silence—on my part of stunned bewilderment, the bewilderment of a spirit overwhelmed beyond the power of comprehension by rushing, conflicting emotions. Alan pressed me closer to him, while the silence seemed to throb with the beating of his heart and the panting of his breath. But except for that he remained motionless, gazing at the golden message before him. At length I felt a movement, and looking up saw his face turned down towards mine, the lips quivering, the cheeks flushed, the eyes soft with passionate feeling. “We are saved, my darling,” he whispered ; “saved, and through you.” Then he bent his head lower, and there, in that room of horror, I received the first long lover’s kiss from my own dear husband’s lips.

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My husband, yes ; but not till some time after that. Alan’s first act, when he had once fully realised that the curse was indeed removed, was—throwing his budding practice to the winds—to set sail for America. There he sought out Jack, and laboured hard to impart to him some of his own new-found hope. It was slow work, but he succeeded at last ; and only left him when, two years later, he had handed him over to the charge of a bright-eyed Western girl, to whom the whole story had been told, and who showed herself ready and anxious

to help in building up again the broken life of her English lover. To judge from the letters that we have since received, she has shown herself well fitted for the task. Among other things she has money, and Jack’s worldly affairs have so prospered that George declares that he can well afford now to waste some of his superfluous cash upon farming a few of his elder brother’s acres. The idea seems to smile upon Jack, and I have every hope this winter of being able to institute an actual comparison between our small boy, his namesake, and his own three-year-old Alan. The comparison, by the way, will have to be conditional, for Jacket—the name by which my son and heir is familiarly known—is but a little more than two.

My story is ended ; but one scene more before I close. It is August, and we are staying at Mervyn as usual for the long vacation. I am sitting writing by the open window of the morning-room, my attention being distracted between the necessity of preserving Master Jacket from the various forms of suicide upon which he is apparently resolved, and watching a game of stump and ball which is proceeding between Alan and his two nephews in the blazing sunshine upon the lawn outside. We are often down here ; but I believe that Alan has made two conditions of our presence. The cabinet, its inlaid legend having been removed, now forms one of the principal ornaments of the best drawing-room—to Lucy’s immense gratification. But during our visits it is put out of sight. The other condition is that under no circumstances whatever should I be expected to set foot within the east wing. The Dead Stone, some years ago, was shattered by a charge of dynamite, and the bones found beneath it given at my request fitter burial.

The silver knife, I believe, was placed alongside them. But in spite of all such efforts to hide away the past, the pleasure of my visits to Mervyn can never be unmixed with pain. The memory of that revelation of suffering and evil, which never wholly leaves me, must always be stronger and more vivid here than elsewhere.

The game is finished now, and Alan, stooping in at the window, has carried his child off to the shade of the great cedar-tree opposite, whither Harry, the elder of my nephews, has accompanied them. Cyril, the younger one, a jolly, broad-faced schoolboy of ten, leans over the low sill to impart to me, among other reflections on the weather, the game, and his family generally, the flattering opinion that I've done Uncle Alan no end of good. "Harry and I usen't to care about him at all," he confesses frankly; "but now I believe he's the jolliest uncle a fellow ever had."

Just then a shout of laughter from under the cedar-tree carries Cyril off to share the fun. Alan calls to me that Jacket is simply killing, and that I must come and listen to him. He is displaying his latest accomplishment—the recital in his own peculiar English of "The Great Panjandrum," which Alan has amused himself by teaching him during the last week. I step over the window-sill, and pause a moment in the shadow to put up my parasol before venturing across the sun-broiled desert in

front of me. It is a cheerful picture on which my gaze rests opposite. Standing straight and square on his sturdy little legs, the small reciter glances gravely from one to another of his auditors, demurely conscious of the success he is creating. Alan, stretched at his length, his elbows on the grass, his chin raised on his hands almost to a level with his son's face,—listens and prompts, while his eyes dance with merriment. Near by Harry is sprawling on the ground, giving vent at intervals to short little shrieks of laughter, while behind stands Cyril, bending forward with his hands on his knees, his red face one broad grin of amusement.

I turn my eyes for a moment, and they fall upon the northern corner of the East Room, which shows round the edge of the house. Then the skeleton leaps from the cupboard of my memory; the icy hand which lies ever near my soul grips it suddenly with a chill shudder. Not for nothing was that wretched woman's life interwoven with my own, if only for an hour; not for nothing did my spirit harbour a conflict and an agony, which, thank God, are far from its own story. Though Margaret Mervyn's dagger failed to pierce my flesh, the wound in my soul may never wholly be healed. I know that that is so; and yet as I turn to start through the sunshine to the cedar shade and its laughing occupants, I whisper to myself with fervent conviction, "It was worth it."

REMINISCENCES OF JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.—II.

I AM hopeful that the extracts from Mr Froude's letters, which I made in a previous paper, have sufficed to convince the reader who is not incurably prejudiced that this much-maligned "Timon" of dyspeptic Journalists and Dryasdust Professors was not so much of a Timon after all,—except, it may be, in his love for the sea.¹ We have seen him in his "happier hour"; clouds gather in every life that temporarily obscure the sunshine, and Froude was not more fortunate than his fellow-men. But these clouds passed away, as all clouds do when we wait long enough; and the closing years of his life were among the peace fullest and the most prolific. He died in harness (only taking to his bed when he had corrected the last sheets of his 'Erasmus'), as he had always desired to die, being indeed (if we are driven for comparison to poet and playwright) rather a Ulysses than a Timon:—

"Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world;
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose
holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the Western Stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us
down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy
Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we
knew."

"I have more than half a mind," he wrote to me in his last letter, *"to accept an invitation from Sir George Grey, and go back with him in the autumn to the Antipodes."* But there were to be no more voyages—on seas familiar or unfamiliar.

One or two dates may be here given before I continue these reminiscences. James Anthony Froude was born on April 23, 1818; he died on October 20, 1894; so that he was in his seventy-seventh year. He belonged to a clever and brilliant family. His father, the Archdeacon of Totness, was an admirable though self-taught artist—some of his pencil-drawings which I have seen are highly esteemed by Mr Ruskin. To his elder brother—Richard Hurrell Froude—Anthony was profoundly attached; and he resented Mr Freeman's insulting comments on their opposite views of the Reformation with more than ordinary warmth: "I look back upon my brother as on the whole the most remarkable man I have ever met in my life. I have never seen any person—not one—in whom, as I now think of him, the excellences of intellect and character were combined in fuller measure. Of my personal feeling towards him I cannot speak. I am ashamed to have been compelled by what I can

¹ I once pointed out to Froude that not in one passage only does Shakespeare insist on Timon's desire to sleep beside the sea,—*"entombed upon the very hem of the sea."*

"Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy gravestone daily."

And again—

"Come not to me again, but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover."

describe only as an inexcusable insult, to say what I have said.”¹

The letters which immediately follow those from which I have already quoted refer mainly to the Mary Stuart controversy and the publication of Mr Carlyle’s remains. Of the Carlyle trouble I do not desire to say a single word. Nor do I mean to enter again on our protracted debate over the unhappy Queen of Scots. I may put together a few sentences from a long series of letters, which will serve to indicate what in Froude’s view was the key of the position; but these will come in better later on.² Meanwhile I take up the narrative where I left off last month: 1880 was the year—the year of Lord Beaconsfield’s defeat at the polling-booths.

“5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
April 28 [1880].

“Let us say nothing of the election and its consequences. Do not think I triumph in it. I was interested in the Eastern question for itself, but [not in the men who have come in]. . . . My disliking extends to the whole blessed system of government by party. You are in the rapids in a two-oared boat,

and your idea of managing it is to pull one oar desperately and then the other, or to back water with one while you pull with the other. . . . The chief object of this is to tell you that I am meditating a *final* flight from London into the country. I stay only for Carlyle’s sake, and when he is gone I shall turn my back on it. . . . I want to bring A—— up, as I was brought up, to open-air life—boats, hills, rides, guns, and fishing-rods in the old wild scratch way, when the keeper was the rabbit-catcher, and sporting was enjoyed more for the adventure than for the bag. Could I not find some old place of this kind by a Scotch lake? . . . G—— has immense parliamentary dexterity, and is inevitable, at least for a year or two. But I bother myself no more with politics, and believe that in fifty years or sooner a vulgar Cæsar will be the outcome of it.”

“ONSLOW GARDENS,
October 16 [1880].

“Trench is tempting me back to the Kenmare river, and I have half decided to go there. If a Paddy shoots me—well, it will be dying in harness, and I, for my part, shouldn’t so much care. The

¹ “A Few Words on Mr Freeman,” the ‘Nineteenth Century,’ April 1879, p. 621.

² The extracts which I have made in these papers from any hitherto unpublished letters are confined mainly, if not exclusively, to matters of *public* interest in literature and politics,—though a few sentences have been introduced for the purpose (a purpose which has now been sufficiently served) of making clear to those who did not know Mr Froude personally that he was by nature a singularly true, attached, and constant friend. It has been stated, however, since these papers were in type, that he was anxious that old controversies should not be reopened; and it seems to me that in view of the risk of an improper use being made of letters which, as I said last month, must be regarded as strictly private and confidential, his executors have exercised a wise discretion in withholding their consent to any further publication. I am satisfied that no letter that Mr Froude ever wrote could do him any harm in the judgment of the judicious, for he was all his life actuated by the highest and purest motives; but it is right that his own desire to let the dead past bury its dead should be religiously respected. I am glad to be assured that nothing that I have quoted is in any way calculated to defeat that object.

world will not move to my mind for the next quarter of a century ; and by that time I shall have done with it anyway. Ruskin's letters have taken people's breath away. I have read nothing with so much pleasure these many years."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
November 16 [1880].

"We had a very interesting day in Annandale, saw all that we wanted, and made the necessary sketches. We were favoured by the weather, nine fine hours in a week of snow and storm. It was all very strange to me and very pathetic. . . . I cannot talk of what I shall do two years hence with the free confidence of thirty. Like enough I shall have made a change of lodging still more considerable, and have begun existence again the other side. . . . I have read 'Endymion'; quite unexpectedly the author expressed a wish that I should review it. 'Lothair' had so much delighted me that I was rather pleased with the prospect; but when I came to the reality I found it could not be. You will understand why when the book reaches you. We had two days' shooting at Naworth. A good many pheasants and a fine sprinkling of woodcocks. Considering how rarely I now take a gun in hand, I was rather pleased with my performance. I am astonished at the apathy of England and Scotland about this Irish business. I try to hope that the wood is only damp, and that it will kindle before long. Among educated people the wrath is loud and deep against 'the very worst Government that ever existed in this country.'"

[On December 23, 1880, Froude informed me that he had begun to print Carlyle's 'Reminiscences.' He had allowed me to read the

earlier sketches some years previously, and I had been delighted by their idiomatic force and freshness. The pictures of that old homely Scottish life were, it seemed to me, racy of the soil. Now he asked me to revise them as they went through the press, with reference more particularly to various Scotch names and idioms in the early sheets. "I therefore venture to hope that you will look through the pages, and mark anything that seems doubtful to you." This I did, aided by Dr John Brown. Only the proofs of the Scotch section of the book were corrected by me: had I seen the others I might possibly have suggested the omission of one or two passages; but surely the "oot-brak" of outraged decorum which followed the publication was out of all proportion to the offence,—if offence there was.]

"I am dreadfully busy," he continues, "bringing out a new edition of 'The English in Ireland,' with a supplementary chapter on the present crisis. No one knows what is to be done,—the Government, I believe, as little as any one. The Whigs everywhere are kicking, and so are those dear beings the Political Economists. The worst symptom is the total absence of *courage* on all sides. . . . I am at home alone; my Christmas is not a bright one. I wish—I wish—I could pass it with you at the ever delightful Hermitage."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
December 26 [1880].

"I send a few more sheets. Carlyle himself is not in a condition to be asked questions. I fear the end cannot now be very distant. Indeed one can hardly wish it. I have said out my own mind on this Irish business in a concluding chapter to my new edition of 'The

English in Ireland.' This new business in South Africa is almost as dangerous. I think we shall lose that country. We are teaching every section of the people to hate us there—English, Dutch, natives alike—and unless we determine to hold the whole place by force, there will soon be nothing for us but to take ourselves off with shame."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Feb. 3 [1881].

"What can I feel but pleasure at your proposal? Small as the opinion which I have of my aspect (I study it daily in the process of shaving), I should like to have it remembered (if anywhere) in the house of so old and warm a friend. I will do my part of the business when the time comes, and I hope that I shall not turn out quite so hideous as Sam Laurence made me fifteen years ago.

"I was about to write you when your letter came. I have waited, however, two days to answer it, that I might tell you something authentic about Carlyle. He is alive, I believe, at this moment, but will hardly see another morning. His morning, if there is one, will break elsewhere. He is to be buried beside his mother and father in Ecclefechan kirkyard. The funeral will be as private as possible. The family particularly wish this, I believe, and the day will purposely be kept unknown. But I am going down; and it strikes me that *you*, perhaps, might wish to be present. If I am right, telegraph to me. During his illness he has talked (when he has talked at all) of his father and mother as if they were near him. His niece he has called 'Jeanie'—his wife! Good-bye."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Feb. 8 [1881].

"I did not gather from your

telegram that you would be able to attend. The day has been left undetermined purposely to prevent a crowd. It is now settled for Thursday (the day after to-morrow); but do not mention it to others. They will, I am sure, be very glad that you should come as a friend of mine; but the time is short to enable you to make arrangements. The funeral will be at 12. I, Tyndall, and Lecky will sleep at Carlisle the night before, and go over in the morning. If the weather is fine we can walk up in the afternoon to *Mainhill*, where 'Wilhelm Meister' was translated (the last part of it), and where it was read and wondered over by his mother. . . . We had a storm here last night, and I fear it will be all bleak and dreary."

[After seeing the 'Reminiscences' through the press, Froude, who had been ailing, took a sea voyage, which as usual set him up. But he came back to find "the heather on fire."]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
April 7 [1881].

"I had a pleasant idle month at sea and at Madeira, but I came back to find such a complication of worries that I have not yet felt equal to Mr Reid's studio. . . . I am more surprised than I should have been at the reception of the 'Reminiscences.' It is Carlyle himself,—the same Carlyle precisely that I have known for thirty years; and it seemed to me that my duty was to represent him (or let him represent himself) as near the truth as possible. To me in no one of his writings does he appear under a more beautiful aspect; and so, I am still convinced, will all mankind eventually think. I cut out everything which could *injure* anybody. To

have cut out his general estimates of men and things would have turned the book into a *caput mortuum*."

[Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., was good enough to paint a portrait of Froude for me during April and May of this year. It is an admirable likeness, and a fine piece of work.]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
June 17 [1881].

"If you like the picture as much as I like the painter you will be very well satisfied. . . . The storm has pretty well passed. You were wise and kind in taking no notice of it. In a year or two every one whose opinion is worth having will be grateful for having a true Carlyle before them, and not a mutilated and incredible one."

"SALCOMBE, Sept. 11 [1881].

"Here I am at last, after ten weeks on the Fiords. . . . I have come back *set up* in mind and body, and ready for such work as may offer. . . . We saw the old *Viking ship* at Christiania. The identical old timbers with marks of the caulking still in them; and the vessel itself, 80 feet long, an open boat with as fine lines and

laid as surely down for speed as Thorneycroft himself could not beat. There was the great copper caldron where they stewed their dinners too—all very genuine and instructive. One sees why the Normans took to the sea. In that country the Fiords are the only roads. The mountains are impassable. But all this will keep. I was shocked to hear of the death of poor Miss B——, that bright young creature with so fair a life opening out before her. How the fruit drops off (the best first), ripe or unripe; while we old fellows are left scrambling on. Burton gone—Stanley gone—Carlyle gone—all in this last year. I care not how soon I follow, if I may only live to finish Carlyle's life. I have had a most hearty letter from the one surviving brother in Annandale. I will write again before long. Just now, as you may suppose, I have endless little matters calling for attention. This is only to report that I am at home again. . . . The sketch of Burton is excellent."¹

"THE MOLT, October 7 [1881].

"Ireland! Yes! More power to G——'s elbow. He has ripened the fruit. It will hang no longer

¹ Froude refers to the sketch in 'Maga.' Burton, who with all his quaint oddities of dress and manner was finely simple and sincere, was much attached to Froude, and was always zealous in his defence. No petty jealousies disturbed their friendship. Here is a characteristic letter. Burton came, and the two old friends met then for the last time:—

"MORTON HOUSE, LOTHIAN BURN, 3d Jan. 1880.

"MY DEAR MR SKELTON,—Your announcement just received of our distinguished friend's calamity rouses all my sympathies. Alas! no fame or success can balance such losses.

"If he is in the stage when quiet talk on the matters nearest to one's literary sympathies has a soothing effect, I shall readily join you. There is still something to say about Queen Mary, and I have just been citing him at length on Ireland in the reign of Queen Anne.

"On the other hand, if you find that for any reason you would be better without me, don't hesitate to give me warning.

"With all the good wishes of the season to the heads of the house *cum sequacibus*, I am, yours truly,

J. H. BURTON.

"JOHN SKELTON, Esq."

on the old terms ; and he will have to choose whether he will fight the League at last or give up the country. . . . May the Devil fly away with Party Government. 'A plague o' both your houses !'

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Feby. 17 [1882].

"Five years ago I said to Lady R—— that the English constitution was now flying like a shuttlecock between two adventurers. *She* was furious at me for calling the one an adventurer ; *you* will not approve of my using such a name for the other. . . . Carlyle's Life—the Scotch part of it—will be out in three weeks or a month. I shall perhaps go abroad till the tongues have done wagging. . . . The end will be that C. will stand higher than ever, and will be loved more than ever. When a man's faults are not such as dishonour him, we are all the nearer to him because of them, and because we feel the common pulse of humanity in him."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
June 15, 1882.

"I saw the news of your father's death in the paper which you sent me. . . . I did not write, partly because you would know that I felt for you, partly because I could not tell from your silence whether you did not share in the feeling of disappointment of Carlyle's Life, which Tulloch and Boyd led me to suppose is general in Scotland. Judge then if your letter has not given me pleasure.

"What motive could I have in writing as I have done except to do what I believe Carlyle to have wished ? . . .

"I shall be heartily glad to see you ; but we leave London for The Molt on 1st of July, and I fear we shall be gone before you pass through. May we not hope that

you and Mrs Skelton will again find your way to us ? My little yacht has now a lead keel, sails well, and fears no weather. We can meet you at *Dartmouth*, bring you round the Start, and spare you the long Kingsbridge drive. Do think of it and come while the days are long, before you go abroad.—Ever yours most truly,

"J. A. FROUDE.

"The fetish-worship continues. . . . More than ever I regret Lord Beaconsfield's adventure into foreign policy. *He* might have settled Ireland, or at least might have made the present state of things impossible. I can hardly write—my fingers are numbed by this north wind—within a week of midsummer !"

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
December 10 [1882].

"Your volume has come, a pleasant Christmas remembrance of an old and very dear friend. I will not argue about Mary Stuart. . . . In return I send you the concluding volume of my 'Short Studies.' I have brought my confessions to the Day of Judgment ; and with our present means of information we can, none of us, carry them farther. The rest of my working life, short or long, must be given to Carlyle."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Feb. 20 [1883].

"You will be more edified than surprised by the Dublin revelations. There is nothing new in them either to you or to me. Your friend Dizzy was the only English statesman who knew anything about Ireland. I had assured myself that when he came into office in 1874 he would tackle the thing, and I cannot yet forgive him for having rushed into an 'adventurous foreign policy' when he had

such serious work cut out for him at home. It is sorrowfully plain that as long as we are cursed with Parliamentary Government, the Liberals only can hang Irish murderers. If the Tories try it, the whole pack of idiots, English and Irish, howl together. Still, Lord Beaconsfield would have stood higher as a statesman if he had tried."

[I paid a long visit to Froude during February and March of this year, when I had the pleasure of reading the proof-sheets of Mrs Carlyle's brilliant and remarkable letters. From notes made at the time, I take a few extracts, descriptive of the impression which a first reading produced on my mind:—

"Their true and main interest is of the personal kind;—they are the letters of a strangely powerful and brilliant woman, who expressed herself always with absolute sincerity and the most relentless directness. She was singularly gifted, the humour and the pathos being each unique in its way. She was the companion of one of the most remarkable men of her time: can we say that she was in any way his inferior? Nothing, indeed, can be more striking than the contrast between his involved and rugged commentary and her sparkling lucidity. The play of her ready and nimble wit is as incessant as sheet-lightning of a summer night in the tropics, and it spares nothing—not even her husband. Yet, on the other hand, her heart was as tender as her humour was caustic and incisive. She was not happy. Her marriage, it may now be frankly admitted, was a mistake. I do not know anything sadder or more touching than the narrative of her return to Haddington

after many years of married life; a lost spirit revisiting the glimpses of the moon might have indulged in just such a strain of pathetic reminiscence. . . . This is the story which, with wonderful spirit—with almost cynical mockery and almost tremulous tenderness, the tears and the laughter never being very far apart—is related in these pages. It is a sad story, if you will: but the 'bitter jests and bearing free' of this curious cross between the Calvinist and the gipsy—for she had the blood both of John Knox and Matthew Baillie in her veins—gives it a piquant and original charm that partly disguises its sadness."

So I wrote at the time; and our literature, I still believe, would have suffered an irreparable loss had "little Jeanie Welsh's" letters, like Byron's *Memoirs*, been reduced to ashes.]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
November 27 [1883].

"As to Lethington, I take him to have been in everything a Scotsman determined to secure to a Scottish Prince (Mary or James, as it might be) the English succession. This was the ruling principle, and explains all. As to religion, it was a 'devout imagination.' In Calderwood, as you know, he is always called Michael Wylie. It was a long time before I could guess what it meant (*Machiavelli*)."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Jan. 3 [1884].

"A word of the usual wishes of the season to you and yours. I am your countryman in *this*, that I dislike 'times and seasons,' and do not observe them. You are *always* in a near corner of my memory, and every day in one form or another I find myself

thinking about you. . . . Carlyle in his *Journal*, speaking of *his* foundation,¹ says very beautifully, 'It is his Abbey of Cor Dulce for the burying of his loved one's heart.' The Cor Dulce seemed familiar to me: so far as I remember, it refers to Devorgilla burying John de Baliol, but I can find nothing about it in any one of the hundred books into which I have looked, and I fear my memory must have played me false. Can you help me? I hope your pigeons and waterhens, also the descendants of the poor blind *Cedipus* in the farmyard, and all your other live stock, are prospering in this charming winter. I am as well as a man can be who is dining out nowhere, and working from morning to night. You will find you have a fine portrait of Carlyle after all, which will be a true one also."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
March 15 [1884].

"In two months, if I continue able to work, I shall have written the last line of a business which has been a perplexity to me for the last fourteen years. *Arcturus* is not the less brilliant or beautiful because he flashes red and green instead of shining pale and calm as angelic stars ought to do."

[This was the year of the festivities in Edinburgh on the occasion of the University Tercentenary. For some reason Froude's name was omitted by the University authorities from the list of those on whom it was proposed to confer the honorary degree of

L.L.D. I pointed out the omission to my old and dear friend Professor Sellar, and one or two other members of the *Senatus*, and at their instance the blunder was rectified. But neither Froude nor Tyndall, who were to have been my guests, was able to attend.]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
April 1 [1884].

"Of course I cannot but accept so 'distinguished an honour,' &c. I owe it to you, and shall remember that I do; but I am very much obliged to the *Senatus* too. A great part of the personal attraction in the matter lies in your offer of hospitality. I shall be delighted to see the old *Hermitage* again. . . . Your house, I am afraid, like every other, will be crammed, and we shall have no pleasant saunters in the woods."²

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
May 2 [1884].

"I cannot help you to a portrait of Carlyle, for none was ever made of him fit to be seen. I found in a letter an account of one in which the face, he says, is 'a cross between a Demon and a flayed Horse.' This, if it could be had, might be valuable, with C.'s description attached to it. . . . I am sleeping better; but go to bed each night in alarm how it may be. The brain, however, must be in a more quiet state, for my eyes, which were dark with soot-spots, are clearing again. Edinburgh would have done for me. . . . I creep more and more into my shell, love my friends better every day, and care less for the rest of mankind."

¹ The bequest to Edinburgh University in memory of his wife.

² Many of Mr Froude's favourite walks are no longer recognisable,—the neighbourhood of the poor *Hermitage* having been badly disfigured of late by the speculative builder. Ought not outrages on the landscape to be punishable by Act of Parliament?

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS
May 16 [1884].

"You will be glad to hear that yesterday I *finished* the MS. of Carlyle. I really do think that when it comes out certain persons will be ashamed of themselves. How ill A., B., and C. have behaved to me, no one will know, and no one could conjecture."

"THE MOLT, Sept. 14 [1884].

"This week the printing of Carlyle will be finished; and now the thing is done, Carlyle himself will be more loved and honoured than ever. . . . We came here at the beginning of August, and have been basking and sailing ever since in this most delicious of all remembered summers."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
November 1 [1884].

"Your letter does me good. It is not the sort of letter which a man writes when he merely wishes to pay a perfunctory compliment. You mean it all, and it is a 'good joy,' as Mrs Carlyle used to say. I have seen very few reviews. The 'Times,' though civil enough to me, is hard and unappreciative with Carlyle. I do not think that the world, stupid as it is, will accept such a view as that. . . . As to the politics, I know well how unavailing it will be. We are to drink the cup of the Lord's fury to the bottom. But when the drunken fit is over, and we are sick and sorry again, amidst the fragments of a ruined empire, it will remain to show that Carlyle was a true seer. . . . I *hope* God knows what is going to become of us. If He does, it is all right; but there is a wild time before us."

[The winter of 1884-85 was spent by Froude in the Australian Colonies. He came home by the

States,—crossing the Rockies he was caught in a blizzard. "It was as if some one had hit me in the face, knocked me down, kicked me with mailed boots about my head, and gouged out my right eye."]

"ONSLOW GARDENS,
May 28 [1885].

"Yes—I have been 'the other side.' It is very much like this side, except that it is warm and bright and full of flowers and plums and peaches, and you never see a discontented face or a hungry one. . . . Our Reformed Parliament plays fine antics. This has been the worst ever known in English history. The next will be worse still; and so on till the world is weary of them, and they get their necks wrung."

"THE MOLT, SALCOMBE,
August 2 [1885].

"M—— told me generally what was coming. The delightful Freeman too! You will have given him a stomach-ache. He will sit down and write another article about the Bishop of Lexovia. From you, my dear friend, who so widely differ from me on the subject and on the person that beyond all others exasperate controversy, these Good Words are doubly grateful. . . . Is it idle to hope that you and Mrs Skelton may once again pay us a visit here? It can be but once, and *this year*, if it is to be at all, for my hard-hearted and tyrannical landlord wishes actually to occupy his own house in future summers! What a detestable institution Landlordism is!! I am writing my Colonial Notes—a book which I shall call 'Oceana.' I am in the extraordinary position of having to speak nothing but well of everybody and everybody. Having nobody to abuse, I am like trying to fly a kite without wind."

"THE MOLT, SALCOMBE,
September 3 [1885].

"You have spoken good sound truth. It is taking already, and will take more and more. The true figure of a true man will in the end interest all true men,—and who else ought to be considered? My little 'Romsdal Fiord' too! That too you are picking up out of oblivion. Do you observe that the special inspirer of it has been sunbeaming it in those same quarters? I wonder what he thought of the Old Ganger! . . . I am working hard at my 'Oceana.' I will send you the sheets. I am very glad indeed that you are at work on Maitland. There is no figure in Scotch history more interesting in the best sense. *Michael Wily*, as they called him. It was long before I could guess what the name meant."

[The "Romsdal Fiord" to which Froude alludes appeared in 'Maga,'¹ and was, I think, the only poem he ever wrote. It is very spirited, and it inculcates his favourite moral:—

"Yet men will still be ruled by men,
And talk will have its day,
And other Rofls will come again
To sweep the rogues away."

Here, where we part finally with the Carlyle difficulties, I may be permitted to extract from the old Note-book, to which I have more than once referred, an entry which, interesting in itself, lies outside the region of controversy:

"The reader of 'Thomas Carlyle' will remember that during the time he resided in 3 Moray Street, off Leith Walk, he kept a Diary or Journal, occasional extracts from which are given. Under date 31st December 1823, this entry occurs: 'December 31st. The year is closing. This time

eight-and-twenty years ago I was a child of three weeks old sleeping on my mother's bosom.

"Oh! little did my mother think,
That day she cradled me,
The lands that I should travel in,
The death I was to dee.'

"This entry, on the publication of Froude's volumes, attracted the attention of a respected citizen of Edinburgh. When a lad at College (some few years after Carlyle had 'flitted') he had lodged at 3 Moray Street with his uncle, who still lives there. It at once recalled to him that on a pane of glass in the window of the sitting-room the four lines quoted in the Journal had been rudely scratched by some previous occupant. Could the writer have been Carlyle? He wrote to Froude, and at Froude's request I have visited the house. We were courteously received, and the writing minutely examined. There were other scratches upon the glass—mostly illegible, but made apparently by the same hand. The writing is somewhat cramped and angular; but any writing on glass, I presume, must be somewhat cramped and angular. But immediately below the lines three significant words are added. They are now barely legible, and had not been noticed until I drew attention to them; but they seem to me to be essentially Carlylian. The words are—'*Oh! foolish thee!*' The complete inscription then runs thus:—

"Little did my mother think,
That day she cradled me,
What land I was to travel in,
Or what death I should dee.

Oh! foolish thee!'

"Froude was satisfied that the inscription was genuine, and would have liked to have had the glass removed and preserved. 'I have

¹ See 'Maga' for April 1883.

not the smallest doubt,' he wrote, 'that the lines on the window were scratched by Carlyle; and some means ought to be used to preserve so precious a relic. Properly it should remain in the house. In years to come perhaps the room will be a place of pilgrimage. But if sufficient interest is not felt at present to allow any steps to be taken, I will myself gladly buy the pane (if the owner of the house will sell it), and will preserve it, with a note of what it is, that it may be restored if demanded hereafter.'"—(October 11, 1882.)

I have scrupulously refrained from making any extracts from the papers beside me which could serve as an excuse for reopening a bitter controversy; but I do not know any reason why the view I took at the time as to the ultimate effect of Froude's treatment of his subject should not be restated in 'Maga.' For this purpose I turn again to the old Note-book which I have had occasion so frequently to consult. I find in it the record of a discussion on board the "Gael" (one of the steamers which then plied among the Western Islands) with a "Scotch Professor,"—who (if he was not altogether a man of straw—set up only to be bowled over) must by no means be identified with my lamented friend, the late Professor Nichol of Glasgow. John Nichol might have taken his motto from the 'Faery Queen,'—"Fierce warres and faithful loves" (a motto, by the way, not altogether inappropriate for Froude himself); and he did not hesitate to denounce with characteristic ardour in the Preface to *his* 'Carlyle' (in his own words, "with a feeling akin to indignation"), "the persistent and often virulent attacks" which had been directed against the friend and biographer of their

common master. Time has been on our side. The conclusions we then formulated now pass as commonplaces. Though rather bluntly expressed, and deemed rankly heterodox at the moment, they have come to be accepted without demur or serious protest by all rational critics.

It would appear that the "Scotch Professor," as the "Gael" steamed up the Sound of Jura, had entertained his travelling companions by a comparison of Froude's 'Carlyle' with the biography or autobiography of a grave ecclesiastical dignitary recently deceased—not to the advantage of the former. Who the Priest or Presbyter was is now of no moment,—the book has been long laid on the shelf, and is utterly forgotten; but, as a model of "exemplary reticence" and discreet dulness, it appears to have had its use at the time. Any stick will do to beat a dog. The company are represented to have listened in silence, until the patience (his stock possibly was not large) of one of our party was exhausted. It is to him that the speech which follows is attributed,—a speech which might quite possibly have been spoken by John Nichol, or some equally ardent and unconventional controversialist.

"Look here, sir," he said, "I have read both books, and I'll tell you exactly what I think. The one is bright, vivid, incisive, vital; the other wooden and ponderous beyond belief. You say that Froude has been indiscreet; but, after all, what harm has he done? He has hurt Carlyle, you believe; pray do not believe anything of the kind. The Titanic force of the man was never more manifest than at the end of the last volume. In the fierce light that has been brought to bear upon him the mud and clay drop off, and only the pure gold remains. His head

risers clear out of the vapours, and touches the stars. I tell you frankly that I had no conception of the massive and elemental greatness of Carlyle—his immeasurable superiority to every contemporary—till I had read these familiar letters and journals,—letters and journals brimful of humour, of pathos, of intense insight, of immense tenderness. Out of harsh and jarring accompaniments, what subtlest, softest music is evolved! A sardonic humour, you say, that ought not to be tolerated by a polite society? Be it so; yet observe, my friend, there is nothing sardonic in the heart, and every word is illuminating—a revelation. *Verily this whole world grows magical and hypermagical to me; death written on all, yet everlasting life also written on all.—Death! the unknown sea of rest! who knows what harmonies lie there to wrap us in softness, in eternal peace?—The half-moon, clear as silver, looked out as from eternity, and the great dawn came streaming up.* Compare with these grains of diamond dust the hard, pompous, didactic platitudes of the Divine! From the one you have letters dull as ditch-water; from the other letters written in fire, and instinct in every line with life. To be sure, everything of the D.D.'s has been removed (as we are assured with the glow of superior rectitude) which could hurt the feelings of any one—his own included. Yet in spite of this ostentatious prudery, the 'unseemly disclosures,' as you call them, of Carlyle's domestic and other difficulties (mainly dyspeptic,—his own mother admitting that he was 'gey ill to live wi') strike me as intrinsically more wholesome. In short—begging your pardon, sir—to compare the one with the other is sheer fatuity.

A contemplative cuddy giving utterance to the obscure feelings he has about the universe is entitled to some consideration, for his *bray* is genuine; but what are we to say of critics who are morally obtuse as well as mentally dense?"

It was no wonder, perhaps, that after such an address the Professor should have "landed at Lochmaddy"; and it is possible, I admit, that the deliverance, and others to the like effect, may have been pitched in a key somewhat too shrill, somewhat too aggressive. But I fancy that no competent critic now ventures to deny that the four volumes of 'Thomas Carlyle' contain one of the half-dozen great biographies in the English language. Froude refused, and rightly refused, to listen to the threats and appeals of fanatical devotees,—though, in view of the storm they raised, he may have been sometimes tempted to wish that the prophet (whose love of silence was, as his wife said, purely Platonic) had done his penance in person, and not by proxy. But with unshrinking fidelity, which no clamour could shake, he resolved to set, and did set, Carlyle before us exactly as he appeared to him, assured that he could do so safely, and that the essential greatness of the man would only be brought into clearer relief when the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, was known. "She sleeps in a pure grave; and our peasant maiden to us who knew her is more than a king's daughter." So Carlyle said of his sister Margaret who died in girlhood; so, with the necessary variations, may we say of the brother who earned a world-wide fame, and died in extreme old age. "He sleeps in a pure grave." It is difficult to determine what of the Victorian

era will live or die; but I do not think that we shall greatly err if we assert that Froude's 'Carlyle' is one of its imperishable bequests.]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Feb. 11 [1886].

"I hope to be with you on the evening of the 22d. . . . 'Oceana' is selling fast. It has answered to a particular condition of public feeling, and may, I really hope, prove of some service. . . . The scene in the streets last Monday astonishes people. Why should they be astonished? The Irish have been shown that they have only to plunder and murder sufficiently to be entitled to all that they please to ask. Could we expect that the English rough would not take the hint?"

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Jan. 30 [1886].

"'Blackwood' came duly, and the 'Scottish Church' this morning. . . . You have been a true friend to me through evil and good in this world. Everybody is civil enough now; but the gold sovereign is one thing, and the farthing gilt is another. . . . It is interesting to see how the weighty opinions of our wisest men, so many of which we have heard and read in the last three months, pass for *absolutely nothing*. They considered only the welfare of the country, and therefore shot entirely beside the mark. In the rigging of parties at Westminster the welfare of the country is the last matter that any one thinks about. Some day or other the country will find this out, and will wring the necks of the Parliamentary vermin. But it will be a long day yet. John Bull will be an attenuated animal when the fever leaves him, with barely strength to do justice to his misleaders."

[While the fate of the Home Rule Bill hung in the balance, Froude was keenly interested. "The question," he wrote, "is whether there is still stuff enough in the English and Scotch people to recover themselves when they get their senses again." In the meantime they appeared to him to be bewitched. Across the Atlantic, too, the weather-signals indicated storm. "Though all wise men there think as wise men do here, these are the days of the mad majorities" (May 2, 1886).]

"SALCOMBE,
September 14 [1886 ?].

"I had seen the advertisement, and was minding to get a 'Blackwood' for myself the first time I was at a railway station. The post this morning brings me the number from yourself, and of course I set to work on 'Liddington' with eager appetite. You are perfectly right in taking a good large piece of canvas, and filling in the surroundings with a free pen. . . . The imaginary dialogue and Knox's part in it is new to me, and very amusing. I do not recollect seeing it either in Bannatyne or Calderwood. We are leaving Salcombe early this year. Ruskin has been ill, and would like to see me. . . . I have not been very well this summer. I had undertaken to write a sixpenny 'History of Ireland.' Lord — was anxious about it, and I fully meant to make it my summer work; but when I tried, it was like trying to walk with a 'sleeping' leg, which doubles up under one. I must get myself into condition somehow, but my stomach has gone wrong, and refuses to be comforted. The world outside looks wild; but I hope we shall do our proper work in setting that wretched island in order before we meddle with Turk or Russian."

“KNOWSLEY, PRESCOT,
October 17 [1886].

“We have been dropping about in various houses. We spent four delightful days with Ruskin, and four more with my cousins in Bassenthwait. Since then we have been at Castle Howard, and now we are with the Derbies. . . . I for my part have some kind of a book beginning to grow up in me—happily *not* about politics.”

“HIGHCLERE CASTLE, NEWBURY,
Nov. 14 [1886].

“I am doing nothing; but I am thinking of spending the winter in the West Indies. I want to see Crown Colonies, niggers, &c., &c., and I am still capable of getting intense enjoyment out of climate and scenery. You won’t get leave of absence and come with me?”

“5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
December 21 [1886].

“Yes; I am going to the West Indies. I wish to use what remains of strength in me for some purpose which I know to be disinterested, and may, if carried out, have a value. . . . The dinner was pleasant enough. The Lord Chancellor, whom I did not know, said pleasant things about me, and my entertainers were all kind and gracious.”

“ONSLOW GARDENS,
April 23 [1887].

“I have come home, and the first thing which I have done (after looking round me, and at a few West India books) has been to read your ‘Lethington.’¹ . . . You will have left behind a genuine portrait of a remarkable man, to take its place in the Scotch Historical Gallery. Thank you warmly for your kind words about myself. Had I written about

Charles the Fifth, it would have been to do for his memory very much what you are doing, and to show that the Protestant pictures, both of him and Philip and Alva, are absurd caricatures. I hope you have passed the winter as pleasantly as I have done. The climate out there is delicious, the islands are beautiful beyond imagination. The sugar-planters are almost all ruined. The whites everywhere are selling their properties for less than the value of the *stock* upon them. In Domenica, Rodney’s Island, there are but twenty English left. A French boat from Martinique, with a corporal’s guard, might take Domenica, and not a man there would fire a shot to keep them off. Grenada, the most charming and fertile of the Windward Antilles, is already a black island. The planters have disappeared, and the whole island is divided among black freeholders,—a gold mine to the Attorney-General, for every nigger is at law with his neighbour. The state of things is absurd, yet not past mending if we have any sense left. The old days of the sugar millionaires are gone, and black freeholds are inevitable; but the poor children of darkness are not without sense, and will respond well to rational government. I must try to get something said about it.”

“THE MOLT, SALCOMBE,
October 1 [1887].

“I have heard nothing of you for a weary long day. . . . Tell me also what you think of ‘The Bow of Ulysses’ as a title for my West India book. Once upon a time we did grand things out there, as we did in other places. Now all is going to the Devil. All our

¹ Vol. i. of ‘Maitland of Lethington and the Scotland of Mary Stuart.’ W. Blackwood & Sons, 1887.

white people there flung overboard like the Protestants in Ireland, and the islands becoming Nigger Warrens. I don't believe that we are any more degenerate than Ulysses's bow was rotten. The bow was all right, but there was no Ulysses to string it. Penelope's suitors were not unlike the sort of fellows who court Britannia now at the hustings. I have used the illustration anyhow, and I mended my pen to describe what came to the said suitors with Pallas Athene looking on approving. The country will wake up some day, but I fear not speedily. . . . The book is done now, and I register many vows that I will never undertake another. Indeed I believe I cannot if I would, for my eyes are giving out at last, and as I don't want to go blind before I die, I must save and spare what remains of them."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
November 4 [1887].

"I despatch you a set of proofs (a very few mistakes left uncorrected). They may amuse you or put you to sleep; or at worst you can make them into pipe-matches."

[Many of the letters of 1887-88 refer to the Mary Stuart controversy, which had again been opened by the publication of my 'Maitland of Lethington.' As the substance of these letters subsequently appeared in the sumptuous volume on 'Mary Stuart' published in 1892 by Messrs Boussod, Valladon, & Co., I need not refer to them now. "The West India book," he wrote, "is doing very well—much better than I expected. There is a public even for sentiments so extravagantly heterodox." And in another,—“I have been at work now for a month, and have

been very busy with an Irish *Novel* of the last century. I can't tell yet whether it will do to publish. Off one's regular lines one is curiously unable to judge of the merits of one's own work"—September 23. And again,—“I look eagerly for the continuation of 'Maitland.' . . . I am myself reading De Thou with great interest. There are details of Mary's history in France,—some especially connected with the conspiracy at Amboise.”]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
December 28 [1887].

"I have read 'Blackwood.'¹ You are more than fulfilling all that I hoped and looked for when you took Maitland up. You show him to be just what I conceived; a modern man of the highest intellect and finest purpose—just answering politically, as you say, to Erasmus—trying to steer the vessel of humanity in a storm. I miss only what I suppose will come in the next number—his Scotch pride and patriotism, and his desire, above all things (in which he carried Murray with him), to secure the English succession and Mary's recognition as heir-apparent. This it was, and the assumption of the English arms by Mary, which made the real difficulty in any agreement between her and Elizabeth. Whether Maitland could have carried Mary with him into real tolerance, and the adoption of the English system, is a question on which you and I will think differently. I believe her to have been too distinctly Guisian, too well satisfied with the burning of the French heretics, which she had witnessed before she came home. The passions on both sides lay too deep, in my opinion,

¹ Several chapters of both volumes of my 'Maitland of Lethington' originally appeared in 'Maga.'

to be controlled by reason and moderation. Even now I see that actual work in the world only gets done by intense and narrow people. The water spread over the ground makes a morass; gathered into a channel, it is a running stream and drives a mill. Smooth glass transmits the sun's rays as it finds them. The lens gathers the rays into a focus and lights a fire. I myself think as Maitland did, and as Erasmus did; but I think they would have been nowhere in their own age (however circumstances had favoured them), and but for the fighting sort, the Luthers and Knoxes, you and I would have been less comfortable to-day than we find ourselves. I am not sure even that, with our toleration of exploded LIES, which, if they recover power, will not tolerate us, our grandchildren may not have to fight the old battle over again with the old weapons. I am none the less grateful to you for giving us the other side so skilfully, and with so much appreciation of what in itself you dislike. For the first time you will have made the story of the Scotch Reformation intelligible. . . . My 'West Indies' will appear in a fortnight. . . . The next summer we are thinking of Scotland, and if you hear of any place near a lake where there is fishing and decent accommodation, kindly let me know."

"THE MOLT, SALCOMBE,
April 15 [1889].

"I had so bothered myself over the book ['The Two Chiefs of Dunboy'] that I could not tell whether it was good or bad, and was humbly prepared to hear that it was a dead failure. Now I can at least feel that you (and Lord Derby, for he says the same as you do) can find amusement in it, and what you feel may perhaps be

felt by a few other people. I wanted comfort, for I have been out of condition all the spring—ever since Christmas indeed; and when one can't sleep, and lies tumbling about all night, the Devil has one at advantage. . . . I may say that the Morty of the 'Two Chiefs' is nearer the real article than the Morty of 'The English in Ireland.' I am almost certain that he actually was with the Pretender. There were Irish officers on his staff—one Sir Edward Sheridan, another a Colonel *Sullivan*. This is historical; as also their capture and escape. There was no other Sullivan living of sufficient representative rank to have held the place by the Prince which a certain Sullivan undoubtedly had. Irish officers in the Continental armies did uncommonly well, and, of course, acquired a different way of looking at things from their countrymen."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
Sept. 23 [1889].

"About the Calvinists. Whatever was the cause, they were the only fighting Protestants. It was they whose faith gave them courage to stand up for the Reformation. In England, Scotland, France, Holland, they and only they did the work, and but for them the Reformation would have been crushed. This is why I admire them, and feel that there was something in their Creed which made them what they were. In a high transcendental sense I believe Calvinism to be true—*i.e.*, I believe Free Will to be an illusion, and that all is as it is ordered to be. But leaving this, which belongs to abstruse philosophy, the Calvinists practically, like the early Christians, abhorred lies, especially in matters of religion, and would have nothing to do with them. An idol, an image of Jupiter, or

the Mass, if it is not true, is a damnable imposture, which men degrade themselves by affecting to respect. Knox was the embodiment of this feeling, and I think Knox was right. It has all gone to squash now, and likely enough, in fifty years, we shall have Romanism back again when we have rotted out the old stuff sufficiently. But it remains in the English nature in other forms. The two English sailors who refused to kiss a mandarin's toe in China, and let themselves be killed sooner, had the same mind in them. What was kissing a Chinaman's toe but a mark of respect, a custom of the country, a form of reverence for established authority? Yet one feels it was better for the poor men to die than do so. I entirely agree with Knox in his horror of that one Mass. If it had not been for Calvinists, Huguenots, Puritans, or whatever you like to call them, the Pope and Philip would have won, and we should either be Papists or Socialists. Erasmus and Maitland saw more clearly than any of their contemporaries; but intellect fights no battle, Reason is no match for Superstition, and one emotion can only be conquered by another.

"... I hope at last I have got a subject when I shall tread on nobody's corns: you alone of all my friends have been able hitherto to differ from me without flying into a passion. But, indeed, I care little what people say,—unless it be you and one or two others. The pleasure to me is in writing the book. We are counting on you for next summer, and I am busy making plans for a boat which I intend to have built for me—a large open rowing galley with a couple of big lug-sails. That is, on the whole, the most useful craft when there is both river and sea,

and one does not want to be out at night or in bad weather."

[During the winter of 1888-89 Froude was more or less of an invalid, and left London in the early spring for The Molt: "I had to give up Norway. I was told that wet or cold might play mischief with me, and I was afraid of spoiling Ducie's enjoyment. I had a constant pain in my side, and unexplained aches which had no visible cause suggested disagreeable possibilities." But by November he had completely recovered.]

"THE MOLT, *November 10* [1889].

"I now feel better than I have done for years; and I am going back to London next week into the old round of things, saving that I have registered a vow to go to no more dinners. I don't know that I should have gone back after all. Perhaps I should have stayed here, except for this Beaconsfield undertaking. Ralph Disraeli promises to help me,—indeed has already done so. The Duke of Rutland will help me, and I must see and talk to a good many people. I hesitated a long time before I agreed to do the thing. . . . But it will give me an opportunity of saying many things which I wish to say about modern Liberalism and the universal disintegration which Lord B. saw *clearer than any one* was certain to come of it. I admired him in spite of his affectation and coxcombry, which I discovered to have been itself affected, and to have been no more than a very valuable suit of armour. I did and do entirely disagree with his views on Russia, &c. I consider that we ought to be good friends with Russia, and that a war between us will shake Asia from the Dardanelles to the Wall of China, and cause infinite

misery to half the human race. But I think he understood the social and political condition of England more clearly than any other living man (not excepting Carlyle), and 'Lothair' I regard as one of the most instructive and remarkable books that has appeared in our time. This is what I mean to dwell on. The Peace with Honour, and all that, I shall pass over as lightly as I may.

"So there you have an account of this adventure of mine which, if I continue able to work, I hope to achieve in the course of the winter. If I break down again, why I do, and there will be an end, and I shall not achieve it. The world will not be much the worse.

"In April I am due in Edinburgh, when the University is to give me a degree, and once more I shall offer myself to Mrs Skelton's hospitality. The Philosophical Society has petitioned for a lecture or lectures. I said I would make no engagement, so uncertain I was of my condition; but if I was well, and if they would give me an extra night, I would talk to them for an hour about Carlyle.

"The summer here has been beautiful, and has hardly yet left us. The orange-trees are in blossom; begonias brilliant; geranium, heliotrope, and fuchsias bright as they were two months ago. The winter at Salcombe is winter only in name, and we are hardly conscious of it except in the short days. Only the sea is wild. The cutter lies in the mud dismantled, and I am driven to walking (which I am now better up to) or lounging about the garden. In July and August we had yacht visitors in plenty,—dukes, earls, &c., very sumptuous and splendid, but subdued in mind compared to what they used to be. The last who

appeared was W. H. Smith in the Pandora, recruiting from the session. He, I think it was, who finally decided me to undertake Lord B., though I do not think that he will be of much service to me.

"I suppose you know (I don't) who wrote that most feeble and unintelligent article about Maitland in the 'Edinburgh.' It had a North-Country flavour, stupid as it was, and came, I am sure, from your side of the Tweed. He entirely fails to see that the ruling principle in all the Scotch statesmen of all sides, Murray, Maitland, Morton (even Knox to a degree), was to secure the English succession to the Scotch line. This is the single and simple explanation of all their inconsistencies. Patriotism, Scotch vanity, whatever you like to call it, was the strongest passion of their lives.

"It will be very pleasant to see you and Mrs S. in London. My friends that are left are few, and I am grown too old to interest myself about acquaintances. Let me know when to look for you. You must stay with us, and nowhere else.—Ever with warmest remembrances, your affect.,

"J. A. FROUDE."

[The 'Life of Lord Beaconsfield' was the last book Mr Froude wrote before he went to Oxford. It is a lively political sketch; but the subject as a whole was hardly congenial. It cannot compare with 'Oceana,' which for scholarly finish ranks with the inimitable 'Eothen' of Kinglake. In 'Oceana,' Mr Froude as a man of letters is seen at his best; and at his best Mr Froude had few rivals. No other writer of our day, not Cardinal Newman himself, had, as I think, such an easy mastery of

our mother tongue,—in no other writer were masculine vigour and feminine delicacy so blended in the expression of, what may be called, intellectual emotion. The thought was personal; the personality was unique. From the purely literary point of view ‘*Oceana*’ is indeed a masterpiece. Froude complained in it, as he complained in his letters (as we have seen), of being an old man: but there is no trace of age in the book. On the contrary—brimful of keen and ardent life—it hurries us along from cape to cape and from sea to sea, with brilliant dash and more than youthful vivacity. And in it the rarer qualities of Froude’s genius were as manifest as in any of his earlier writings—the imaginative light, the brilliant definition, the play of Jacques-like humour, the touch of latent tenderness, the severe ideal. It is vivid, it is picturesque, it is immensely interesting—bringing us into closer contact with the people on the other side of the globe than any realistic romance could do. And yet, after all is said of its literary excellence, it remains in substance and pre-eminently a long, eloquent, and impassioned plea for Imperial Unity. Froude was a patriot to the core. He never forgot that he was a citizen of no mean country. He loved England and Englishmen; and he never wearied of praising her great statesmen and her great sailors and soldiers. And if he spoke bitterly of the men who had led her astray (as he fancied), it was out of the love he bore her.

Froude had intended to be in Edinburgh for a week in April 1890 to receive his degree, but he was prevented by illness from coming. “I find that at seventy-two one does not entirely recover from these things. If I am to

hang on at all, it will only be by resigning myself to the conditions, and by henceforth living under doctor’s instructions” (April 8, 1890). But during July and August he was again fishing with Lord Ducie in Norwegian rivers—“fishing from morning to midnight in the wettest season ever known in Norway.”]

“YACHT MONARCH,
August 3 [1890].

“We live in great luxury; a steam-yacht of 360 tons, with a crew of eighteen, and only our two selves to enjoy it all. But I am too old for the work. The river monsters are too many for me. I cannot any longer run along the banks, and plunge among rocks, and wade in deep stream to save fish which put their heads down these furious streams. I lost one as big as a porpoise only the day before yesterday, because in desperation and confidence in my tackle I resolved to hold on and kill him in mid-stream, when of course the hook came away, breaking the hold in his gills. I console myself on these occasions by reflecting that he is better off and I am no worse; and meanwhile I wonder at myself at what I am still able to do. All my ailments have disappeared, and I am extraordinarily well. Work enough waits for me when I get back. My own sketch of *Dizzy* was done and printed before I came away. . . . Another edition of *Carlyle’s Life* is going through the press, of which I shall have things to tell you which I need not write. That done, I have to revise my ‘*History of England*’—a big job which will see out the rest of my working powers. I am glad to hear that you have had such a good time in the *Enchantress*.”

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
November 3 [1890].

"Of course I sent my book to you. To whom else in the world should I send it?—but I was especially anxious that you should have this, because I knew you suspected me of not sufficiently valuing Dizzy; and that you did not wholly understand what I thought of him. . . . The interesting part of the business has been the relation in which I found myself with D.'s friends, who, as you may have concluded, have helped me a good deal, specially Lord Rothschild. Lord R. has the Brydges-Willyams correspondence. I wish he would publish it. . . . We are in—I see plainly—for an ultra-Democratic Parliament at the next election. It must have come sooner or later; and better sooner than later while the old traditions are not hopelessly dead. I remain pretty well. I cannot cure the incurable disease. I am seventy-three years old, and have to avoid dinners and all kinds of follies of similar kind. . . . I was particularly delighted with the Orkneys,—the sight of which has made a whole chapter of Norse history intelligible to me. The Western Islands were very interesting too; but our weather was wild, wet, and cold.—Ever yours affly.,

"J. A. FROUDE."

[1890 ends with a letter of good wishes (December 19) in which, after remarking that speaking is not in his line,—“I have been brought up to another trade,”—he goes on to relate how an old Protestant Irishwoman, on hearing some one say that an eminent politician of another generation deserved to be hanged, replied, “Ah no; lave him to the Lard, and the Lard will play the Divil with him.”]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
December 19 [1890].

"My useless little life of Lord B—— has done well enough. It is worth nothing, and I cared little about it when I was doing the thing. Still I had a real admiration of 'Lothair' and 'Sybil,' and for the man too, who in all his life never condescended to cant. Also, I bore him genuine good-will for having offered the G.C.B. to Carlyle."

[We spent a week at Onslow Gardens early in 1891. Save for a few hours later on, it was our last meeting. Froude was well and happy. I had sent him a little Christmas reminder of cloudless days among the Summer Isles. "I was myself over much of the same water in August. We left the Sound of Hoy in a storm, and forced our way against head-wind and sea all the way to Cape Wrath. We can talk it all over when you come" (January 17, 1891). It was a delightful visit; and the letters that followed made it still more memorable. By-and-by, but still in the early year, he went back to The Molt.]

"THE MOLT, SALCOMBE,
April 3 [1891].

"All is very quiet here, and would be pleasant if it were not so unnaturally cold. The air has not recovered from the great snow-storm of the first week of March, which buried all this part of the country in drifts 20 feet deep, and are not yet gone. Four ships were wrecked almost in sight of our windows, and fifty or sixty poor fellows drowned or lost in the snow after they had struggled ashore. The bodies are even now being discovered as it melts off. Life is very tragic—in spite of political economy and a reformed

House of Commons. . . . My little yacht has been in Medea's Caldron; has been cut in pieces and been restored to life, larger and more beautiful. I told the builder I wished he could do as much for me. I wonder whether you and Mrs S. will ever come here again and let me take you out sailing in her.—Yours ever affectionately,
J. A. FROUDE."

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
November 17 [1891].

"The political pendulum is going far and fast on the backward swing. Democracies always worship some one leading individual, and Gladstone is the imposing figure just now with the British voter."

[In the spring of 1892 Lord Salisbury offered the Chair of Modern History at Oxford to Froude. After some hesitation the offer was accepted. Mr Freeman's friends were, of course, rather scandalised.]

"5 ONSLOW GARDENS,
April 8 [1892].

"In the tumult into which I have let myself be thrown, the kind words and wishes of my *real* friends are my best comfort. 'I was well, I would be better, and here I am.' Good-bye to quiet days and quiet work at my own fireside. The temptation of going back to Oxford in a respectable way was too much for me. I must just do the best I can, and trust that I shall not be haunted by Freeman's ghost."

"CHERWELL EDGE, OXFORD,
November 5 [1892].

"So far the new element in which I find myself floats me very

comfortably. The old Dons are civil, and the undergraduates come to my lectures in large numbers. This will pass off with the novelty of the thing. The pace generally is not hard, and I shall do well enough: when the spring comes round, you and Mrs S. will pay us a visit. Boyd had told me of your Orkney adventures. I was there two years ago with Lord Ducie. We were at Kirkwall, and then went round to Stornoway (I think). We saw Maeshowe and the Stones of Stennis. Maeshowe interested me immensely, and never shall I forget the merits of the cod and haddock from the Pentland."

"CHERWELL EDGE, OXFORD,
Jan. 30 [1893].

"The Master of Gray never interested me particularly, though I had to study and describe the outside of him. You have let in daylight upon him, but not much to his advantage.¹ . . . I am sorry that Lord Elphinstone is dead. I had promised him a visit at Carberry to see the 'Holy Places,' and now I suppose I shall never see them. I did once stand on the spot where Mary and Bothwell parted; but it was in a storm of rain and mist, and I could make little of it. . . . If you don't come here, I think I shall run up to you in the Easter vacation."

"CHERWELL EDGE, OXFORD,
February 28 [1893].

"The sight of your handwriting is always welcome, specially here where, from the associations of the place, all the long years' interval since I left Oxford seem as if they belonged to another person, and as if I, like the Seven Sleepers, had

¹ Froude alludes to a sketch which appeared in 'Maga'—"Queen Mary's Holdfast"—February 1893.

taken up the threads of my old existence. When I left in 1849, I had never seen *you*; I had never even seen Scotland. My time has since been all my own. Now I have to fall into regulation terms and vacations. Easter vacation comes near, and I have various plans, one of which might bring me down to the Hermitage. I want, if possible, to see Ruskin again—at Coniston. I shall then be near the Border, and may easily run on. . . . What a time we live in! It is like the breaking up of the ice on the Neva,—great cracks opening, preliminary to the general split up. Carlyle always said that the catastrophe of the Constitution was very near; and perhaps it is well that it should come now before the character of the people is further demoralised. But there will be a fine shaking of the nations when the big central mass bursts up."

[We were now on the eve of the second Home Rule Bill, and the country was growing keenly excited. "The Protestants," Froude wrote, "will no more stand it than they did in Tyrconnell's time. But beyond this all is dark." Then he recurred to a favourite topic. The supporters of Home Rule on either side of the Channel were "equally unable to understand the *dour* Calvinism of Ulster. Calvinism at its highest was only a savage determination not to be crushed by *lies* and Tyranny; and in Ireland now there is just the same feeling."]

"You have filled out the figure of the Master of Gray—I daresay correctly. I could never make him out very clearly. I have been, and am, reading De Thou with immense interest. He lived

through all that time. He was greatly interested in Scotland, and lets us see the feeling in France—very passionate and very mixed as it was. I wish somebody would write a good book on the House of Guise. All the Guises had immense personality. They would be splendid subjects."

"CHERWELL EDGE, OXFORD,
April 22 [1893].

"On the whole, I am tolerably happy here—a great deal better in health than I was in London; and I really like a few very young men who have come about me. Some of the old Dons too have been rather touchingly kind. . . . Lord Derby is a real loss. He has been more than a kind friend to me. . . . There are consolations—not in *this*, for the dead do not come back, and cannot be replaced—but in Home Rule Second Readings and other political madneses. Let them do as they will with Ireland, it will be crushed down again before ten years are out, and I shall not be surprised if our Parliamentary System goes down along with it. Lord Derby once said to me that kings and aristocracies can govern empires, but one people cannot govern another people. If we have to choose between the Empire and the Constitution, I think I know which way it will be."

"WOODCOT, KINGSBRIDGE,
SOUTH DEVON, August 31 [1893].

"I ought to have written to you weeks ago to thank you for your Mary Stuart book. . . . I do not know why I have neglected so long what is both a duty and a pleasure. Perhaps because on the rare occasions when a duty and a pleasure go together, the sense of duty interferes with the pleasure, and the sense of pleasure diminishes the authoritative order of duty. . . .

I am old, obstinate, and unconvinced; but you undoubtedly make a strong case out of Crawford's Deposition. If it could be proved that Crawford's Deposition was *made before the letter was discovered* in the Casket, I should agree with you that the letter must have been made up out of what Crawford had said. But as well as I know the Deposition was made afterwards. . . . However that be, the book is charming in itself, and excellently illustrated. Goupil¹ brought it to me himself, and urged me to write a companion volume on Elizabeth, taking the opposite side. I absolutely refused, however, to get into any kind of controversy with so old and dear a friend as yourself; and, besides, you were generous enough to print such objections as I had made to your view in writing to you, so that really I had no more to say, except that, according to all the evidence that I met with, *Seton* did accompany the Queen to his castle, and so did Bothwell. I wonder where you are this summer. I myself drift lazily along at Salcombe, preparing lectures for the undergraduates, and sailing when winds and waves will let me. The professorship answers in providing me with just so much occupation as keeps me from being a plague to my family, and not too much for my years."

"CHERWELL EDGE, OXFORD,
November 9 [1893].

"I have to lecture on Tuesdays and Fridays. To my sorrow I am popular, and my room is crowded. I know not who they are, and have no means of knowing. So it is not satisfactory. I must alter things somehow—I can't yet tell how. But any way we can have

a day to talk and enjoy ourselves. It will be 'a Good Joy.'"

[Looking last night through the bundle of letters belonging to the year now rapidly drawing to a close, I came upon the last which I received from Froude,—the last letter of a correspondence extending without a break over five-and-thirty years. He had more than once asked me to visit him at Oxford; and being in London during June, I offered to spend a night at Cherwell Edge. This letter was in reply. I was struck at the time by its despondent tone; but I had no apprehension that I was not to see him again.]

"WOODCOT, KINGSBRIDGE,
SOUTH DEVON, June 22 [1894].

"MY DEAR SKELTON,—Alas! I have few chances of ever seeing you, and when a chance offers I cannot get the good of it. I left Cherwell Edge a month ago, having wound up my year's lecturing, and being myself much the worse for the work.

"The teaching business at Oxford goes at high pressure—in itself utterly absurd, and unsuited altogether to an old stager like myself. Education, like so much else in these days, has gone mad, and is turned into a mere examination Mill. The undergraduates come about me in large numbers, and I have asserted in some sense my own freedom; but one cannot escape the tyranny of the system. I have been out of health with it all for a good many months. I had hoped to get right when I could go sailing, &c.; but since we came here it has been as cold as mid-winter. Fires still and thick clothes, and we still shiver;

¹ Or rather, I should imagine, the English representative of the French house.

while outside there is nothing but rain, wind, and fog.

"I have more than half a mind to accept an invitation from Sir George Grey, and go back with him in the autumn to the Antipodes. At least one could get a baking in the tropics again. Ducie wanted me to go to Norway with him—salmon-fishing; but I didn't feel that I could do justice to the opportunity. In the debased state to which I am reduced, if I hooked a 30-lb salmon, I should only pray him to get off.

"Is there no chance of your paying us a visit with Mrs Skelton again, either here or in the winter at Oxford? I have the start of you in the world; but we have neither of us a very long spell to look forward to, and we ought to use the time when we have it. When, if ever, shall I see the Hermitage again?

"Yours ever, with warmest remembrances to Mrs Skelton,

"J. A. FROUDE."

"When, if ever, shall I see the Hermitage again?" Coming from the tried friend of the better part of a lifetime, the simple, wistful words of farewell (for as such I read them now) have acquired a touching significance. *Sunt lacrimæ rerum*; or (as he phrased it in one of the letters I have quoted), "Life is very tragic—in spite of Political Economy and a Reformed House of Commons." Seldom more tragic, perhaps, than when a strong, ardent, eager spirit leaves us, with little warning, to go out into the darkness alone. It was

Edmund Burke who exclaimed the other day—"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" but the burden of the complaint—*All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass!*—is as old as Hebrew sage and psalmist,—as old indeed as Death itself.

Had Arthur Stanley lived, a corner would have been found for Anthony Froude within the walls of the Abbey; but probably it is better as it is. This son of Devon will sleep the sounder "upon the beachèd verge of the salt flood," within hearing of the surf that beats upon Bolt Head and the Start. And possibly no more fitting inscription for his grave-stone could be chosen than the tersely monumental lines which I take from a secular¹ print:—

"In Memoriam.

J. A. FROUDE.

"Now, when heroic memories pass
Like sunset shadows from the grass,
When England's children cry and stir,
Each for himself, and few for her;

We may think tenderly of one
Who told, like no unworthy son,
Her history, and who loved to draw
Champions a younger England saw.

We act no critic's part, and when
They rate him less than lesser men,
We feel the golden thread that goes
To link the periods of his prose.

Perhaps our busy breathless age,
That leaves unopened history's page,
Hath need of work like his to strike
Imperial chords, Tyrtæan-like."

JOHN SKELTON.

¹ "Secular" only in the sense that it is not a Church paper; for the 'St James's Gazette' does not favour secularism in or out of school.

WHIST.

It is nearly twenty years since a paper appeared in 'Maga' on the subject of Club Whist¹ from the facile pen of Anthony Trollope, who was as devoted to the game as his mother had been before him. In his Autobiography he speaks with affection of those pleasant rubbers "in the little room up-stairs" of the old Garrick Club, where in his later years it was always his custom in the afternoon to pass many hours at the whist-table. He was attracted, in the first instance, by the genial society, but continued to resort there from pure love of the game itself; and though, as he tells us, he often felt inclined "to swear off," like Rip Van Winkle, the habit grew too strong for him, and after all, he is disposed to agree with Talleyrand that, when one has turned sixty, life without cards is but a *triste vieillesse*. Trollope, as might be supposed, was by no means an ideal whist-player. His eager and almost boisterous temperament was hardly suited to a game that requires the utmost self-possession and coolness from its votaries. But his play was steady and consistent: he utilised his strong suit, and was sound on the subject of trumps; and *au reste* he was as thorough-paced a partner and as implacable an opponent as the great Sarah Battle herself.

Since Trollope's time, whist has undergone various changes and developments. It has become less of a game and rather too much of a science or fine art. Its laws and chances have been seriously studied by professors and mathematicians, and the immortal work of Caven-

dish has been supplemented by various treatises by eminent hands. Dr Pole has reduced the game, as he complacently assures us, "to a compact and consistent logical system" in his 'Philosophy of Whist.' General Drayson has described the 'Art of Practical Whist,' its laws and *rationale*, and the characteristics of various players. Caven-dish has given us another volume on "American Leads" and the "Unblocking System"; and only recently Mr W. P. Courtney (himself an accomplished player) has written an exhaustive and interesting account of English Whist and Whist Players, brimful of anecdotes of the past and present. We may add to these 'The Correct Card,' by the late Major Campbell-Walker — an excellent little manual for beginners, written in questions and answers, after the manner of the Church Catechism; and lastly, we have 'The Whist Table,' by "Portland," containing a selection from the admirable 'Westminster Papers' — now out of print, and most difficult to obtain.

The very number of these books (to say nothing of their merits) and the large sale they command prove that in these latter days the game has lost nothing of its old charm and popularity; and that the Decline and Fall of Whist, so confidently predicted by Lever and others, has been checked—if indeed it ever began at all—by a strong wave of reaction. Not only in the London clubs, but in provincial towns and country drawing-rooms, countless rubbers are played by all sorts and conditions of men;

¹ "Whist at our Club." See 'Maga' for May 1877.

while at seaside resorts or inland watering-places, the casual bachelor who strays into the hotel drawing-room of an evening probably finds himself in the position of Mr Pickwick at Bath, when set down to play with the Dowager Lady Snuphanuph, Mrs Colonel Wugsby, and Miss Bolo. He will then probably realise for the first time what Sarah Battle meant by the "rigour of the game." Of course (and most rightly), a lady plays entirely for her own hand; and her partner, if he be of the inferior sex, must adapt his own play to suit hers or face the awful consequences. A great whist authority, speaking probably from sad experience, once declared that "the strong-minded female was unduly reticent of trumps." We may add to this (though there are, of course, many brilliant exceptions to the rule) that a lady has a deeply rooted objection to part with her kings and aces, which she hugs affectionately in her grasp, till actually forced to play them out; that she generally leads from a singleton, if she happens to have one; that she glories in a cross-ruff, and is considerably nettled if you lead from your strong suit and her king falls a victim to the ace in the fourth hand. On these occasions "he that holdeth his peace is counted wise"; the discreet stranger must possess his soul in patience, and, as far as possible, humour the divagations of his fair but exacting *vis-à-vis*—feeling only thankful, as the time of deliverance draws near, that the points are moderate, and that he has not revoked in sheer desperation (as Mr Pickwick did), and thereby caused the abrupt retirement of the lady, who has been lecturing him all the evening, like

a second Miss Bolo "in floods of tears and a sedan-chair."

A good deal of whist is played at the Universities both by dons and undergraduates, and some of our finest players have learned the game in the classic shades of John's or All Souls'. It was at Cambridge that the four young whist-players known in history as "the Little School" wrote down a series of illustrative hands, which had actually occurred in their own play, and which Cavendish subsequently incorporated in the first edition of his 'Laws and Principles of Whist.' Occasionally there have been less edifying instances of enthusiasm for the game, as may be gathered from the following story quoted by Mr Courtney from Thorpe's Autobiography:—

"The new chapel of St John's, one of the glories of Gilbert Scott, had not yet sprung into shape. The collegians met in the old unpretending structure, and some of the younger members were placed in Bishop Fisher's chantry at its south-east corner. Its occupants were screened from the view of all but two or three dons, whose eyesight had been blunted by time, assisted by reading, and so its frequenters brought with them books and other means of diversion. This snug corner was known popularly as the 'Iniquity,' and the sitters within its recesses pursued their nefarious practices for many years without check or interruption. One day retribution came upon them. In the hush, while the reader was finding the lesson, there arose from the 'Iniquity,' to the astonishment of the Senior Dean, the appalling words, 'What's trumps?'"¹

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing at whist if nowhere else. The young and intelligent player, who knows the simple rules and plays out his cards in a sensible and straightforward manner, makes

¹ Courtney, English Whist, p. 81.

a far better partner than the half-educated book-player who finesses at the wrong moment, plays false cards, or "bottles up" his kings and aces in the vain hope of bringing them in with effect when trumps are exhausted. Only recently, when playing against two opponents, who thought themselves rather above the average than below it, they were left in the last round, one with an ace of clubs and the other with an ace of spades, which were both taken by the six of diamonds (trumps). We were two up, and made three by cards, and so won the rubber. As was remarked at the time, it was an object-lesson in whist.

Another example of this imperfect knowledge is to finesse with the knave, second-hand, when holding ace, king, knave, instead of playing the king. It is almost even betting that your knave is taken by the queen, and that your ace, and possibly your king, will be trumped in the second and third rounds, as the original lead was evidently from great numerical strength. A player once asked Clay if such a *finesse* was justifiable, and received "the following crushing rejoinder, spoken very deliberately to the wall opposite instead of to the querist: 'At the game of whist (pause), as played in England (pause), you are not called upon to win a trick (another pause), unless you please.'"¹

We may add to these faults the popular fallacies of playing a knave second-hand with only one other card of the suit; returning the adversaries' lead instead of leading from your own strong suit, and thereby helping him to establish his; leading a singleton in trumps, merely because it is a singleton; and holding up the ace

when fourth hand and the king is led to you, supposing you have the knave as well. A little reflection or a reference to any of the standard authorities would show that this eccentric play has nothing to justify or recommend it, and yet we find it daily practised by players with considerable knowledge and experience of the game. The excuses given for these and similar blunders are almost as imbecile as the play itself. "They only play for amusement" — insufferable triflers! as Mrs Battle would have called them; "they always play the game" when they have just lost a rubber by some incomprehensible blunder; or, "they always have bad luck," to which we may reply with Cavour—"C'est, mon ami, parce que vous n'avez pas assez de respect pour les petites cartes."

It is not, of course, in every man's power to become a first-class whist-player, any more than he can become Lord Chancellor—indeed the second is more possible than the first. The game requires a combination of high intellectual qualities, which are not united in the same individual more than once or twice in a generation,—keen observation, quickness at drawing inferences and acting upon them, a power of instinctively grasping the situation (the *coup d'œil* of a general, in fact), memory, common-sense, "a daring fancy and a cool head." But if we do not possess all these qualities, we probably possess some of them, and it is in any man's power who is gifted with the average amount of brains to become a fair second-class player, if he will devote as much trouble and attention to whist as he would give to law or medicine or whatever his profession may be. He must learn the A B C

¹ Cavendish, Card Essays, p. 166.

of the game from one of the numerous text-books; he must carefully watch good players and observe the fall of the cards whenever he has the chance; and ask advice on any difficult point from some professor of the game. But he should choose his questions with discretion; for it is unreasonable to expect a veteran of the whist-table to tolerate foolish inquiries as to some elementary fact which the novice might just as well find out for himself by referring to Cavendish. A silly inquiry of this sort might (as Hayward remarks) provoke an answer similar to Dr Johnson's reply to the young gentleman who asked him if cats were oviparous or viviparous: "Sir, you should read the books on natural history, and not come to a man of a certain age and some attainments to ask whether the cat lays eggs." In his younger days Cavendish himself was indiscreet enough to ask an old gentleman at the Portland why he had played a certain card. The question was put in the most polite and deferential manner, and was asked for information only. "The old gentleman looked fiercely at me over his spectacles for a few moments, and then said in an angry tone, as though I had grossly insulted him, 'Why, sir, because nobody but a born fool would have played anything else!'"¹

Whatever their faults may be, the rising generation of whist-players are not likely to swell the ranks of the famous "eleven thousand" quoted by "Castlemaine."² The tendency of the modern school is to rush into the opposite

extreme, and either lead trumps or call for them on the smallest pretext or none at all. Some years ago a writer declared that at Oxford, if four men sat down to play a rubber, it was a safe speculation that three out of the four would call for trumps at least once in each hand, while it fell to the lot of the unconscious fourth player to lead them. This may or may not be a libel; but there is no doubt that the practice of signalling is carried nowadays to a ludicrous extent, and is often fraught with disastrous consequences.

"I have seen a player signal twice consecutively, and lose a treble each hand.

"With the score three all, I have seen the original leader holding ace, knave, nine, to five trumps, and the ten turned up, play a singleton, knock his partner's king on the head, and then to signal, while the adversaries were making the next two tricks in that very suit: his partner ruffed the fourth, and with king and queen of the two unopened suits led the queen of trumps, killed the king in the second hand, and the signaller then proceeded to wait about, and, with all the remaining trumps on his right, eventually lost three by cards.

"I have seen another player of many years' standing first lead a plain suit and then call, his partner echoed it, and they lost four by cards; and I have been told, some time after a table had broken up, and three of the party had left the house, one of the club servants entering the card-room found the fourth still sitting at the table and continuing to signal."³

Old-fashioned players denounce the "call" as an immoral practice. You may as well cough or kick your partner under the table, they declare; and it is said that its

¹ Cavendish, *Card Essays*, p. 175.

² This classical passage occurs in George Lawrence's novel of 'Sans Merci,' ch. xxxii., and has been too often quoted to need repetition here. James Clay is usually supposed to be the original of "Castlemaine."

³ Pembroke, *Whist or Bumblepuppy*, p. 347 note.

inventor, Lord Henry Bentinck, in after years bitterly regretted having introduced it. It has, however, passed into the armoury of whist, and there we suppose it must remain; but, like other formidable weapons, it must be used sparingly and with discretion, or it will assuredly bring destruction on its user. Clay's emphatic dictum on the subject cannot be too earnestly recommended to young players. "It is not within my recollection," he writes, "that I ever took the liberty with my partner by which I direct him blindly to abandon his game to play mine, when I held less than four trumps two honours, or five trumps one honour, along with cards in my own hand or his which made the fall of the long suit very advantageous."¹ Instead of following this weighty advice, it is by no means uncommon to find a young player calling wildly for trumps when perhaps he has only three, because he thinks "it will suit his hand"; while another has been known to ask for them when he had not even a single trump among his cards. As Cavendish says, "this was a most outrageous whist atrocity," and he tells us the sequel of the story:—

"His partner said after the hand, 'I presume you did not intend to ask, but pulled out a wrong card.'

"'No,' was the reply. 'I had a very good hand, and wanted trumps out.' Then turning to Clay, he inquired if, with a very good hand, his play was defensible.

"Clay threw himself back in his chair and stared at the cornice in the next room. He had a long cigar cocked out of the corner of his mouth, and as he spoke, in his ultra-judicial tone, his voice seemed to proceed, in a most comical and indescribable

manner, from behind the cigar. He said—

"'I have heard of its being done once before (pause) by a dear old friend of mine' (pause).

"'And,' innocently pursued the victim, 'was your friend a good judge of whist?'

"'I am bound to add,' resumed Clay, as though he had wished to conceal the fact but the recital was wrung from him by this question—'I am bound to add that he died shortly afterwards (pause—then very distinctly) in—a—lunatic asylum.'"²

There are many ways in which a man may be a bad partner at the whist-table—indeed General Drayson enumerates no less than twenty-five more or less undesirable varieties; but according to Déschappelles (and Clay after him), the most detestable fault that a whist-player can have is selfishness or playing entirely for his own hand. This can, of course, be shown in a dozen ways—such as by refusing to lead trumps to his partner's call, because he hopes to make two or three small ones himself by ruffing; trying to establish his own strong suit instead of his partner's towards the end of a hand, when trumps are exhausted; or sacrificing trick after trick in his partner's suit rather than part with a strong trump of his own and so stop the ruff. The Americans are said to be the greatest offenders in this respect, probably because their true whist instincts have been perverted by poker, euchre, and other unholy games of the kind. They delight in "playing dark," and do their best to deceive their opponents, quite irrespective of the fact that they deceive their partners as well; and nothing in this life pleases them better than to lead a singleton and

¹ Clay, *Laws of Short Whist*, p. 113.

² Cavendish, *Card Essays*, p. 166.

trump the suit when the lead is returned.

"I roused intense wrath," says Mr Proctor, "in an American partner when, after he had established a cross-ruff, I broke it by leading trumps. I had five, and a strong suit had been established. . . I got out all the trumps, making three tricks in that suit besides the two ruffs, brought in my strong suit, making three tricks in that, or eight instead of five. Yet he never ceased to rebuke me for stopping a cross-ruff that would have ruined us."¹

Another fault, almost as bad as selfishness (if indeed it is not a form of it), is playing false cards. "This," as Clay remarks sententiously, "is the vice of the very young or the very old whist-player. Youth is too careless and old age too feeble to resist the temptation."² There are no doubt certain rare occasions when it is not only lawful but expedient to play a false card, —when some desperate stratagem is required to make the one trick which may save the game or win the rubber. But it is a dangerous remedy, and only a first-class player can venture to use it with effect. The man who habitually plays false cards resorts to tactics worthy of the Artful Dodger, and so far destroys the mutual confidence which is the essence of partnership in whist. You can never trust his play, or tell for certain whether any unusually high card that comes from his hand is merely a "bluff" to deceive the enemy, a call for trumps, or is played in the natural course of things. "Whist is a language, and every card played is an intelligible sentence." It follows, therefore, that purposely to play the wrong card is practi-

cally to tell your partner an untruth, and is an unwarrantable violation of the spirit of the game. "Pembroke" speaks in almost severer terms of the practice. "The ability to play false cards is not a proof of intelligence. 'Cunning is often associated with a low type of intellect.'"³

Both the faults we have noticed above are offences committed deliberately and of malice prepense —and committed not unfrequently by men who understand the game well; but the unintentional blunders, arising from carelessness, stupidity, or ignorance of the common rules of whist, are too numerous even to specify. Nothing is more astonishing than to see some men who play whist day after day and year after year never improving in the slightest degree, and hardly reaching the level of a third-class player. Their knowledge of the game remains (as Lever somewhat cruelly remarked of the play of Church dignitaries) "pretty much where geology was in the reigns of the first Georges." They never read a new book on the subject; they scorn all modern improvements of the game; they disdain advice and resent any kind of criticism. Their play is guided by certain traditional rules and maxims, from which they cannot be induced to deviate, be the circumstances what they may. This is especially the case with persons in authority — whether they are statesmen or generals, or only the magnates of a provincial club — and are thus exempt from the merciless criticism of their equals, which is the best discipline for a bad player.

¹ Proctor's *How to play Whist*, p. 216.

² Clay, *Laws of Short Whist*, p. 80.

³ Whist or Bumblepuppy, p. 21. The last sentence is quoted by the writer from the Report of the Inspector-General of Military Prisons.

"A very wise man once remarked to me, after my partner, who was a Lieutenant-Governor, had lost me a rubber by bad play, 'D. has been holding high official positions too long to play a good rubber.'

"'What has that to do with it?' I asked.

"'Because,' replied my informant, 'he is a vain man, and no one would venture to tell him that he plays whist like an idiot. Consequently he never improves, but commits the same errors year after year. He really imagines he plays a first-class rubber.'"¹

Occasionally—though, to the credit of human nature, not often—one comes across a player whose stupidity is past belief, and apparently incurable; and one feels inclined to say, as Dr Johnson once said, "You must have taken great pains with yourself, sir; you could not naturally have been so stupid." If there is a choice between two cards, such a player will inevitably play the wrong one. If he has the thirteenth trump, he will certainly put it on the best remaining card of your strong suit, and then probably lead a losing card himself. If two trumps are left in and he holds the best, he will infallibly draw your last one with it, even though it was the turn-up card; and he will commit what is probably the most unpardonable fault at whist, — he will ignore your call for trumps, though perhaps repeated in two suits, and then lead a small card himself, with the obvious intention of forcing you. "We have seen a gentleman," says Mr Hayward, "playing for the odd trick, with six tricks against him, deliberately give away the seventh by declining to trump for fear of being overtrumped. We have seen another

take out the card that would have won the game, look at it, fumble with it, and then put it back again."²

There is an instructive chapter in Major Campbell-Walker's little manual entitled 'How to treat a Bad Partner,' and his advice practically amounts to this—You should treat him as a dummy, reverse all the ordinary rules, and play as much as possible for your own hand, "remembering that what may be bad play with a good partner is very good play with a bad one." Under such circumstances remonstrance is useless, and good advice is simply thrown away. You can only urge him to make as many tricks as possible, and the sooner he gets rid of his aces and kings the better for you and your hand. You may even avail yourself of such a device as the following, though it has been doubted if such practices are lawful in a Christian country:—

"I once saw a crafty player succeed in winning a game which he ought to have lost, by the following: He held three small trumps, a five suit headed by a knave, a four suit headed by ace, queen, and a single card in the fourth suit. His partner was a bad and an unobservant player. His adversaries were good players. In the fourth suit he asked for trumps, which his partner did not observe; so, when he ruffed the second round of the suit in which he held originally only one card, the adversaries considered it desirable to force him, as they believed they were forcing the strong hand. He consequently made two tricks in trumps, and he and his partner together made five tricks and saved the game. But for this 'ask' the adversaries would have led trumps, and have gained four by cards."³

On such occasions you must

¹ Drayson's Art of Practical Whist, p. 280.

² Hayward's Essays, i. 418.

³ Drayson's Art of Practical Whist, p. 243.

resign yourself to the position of having three adversaries, and console yourself with the thought that the odds are two to one against your cutting in with the same man in the next rubber. Above all, you must keep your temper, or "if you do proceed to give your partner a piece of your mind, *always call your honours first*; for by neglecting this simple precaution you will often lay yourself open to a crushing rejoinder."¹ Nay, you may even provoke some such retort as Colley Cibber made to a testy old general who complained of his not leading a spade at the proper time: "Don't be angry, General; for, d—— it, I can play ten times worse if I like." Whist is certainly an excellent school for temper and patience; and it has been well said that no man should play the game at all who is not prepared to lose sixty points at a sitting, and lose them with good-humour. A player's first lesson is to bear, with real or apparent *sang froid*, "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"; to see his best suit and his partner's hopelessly cut up by a cross-ruff, or (worse still) hopelessly blocked by what Lever called "that confounded last trump in my partner's hand"; to see his king and knave taken by the ace and queen in an overlying tenace; or to have the lead taken from him at a critical moment by his incapable *vis-à-vis*, who has not the faintest idea of "unblocking" a suit. Or, again, the cards themselves may be against you. You may hold two "Yarboroughs"² in two successive rubbers; or you may hold a hand like the Duke of Cumber-

land's (of which a full-page illustration is given by Mr Proctor), containing nearly all the court cards in the pack. You may play the hand perfectly correctly, as the Duke did, and yet, like him, you may lose every trick. All these "rubs on the green" (as a golfer would call them) are the inevitable accompaniments of a game where, fortunately for us all, skill cannot wholly eliminate chance. You cannot always have the ideal partner as depicted by General Drayson and others. And probably your own play is at times by no means faultless. Though you may have Cavendish at your finger-ends, and have even mastered his theory of American leads, it now and then happens that you suffer from a fit of mental aberration, and your usual nerve and skill seem for the time to have deserted you. You are over-cautious or over-confident at the wrong moment; you trump a doubtful card when you should not, and do not lead trumps when you should; or, worse than all, your memory fails you at a critical point of the game, and you cannot, for the life of you, remember whether the last trump but one (a six) has yet fallen, or is still lurking in your opponent's hand to your left. You play as if it had fallen, but it is there, of course; your best card is ignominiously trumped by it, and the rubber is lost. There are bad moments in all our lives, but there are few worse than to lose a game by a blunder which we feel would be inexcusable in the merest novice at the whist-table, and to have to bear the obvious ill-humour of our partner and the ill-concealed de-

¹ Whist or Bumblepuppy, p. 70.

² A former Earl of Yarborough was always ready to bet £1000 to £1 against the occurrence of a hand at whist in which there should be no card better than a nine.

light of our opponents. But we may be partially consoled by remembering that one of the finest players of his day (Lord de Ros) once lost £3000 by this very error of miscounting his trumps; and Lord Granville, in whose partnership Déschappelles declared he would play against dummy and an archangel, lost an even larger sum by forgetting that a seven of hearts had not been played.

From these sins of omission or forgetfulness we may pass to faults of judgment caused by a blind adherence to the rules. Nothing is more fallacious (as is well pointed out by General Drayson) than to act persistently on the time-honoured maxim, "Do not force your partner if you are weak in trumps." If he has neither asked for them nor led them, when he has had the lead, you are quite justified in forcing him, however weak you may be yourself. "If I were to enumerate," says General Drayson, "all the tricks I have seen lost by one player weak in trumps refusing to force his partner, I should count them by thousands. I have therefore often remarked to such partners, when they have urged that they could not force me because they were weak in trumps, 'Say, you would not allow me to make a trick in trumps because you were weak in them.'"¹ Another maxim—equally dangerous and fallacious, in our opinion—is to lead invariably from a long suit (perhaps only headed by a nine) in accordance with the rule laid down by Dr Pole and Cavendish. One of the finest whist-players of his day, George Anson, declared emphatically that "it was the height of bad play to lead from a suit with nothing higher than the ten,

if you had a suit with an honour to lead from, unless from your strength in trumps there was a possibility of bringing in the small cards." This is reason and common-sense; yet time after time one sees players, even when they know trumps are against them, leading from a miserable long suit instead of some strengthening cards to support their partner's hand. It is refreshing, however, to come across a player who is bold enough to break these conventional rules, and lead the card which best suits his hand, even if it be a singleton, as in the instance given by "Pembroke." He first quotes the rule we have just condemned:—

"*You should invariably lead the penultimate from a five suit of trumps, save and except when you hold a plain suit of greater length, and then you should lead the highest but three.*" Oh that mine enemy always would! for I regret to say, some short time ago a miscreant—one of the soundest whist-players in this country—took up the four, five, and six of diamonds (trumps); ace, knave, ten, eight, four, and three of hearts; king, six, and four of spades; and eight of clubs, *which he led.* His score was one, ours four. I was second player, and held, *inter alia*, ace, queen, seven, and six of clubs; and king, ten, eight, seven, and five of trumps: my partner held king, knave, five, and four of clubs, and though he turned up the queen of trumps, we lost four by cards and the game."²

The late Maharajah Dhuleep Singh (a player much above the average) once told Cavendish that he had been studying his (Cavendish's) book on Whist. "And I hope your Highness found it a profitable investment," said the gratified author. "Oh no, quite the contrary," was the reply;

¹ Drayson's Art of Practical Whist, p. 112.

² Pembroke, Decline and Fall of Whist, p. 53.

"since I studied the game, I have lost thousands." Cavendish supposes this to have been a piece of humorous exaggeration on the Maharajah's part; but there was probably a residuum of truth in the remark. When a good player gives up a bold and natural style, and binds himself down to the rigid system of conventional rules advocated by Dr Pole and Cavendish, he is not likely to be a winner at the year's end—not at least on any large scale. Cavendish is himself an instance in point, for he tells us that in eighteen years' play, out of thirty thousand rubbers there was only a balance of 628 in his favour. In other words, he was one rubber to the good in forty-nine (about two per cent), or one-seventh of a point per rubber. This seems a small percentage for a first-class player, unrivalled in his knowledge of the game, even if he played always against first-class opponents. Lord Henry Bentinck, again, was one of the finest players of the last generation, with a marvellous whist memory; but he was a slave to the conventional laws of the game, and was "*tenax propositi* to a degree that militated against very perfect whist." He would, for instance, suffer trick after trick to be lost, rather than be forced to ruff from a strong suit of trumps; he would disregard a call for trumps, though he saw perfectly well that the signal had been given, if his partner having had the lead did not lead trumps himself. It is not surprising then to hear that, fine player as he was, his winnings were inconsiderable, and that, as he himself told Serjeant Ballantine, he could have earned more money as a journeyman glazier than he had made at whist.

Both of the above-mentioned players rank of course among the

master-spirits of the game, but even among ordinary whist-players at provincial clubs and elsewhere one notices that, if they can play the game at all, they may be roughly divided into two great classes, corresponding to the French and English schools at the time when short whist was first introduced. The former are bold to the verge of rashness, playing a dashing unconventional game, and often turning defeat into a victory by the very audacity of their attack. The latter are cautious and deliberate, following always the strictest letter of the law, never changing their system to suit the circumstances, safe and dependable as partners but not very formidable as adversaries. Mr Clay well summed up the distinctive tactics of these two classes: "The English player of the old school never thought of winning the game till he saw it was saved. The French player never thought of saving the game till he saw that he could not win it." Nothing, we may add, is more amusing or instructive than to see one of the former class—the Ruperts of the whist-table—set down to play against opponents who belong to the opposite school, to watch how he disdains the conventional and time-honoured modes of attack, and disconcerts their best-laid schemes by some audacious coup or daring finesse. "*De l'audace et toujours de l'audace.*" Courage, after all, is one of the first and most essential qualities necessary to a whist-player; and the cautious player, whose sole idea is a safe and defensive game, may win indeed, but not to any great extent, for the reason given in the old rhyme—

"He either fears his fate too much or
his desert is small."

It is not our purpose to go very

deeply into the vexed question of American leads, which have raised such a storm of controversy of recent years. Certain writers in the 'Westminster Papers,' and the great whist authority who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Mogul," have declared that these developments have transformed modern whist into a system of "signs and signals, and a short supply of brains." "Pembroke" (the amusing author of 'Bumblepuppy') has also complained that the game is in a fair way of being ruined by these innovations; that the wooden age of whist has begun, and that if all the books which have appeared on the subject since the death of Mr Clay in 1872 "had been publicly burnt by the common hangman, it would have been an unmixed benefit."¹ This is somewhat truculent criticism; but, speaking dispassionately and from an outsider's point of view, it certainly appears to us, even from Cavendish's own statements, that the advantages of this intricate and complicated system of fourth-best-card leads, and so forth, are more than counterbalanced by the confusion and perplexity which their introduction must inevitably cause. The system is, in fact, if we may so term it, the mere chicanery of whist; and like 'Dodo' and 'The Heavenly Twins,' these antepenultimate leads and "outrageous latter-day discards" are a sign of the times only to be understood and appreciated by a very advanced whist-player. Life is too short and the human memory too fallacious to be burdened with these minutiae, which do not occur twice in a hundred hands. Whist, after all, is a game of intelligence and free volition, and cannot be

reduced to a system of mathematical formulæ or arbitrary signs and symbols. We may add to this that there are so many saving clauses and modifications to the system, as laid down by Cavendish in his 'Whist Developments,' that they seem to expose it to that fatal objection which he himself anticipates by saying—"rules of play which are loaded with exceptions are practically as bad as no rules at all."² For instance, he tells us "that rigid inferences should not be drawn"; that "it is admitted that there is not an invariable advantage in beginning with the fourth-best"; that "all these rules are subject to the fall of the cards," and that "good players will depart from the rule, when the fall of the cards shows it to be unadvisable."³ Finally, he adds a sentence which seems to allow everything to the player's discretion, provided that he is a second Cavendish—so at least we gather, for it is a most enigmatical statement of the case,—“The more advanced the hand, the more necessary is it to adapt the play to circumstances, and therefore to draw inferences with reservation.”⁴ After all, it is not likely that these apparently needless complications of a fine game will ever come into general use. If they did, they would be the greatest discouragement to young whist-players, who have already quite sufficient to burden their memories, and are, as it is, somewhat sensitive to the outspoken criticisms of the club *habitué*. At present the ingenuous youth is usually in much the same benighted condition as Mr James Payn's young lady friends, whom he was instructing in the

¹ Pembroke, *Decline and Fall of Whist*, p. 8.

² Cavendish, *Whist Development*, p. 45.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 7, 18, 41.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 42.

art of scientific whist, and who told him they played family whist in the evenings. "Do your people play the penultimate?" (the novelist inquired of one of his fair pupils). 'Not that I know of,' she answered (very sweetly, but with some of that amazement which is deprecated in the marriage service). 'Sophie plays the piano, and Julia the harp; but we none of us play the penultimate.'

Mr Courtney has collected a number of interesting examples of distinguished men who passed their hours of recreation at the whist-table; and it is curious to observe the fascination exercised by the game over the most dissimilar types of character. Statesmen and diplomatists naturally head the list of illustrious players, probably from the reason given by Lord Beaconsfield. "To a mind like that of Tiresias, a pack of cards was full of human nature. A rubber was a microcosm; and he ruffed his adversaries' king, or brought in a long suit of his own, with as much dexterity and enjoyment as, in the real business of existence, he dethroned a monarch or introduced a dynasty." Talleyrand, Metternich, and Cavour are the most familiar examples of this class of players; the last-named especially was devoted to the game, and is said to have won £20,000 at his nightly rubbers during the Congress of Paris. There is a long list of Church dignitaries, from the terrible Dean of St Patrick's to the saintly Keble, who have resorted to whist as one of the best consolations in old age; and it is recorded of the excellent Bishop Bathurst that his usually pacific temper was once ruffled at a new appointment in the cath-

edral body: "I have served the Whigs all my life, and now they send me down a Canon who doesn't know clubs from spades." The Law (as might be expected) has always numbered some excellent whist-players in its ranks who have been familiar figures at the Union and Portland. Thurlow declared he would give half his fortune to be a good card-player. Sir Francis Buller said once that "his idea of heaven was to sit in Nisi Prius all day and play whist all night." Lords Lyndhurst, Erskine, Ellenborough, and Wensleydale were all more or less devoted to the game; while north of the Border may be mentioned Lord Kames and Lord Braxfield. The last-named judge probably had the coarsest tongue and the roughest manners on the Bench (and off it) since the days of Jeffreys.

"On one occasion Sir James Colquhoun had the misfortune to cut in with him, and as he was diffident in his own powers of play, and knew very well the vigour of Braxfield's speech, he made before he sat down to the table the stipulation, 'Noo, my lord, afore oo begin, ye maun promise no' to misca' me.' The answer was prompt: 'Na, na, Jemmie, sit ye down; I promise I'll no' do that.' With this undertaking the play proceeded in its course, but before many hands had been played, Braxfield in a storm of indignation roared out, 'Ye d——d blockhead and eedit! what garred ye play that caird, o' a' the cairds in the pack?'

"Colquhoun could not answer this awkward question, so he fell back on the undertaking which he had received: 'Noo, my lord, did ye no' promise that ye wadna misca' me?' Little did he get by this reminder of his partner's obligation, for the angry words were hurled back: 'Naither I did, Jemmie—naither I did! I appeal to this company if I misca'ed ye!'"¹

¹ Courtney, *English Whist*, p. 141. Quoted from Fergusson's 'Henry Erskine,' p. 424.

In later times, whist has had few more devoted adherents than Sir George Jessell and Serjeant Ballantine. The latter once played thirty-six hours in succession, a feat which rivals the famous *séance* recorded by Hayward, when Lord Granville and his friends played all through the night at Graham's "till the party were up to their ankles in cards."

The art of war resembles the art of whist in so many respects that it is not surprising that a great general should possess many of the qualities of a good whist-player. "L'art de la guerre est tout d'exécution," said Napoleon; "la solution de toutes ces questions [*i.e.*, of tactics] dépend des circonstances." To interpret the situation correctly at a moment's notice and act upon it with decision is the first and most essential quality possessed alike by Deschappelles and Moltke. The veteran strategist was a devoted whist-player, and it is recorded of him that, on the very evening before his death, he played his last rubber, when he had unusual good luck, making the "Grand Schlem" (Anglicé "the Slam"), or winning the whole thirteen tricks off his own hand.

Men of letters, again, have found whist to be an excellent tonic and relief for a weary brain. Gibbon played evening after even-

ing in his retirement at Lausanne. Adam Smith, David Hume, as well as Hallam and Washington Irving in later times, were all more or less devoted to the game. Lord Lytton was a constant player at the Portland. Trollope and Lever have been already mentioned, and we may add to them Charles Reade, who on one occasion had the temerity to challenge Psycho at the Egyptian Hall; but he was ignominiously defeated, and complained bitterly "of having been beaten three times running by a beastly automaton." Mr James Payn, again, has played daily for the last thirty years, and it was by his genial eloquence that Harriet Martineau was induced to learn the game in her old age, and even to play for points; but she possibly justified this deviation from her own doctrines of political economy by regarding the game in the same light as other distinguished players—namely, as a safe three per cent investment in consols. In fact, one of the shrewdest judges of whist in the last generation (Lord William Manners) declared, as the result of half a century's experience, that there was only five per cent difference between the best and the worst whist-player that ever sat down to a card-table. Under the circumstances, this last reflection ought to be a great consolation to us all.

A FOREIGNER.

CHAPTER V.—ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

THERE were several more croquet matches played that afternoon with a different arrangement of partners, and when two hours later the Dalrymples set forth on their homeward drive, Mr Hamilton made the discovery, by some ingenious 'geographical calculation not wholly apparent to the others, that their roads lay almost parallel, and that it really entailed no divergence from his track to accompany the carriage almost up to the gates of Laird's Hill.

They drove at a sober leisurely pace, for the driver, being of a placid and benevolent disposition, was averse to needlessly fatiguing the animals intrusted to his care, and Mr Dalrymple, whom the smooth equal motion of the vehicle had presently sent off into a peaceful slumber, never roused himself to realise that they were taking two hours to accomplish an eight-mile drive. To the other two inmates of the carriage the distance, on the contrary, did not seem half as long as usual, and conversation flowed as uninterruptedly as though Mr Hamilton had been seated in an easy lounging-chair, instead of upon a remarkably impatient and skittish horse. He never appeared to greater advantage than when in the saddle, a fact of which he may or may not have been aware: certainly there was no trace of conceit or self-consciousness about his manner, as with admirable skill he compelled the fiery chestnut to trot submissively by the carriage-side—so close to the revolving wheel that more than once Chrissy, seated opposite to her sister, was able to put out her hand and pat the animal's glossy neck. Phemie, more reticent and guarded

in manner, leant back alongside of her slumbering parent, enjoying the balmy freshness of the May evening, and almost against her will interested and fascinated by the rider's conversation. What they had talked about on this occasion she never could exactly remember, for the secret of Ronald Hamilton's attraction did not so much lie in the things he said as in the manner he said them; and although it was Chrissy to whom apparently most of his remarks and anecdotes were addressed, there was a certain delicate suggestion of devotion to the elder sister, underlying words and manner, more subtle and flattering by far than any openly expressed admiration could have been. This was the very first time that Phemie was tasting the intoxicating draught of woman's power over man,—a beverage so strange and bewildering to lips unused that the novice cannot all at once realise whether it is pleasant or the reverse. It is like a fiery unknown wine whose first drops alarm us by their strength, while their sweetness attracts us. The average woman gets quickly used to this novel beverage, and mostly knows how to swallow it without detriment to her mental and moral digestion; but to supersensitively organised natures this wine will always remain strange and troubling in its effects, and is often fraught with more danger than to women of coarser fibre.

"I never shall forget this evening," said Mr Hamilton, in a low undertone which reached her ear alone, as in the gathering dusk he took leave of the carriage occupants before the gate which led into the

Laird's Hill park. He had dismounted in order to open the gate, and still holding his horse by the rein, was looking straight into Phemie's eyes with greater audacity than daylight would have permitted; then seeing that she made no answer he hastened to add: "And you—you will not forget the three round dances you promised to give me at the Yeomanry ball on the 22d?"

"I shall probably not have a chance of remembering," she returned evasively, colouring up under the directness of his gaze—"for, you see, papa is sure to forget all about the ball. He is rather apt to forget things."

"We shall take care to remind him," said Mr Hamilton confidently.

Then Mr Dalrymple, on receiving some rather vigorous nudges from his younger daughter, woke up with a start, and with a little difficulty collected his wits sufficiently to stammer forth some phrases of conventional farewell, scarcely realising that he had sanctioned Mr Hamilton's expressed resolve of riding over to inquire about their intentions with regard to the ball on some early day next week.

Contrary, however, to his daughter's expectations, and greatly to their agreeable surprise, Mr Dalrymple made no attempt to throw cold water upon the idea of the Yeomanry ball. Once Lady Lauriston had pronounced it to be necessary, the idea of further resistance never even crossed his mind, and with a beautiful resignation, and something of the air of a lamb being led to the slaughter, he meekly submitted to the inevitable.

Seeing her parent in this convenient frame of mind, the indefatigable Chrissy did not permit the grass to grow under her feet, but rushed through all the arrangements of her sister's toilet with praiseworthy energy, as eager and

interested about each detail of adornment as though she were working for herself instead of for another. And in truth the precocious damsel did feel that she was working for herself if only indirectly, for once Phemie fairly launched into society she would easily contrive to follow in tow, and therefore each fluttering bow of ribbon on her sister's dress, each snowy *crêpe* flounce which adorned it, were to her as many laughing pennons proclaiming the victory of her secret longings.

After long and serious consultation between the sisters, and much careful study of the latest fashion papers, it had been decided that Phemie was to appear at the Yeomanry ball attired in soft white *crêpe*, caught up here and there by single beads of red horse-chestnut blossom. White lilac had been the flower originally contemplated by the girls, but quite unexpectedly their father had put in his vote for red horse-chestnut flowers of precisely the same shade as those on the little tree in the shrubbery outside the drawing-room windows. His artist's eye had been struck by the peculiar effect of the dull red blossoms massed against the white gown, on that first evening of his arrival, and he could not divest himself of the impression that his eldest daughter had made a very pretty water-colour study as she stood there in the twilight.

"Yes, papa was quite right," exclaimed Chrissy, as some days later Phemie's ball-dress was being tried on before the long pier-glass in the drawing-room, this being the largest mirror in the house. From out an open *carton*-box which stood on the table alongside there peeped some clusters of red horse-chestnut blossoms, faithful counterfeits of those other flowers in the shrubbery outside, which a fortnight ago had

been as brightly painted as these, but which now were beginning to shrivel up into unsightly brown wrecks, after the lamentable fashion of blossoms when they have passed their prime. The box of artificial flowers had just arrived from town by the previous post, and Chrissy's eager hands had already torn one of the red blossoms from out its wrappings of tissue-paper, and deftly stuck it in her sister's hair as she stood before the mirror. On the carpet alongside knelt the maid, with her mouth full of pins and a frown of deep and serious concern on her brow, as she anxiously debated the exact position which each single flower-sprig was to occupy among the snowy frillings of the gown.

"I wish you would leave my head alone," said Phemie to her sister, with a rather impatient jerk. "I am already so tired with all this trying on, and those flowers feel like lead upon my head. I had no idea they could be so heavy."

"You have no idea how tremendously becoming they are, or you would not talk like that," said Chrissy, sagely. "Why, I should have no objection to wearing a millstone on my head if it would make me look as stunning as that. And really, I cannot at all understand," she continued, with an air of comical aggrievement, "why it is that, with almost just the selfsame features, and with the same identical eyes and hair, you contrive to look so different from me? Just see for yourself, and I will prove to you mathematically by all the rules of arithmetic that I have quite as good a right to be pretty as yourself;" and snatching the tape yard-measure from the hands of the kneeling Russell, who was now beginning to fix the flowers in

their right position by means of a few large basting-stitches, Chrissy proceeded gravely to measure her sister's features, and then her own, with the same careful accuracy as though she were taking down the proportions of a tapestry design to be presently executed on canvas. "Nose, two and a quarter inches—just the same length as mine; mouth, one and a quarter—and so is mine. Ear, one and three-quarters long; and their shape is identical. Eyes ditto, only perhaps yours are set a trifle—just a trifle—farther apart,—no more than the eighth part of an inch. I wonder if it can be that which makes the difference?"

"What difference?" said Phemie, rather listlessly.

"Why, all the difference in the world! The difference of your being downright pretty, while I am not. There is not twopence to choose between our features in the abstract, and yet there is just the same difference that there was between my raw unfinished sketches at school and the same picture when it had been touched up by Mr McKenzie, the drawing-master. It really is not fair, Phemie; and you are an impostor to have routed me so completely merely by a beggarly little quarter-inch."

"I would willingly make you a present of a quarter or even half an inch, if that would take away my headache and make me feel cool again," said Phemie, putting up her hand to her flushed cheek, whose colour just now almost rivalled that of the red horse-chestnut in her hair. There was a feverish brightness, too, about her eyes which made them look larger and deeper than their wont. "I cannot think what is the matter with me to-day. Just now I was shivering all over with cold, and now I feel as though I were on fire."

"That is probably only suppressed excitement," said Chrissy, sagely. "You know how feverish you always were before each distribution of prizes at school, and this is, of course, an aggravated case of the same thing. Some people are affected like that, I know, though I never could understand it myself. Why, I should be ready to go to a ball this very evening, or even to get married at half an hour's notice, without so much as turning a hair. You hardly touched your breakfast this morning, so perhaps you are hungry. You will feel all right after luncheon, depend upon it."

"I don't feel as if I could eat any luncheon," said Phemie, wearily.

At this moment the figures of a couple of horsemen were seen to pass the window, and in the next there was a sharp ring at the door bell.

"Visitors!" exclaimed Chrissy, eagerly, running to the window. "Our very first real visitors. Oh, Phemie, it is Archie Lauriston and Mr Hamilton too."

"Cannot you say not at home!" exclaimed Phemie, looking ready to cry. "Indeed, indeed, I cannot talk to any one to-day."

"It is too late," pronounced Chrissy from her post of inspection at the bow window; "there is papa coming out of the bowling-green, and they have gone to meet him."

"He will be bringing them in here. Then I must run!" exclaimed Phemie in an agony, thrusting the handbox of flowers into Russell's hands, and making for the drawing-room door, whence she hoped to reach the upper regions unseen. With the agility of a pursued hare she had darted across the piece of lobby, and gained the head of the first flight of steps, before the glass door was swung open by her father's hand ushering in his visitors, and

Mr Hamilton, glancing sharply up at the staircase above, had a brief and bewildering vision of a slender form which seemed to be clothed in transparent white clouds flecked here and there with rose-coloured foam.

The fugitive fairy in flying from her pursuers had apparently dropped some portion of her airy clouds, for there on the lobby floor, just in front of where Mr Hamilton was standing, lay a sprig of red horse-chestnut blossom, so close to his foot that in the next instant it must have been crushed beneath his tread, had not by the merest coincidence the riding-whip which he was holding slipped from his hand, and as he bent to pick it up it was only natural that he should pick up the flower as well.

He was still holding the flower in his hand as he entered the drawing-room, where they found Chrissy reclining in a low rocking-chair in the most carelessly grown-up-young-lady attitude which she had been able to assume on the spur of the moment, apparently engrossed in a library novel which she was holding upside down.

"What an unexpected pleasure!" she drawled, rising languidly to receive her visitors. "I am not quite sure whether my sister is at home, but shall send the butler to inquire."

"Oh, come," said Archie Lauriston, pertly, not at all impressed by these fashionable airs and graces, "none of your gammon, Miss Chrissy. Not at home, did you say? Why, we had a glimpse of Phemie—I beg your pardon, Miss Dalrymple—just now scampering up-stairs at a breakneck gallop, and looking for all the world like an overgrown fairy in a Christmas pantomime."

"And the fairy in flying has dropped this token to prove the

substantiality of the vision," said Mr Hamilton, holding out the sprig of horse-chestnut.

"One of Phemie's flowers! I hope to heaven it is not crushed!" exclaimed Miss Christina, abandoning the grown-up rôle, and eagerly stretching out her hand for the flower. But Mr Hamilton shook his head, and playfully holding the sprig aloft, declared that he would yield it up to none but to its rightful owner.

"I shall keep it in pledge of the dances she promised to give me," he said, with that graceful audacity which so well became him, and which most women found it so impossible to resist. "Tell your sister that she shall not have her flower till she tells me positively with her own lips that the three first round dances on Monday are to be mine."

But even though the butler was sent up twice in order to inform Miss Dalrymple of the presence of visitors, Phemie did not make her appearance; and when, half an

hour later, Chrissy went to investigate the state of matters for herself, she found her sister lying down in her darkened bedroom with a wet towel round her head, and in evident suffering. There could be no question of her coming down to luncheon, nor was it possible just now to rouse her interest on the subject of round dances or artificial flowers.

Mr Hamilton was, therefore, obliged to content himself with Chrissy's word pledged by proxy in lieu of her sister's; and after a rather dull luncheon he took his departure, bearing off with him, despite Chrissy's expostulations, the red horse-chestnut blossom, with which he had adorned the buttonhole of his grey tweed shooting-coat.

"Tell Miss Dalrymple that she shall have her flower back on Monday evening, and that I myself will have the honour of restoring it to its proper place on the gown," he had called back laughingly to Chrissy as he rode away.

CHAPTER VI.—CHANGE OF AIR.

But when Monday came, the day of the Yeomanry ball, there were neither round dances nor horse-chestnut blossoms for Euphemia Dalrymple, for she was tossing about restlessly in bed a prey to high fever, and covered with tiny red spots which had first shown themselves on forehead and cheeks, thence to spread over chest and limbs. Two days after Mr Hamilton's visit she was so evidently unwell that Dr Rankin, the physician from Lairdkirk, the nearest country town, had to be sent for; and Dr Rankin, after feeling the patient's pulse and examining the eruption on her skin, had pronounced the illness to be a severe attack of

measles—some latent infection conveyed from the boarding-school, presumably, which had thus tardily declared itself.

There was therefore nothing for it but to resign herself to the inevitable, as it would be at least four weeks ere Phemie would be able to show her face in society again; so the white *crêpe* ball-dress was hung away in the wardrobe, and the horse-chestnut flowers restored to their place in the band-box, not without many stormy sighs of disappointment from Chrissy, and a sneaking sensation somewhat akin to relief on Mr Dalrymple's part.

Though suffering acutely from

racking headache and parched by burning thirst, Phemie was never in actual danger; and as no complications intervened to aggravate the nature of her malady, in three weeks' time she was in a fairly convalescent state,—rather pale and thin to be sure, and with heavy blue shadows under her eyes which made them look larger and deeper.

Seeing, however, that she refused to gather strength in a proper degree, and that her appetite continued to be variable and capricious, Dr Rankin strongly recommended Mr Dalrymple to take away his daughter somewhere for change of air. Though nothing seemed to be wrong organically so far, yet Miss Euphemia was at a critical age, and any such symptoms of debility should not be neglected. It did not much matter where she went: either to the seaside or to some bracing place in the mountains would answer equally well.

Change of air! The vast range of possibilities suggested by the idea was startling and bewildering at first sight. With every inch of land within the three kingdoms to choose from, Mr Dalrymple found it almost impossible to make up his mind as to which particular section of his native atmosphere was to be inhaled by his daughter's lungs during the next six or eight weeks. Why, they might go everywhere or anywhere—to the Isle of Arran, for instance, or to North Berwick, or else to some English watering-place such as Bourne-mouth or Ryde. There was much to be said as well in favour of a tour among the English lakes, which would afford splendid material for sketches in water-colour, or, better still, to Wales or Ireland. Why, they might go to Abber or Rhyll, or to some of the

beautiful places in County Clare or Killarney. Any of these places would be new to the girls.

"Or else you might take them abroad," suggested Lady Lauriston, who had driven over in the pony-carriage in order to look after the patient.

"Abroad!" exclaimed three voices simultaneously in different accents of surprise or pleasure; and then the father and daughters looked at each other wonderingly, slightly bewildered by the audacity of the suggestion.

"Do you mean France?" asked Mr Dalrymple, almost timidly, when he had sufficiently recovered breath to be able to speak.

"Not necessarily France. Germany or Switzerland would do quite as well, and there are lots of places to choose from. I only suggested the idea because it is a distinct advantage to a girl to have been outside her native country, if ever so little. It widens the mental horizon, and gives her something to talk about when she goes into society."

"Abroad!" repeated the father, slowly, pronouncing the word in a pensive tentative fashion, as though trying to accustom his ear to some strange discordant note, which yet was not without a certain power of fascination.

It was Chrissy who first regained her presence of mind sufficiently in order to give matters a practical turn.

"How lucky it is that I did not throw away my old school atlas, as I was thinking of doing!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "I shall fetch it down this very minute, and that will assist us in making a choice."

So the atlas was produced, and the girls spent a blissful half-hour in poring over the map of Europe

with closer attention and more minute scrutiny than they had ever previously accorded to that well-thumbed page. The names of towns and rivers, which had formerly been associated in their minds only with irksome examinations, had now suddenly acquired enhanced glory and attraction; the rose-tinted frontiers of France, which had seemed to be but the outcome of some morbid school inspector's delirious brain, had now assumed an appearance of positive reality in their eyes; and the long-winded names of countless German towns, which appeared to have been solely devised in order to reduce unfortunate pupils to despair, sounded musically inviting to their ear. The Rhine was no longer a cunningly-devised pitfall productive of bad notes and curtailed recreation, nor the Alpine peaks invented mainly for the purpose of being confounded with the Pyrenees.

"Let's go to Switzerland and ascend Mont Blanc and the Pic du Midi, and all those big fellows that we used to wish at the bottom of the Red Sea," suggested Chrissy, after various plans had been wafted to and fro.

"I don't think that the Pic du Midi is in Switzerland," said Phemie, doubtfully,—“at least I remember receiving a bad note last term because I couldn't repeat the highest points of the Alps by heart, and had to write them down each fifty times next day. I am sure I should have remembered the Pic du Midi if it had been one of them.”

"And Phemie is certainly not strong enough at present to go up any mountain whatsoever, whether in France or in Switzerland," said Lady Lauriston, waving aside as unimportant the exact locality of the peak in question. "Besides,

Spain would be too hot at this time of the year."

"Switzerland is frightfully expensive, and overrun by Cockney tourists," objected Mr Dalrymple.

"We might go to Norway and visit the fiords. I can say them all off at my finger-ends, for they were in my last examination papers," put in Phemie.

"But we can't speak Norwegian, or whatever it is they talk over there," expostulated her sister; "and that would be no fun at all, you know, when we can't speak to the people."

"And can you speak German, my dears?" inquired Lady Lauriston.

"Of course we can," replied both girls in a breath.

"Quite fluently?"

"Yes — I — I think so," said Phemie, with some slight hesitation; "at least I got the second prize at the distribution last time."

"Oh, Phemie has a beautiful accent," said Chrissy, confidently. "My pronunciation is not nearly as good as hers, though of course I can speak the language easily too, but she speaks it quite like a real native, Miss Henderson, our German mistress, used to say; and she must surely know, for she spent two years at a German university town."

"Well, if that is the case, you cannot do better than go to the Rhine."

Mr Dalrymple merely sighed and shook his head. The Rhine, in his opinion, was scarcely better than Switzerland, so far as Cockneyism or fabulous prices went. He had been there once eighteen years ago on his honeymoon-trip, and had found the much-vaunted scenery of the Rhine to be greatly overrated.

"Why, then there is the Schwarzwald or the Bavarian Highlands,"

pursued the old lady, perceiving that her first suggestion had been a failure. "They speak German, too, in those parts, I fancy, and the scenery is said to be lovely. The Montgomeries went there last year, and came back quite delighted."

At mention of the Bavarian Highlands a look of livelier interest than had been as yet disclosed came into Mr Dalrymple's pale-blue eye. He had heard of these regions before, and from out some obscure lumber-corner of his memory there started up before his mental vision the recollection of a little oil-coloured sketch he had once seen. "The Obersee, Bavarian Highlands," had been the name attached to the picture in question, which represented a tiny mountain loch, surrounded by precipitous grey cliffs, tipped with sombre pine woods, its singular beauty yet further enhanced by a glimpse of snowy peaks beyond, and a foreground of glowing Alpine roses.

Where and when Mr Dalrymple had seen the oil-sketch in question he could not for the life of him remember. It might have been at a London exhibition, or else in the portfolio of some artist fellow whom chance had thrown across his path; but the vision thus conjured up by a trick of memory was distinctly alluring, and suggestive of a totally new artistic field for his brush, as different as the studies of moorland or pasture, which were all that the vicinity of Laird's Hill could offer, as from the gaudier reproductions of tropical vegetation, outcome of his annual trips to Santa Beata.

"Why not the Bavarian Highlands?" he repeated, after a minute's pause, during which all these things had time to flit through his brain.

"The Bavarian Highlands!" now

echoed Chrissy, in whom the name had suddenly evoked another train of recollection. "Why, that is the part of the world described in that novel of Baroness Tautphoeus' which I never was able to finish—'Quits' was its name, I think; and I had just come to the end of the first volume when that horrid Miss Allan found the two other volumes under my mattress, where I had hidden them away so carefully. By all means let us go there, papa. We shall buy 'Quits' to read on the journey. No one can forbid me to read novels, now that I have left school for good."

Thus it came to be decided that the Bavarian Highlands was to be their destination, and before twenty-four hours had elapsed all the details of the projected journey had been worked out with mathematical precision by the indefatigable Chrissy, who applied herself to the study of time-tables and guide-books with far greater diligence than she had ever evinced with regard to history or mathematics. There was no particular reason, to be sure, why they should go to Bavaria in preference to any other spot in Europe; but so, again, there was no reason for not going there. It was a decided relief to all their minds to have the matter settled once for all, and to shake themselves free from the state of irritating uncertainty into which they had been thrown by the doctor's verdict respecting Euphemia. The idea of the Bavarian Highlands once broached, no one ever dreamt of recalling or disputing the decision.

It is often thus in life that important resolutions are taken almost unawares. A half-forgotten novel and a scarcely remembered picture, viewed in themselves, are small things indeed upon which to

hang our fate; but yet in this instance those seeming trifles were distinctly instrumental in bringing about the combination of circumstances which it is the object of our story to relate.

CHAPTER VII.—THE OBERSEE.

"Russell," said Phemie some three weeks later to her maid, who was on her knees before a large travelling trunk unpacking its contents with scrupulous care, and shaking out each creased skirt with tender solicitude before hanging it in the wardrobe where it was destined to repose for a week or two—"Russell, you don't mean to say that you have dragged my ball-dress all this distance for nothing? What on earth did you do that for? You know that we are not going to any balls or parties here?"

The maid paused in her occupation, holding the white crape gown suspended in mid-air.

"One never can tell what may turn up, miss," she returned sagely, "and it would have been a sin and a shame to have left this lovely gown at home. By the time we get back to Laird's Hill it might have got quite out of mood—so to say, old-fashioned,—and the 'orse-chestnut flowers are all nicely packed away in the bonnet-box. I thought they might come in 'andy for trimming up a hat, in case you should be wanting to go to a concert or to hear the band play."

"There is no band in the place, so far as I know, Russell, and even if there were a dozen bands, we do not know a soul here, so my horse-chestnut blossoms are likely to have their trip abroad for nothing. You had far better look me out my old blue serge skirt and a pair of strong walking-boots for going to scramble by the river this afternoon."

This scrap of conversation took place in the Hotel Watzmann at Berchtesgaden, where the Dalrym-

ples had arrived two days previously. They had first halted at Munich, in order to visit the Pinacotheks and the collection of statuary; then after a flying visit to Tegernsee and Chiemsee, had come hither, where they proposed to make a more prolonged stay. The surroundings of the place were exactly suited to the present requirements of the party, for here Phemie could enjoy the bracing mountain air and the perfect repose which her state demanded, and the girls could wander about alone and unchaperoned, while their father made studies of some of the hundred lovely points which lay within easy reach of the hotel. They found plenty of amusement and interest at first in examining the unfamiliar objects which met their eyes at every turn: quaint little chalets with wide overhanging balconies of carved wood; large spotted cows whose metal bells made a deep-toned accompaniment to the rushing waters of the Ache; and curious figures in peasant costume, resembling nothing they had ever seen before,—the men bare-kneed, with brown leather breeches and eagle's feathers or tufts of chamois beard adorning their head-gear; the women with gay coloured bodices, large heavy silver necklets, whose object was apparently to conceal the unsightly goitres too often found in these parts, and with strange little hats, from whence dangled golden cords stuck on the top of their heads at an extremely uncomfortable-looking angle. The natives of Berchtesgaden had good-humoured smiling faces, very different from the morose expression of

the average Scottish labourer; but whenever the girls tried to accost one of those genial-looking individuals, who never passed them on the road without a courteous saluting of "*Grüss Gott*," they were somewhat puzzled to find that even Phemie's much-vaunted high-class German was often unequal to the task of conveying her meaning to the aborigines of the place,—but that, as Chrissy very pertinently remarked, could only be owing to the difference of dialect; the people there probably talked some rustic idiom of their own. Of course they would have no difficulty in making themselves understood by educated German folk.

At first Phemie had been too weak to attempt aught beyond short strolls in the immediate vicinity of the village, but under the magic influence of the pine-wood fragrance and of the bracing mountain air her strength grew apace, and within a fortnight she had fully regained both appetite and sleep.

Hitherto neither of the girls had accompanied their father on any of his more distant sketching expeditions, but one morning, as he was preparing to set off as usual after breakfast with his portfolio and camp-stool, and a paper containing sandwiches in his pocket, Christina barred his passage with the following question:—

"Where are you off to, papa?"

"To the Obersee to finish the sketch I began on Monday."

"And you will be away all day like last time?"

"All day. I cannot manage to be back till dinner at seven o'clock."

"How far is it to the lake?"

"An hour's walk to the Königssee, and then another hour to row across to the farther end, where the Obersee lies."

"Let us go with you, papa. We are tired of always taking the same

walks, and have already explored every inch of ground at this side of the valley."

Mr Dalrymple's eyes opened rather wide.

"Take you with me, girls! Bless my soul, what an idea! But you forget that Phemie is ill."

"Look at her, papa, and see if she is like an invalid!" laughed Chrissy.

Thus apostrophised, Mr Dalrymple put down his sketching utensils on the bench in front of the inn, and turned round to look at his elder daughter; and as he did so he experienced a renewed shock of surprise, somewhat akin to what he had felt on seeing her again on his return from the West Indies in May.

Phemie was standing on the lowest step of the wooden staircase, whose rich deep brown hue, like that of the heavy rafters above, made a becoming frame for her graceful figure. In her short blue serge skirt and Holland blouse, held together at the waist by a leather belt, in which was stuck a little nosegay of late gentians, while on her cheeks there bloomed a pair of far brighter roses than those of which illness had lately deprived her, she certainly did not much resemble an invalid. Mr Dalrymple had been so absorbed in his water-colour drawings during the past week that he had had no leisure to notice the transformation that was taking place beneath his eyes.

"Bless my soul!" he said again, as result of his investigation; then, seeing that there was no escape from the position, he resigned himself with a tolerably good grace to the prospect of a long afternoon spent in the company of his daughters. Yes, they might go with him, if Phemie really thought she could manage the stiff pull up-hill to the

Königssee, and if they would promise not to disturb him by their chattering, and if they would engage to be ready in ten minutes, so as not to keep him waiting.

"We shall be ready in five minutes, and we shall be as quiet as mice!" exclaimed Chrissy, fervently, as she sprang up-stairs to fetch her hat and gloves.

"Let us take our books with us," suggested Phemie. "I have not yet finished the second volume of 'Quits.' We can put them in the basket along with our sandwiches, and that will keep you from chattering and disturbing papa."

An hour later they were rowing down the beautiful Königssee in one of the clumsy flat-bottomed boats that have been constructed for the accommodation of strangers visiting the spot. Two rowers—a man and a woman—were plying the oars, their sunburnt muscular arms, bared to the elbow, cleaving the water to right and left with long steady strokes which produced transient silver flashes on the emerald surface. A kingly lake indeed, unapproachable in its stern rigid majesty, whose haughty cliffs, dropping down sheer to the water's edge at almost every point, ill brook the familiarity of man. Here and there a rough-hewn cross cut into the stone at a giddy height, and fancifully encrusted with the moss and lichens of many years, recalls the tragic fate of some presumptuous wanderer who had dared to intrude on the royal presence.

When the end of the lake is reached, they find themselves on a desolate piece of ground, where large grey boulder-stones, which have rolled down from the heights at some remote period, lie cast about in weird disarray. On the short tufted grass growing between them a score of goats are browsing, —lithe graceful creatures, whose

rich black-and-tan colouring, and large startled eyes, might well cause them to be mistaken for their wild cousins the chamois that dwell up yonder on the mountain peaks, were it not for a tinkling metal bell which one or other of them bears on its neck attached to a leather collar.

After picking their way between the granite blocks for some ten minutes more, the Obersee bursts into view, and with a long-drawn "Ah!" of admiration, Phemie and her sister stand still, totally unprepared for the beauty of the picture that meets their eyes. On three sides the cliffs, here and there darkly streaked with pine, rise up to form an imposing amphitheatre encircling the tiny loch, which, like a transparent blue sapphire, nestles in the stony chalice at its base. So impenetrably closed in appearance is the wall of rock at this place as to preclude all idea of escape or issue. Standing here before the Obersee, we seem to have reached the limits of terrestrial space, and to have come to a spot where no echoes of a turbulent world can reach to fret the ear: only the eagle's cry, or the fall of some stray piece of stone detached by the chamois' tread, disturbs the silence of one of nature's most exquisite sanctuaries.

"It looks exactly as if we had come to the end of the earth," said Phemie, speaking in an awestruck whisper, just as though she had been inside a church; and even the livelier Chrissy came under the influence of the place, for she too lowered her voice instinctively, and seemed to feel that noisy mirth was here out of place.

After partaking of a frugal luncheon in the shape of sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs, Mr Dalrymple settled down to his sketch, of which he had only washed in the

grounding colours on the occasion of his first visit to the Obersee. The girls, left to their own devices, ensconced themselves a few paces off in the shade of a large grey boulder-stone, each armed with a Tauchnitz novel, the reading of

which was sometimes, but rarely, intersected with desultory scraps of conversation, Phemie being so absorbed in perusal of the volume she held in her hand that she made but short unwilling answers to her sister's observations.

CHAPTER VIII.—A SHOT.

The still August afternoon wore on to sunset, a faint rose-coloured flush was beginning to show on the glittering snow-peaks above the Obersee, and the shadows were lengthening visibly when at last Phemie laid down the book she held in her hand. She had just read down to the bottom of the concluding page, on which it is recorded that Charles Thorpe bears away the charming Leonore Nixon over his fascinating rival Count Waldemar; and breathing a long-drawn sigh of terminated suspense, she leant back against the boulder-stone in her rear, and with her clear hazel eyes watching dreamily the flight of some large bird of prey that was circling far overhead, she said slowly and pensively, "more to herself than her sister—

"So Nora marries Thorpe after all."

"Of course," replied Chrissy, briskly, delighted to find that her sister was again available for conversation. "Why, what else did you expect? I guessed that long before the middle of the second volume. It was the only possible conclusion."

"Well, yes——? I suppose so," said Phemie, half-doubtfully, half-interrogatively.

"She couldn't have married Waldemar, you know,—that would have been quite impossible."

"Why not? Waldemar was very nice—ever so much nicer than that ungainly, sulky Thorpe."

"But he was a *foreigner*!" exclaimed Chrissy, with a whole world of disparagement in her high girlish treble. "Fancy a nice English girl throwing herself away on a wretched foreigner!"

"But English girls sometimes do marry Frenchmen or Germans."

"And they are always wretched," affirmed Chrissy, with great decision. "Don't you remember our Italian dancing-master, Signor Dolcetti, who married that poor Miss Collins? He used to beat her on the head with his violin, because she refused to eat macaroni stewed in colza oil for supper."

"Oh, he was a brute, of course; but all foreigners do not beat their wives, I suppose."

"And even if they don't," pursued Chrissy, "they have a hundred other unpleasant qualities which no Englishwoman could possibly put up with. They are agreeable enough in society, I have always heard—don't you remember what exquisite bows Signor Dolcetti used to make, and what a ravishing smile he had? Fascinating and polite, and so on, but they are all false at core: and then how effeminate they are, don't you know. They wear stays, and are afraid of getting their feet wet. Would you have married Waldemar yourself if you had been in Leonora's place, Phemie?"

"I certainly wouldn't have married Thorpe," said Phemie, decisively. "I think he was just a

great, ill-mannered, sulky bear; and it was no particular merit of his to have fallen in love with Nora—but how she ever came to care for him passes my comprehension.”

At this moment the girls were startled by the discharge of a gun close at hand—a loud report, which echoed again and again from the surrounding cliffs. Partly screened by the large overhanging boulder-stone in their rear, and absorbed in their conversation, they had not perceived the approach of a second party from the direction of the Königssee; and now looking back, they saw a group of half-a-dozen gentlemen and ladies some twenty paces off, all talking together with much animation, the centre of the group being formed by a young man in the blue uniform coat of an Austrian hussar officer. In his hand he held a still smoking rifle, while with head thrown back he was watching with an air of comical aggravement the ever lessening figure of a large eagle, object of his abortive effort, and which, flapping its mighty pinions disdainfully, was sailing away towards those calm mountain-peaks where wicked sportsmen cease from troubling and weary eagles can find rest. The other members of the party consisted of another somewhat older officer in the same uniform, and of five ladies. One of these, who was dressed in black, appeared to be stout and elderly; the other four, attired in light-coloured summer fabrics, bore an air of greater youthfulness as well as of elegance and fashion. When Phemie caught sight of the group, the lady in black was holding up her hands to her ears with an expression of acute anguish, while the other members of the party were showering expletives of playful abuse or derision upon the unlucky sportsman, who, seemingly not at all embarrassed by his recent failure,

was retaliating with graceful self-possession,—the most lively part in the encounter of words being taken by a tall fair girl in pink muslin.

“It serves you right, Baron Wolfsberg, for having brought that horrid gun with you to disturb our quiet picnic. Can you not let pass a single day without murdering some unfortunate creature? And then, you know how strictly forbidden it is to shoot here without a special permission. You may thank your stars that no royal gamekeeper is at hand to take you into custody, as you deserve.”

“It is precisely because it is forbidden that I brought the gun with me,” returned the young man. “I have always had a special predilection for forbidden fruits; and really it is heartless ingratitude on your part, Comtesse Riki, to reproach me for it, when you know quite well that I only fired the shot in hopes of being able to lay my booty at your fair feet. Did you not lately express a wish to have some eagle’s feathers for adorning the green Tyrolese hat you wore at the Archduke’s garden-party last week?”

“I don’t believe you thought of me a bit when you fired that shot,” pouted the fair Comtesse Riki; “and besides, my new Tyrolese hat is not green but grey. You cannot have looked at me that day, or else you must be colour-blind.”

“You see I was so busy looking at your eyes that I had no time left for the hat,” returned Baron Wolfsberg, gravely.

“And what colour are my eyes, if you please?” pursued the girl, with a sudden softening of expression which pierced through the tone of light banter in which this conversation was being pur-

sued. "Are they, too, green like my hat, perhaps?"

"As green as forget-me-nots, or as the water of that lake," he affirmed, with a pathetic gesture towards the Obersee.

"We shall never get our coffee if you stand there chattering," now put in the stout lady in black, after carefully uncorking her ears and looking about her to make sure that no second shot was impending,—“and after this shock to my nerves I shall not feel well again till I have had my cup of coffee. Baron Wolfsberg, as punishment for your misdemeanours you shall be condemned to collect wood to light our fire while we unpack the provisions.”

Thus adjured, Baron Wolfsberg laid down his gun and cast a beseeching glance at the three girls in pink muslin.

"I shall require some one to guide my ignorance," he said; "I am not a connoisseur in sticks, and should be sure to bring the wrong sort of wood unless I am taught. Fair Comtessen Riki, Rudi, and Resi, you who as future German housewives must, of course, be initiated into the mysteries of the craft, will you be my mentors in the art of kindling a domestic fire?"

The three pink girls laughed, and, nothing loth, applied themselves to the task of seeking out the dry fir branches or stray pieces of wood which lay strewn about between the boulder-stones.

Phemie and Chrissy, peeping out from the screen of the rock where they were seated, noted how the slim young officer always kept near to the tallest and apparently oldest of the three girls, to whom, with comical gravity, he submitted minute portions of stick with anxious questions as to their fitness for the proposed object.

The other two girls, who were smaller and fairer than their elder sister, worked mostly alone, and had each far more to show for their labours than the united efforts of the other couple. Pursuing her task with much diligence and ardour, the girl who had been addressed as Comtesse Resi caught sight of a particularly fine log which happened to be lying just in the rear of Mr Dalrymple's camp-stool, and as she passed behind him in order to secure the prize, the young lady could not forbear casting an indiscreet glance over the gentleman's shoulder at the sketch now nearing completion, and which could certainly be ranked as one of Mr Dalrymple's most successful artistic efforts, for, inspired by his subject, he had been led to bestow unusual technical care on this piece of work.

"It is quite beautiful, I tell you," declared Comtesse Resi when she had regained her companions, clasping the unwieldy log in her pink muslin arms. "The snow-peaks are beautifully suggested, and he has hit off to perfection the blue transparent colour of the Obersee."

"I wonder who the fellow can be," said Baron Wolfsberg, who had just approached with a microscopic nosegay of dry fir twigs between his fingers. "He does not exactly look like one of those Munich artists one usually meets about here."

"Let us see this work of art," said the lady in black, after having securely established the pan containing liquid coffee-essence on the new-kindled fire. She had hitherto accorded no particular attention to the grey-coated figure in their vicinity, such apparitions being only too common in those parts; but hardly had she taken a few steps in his direction than an involuntary cry of recognition burst

from her lips, and Mr Dalrymple, glancing up from his sketch, perceived a stout elderly lady hurrying towards him with outstretched hands, and a broad smile on her swarthy countenance.

"Cher Monsieur Dalrimpello! What pleasure unexpected to find you here!" exclaimed Baroness Gabelstein, with effusive greeting. "Who would have thought, when we parted us on board the West Indian steamer in May, that we would find ourselves again here in the arms of nature!"

At mention of the West Indian steamer the look of blank bewilderment with which Mr Dalrymple had first regarded the lady disappeared, and rising to his feet with what grace he could muster, he too made haste to salute his fellow traveller of some weeks ago.

"You really must the pleasure give us to join our little party over there, and share our modest *gouter* after your labours," said the Baroness, after duly admiring the sketch. "We have not much to offer, but at least I can promise you a better cup of coffee than what in the steamer they gave us."

"I am sorry to refuse," replied Mr Dalrymple, looking embarrassed, "but you see I am not alone—my daughters," and with a gesture he indicated the two girls, who, ensconced in the fast lengthening shade of the grey boulder-stone, had hitherto passed unnoticed.

"What! you have your little girls also here brought! But that is a pleasure more. I dote upon children, and shall be delighted their acquaintance to make."

Phemie and Chrissy at a sign from their father now approached, and executed a couple of rather awkward curtseys as they were presented to the Baroness, who stared at Phemie for a full minute

before recovering the use of her usually so voluble tongue.

"But how many daughters have you then, cher monsieur?" she said at last, turning back to the father.

"Only these two."

"You mean to say these are the same little girls on the photograph you gave me for my album?"

"The same; but the likeness was taken three years ago, and they have changed a little since."

"Changed! I believe it well indeed. It is as complete a metamorphosis as that of the ugly duckling. Do you know, cher monsieur, that when I saw that photograph, I to myself thought this poor man is to pity indeed to have such disgraceful daughters. But now she has grown charming — *Ja wirklich reizend!*"

Phemie, colouring up under this unqualified praise, and under the close inspection of Baroness Gabelstein's keen black eyes, looked prettier still, and felt decidedly relieved when, leading the way with her father, who had meanwhile packed up his sketching utensils for the day, the lady prepared to rejoin her party. The two girls, following in the rear, had barely time to exchange a few whispered remarks on the subject of this novel and surprising turn of affairs.

"I say," said Chrissy, nudging her sister vigorously in the side, "isn't it jolly, now we are going to make acquaintance with real live foreigners?"

"Hush!" said Phemie, anxiously, "don't speak so loud, Chrissy. I feel so — so frightened, just as if something were going to happen. I almost wish that lady had not recognised papa."

"Why, what should happen? They are not going to cut our throats, and they don't look like cannibals either. They seem to be real swell people."

"Hush!" said Phemie again; and then further conversation became impossible, for they had reached the party grouped round the gipsy fire. Here the Dalrymples were introduced in due form to each separate individual: first to Rittmeister von Immhausen and his wife, a young married couple with a strong flavour

of honeymoonism still clinging about them; then to the three girls in pink, who were respectively designated as the Comtessen Riki, Resi, and Rudi Giffingen (*alias* Frederike, Therese, and Rudolfine); and lastly to Baron Leopold Wolfsberg, Ober-lieutenant in the — Hussar Regiment.

CHAPTER IX.—MOONLIGHT EFFECTS.

During the rustic repast which ensued, Phemie, seated between two of the Giffingen girls, had the opportunity of making some primary observations on the habits of foreigners in general and of Austrians in particular—for, as was presently explained to her, the party in question had driven over here from Salzburg, the first town across the Austrian frontier, some three hours distant from here. Frau von Immhausen, the newly married wife of the Hussar captain, and a native of some other part of Austria, had expressed a wish to visit the Königssee and Obersee, and Baroness Gabelstein, who asked no better than to seize upon this pretext for organising a pleasure party, accompanied by refreshments, had gladly done so. Despite her efforts, however, and the untiring energy with which she always pushed any object in view, she had been unable on this occasion to procure more than four other persons to make up the party. Everybody at Salzburg had seen the Königssee over and over again, and most people were dead sick of it by this time, and it therefore required some more powerful stimulus than merely the worship of nature to induce people to look upon this beautiful lake for the twentieth or thirtieth time. Comtesse Riki Giffingen had certainly visited the Königssee full twenty times already, but she was quite

willing to do so twenty times more if necessary, provided only that she did so in company of Baron Leopold Wolfsberg, a fact of which the pleasure-loving Baroness was well aware when she invited Riki along with her sisters to take part in the expedition. Gifted with a tall, graceful figure, a delicate aquiline nose, and a profusion of auburn hair, Riki Giffingen had been the fêted beauty of Salzburg society scarce half-a-dozen years ago: Gold Riki, as she used to be called then, partly because of her bright-coloured hair, partly by reason of certain expectations she was supposed to have from a wealthy godfather. But her beauty was of the kind that quickly fades, and now that she had passed her twenty-fifth year, people were beginning to find out that her hair was more red than golden, and that what used to pass muster as ready wit, on nearer inspection often bore a remarkable resemblance to ill-natured repartee. The first freshness of youth once gone, her features had become over sharp and pronounced, and there were hard strained lines about the corners of her mouth which had not been there before. One beauty, however, of which time could not rob her, were the large blue eyes, *à fleur de tête* of that true forget-me-not colour so rarely seen out of Germany; but even into these there had come a worn and feverish ex-

pression now almost habitual—the eager dissatisfied look of one who for years has been pursuing a delusive dream, for ever evading her grasp. Comtesse Riki Giffingen, like many another high-born damsel, had entered upon life with overweening expectations of what the future was to bring, and in the first insolent boast of her triumphant young beauty had believed that nothing short of a prince's crown backed up by solid millions could be worthy of her acceptance. But years had gone by, and though admired and flirted with by many men, no prince had shown himself particularly anxious to lay his coronet at her feet, especially after the rich godfather had departed this life bequeathing his money to distant relations. Riki had been twenty-three when this occurred, and realising that she had little time to lose, the more so as her two younger twin-sisters Resi and Rudi were now grown up, and, though far less regularly handsome than Riki had been, were in danger of becoming formidable rivals by reason of their greater freshness and artlessness, she wisely relinquished her lofty ideals, and set to work deliberately to capture the first eligible man that came across her path. Having wasted her powers of seduction in vain on every marriageable man within reach, her hopes had revived again with the advent of a new cavalry regiment last spring, the — Hussars, more especially when it became known that their colonel was a wealthy bachelor. Colonel Farkas was his name, and Riki's first efforts in his direction were crowned with unexpected success, for within a very few weeks of their first meeting the grim old warrior, who until now had passed for an irretrievable misogynist, had been utterly and entirely van-

quished by Gold Riki's aristocratic charms. Descended from no family in particular, Colonel Farkas owed his position in the army to merit alone, unbacked by favour or protection, while the very considerable fortune which had come to him somewhat late in life proceeded from an uncle who had made his money in the fabrication of matches. Though very different from the ideal prince of whom Riki Giffingen had fondly dreamt in her teens, Colonel Farkas was yet undoubtedly a good *parti* for a penniless comtesse, and more than one Salzburg maiden would have been ready to change places with Riki when it became evident that she had only to hold out her finger in order to become the Colonel's wife.

But things begun in cold-blooded calculation often take an unexpected turn which defeats all our forethought. The wealthy and hard-featured Colonel had a handsome young aide-de-camp whose name was Leopold Wolfsberg, familiarly curtailed to Poldi Wolfsberg amongst his comrades, the scion of an ancient but now impoverished German family; and rather to her own surprise, Riki Giffingen soon made the discovery that she had surrendered her heart to the fascinating young officer, and after a short sharp struggle between love and interest had acknowledged to herself that it would be no hardship to give up her dreams of ambition for his sake. Poldi Wolfsberg meanwhile, an instinctive flirt of the harmless order, who could never find himself in the vicinity of a pretty girl without making eyes at her, had entered upon the flirtation out of pure thoughtless gaiety. Aged twenty-six at this point of his career, he had already had flirtations innumerable with women both married and un-

married, and knew exactly—or thought he knew—how far to go in his dexterous management of edged tools. A cautious butterfly as he was, with no other object in view but that of amusement, he had always hitherto understood how to draw back in time whenever the game threatened to become too serious. Whether he would succeed in doing so now was a question affording much food for speculation in Salzburg society. Most persons there were inclined to back up Colonel Farkas's suit, being of opinion that Riki's infatuation for the handsome young officer, who had not a serious idea in his head, was unpardonable folly; but some few there were who, having a latent weakness in favour of romance, took a more indulgent view of the case. Baroness Gabelstein did not care twopence for either Colonel Farkas or Poldi Wolfsberg in the abstract, but was ready enough to further each suit alternately as prompted by expediency.

All these details only became apparent to Phemie Dalrymple somewhat later, when something like intimacy had been established between herself and the Giffingen girls. On this first occasion of their meeting she only remarked that the young hussar officer seemed very attentive to the elder of the three pink girls at whose side he was seated, and that a thread of playful banter ran through their talk to each other, though she could not always follow the intricacies of the rapid German conversation, and felt a little nervous at the thought of being possibly called upon to express herself in that language. She was not, however, on this occasion put through any such ordeal, for the three Giffingens spoke English with far greater ease and fluency than Baroness Gabelstein, and were

delighted to have an opportunity of displaying their acquirements. The Austrian girls of the present generation are mostly good linguists, and equally at home in French or English, the French *bonne* of their earliest infancy being mostly exchanged after half-a-dozen years for the English governess, who presides over the schoolroom up to their entry into society. These linguistic attainments of the Austrian nobility are, however, as yet chiefly confined to the fair sex, and those young men who are good modern linguists are still in the minority.

Poldi Wolfsberg was no exception to this general rule, and he therefore wisely confined himself to his native tongue, after earnestly requesting the sisters to explain to the English ladies that an unfortunate cavalry officer was so overwhelmed by the study of abstract military science that he had no time left to devote to the more ornamental branches of education.

"We spend our nights in burning the midnight oil over books and maps: that is why our foreheads are so covered with wrinkles, and our heads invariably turn prematurely grey."

"Don't believe him," said Resi Giffingen to Phemie, after translating the above phrase for her benefit. "If ever Baron Wolfsberg turns grey, it will not be from over-study, take my word, for it isn't on record that any one has yet seen him with a book in his hand since he left school."

"You do me gross injustice, Comtesse Resi," objected the young man. "Why, I read a whole French novel of Darwin in three volumes last winter, when I was laid up with bronchitis."

"A novel of Darwin's?" Phemie could not help saying, interrogatively.

"Well, perhaps the fellow's

name was Daudet, now that I come to think of it. You know what a bad memory I have, and all French names are so much alike."

"Daudet sounds a great deal more probable than Darwin," laughed Resi; "and Zola or Gyp would have sounded more probable still."

"I bet you haven't a notion who Darwin was, Wolfsberg?" now put in Captain Immhausen, for a moment interrupting the tender *sotto-voce* conversation he had been keeping up with his wife.

"Darwin? Oh, of course every one knows who Darwin was. My cousin Leo has a book about him, and I remember dipping into it one day when I was locked into his room by mistake by a fool of an orderly."

"Well, who was Darwin? and what did he write about?" persisted the Captain, who was fond of sifting any matter with true German conscientiousness.

"What he wrote about? Oh, monkeys I think—used to cut off their tails, did he not, in order to prove that they have souls?"

At this novel exposition of the Darwinian theory every one laughed immoderately; but Riki Giffingen, although she joined in the merriment, did so rather constrainedly, and seemed but imperfectly to relish this exposition of her admirer's ignorance. By way of changing the subject, she now said hastily, addressing herself to her right-hand neighbour—

"So you are both *Ecossaises*, Baroness Gabelstein tells me. How very interesting and romantic your land must be! But does it not make you sad never to see the sunshine, and to live all your life in a *brouillard*?"

Phemie stared a little, and then tried to explain that sunshine was not absolutely unknown in Scot-

land, although the heat there in summer is less intense than here; but her words were insufficient to overthrow the inrooted Continental belief that we live habitually in a sort of Stygian darkness—just as all Englishmen are believed to be a prey to that vague and mysterious ailment designated as "*le spleen*."

Mr Dalrymple, meanwhile, was talking confidentially to the Baroness on the trials and responsibilities which beset a father in charge of grown-up daughters; while Captain Immhausen and his wife, solely absorbed in each other's society, were displaying their conjugal affection in a frank unabashed fashion, decidedly startling to English ideas. Husband and wife belonged both to the dumpling order of beauty, and their union seemed to have been determined by motives of analogy. She called him "*Mein Schatz* (my sweetheart), to which endearing appellation he responded by calling her "*Mein Kind*"; and she evidently regarded it as a delicate and tender attention on his part when, having with his finger and thumb selected a large lump of sugar, he proceeded to dip it into the contents of his own coffee-cup, and then playfully popped it between the rosy expectant lips of his delighted little wife.

New and strange to the English girls was also the way in which these Germans all talked about their food as they ate it, debating upon the excellence of the coffee, and on the sweetness and crispness of the accompanying cakes, in a manner which is indeed overheard in English nurseries, but never tolerated in the schoolroom.

Phemie left her glass of coffee almost untasted, finding it strange and unpalatable by reason of the thick boiled cream with which it was made, in spite of Riki Giffingen's whispered assurance that it

was quite *délicat*, and that better coffee was not to be drunk even at the Archduke's garden-parties; but the more valiant Chrissy, regarding it as a point of honour not to refuse the proffered hospitality, swallowed the contents of her glass bravely at one gulp, after firmly shutting her eyes in order to escape the nauseous sight of the large thick flakes of curdled skin which floated about its surface.

When the meal was terminated, the three Giffingen girls dropped curtseys to Baroness Gabelstein and kissed her hand in token of gratitude for the excellent nourishment with which she had regaled them; while the other members of the party shook hands or bowed to the lady. In point of fact the coffee had been provided by Madame Immhausen and the cakes by Riki and her sister; but no one appeared to remember this, and by tacit consent they one and all seemed to have agreed that Baroness Gabelstein was to be regarded as hostess.

Chrissy stared in open-mouthed amazement while these ceremonies were being performed, but Phemie stood aside, feeling shy and embarrassed at sight of these unusual salutations, which she had not the courage to imitate, and whose meaning she but imperfectly understood. Soon after this the party broke up, but in rowing back homewards over the Königssee, the boat containing Mr Dalrymple and his daughters followed closely in the wake of the larger barge which had brought the Austrian party. Now that the sunshine was gone from the lake, the green and gold glory that had made it so resplendent in the forenoon had vanished: cold grey shadows were beginning to creep over the landscape, and the overhanging cliffs looked grim and threatening in the fast gathering twilight.

Baron Wolfsberg now produced a zither which he had borrowed from one of the boatmen, and accompanied himself while he sang several German Volkslieder with much grace and feeling.

“In einem kühlen Grunde
Da geht ein Mühlenrad,
Mein Liebster ist verschwunden
Der dort gewohnet hat,”

ran the words of the last ditty, sung on this occasion to a simple, pathetic melody, which, devoid of art or ornament, went straight to the heart—especially when heard on a still summer night in the shadow of the grand old hills which surround the Königssee. She could not follow the words; but listening to the singer's baritone voice as it reached them over the water from the boat in front, Phemie felt a strange, unreal sensation creep over her, as though she had suddenly dropped into a new unknown world where everything was different from what she had previously known, and where nothing she said or did seemed to have any connection with what had gone before.

It had grown almost dark by this time, and the Königssee lay stretched before them like a dead black pall, on which the stars overhead were beginning to cast their embroidery of silver spangles.

The singer's lay ran on—

“Er hat mir Treu versprochen,
Gab mir ein Ring dabei,
Er hat die Treu gebrochen—
Das Ringlein sprang entzwei.

Hör ich ein Mühlrad gehen,
Ich weiss nicht was ich will,
Ich möcht 'am liebsten sterben
Da wär's auf einmal still.”

By the time the last long-drawn vibrating note had died away over the water, the end of the Königssee was reached, and as he assisted

the ladies of his boat to alight, Baron Wolfsberg could not help noticing that Comtesse Riki's large blue eyes were full of tears, and that her delicately gloved little hand was trembling as she laid it on his arm. "You will be true to me? You will not desert me like the lover in the song?" her blue eyes were saying to him as plainly as eyes could speak. Seen thus in the kindly moonlight, which cast a becoming glamour over features that had grown too sharp, and a complexion that had lost the first bloom of youth, Gold Riki appeared as fair and fascinating as she had ever done in the zenith of her beauty. So perhaps it was not to be wondered at if Poldi Wolfsberg responded to the possibly involuntary pressure of the fingers with unnecessary warmth, or if he detained her hand for just one second longer than he need have done. In the next moment,

however, he anathematised his own folly, and hastily declining the seat so warmly pressed upon him by Baroness Gabelstein opposite herself and Riki Giffingen, he placed himself on the box of the second carriage, explaining that he wished to smoke a cigar.

"The deuce take it all! I was very nearly putting my foot into it there," he said to himself, as he drove back to Salzburg. "I'll be shot if ever I play the zither again or sing that sentimental rubbish by moonlight. The women cannot stand it: they are all alike, and it goes to their heads at once."

He cast an ironical glance over his shoulder at the inmates of his carriage—Captain Immhausen and his dumpling little wife, who had fallen asleep with her head touchingly pillowed against her consort's manly chest, and with both hands lovingly clasped within his own.

MY ESCAPE FROM MULAI BUSHTA.

OF Muhammedan countries Morocco is perhaps the most fanatical. There seems to exist there not only a latent hatred for the Christian, but also an intense jealousy for the more comfortable circumstances in which he exists. The Moors, who are at any moment liable to be thrown into the filthiest and most unhealthy of prisons, see the European living in peace and security; and while the natives are everyday squeezed, taxed, and retaxed to fill the pockets of unscrupulous *Bashas*, the European in Morocco pays no taxes either to the Sultan of that country or to those who represent their own respective Governments as ministers or consuls. And it is doubtless this knowledge of their superior state of existence, and their freedom from the constant fear of injustice and imprisonment, that adds fuel to the already flaming torch of fanaticism. The lives lived by the Moors are, without, perhaps, any exception, the most precarious and miserable that can be imagined. The poor man is thrown into prison for sums he never possessed, and can never pay; the rich to be squeezed of all he possesses: while those only can hope to escape who are members of families sufficiently powerful to arouse the fears of the local governor, should he attempt extortion, and not sufficiently powerful to stir up the jealousy and avarice of the Sultan. Even the governors of the provinces suffer themselves as they make others suffer; for just as they squeeze the agriculturist and the peasant, so are they in turn squeezed by the Sultan and his viziers: and should they fail by constant presents to

maintain a good opinion at the Court, they can expect only imprisonment and often death.

Thus it will be seen that the entire population of Morocco lives in a state of perpetual terror. But there are occasions upon which, for a day at least, they lay aside their fears,—occasions on which they need not hesitate to bring forth their richly embroidered saddles from their huts and tents, and adorn themselves in the gorgeous clothing that sees the light of day only perhaps two or three times in the year. These occasions are the great feast-days of their local saints.

There are numbers of these long-deceased *Shereefs*, much revered one and all, whose domed tombs help not a little to render picturesque a country with no particular features of beauty in many of its districts. In northern Morocco there may be said to be four great shrines, without counting those that are revered by particular sects and brotherhoods, and each of these on its particular feast-day attracts an immense crowd of all classes of Moors. They are Mulai Idris, patron saint of Fez, and founder of the Drisite dynasty, a common ancestor of the Sultan and the Shereef of Wazan; Mulai Bousalam, whose tomb lies on the sea-coast some miles south of the town of Laraiche, and whose yearly three days' festival attracts perhaps the largest crowd of any; Mulai Abd, es-Salaam, in the mountains of Beni Aros, whose tomb of rough thatch—for the saying is that the saint wishes for no mosque to be built over his grave—is daily the scene of pilgrimage; and Mulai Bushta, whose burial-place is dis-

puted, two separate spots laying claim to holding the sacred bones,—one in the mountains of Beni Msgilda, the other in Feshtála, near the great rocky mountain that bears the saint's name.

It had been the author's lot, previous to the adventure here to be related, to be present at the great feast of Mulai Idris at Fez, and to watch the long procession, a mile or so of strange fanatics, bearing the richly emblazoned crimson and gold coverings of the tomb and an enormous display of presents to the sacred shrine; and so interesting had he found this experience, so diverse and diverting were the people who thronged the streets, that he wished to enlarge his experience of such matters by being present at one of the other great feasts,—by preference that of Mulai Bushta, which, owing to its position between the mountains and the plains, attracts a more wild and representative crowd of the inhabitants of Morocco than any of the others. With what results his visit to Mulai Bushta ended will be seen anon.

If one were to ask any Moor who Mulai Bushta was, the only reply one would obtain would be that he was a great saint, who lived and died ever so long ago; that in the flesh, during his life, and since in the spirit, he has worked, and is to-day working, many miracles; and as one is told this the informant will raise his hand reverently to his lips and kiss it at the mention of so holy a name. But beyond this rather unsatisfactory tradition nothing is known for certain as to the saint's personality; and it is possibly owing to this fact that his tomb to-day attracts so great an amount of reverence and esteem. Had there been handed down any authentic records of his life, it is probable

that his notoriety would not to-day have been anything like what it is; for he must have been a man of power and authority to have sown the seeds of to-day's crop of sanctity, and in Morocco power and authority are seldom obtained without extortion and cruelty. However, rather than libel the old gentleman,—for he is reported to have died at a fabulous age,—we will satisfy ourselves by this,—that whatever he may have been while alive, his ashes—or one of the reported places in which they lie—are considered to-day sufficiently holy to attract yearly, and during a month of fasting,—for the festival is held on the twenty-seventh day of Ramadan,—an immense horde of people.

Of all the great feasts, that of Mulai Bushta is perhaps the most hazardous to visit; for the country in which the festival is held, though nominally under the authority of the governor of the next province, is altogether lawless, and the natives collected on the day of the *musim* or *fête* from almost every quarter of Morocco would fear no punishment for wreaking vengeance on any infidel who might chance to defile with his unholy presence the sacred spot: while again, the feast falling in the month of Ramadan, during which all the natives are fasting from an hour or two before dawn to sunset, adds not a little to their fanaticism by souring their tempers.

Mulai Bushta lies between the two largest rivers of northern Morocco—the Sebú and its tributary the Wergha, which unite into a common channel at a spot where the hills are left behind and the plains commence, through which the Sebú—for the two streams after their junction take the name of the larger—

flows to the sea, dividing the fertile lands of the Gharb and Beni Hassen. Where the rivers divide, and lying between the two, are the tribe lands of Oulad Aissa and Sherága, the former extending to the plains, the latter lying farther to the south and east. It is on the borders of the large province of Sherága, in the district of Feshtála, that Mulai Bushta lies, on the steep slopes of an enormous flat-topped block of rock that rises to many hundreds of feet above the surrounding undulating plain. This mountain forms one of a series of these strange peaks that lie along both banks of the Wergha for some distance during its course, and they form a spur of the larger mountain-ranges of north-west Morocco. Thus the position of the shrine is one peculiarly adapted for collecting a mixed crowd; for on one side undulating hills slope away to the plains, inhabited by the Arabs, while on the other the high mountains rise almost immediately,—the home of that strange race of fair people whose origin is unknown, excepting, so far, that it is not Semitic: for the mountaineers—I do not refer to the Berbers, who are again perfectly distinctive—despise the Arab and his horses, to whom they are entirely different in appearance and manner of living. Again, the two days' journey to Fez is sufficiently short to entice a crowd of the inhabitants of that city; while Meknas and Wazan and all the other towns within reach send large contingents,—even Morocco city itself, distant some twelve days' journey, is represented. The Berbers, too, collect in large numbers on the day of the *musim* from their mountains and forests to the south and east of Fez. A picturesque group

they form on their thin wiry horses, usually with their long white clothing much the worse for wear, and their saddles all shreds and tatters. They are the remnants of the original inhabitants before the Arab invasion, on which they were driven from the open country to seek refuge in the fastnesses in which they now dwell, setting at naught the authority of the Sultan, and constantly at war with their Arab neighbours. In type they are entirely different to the Moors, and seem to possess features Turanian rather than Semitic. Their language is the strange guttural Shellah, absolutely unlike Arabic in sound and formation. But besides bringing together these visitors from long distances, Mulai Bushta summons to his feasts many a plundering tribe from his nearer neighbourhood. Hyaina, for instance, whose country lies a day farther south; who are Arabs, and whose depredations upon the surrounding districts cause the native government at Fez constant disquietance, but with whose lawlessness the Sultan is absolutely unable to cope. True sons of Ishmael they are, their hand against every man's, and every man's against them,—good horsemen every one of them, and wild-looking fellows into the bargain. Besides these the mountains pour to the scene representatives of a dozen or so fanatical plundering tribes, whose love of religion and of loot is about equal. What with all these, and many more sections not mentioned, Mulai Bushta is a very hotbed of fanaticism on the feast-day, especially when, as on the occasion of the author's visit, the month of Ramadan falls in the heat of May. How great must be the reverence towards the saint will be appreciated when it is stated

that the pilgrims come from great distances, fasting the while, walking or riding miles every day along sandy or dry clay-tracks, without eating or drinking for a period of some sixteen hours out of the twenty-four—that is to say, from before the first grey tint of dawn until sunset!

I confess, however, that it was far more search for adventure and a desire to witness the strange sight than any feeling of religious zeal that determined me to accompany the pilgrims to the *musim*; while at the same time I was thinking of visiting Fez, and from Wazan, where I had been residing for some months at the court of the Shereef, Mullai Bushta does not lie more than a day or so's journey off the road.

For the last six months I had been living the life of the native, never seeing a European or hearing a word of any civilised language, and adopting the costume and many of the habits and customs of the country. So there were but few arrangements to be made in preparation for my visit. My horses were all Barbs, with long manes and tails in Arab fashion; my saddle was of salmon silk and gold embroidery, with the clumsy great gilded stirrups and the high peaks before and behind, my bridle to match; while as to clothes, I had complete changes of all classes of Arab costume which I adopted according to my pursuits: for to go shooting, for instance, in the long finely-woven dress of the people of the plains would be as impossible as riding would be uncomfortable in the short *jelab* and still shorter drawers of the mountaineers. As to my pack-animals, after several years' experience of travel in more than one foreign country, I have come to the conclusion that, as a

rule, the natives of each land have discovered the best means of travelling in that particular land. Often, it is true, from inefficient workmanship, their inventions can be improved upon; but it is seldom that one can replace a native pack-saddle, for instance, by one of some other kind, and find that it works equally satisfactorily,—a result often owing to the inability to understand it and the disinclination for new inventions amongst one's men. So it is that, almost without exception, I adopt the means of travelling that are in vogue amongst the inhabitants of the country. So it was in this case that my mules, when packed, resembled those of any better class Moor on the road—the bedding, clothing, &c., being all rolled up in carpets of native manufacture, while the whole packs were covered with the common striped native rugs, from the ropes of which dangled a display of native kitchen utensils, such as strange copper and brass kettles and bowls, a long-legged tripod of rich workmanship, on which the natives boil the water for their favourite mint-scented green tea, and a couple of large polished copper and brass trays.

Three or four days before the eventful feast I announced my intention to my men, who at first offered such few remonstrances as their position allowed, and then entered heartily into the zest of the affair.

Accordingly, on the twenty-fifth day of Ramadan we left the village where I had been camping for a couple of days, fishing and shooting, and set out. My caravan was by no means a small one; for quite a number of the villagers took advantage of my visiting the *musim* to accompany me, and of these many brought their wives

and children, mounted on mules and mares and donkeys; while to render the troop complete, a dozen or so of the village dogs, thinking no doubt they would obtain more to eat by so doing than by remaining in the half-deserted tent-village, followed in our train.

A few words must be said as to the men by whom I was accompanied. As always, Abdurrahman was with me. To travel without him, whether in Morocco, the Yemen, or Somaliland and Harrar, would be to me almost an impossibility. Ever faithful and trustworthy, brave and good, he has passed through many a bad time with me, but somehow we have always come out of it all right, to laugh over our adventures. Besides Abdurrahman I was accompanied by a man who stood me in good part on the occasion I am about to speak of. This man is well known for his most excellent horsemanship, his personal bravery, and his acme of perfection as a cattle-lifter all over the plains of north Morocco—where, by the by, the profession of horse-stealer is considered by no means an ignoble one. However, Sheikh Ahmed el-Jimai is no longer a young man, and having by his former profession enriched himself to a considerable extent, he has now abandoned his adventurous career, and taken to a quiet religious life, never missing the hour of prayer. Yet every now and then there comes over him a fit of the desire for the old life; and never is there a petty war between the tribes that he does not throw in his lot with one side or the other, and take the lead of the cavalry. In appearance he is small and wiry, his face heavily lined and scarred, but handsome nevertheless, with sharp piercing black eyes, and a grey beard and

moustache. On foot he is extraordinarily ungraceful; from continued riding he has become bandy-legged, and his feet and ankles are marked with the horny growths that are produced by the constant wear of the hard stirrup against the bare flesh. One can always tell a horseman in Morocco from these marks, for only the most constant riding will occasion them to any great extent, and Ahmed el-Jimai's feet are literally deformed with them. He has lived his whole life in the saddle, and that an old and a torn one. But to-day he has settled down, and bought himself handsome clothes and horse-trappings, and is no little personage in the Gharb.

My caravan contained also some half-dozen wild mountaineer mule-drivers, handsome fair men of the Beni Msara and surrounding tribes, bright amusing fellows, active as chamois, and always laughing and gay. Terrible ruffians they are to look at, and very different from the stately Arabs, with their short brown *jelabs* reaching to the knee, and just showing the lower edge of their embroidered drawers, and a length of exquisitely formed leg below. On their shaven heads they wind a yard or two of scarlet cloth, with a gold band across it, and literally hang their bodies with arms. A flint-lock gun with a barrel some six feet in length, a sword in a roughly embossed brass sheath, a couple of daggers, and innumerable embroidered leather and silk bags for powder, shot, and wadding, &c., add not a little to the ferocity of their appearance. And ferocious they are when on the war-path, but at other times easily led and gentleness itself, speaking in low refined voices with a manner that cannot fail to charm one. It is easy to see that little or no Arab blood runs in their

veins, for their fair skins and un-Semitic features are totally at variance with the Arab type, while their own traditions, and their avowed hatred for the plainsman—whom they laughingly say is obliged to ride on a horse because God has given him such poor legs that he cannot trust to them alone—go far to prove it. Their detestation of riding, and their absolute incapacity when called upon to do so, tells too not a little in favour of this theory—that their origin is not the same as that of the Arabs, and certainly not that of the Berbers, who are for the most part dwellers in tents, and horsemen one and all.

So before dawn one morning we struck the tents, and packed our baggage on to the animals' backs and set out, some fifty souls in all, what with the women and children, for Mulai Bushta.

For me to have attempted to go there in disguise would have been an impossibility, for I am far too well known in Morocco to have escaped observation. But I trusted to the fact that, although known as a European, the natives were accustomed to seeing me always in Arab dress; and the fact that I had lived six months in the house of the Shereef at Wazan as a Moor would, I thought, have calmed any fanaticism that might have existed on the part of the natives. In this I was right, but I forgot one other great incentive to attack, and was surrounded by all the luxuries that Arab life can supply—without, of course, a harem! My tents were large and airy, decorated in Arab fashion, and thickly strewn with rugs and carpets. My display of brass and copper trays, bowls, and tripods, was a gaudy one. My clothes and those of my servants were of their kind of the best; while my arms, a couple of good rifles,

a shot-gun, a revolver or two, and a heavy silver sword,—a present from the Sultan himself,—would most of all, perhaps, not to mention my horses and mules, raise the cupidity of the tribes. I had hoped, by making a display, to gain respect, for such is always the case in Morocco; but I overdid it, and aroused merely that innate love of possessing “what isn't his” in the heart of the Arab. In my rich clothes, and girded with a silver sword, hung with huge crimson and gold tassels, mounted upon a saddle of pink-and-gold embroidery, and with my horse's head half hidden in the rich bridle-gear of network and tassels of the same material, my stirrups and bit flashing in the sunlight, I must, as I rode at the head of our little caravan, with Ahmed el-Jimai at my side, have presented a very different spectacle to what I did a day or two later, when, with my garments torn to rags, shoeless, and with my bridle hanging useless on my horse's neck, under a heavy fire, I rode for my life from Mulai Bushta.

It was still early in the month of May, and the fields were green with long waving corn; the little tracks that answer in Morocco to roads were bordered with rainbow-hued wild-flowers; the orange-trees in the gardens were full of bloom, while many yet bore the fruit of the previous winter, and Nature looked her loveliest. We were a gay little throng, laughing and joking as we went,—even the women, usually so closely housed, taking advantage of their temporary freedom to enter into the conversation; while I, much to their husbands' amusement, poured the most inane compliments into their ears.

We stopped for the heat of the day in an orange-garden where

was a little dancing stream of pure cold water, and the female part of the caravan having separated itself and found a shady spot to rest in, our carpets were spread upon the velvety bank of the spring, and our mules unladen to graze. It was a charming scene: the sunbeams, dancing through the thick foliage of the orange-trees, just touched our carpets, and the pile of trays and copper dishes that lay strewn about caused bright flashes of colour in the deep green gloom. There was but one drawback. It was Ramadan, and we were all fasting,—and even the streamlet that ran at our feet seemed to mock us, for its waters were forbidden.

We made but a short march that afternoon, camping at a large village on the right bank of the Wergha, near where one of the great weekly markets is held. For a little way before arriving at our destination our path led along the edge of the river, very different here from what it is farther on, where it has united with the Sebú, and the two flow in a muddy turbid stream toward the sea. At this spot it wore all the aspects of the mountains it was now leaving, flowing over pebbly ground, here in fast rippling streams, there dark with deep pools, and here again surging in back eddies, on its course to the sea.

It was a warm moonlight night, and we pitched the big Moorish tent amongst the trees of an olive-grove, and hung it with coloured lanterns; while the mountaineers of my party sat outside and smoked their *kiff*—crushed hemp—and sang, accompanying themselves on the little two-stringed *gimbri*. But before dawn we were off again, and travelled all day, not halting for our midday rest, for we had

yet a long way to go. A little before sunset we pitched our tents at a large village of thatched huts and low brown tents which lay in the flat valley, a mile, perhaps, from the river's banks.

We had been travelling all day on the pilgrim road to Mulai Bushta, and crowds had thronged the entire way, all like ourselves bent for the same spot. Picturesque as were many of the groups, they did not offer much variety, for they were, with but few exceptions, one and all inhabitants of the plains of the Gharb and surrounding districts, from which the road we were travelling upon led, while the mountaineers arrive from their rocky fastnesses by an entirely different route. Yet it was a crowd well worth seeing, and, wonderful to relate, a clean one—for it is considered sacrilegious to resort to the shrine in any but freshly washed raiment. Seldom it is that one is blessed with a sight of cleanliness in Morocco; for although now and again the men seem to wash their clothes,—and it is seldom enough,—the women exist in the most abject griminess, that renders them as a rule anything but pleasant to the view, while on a nearer approach the sense of smell is often considerably affected. However, for once they appeared in new or clean raiment, with their long plaits of hair wound up in hideous silk handkerchiefs of every hue,—a diabolical mixture of cobalt and orange seeming to be the favourite. The men, on the contrary, presented a really fine spectacle. Many were well mounted on showy Barb horses, half hidden under great saddles of crimson, dark purple, blue, or yellow silk; many richly embroidered in gold. The dress, too, of the horseman of the plains is a most becoming one, for he

winds himself in the fine silk folds of a white toga-like garment called a *haik*, over which a long hooded cloak of fine white cloth or wool hangs gracefully from the shoulders over the back of the saddle, reaching to the stirrups of gilded metal. Now and again amongst the loose costume, at the sleeves, perhaps, a dash of colour is apparent, for underneath all the white garments a coloured *kufian* is generally worn. On their heads is a tasselled crimson fez, often wound round with yards of white muslin. Fine handsome fellows they are too, most of them, and graceful in the extreme in the saddle.

But in spite of the attractive sight these pilgrims offered, travelling was by no means pleasant; for the road of hard clay threw up, as the crowd passed along, a thick cloud of dust, which, entering one's eyes, ears, nostrils, and mouth, did not add to the pleasures of fasting, and by the time we arrived at our night's resting-place our thirst was extreme. It was therefore with no little pleasure, half an hour after the tents had been pitched, that I saw the village *mueddin* arise at the door of the mosque, and, with his far-sounding "*La illaha ill'Allah!*" call the faithful to prayer, and announce the hour of sunset and the termination of the day's fasting. With what eagerness we pressed the water-bottles to our lips may be imagined. Then from the other villages round arose the echo of the *mueddin's* cry, "*La illaha ill'Allah!*" the strange poetical words that have been the keynote of Islam for so many centuries, that have seen its rise, and are destined, no doubt, to see its fall.

A few minutes later we "break-fasted" off the most excellent *hareera*—a thick barley soup, with which the natives break their fast

at sunset; for to attempt to commence on solid food after sixteen hours of fasting would be followed by dangerous, or at the least painful, results. Then our spirits returned, and the mountaineers sang and puffed at their thin little pipes, and we lit the coloured Fez lanterns in the tents, and forgot all the weariness of our long ride under the hot sun over sweet green tea flavoured with mint.

But as we were to make an early start we did not sit up late, but turned in about ten o'clock, with the exception of the cook, whose duty it was to prepare our dinner—a meal partaken of, during Ramadan, at 1 A.M. I was tired and slept well, and scarcely heard Abdurrahman as he laid my little low Moorish table with my meal, and, hearing, paid no attention, but turned over and a minute later was asleep again. When I awoke it was dawn, and through the crevices of the tent I could see the cool steely light of day. By my bedside lay my dinner, untasted, except that a village dog or two had crept in under the tent-walls and carried off a part.

It was too late to eat then, and I was not long in realising that my fast on this occasion would be one of twenty-four hours, from sunset to sunset; for the Koran most strictly lays down the law upon the subject, that no food must be partaken of after there is sufficient light to be able to distinguish a black thread from a white one. So it was in no very good temper that I arose and donned my Moorish clothes, and listened to the sympathies of my men at my having missed my midnight meal. But there was no help for it, so putting on the best face I could, I mounted and led our little caravan forward to the scene of the *musim*.

The crowd thronging the road

had greatly increased, and often it was with considerable difficulty that we, on our swifter animals, could keep up our pace and push through the densely packed mass of humanity. The scenery increased in beauty as we proceeded, the valley narrowing considerably, and flanked on either hand by high ranges of mountains, those on the west being the highlands of Oulad Aissa, and on the east the jagged peaks of Jibel Setta. On the very summit of one of the former, in an apparently inaccessible position, glittered the white-domed tomb of Sid Abdul Nor. Not far beyond this the road crosses the river by a ford, easily waded at this time of year, but in the winter impassable. Then one proceeds for a time along the river-bank, until, striking more to the west, a steep hill is ascended. Here, too, stands a saint's tomb, with its white dome half hidden in a grove of olive-trees; and many of the crowd turned aside, being in a religious turn of mind, to pay their respects to the bones of Sid Abdul Karím, which lie within. From the summit of this hill the great rocky mountain of Mulai Bushta is in full view, rising high above all the surrounding ranges. We had caught glimpses of its curious flat-topped summit the previous day, but from this spot the entire mountain was visible; and as the long procession of pilgrims wound up the hill and sighted the holy place, a great cry of "Mulai Bushta" was uttered, and many dismounted from their horses and mules and prayed.

This first view of the mountain did not fail to affect me also, though in an entirely different way, for it was the goal I had come to reach, and if any adventure were to befall me it was there it would take place.

Many of the crowd pouring on to the shrine knew me well enough, and though most met me with the usual *Salaam alikám*, a salutation only offered to Moslems, a few scowled upon me in a way that was by no means reassuring, and already I began to foresee that the day would not end without an unpleasantness of some kind or another. But it was too late now to turn back, the mountain was in sight, and at all costs I determined to carry my journey to its end, not, it must be confessed, without an ever-present feeling of anxiety. It is wonderful how one's enthusiasm dwindles down as one feels that one is running into danger; but though mine flickered to a very considerable extent, I did not allow it to go out altogether. The road from here on became very bad. In places it was merely a track cut in the side of a low precipice; in places a stream-bed strewn with huge boulders. At length, however, all its difficulties were surmounted, and from the summit of a hill we gazed down upon the scene of the pilgrimage.

Below us, at the very foot of the big mountain, lay a circular plain, a mile perhaps across, ending on the east side in the tree-covered slopes of Jibel Mulai Bushta, and surrounded on all three others by undulating hills, some of which rose to a considerable altitude, ending in jagged peaks. Away beyond to the east could be seen the ranges of the mountainous districts of northern Morocco, range beyond range, until the far horizon was bounded by an indistinct snow-line; for although the month was May, and the snow melts in these districts during the summer, the unusually severe winter we had experienced had covered their summits to such a depth that even

the warm sunshine of spring had failed to melt it. The view, typical of the mountains of north Morocco, was a charming one, and I reined in my horse on the brow of the hill to gaze upon it. But more impressive than its natural features was the vast crowd collecting in the plain,—a dense, heaving mass of humanity, surging to and fro, while every path was pouring in its hundreds of new arrivals. Strangest of all the effects visible was, perhaps, the division between the inhabitants of the mountains and the plains, who, distrustful one of the other, did not mix freely, but kept to different parts of the level ground,—that chosen by the mountaineers being easily apparent from their dark clothes, while the Arabs, one and all in white, formed a strange contrast to their co-religionists of the hills. Hundreds of tents were pitched round the edge of the plain and upon the spurs of the surrounding hills—tents of all sizes and designs, from the great heavy *koubas* of the Shereefs and Kaid to the *gaïton* of white linen or black goat-hair of the peasants. I am no judge of the numbers of crowds, but I think I may say that I am erring on the side of discretion in stating that there must have been some ten thousand persons congregated there.

The first object for which I looked was naturally the tomb of the saint whose pious memory was potent enough to collect such a multitude. The simple white-domed building stands on a spur of the mountain of Mulai Bushta, at but a slight elevation above the level ground. Surrounding the holy building is a grove of olive-trees, from which a picturesque village rises tier above tier up the steep mountain-side—a village of white houses with their heavy

thatched roofs standing amongst thick hedges of aloe and prickly-pear, the whole surmounted by the precipices that extend to the summit of the rocky peak.

As we pitched our tents upon the slope of one of the hills overlooking the scene, a movement became apparent amongst the crowd, which withdrew to right and left, leaving a long wide open space through the centre. Then the “powder-play” commenced,—the one national game of the Arabs of Morocco.

A dozen or so horses are drawn up into line at one end of the plain, the riders, by means of bit and stirrup, working their animals into a ferment of excitement. Then at a given signal the long-barrelled guns are waved in the air, and the troop sets forward at little more than a walk, which increases as they proceed, waving their guns and saluting the while, until it becomes a furious gallop. Suddenly the weapons are brought to the shoulder, held with both hands, the elbows raised to the level of their shoulders, and the next moment the little troop of horsemen is lost to sight, enveloped in the clouds of white smoke which the flint-lock guns and inferior native powder produce, only to issue again in their showy trappings, reining in the horses with all the strength of their iron wrists, until the poor beasts, often with bleeding mouth, are brought to a standstill. The *lab-el-barond*, as the natives call it, admits of but little variation when performed in numbers; but this is not always the case, and at times one man alone will go through the manœuvre, introducing some new system of his own—lying back in the saddle and firing behind him, for instance, or under his horse’s belly.

As I sat in my tent I watched every kind played, two men from Hyaina being particularly successful, galloping standing on their saddles, and hand in hand. Doubtless their horses were trained as carefully as they were, for it must be no easy task to keep two excited Barb horses equidistant from one another on a straight course for perhaps a quarter of a mile. So poor is the native saddlery in workmanship, though gorgeous to the view, that there were necessarily not a few falls, from broken girths and stirrup-leathers, but as far as I could learn nothing serious occurred.

It was a wonderful sight, as troop after troop of horsemen galloped over that strip of green grass in the centre of the enormous crowd. Over the whole plain hung the thin film of the blue powder smoke, which rendered still more attractive the extraordinary scene. The pace of the horses loosened the graceful draperies of the riders, and often a yard or two of silk *haik* or of fine muslin turban trailed on the breeze behind them. As powder-play goes it was the finest performance it has ever been my lot to witness, even at the Court of the Sultan himself, for there must have been some thousands of horses and riders taking part in it. These were the men who conquered Spain—these the Arab hordes that have spread Islam so far and wide; but the next day the illusion is gone, the dream is passed, and the ferocious Arab, to-day in silk and gold, becomes once more the squeezed peasant of Morocco. All the gaudiness is put away, and the wearer proceeds wearily, and often almost in rags—for it is too great a risk to be clean on ordinary occasions, for fear of attracting attention—to watch his bullocks

ploughing the heavy clay soil, and riding upon a lame and sore-backed donkey, takes a few *moods* of grain to the market.

Weary of sitting in my tent I mounted my horse, and, accompanied by a little band of trusty followers, rode about through the crowd. Strange men there were there—Berbers of Aït Yussi and Beni Mgild, high cheek-boned and bronzed, speaking the strange Shella tongue, and mixing but little with the Arabs, with whom they are continually at war. Tired and weary with fasting and the heat of the sun, I sought refuge in my tent about mid-day, and lay down to sleep for an hour or two, until the cool of the afternoon should render life endurable again.

How long I had been drowsing I know not, but suddenly I was awakened by a loud shouting, and the next moment my tent, all the ropes cut, fell upon me. It was a rude awakening! As I crept out from under the folds of the tent I saw a huge crowd, screaming and yelling, pouring up the side of the hill on which my camp was situated, followed a dozen yards behind by a group of horsemen spurring their steeds through the crowd, foremost amongst whom I recognised Sheikh Ahmed el-Jimaï.

It was a race who would reach me first,—the crowd on foot, whose evident desire was to tear me in pieces, or the troop of horsemen in whom I recognised my protectors. It was a close race too, for Sheikh Ahmed and his party wheeled in between me and the crowd when they were no farther off than ten or fifteen yards. My servants were all engaged in trying to pacify the front ranks of the rabble, while the dozen or so of Sheikh Ahmed's party seemed to consider the butt-ends of their guns, freely resorted to, as the best

means of persuasion. The delay gave me breathing-time, and I was able to take in my situation. I was standing alone in the centre of a ring of horsemen who were yelling and screaming to an enormous crowd that was pressing upon them from all quarters, and at whom they hit freely enough with their guns and swords. Amongst the horses were my servants shouting, and as things grew more serious, and the circle in which I was every moment contracted, they too resorted to force. The din of the howling and cursing and screaming was awful, and each moment as the crowd increased grew louder and louder. Suddenly Abdurrahman left the edge of the circle, and coming to me handed me a revolver, which he had picked up from under the fallen tent, over which the crowd was now trampling. I realised in a moment that my only possible escape was to ride for it. The mountaineers and fanatics of whom the crowd consisted were all on foot, and I knew well enough that there is nothing the hillsmen loathes and fears as much as a horse. I saw that my horse was gradually being brought nearer by the crowd, and I remember feeling pity for him as I saw his flanks bleeding from the spurs of the man who was urging him forward; for one of the men of Sheikh Ahmed had mounted him as he stood grazing near by. I watched its progress with no little interest, as he snorted and plunged and kicked his way through the crowd to my deliverance, and I almost believed at the time that he knew the object of his rider. As I watched, and before I had time to move, I was suddenly seized from behind and thrown upon the ground, and the next moment I was looking up into the

face of a mountaineer who was kneeling upon me. I shall always remember that face. He was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, young and fair, with blue eyes. There was no look of cruelty or fanaticism, merely a stern reproachful gaze. He was kneeling on my right arm, and I could not raise my revolver. I had only one means to resort to, and, as I saw him struggling to unsheath his long dagger, I looked him steadily in the face and murmured, "*La illaha ill' Allah, Mahammed rasoul Allah*"—the verse of the Muhammedan belief—"There is no God but God, and Muhammed is the prophet of God." The man smiled, and sprang to his feet. "Back!" he cried to the crowd, "Back! He is a Moslem." For a moment the crowd held back, and I knew that I was saved, for my horse was close beside me, saddled but riderless. "Mount!" screamed Ahmed el-Jimai, and the next moment, with my clothes all torn, and my bare feet firmly clasping the great heavy stirrups of the Moors, I was on my horse's back. Meanwhile the crowd were taken aback. Some were shouting, "He is a Moslem!" but few seemed to hear in the press and excitement of the moment. But it gave me a quarter of a minute, and that was all I wanted. With a word to my horse, and a dig in his ribs with the razor-like corners of the stirrups, he started off with a huge leap right into the middle of the crowd.

Up to now I had managed to be tolerably cool, though by no means free from anxiety and fear; but the moment I felt that everything depended on my horse, I became excited. No coolness could stand me in good stead now, for it was a race for neck or nothing.

I drew my long sword-blade from its silver sheath—how little did the Sultan think it would ever be put to such a purpose when he gave it to me!—and away we went, Sheikh Ahmed and I.

I have but little recollection of what took place. I remember only my horse kicking wildly into the dense mass of people, who screamed and yelled, and tried to make way—an impossibility, so thick was the crowd. I remember that I hit as hard as I could right and left, until, when we were free of the horde, my arm was stiff and sore. I remember one man seized my bridle as my horse struggled along, and I think he will remember what happened, from the scar there must be on his wrist.

At length we were free of the crowd, making along the edge of the hill toward the road. For the first time I looked back, and as I saw the enormous bulk of people swarming over the hill from where my camp had been, thousands upon thousands, I felt sick and faint. It was at this moment the first shot was fired. I was ahead of Ahmed el-Jimai some twelve or fifteen yards, when whizz it came flying over my head and struck the ground just beyond me, sending up a little curl of yellow dust where it buried itself in the sandy soil. Then another and another; but the range was a couple of hundred yards or so, and the Moors seldom shoot very straight, though I knew by the sound of the bullets that the shots were fired from European rifles, with which many of the mountaineers are armed. For ten minutes we rode the gauntlet, for the hillsmen had run along the brow of the hill to intercept my course. For ten minutes the bullets whizzed over us, and one or two were

quite close enough to be unpleasant,—one striking the ground between my horse's legs and scattering the dust. As the firing ceased I began to think that the danger was over; but Sheikh Ahmed, still by my side, urged me to keep up the pace. I soon saw his reason, for, appearing over the brow of the hill some three hundred yards behind us, were a troop of twenty or thirty horsemen of Hyaina, yelling and screaming the while. Then for the first time I saw that the bridle had fallen from my horse's mouth, and hung idly round his neck. I pointed this out to the Sheikh, and quietly he handed me his gun, galloping the while, and, coming up close beside me, exhibited as pretty a piece of horsemanship as ever I saw in Morocco. Leaning out of the clumsy Moorish saddle, he adjusted the bit in my horse's mouth—neither his horse nor mine slackening the pace for an instant. Then I began to feel more comfortable, as I knew that no horse of Hyaina could keep the pace with either mine or that of Sheikh Ahmed, both of which were of his own breeding, and well known throughout the plain districts. And so it was; for our pursuers never gained on us the entire ride of nearly two hours, though they kept the distance fairly well. We had, therefore, but little to fear from them; for though now and again they fired, their shots were ill-directed, and they were armed only with flint-lock guns, while the roughness of the road, and the pace they were going, rendered their aim extremely wild.

Then the genius of Sheikh Ahmed began to show itself. The day was terrifically hot, and our horses were dripping with sweat and foam. He resorted, there-

fore, to the following plan. Whenever a particularly bad piece of road was in front, we walked our horses over it, often letting our pursuers approach to within a by-no-means pleasant distance, even with their badly aimed fire, putting our horses to a gallop again as soon as a level piece lay before us. By this means we eased the pace, while the Hyaina men never approached near enough to us to do us any very probable damage, and again had to gallop their horses over the rough stones that we had taken ours carefully over, while we were taking advantage of the better pieces to regain our former distance. The plan was entirely successful, and soon our pursuers were four hundred yards away in the rear, but still pertinaciously keeping up the pursuit. But the temptation was too great for Sheikh Ahmed to resist to try his luck upon one of the men of Hyaina, who persistently led the rest. Telling me his idea, I did not try to dissuade him, for naturally I bore the gentlemen behind me no particular love. Slackening the pace, I watched the manoeuvre. The Sheikh drew up his horse sharply and turned. In a moment he was galloping straight for my pursuers, who checked their horses, the single horseman alone proceeding. I thought they would collide, at such a pace did they approach one another. Not till they were some ten yards apart did they fire. The Hyaini was the first, and I heard his ill-directed bullet whizz over my head. Then with a yell Sheikh Ahmed raised his gun, and the next moment his adversary fell head-over-heels out of the saddle.

I remember laughing!

The rest of the troop delayed for a minute or two, some dismounting to pick up the dead

man, for he was killed, and the rest again joining in the pursuit.

We had but one more danger ahead of us. On a rock projecting over the road was a little group of men. The path was narrow, and pass there we must. However, they were evidently on their way to the feast, and would know nothing of who we were or why we were engaged in flight. One, however, who had probably seen the Hyaina men firing at us, lifted his gun as we galloped past and pointed it blank at Sheikh Ahmed, not ten feet from his chest. He never fired it, however, for the next moment he left his lofty perch on the rock, and my horse literally stumbled over him as he fell, brought down by a revolver-bullet. The rest of his party were so taken by surprise that they did not fire a shot until we were well out of range. It was the last episode of our ride, for a quarter of an hour later we walked our horses out of the olive grove, down the steep rocky hill near the tomb of Sid Abdul Karim. As we emerged on to the open plain I looked back. On the skyline, on the brow of the hill, the horsemen of Hyaina stood out black. I could not resist the temptation, but drew off my long white cloak, and, turning in my saddle, waved them "adieu." The only answer was the faint "ping" of a rifle.

Then I began to reflect on what had passed. I was faint and tired, and as I gradually realised how near a chance I had run of losing my life, a feeling of extreme depression crept over me. All the excitement was over, and the reaction set in, and of the two it was far the most unpleasant. Once or twice I felt so faint that I feared I should fall from my horse, but the sight of Sheikh

Ahmed riding silent and expressionless by my side revived me again. My clothes were torn and covered with mud; my shoes had been left behind me in the tent; the silver sheath of my sword was bent, and the bare blade, nasty and dirty, felt an almost insupportable weight: but more than all this, I had tasted no food since the previous evening at sunset, and it was now late in the afternoon. At length, knowing we were safe, we dismounted and led our limping horses, for mine had lost three shoes in the ride we had experienced, the native shoemith being but a poor workman.

At sunset we reached a village under the jurisdiction of the Shereef of Wazan, and there they took us in, and were most kind to us. Just as the *mueddin* called the hour of prayer we dismounted in front of the house of the local sheikh, and I drank greedily for the first time for twenty-four hours.

What had become of our men? That thought alone disturbed me. It was agonising, and I could not help imagining the very worst. Fear and hunger and weariness had completely overcome me, and I felt dazed and hysterical; and every time I closed my eyes I would start up again, thinking that I was witnessing the death of Abdurrahman and the others. The strain had been more than my nerves could stand, and though I had not to any extent realised it during the hour or two of imminent peril, it was only too apparent now. All night long, tired and weary as I was, I did not sleep. Every sound disturbed me, and I would creep to the door of the roughly thatched room in which we were spending the night, hoping it might be some news of the men. Once or twice,

as I opened the door and peered into the still darkness, I almost believed I saw them all with their throats cut lying in front of me, looking at me with eyes that seemed to say, "Why did you ride away and leave us?"

At dawn I rose and bathed in a little stream, a tributary of the Wergha near by, which lessened my fever a little, and refreshed me. But though our best course was to wait at the village, I felt that I could not bear the inertion and want of movement. Our poor horses were in a wretched plight, and any thought of riding them was out of the question. But we led them down to the stream, and washed the blood and dried sweat off their flanks, and let them drink to their heart's content. Then we gathered them a good feed of green barley and clover, and tethered them in the shade of some trees. Poor animals, they had experienced even a harder day's work than we had, but they both pulled through, and my bay to-day is grazing in the long grass not far from here (Tangier), as fat and as fresh as ever he was. Sheikh Ahmed's grey met a soldier's death, pierced by a bullet a month or two after our adventure, during a small tribal war.

Borrowing a couple of mules with native pack-saddles, we set out, as soon as we had seen to the comfort of our animals, for the residence of the local governor, Bou Mâhammed Shargi, distant some twelve or fourteen miles, which we reached about three hours later.

The dwelling itself is a poor enough place, built of sun-dried mud bricks; but near by is a glorious garden, with a stream of running water, and full of orange-trees. There we settled ourselves,

and I, who had fasted enough for this Ramadan at all events, enjoyed an excellent breakfast, much to the horror of the inhabitants of the village, who but seldom, if ever, see a Christian, and have a sort of idea that all religions keep Ramadan as a fast. Sleep followed, a deep pleasant sleep, from which I was awoken by the joyful news that Abdurrahman and the rest of my band had arrived at the Shereef's village, bruised and tired, but not seriously injured, with the exception of one man, Ben Aissa by name, who had received a charge of shot in the shoulder. My animals and most of my baggage had also been recovered. I rode back in good spirits, and I doubt if ever I enjoyed a moment of keener pleasure in my life than when I saw my little band of trusty followers coming along the road to meet me.

But little more remains to be told. After my somewhat "hurried departure" from the scene of the *musim*, my men had been taken prisoners by the local tribe and escorted to the neighbouring village of Zuoa. What ill might have befallen them I do not know, had it not been for the kind intervention of one of the descendants of Mulai Bushta himself, who saved them from any danger, and my baggage from certain robbery. As it was, I suffered only to the extent of some thirty pounds, the principal article of value which was extracted from my box being a valuable chronometer, which to this day I have never seen again.

I had but one satisfaction from the whole affair—namely, that just as the crowd by their action spoiled my fun, so did I spoil theirs; for from the moment of my escape all the festivities ceased, and the feast broke up in a general panic.

A month later I met with a band of men from Hyaina, from whom I learned the reason and story of the attack made upon me. It appears that their tribe were attracted by my goods and chattels, and believing that a box containing some clothes and stores was really full of gold, they urged the mountaineers on to raise a hubbub, in order that they might take the opportunity of the confusion to plunder. But their plan did not succeed, and they suffered to a greater extent than I did, for Sheikh Ahmed's aim had brought one of their number to the ground.

My escape has been dubbed by the Moslems as a miraculous one, which redounds not a little to my honour; for to excuse their bad shooting the Moors to-day say that it was Mulai Bushta himself that guarded me, and accompanied me in the spirit, turning aside the bullets. I am sure I am most grateful to him.

The affair was soon noised abroad throughout all Morocco; and often to-day, as I ride along the country tracks, through the wide plains rich in corn-fields, I hear the natives say to one another, "That is the Christian who escaped from Mulai Bushta."

WALTER B. HARRIS.

NATURE'S TRAINING-SCHOOL.

THE law of self-preservation is said to be the first law of nature, and all wild creatures certainly do their very best to keep out of harm's way, and to teach their offspring to follow their example.

From the moment that any creature, furred or feathered, begins its life, dangers of some kind beset it: quite independently of man, they have their own natural enemies that persecute them in the most relentless fashion. From morning to night some power, or a combination of powers, seeks to kill; and the hunted ones do their best to avoid the killing. It is an imperative law of nature that one creature shall contribute in some way to the support of another. The bare question of cruelty is not to be considered for one moment; for predaceous creatures kill quickly, and before the hunted one can fully make out what is the matter, it is dead,—practice in this, as in other matters, making perfect.

Looking at creatures, however, does not hurt them, and that is all I for one do, and have done for a long time now. How to get near a creature without alarming it is the chief, and in fact the only, thing to remember.

Yet forty years' experience of wood-craft will not—under certain influences, though you may watch patiently for weeks—get you a sight of the badger, although you know well he and his mate are within a few yards of you; and again some other time, when you are not thinking about him, he will cross the path in front of you. Here is this creature's home by daylight: a large hole under the roots of a great beech, which on

either side run into wild riot; a plashed bank hedge, one to fight shy of when fox-hunting, for the drop is a bad one.

If possible, we wish to see him come out of this when the dews are beginning to fall. There will be no need to get near to it, for the glass shows all that we desire to see. It is a fatal mistake to trample round about the entrance-hole of a badger, unless you mean to try and dig him out; for his nose is a keen one, and no matter how gingerly you may step, the soles of your shoes will leave a taint behind, quite enough to alarm him, and he will keep close or bolt out another way. Like the bear, he dashes in and out of cover at times with marvellous rapidity.

We have taken a four miles' walk over the hills and through the woods in the morning just to look at the entrance-gate of his mansion, and the same distance after six in the evening, on the off-chance of seeing him leave it for the fields of the coombe below.

Over the hill,—from which the woods in the vale below are looking like clouds of purple shadows lost in the haze, and far away lies the weald of Kent and Sussex,—we slip through the fir-woods as quietly as possible. Kitten-like mewings are heard and sharp snaps. The sounds proceed from one or two breeds of long-eared owls, and the snaps from their parents, who are whetting up their bills in pleasant anticipations of their forthcoming supper. From the last of the firs, by a side-track, we gain the beech under the roots of which our friar has his home. On our side some of the huge limbs

almost touch the ground. Quietly crawling up one of these, we perch close to the trunk and wait.

At times the beauties of nature are seen under difficulties. The moon clears the shoulder of the hill and rises in the sky, and from the rank undergrowth beneath us the midges rise also. For a whole hour we have to put up with their horrible tortures, until nose, face, and hands get bumps; then with a crash we drop off our perch and rush out on to the open heath. Not for a sackful of badgers could we bear that torture another five minutes. These midges can make a very purgatory of the woodlands.

The young badgers are carefully tended, and when at play they are most droll in their antics,—theirs is a kind of deliberate playfulness. In some counties they are called cubs, in others the young go by the name of badger-pigs.

I can still talk or write about the *Raptors*—the birds of prey; for the buzzards—both kinds, the so-called common and the rough-legged buzzard—with the harrier's hen and Montagu's harrier, are to be met with in places known to myself. So is the merlin. It is a matter for regret that this dashing little falcon should receive the treatment that it has done, and will yet do, I fear. Open moors or stony heath, the haunts of the grouse, plovers, dunlins, and of great numbers of titlings or moor-pipits, suit this bird best. From its habit of resting on large stones, for a look-out over the heather, it has had the name of stone-falcon given to it.

Larks, pipits, dunlins, and large moths, at certain seasons, form the chief food of the merlin. As it nests on the ground, its beautiful eggs when met with are smashed, or at the best taken for collectors.

Old and young birds are killed for the same purpose; a few are taken for the sport of falconry, but we fear most go to the bird-preserver's.

Creatures that are formed to prey on others—that is, to kill their own food—show their deep hereditary instinct of fight from the very first. All the will is there, if the power be lacking. For instance, in my time I have kept both falcons and hawks. Some, the most docile, reached me in mature plumage, freshly captured; others I have reared from the nest, when they were in their white-down state. Were they grateful for the care that was given to them at first? Not a bit of it; for the young falcons and hawks tumbled over on their backs in their feeble efforts to strike at me whenever I fed them. They would eat all I gave them, but they struck at the hand that fed them all the same. But there are degrees in wickedness, even among birds; and taking all my own varied experiences into consideration, I may say that the sparrow-hawk, for fully developed hereditary cussedness, pure and simple, in a state of captivity, beats all. I am sorry to have to say it, but it is the bare fact.

The young of falcons and hawks are well trained by their parents: from the time they are strong enough to pull at and break up the quarries brought to them, it is one long course of instruction. The old birds know perfectly well what the young ones will have to do, and they get them fit for doing it as soon as they can. They compel them to take longer flights day after day, and teach them how to stoop—that is, strike at their quarry. One or the other will shoot up with a portion of feather, or it may be fur, followed by the young hopefuls. Then the mor-

sel is dropped from the clutch, —down they dash for it, and the one that makes the quickest stoop secures the prize before it reaches the ground. When the old birds think the young can fend for themselves, off they go. This is not a case of choice but necessity, for they are simply cuffed and buffeted off. So well is this known in the country, that it is a common thing to hear a lad say, "Them 'ere hawks has druv their young uns off."

Before the chalk-pits that have been scooped out of the sides of some of our Surrey hills were worked as extensively as they are now for lime-burning, several kinds of birds used to nest in the fissures and cracks in the chalk—such, for instance, as owls, jackdaws, pigeons; and sparrows, as a matter of course. The owls and the jackdaws were permanent residents. Within thirty years I have seen nearly half a hillside blown and picked away.

Blowing, or blasting, as it is termed, is carried on very differently now to what it was in past years. The explosives used are far more powerful, and the firing of the shots, as they are called—that is, firing the charges—ten to one times more frequent. Indeed all matters are now carried on more rapidly and on a larger scale. The birds above mentioned fight very shy of those places now, for too many "chalk-quakes" are taking place all around them.

At one time the farmers had their own kilns for chalk-burning, in order to dress the land with it; but they are in ruins, picturesque objects placed in odd nooks and corners of the waste lands. I explore in them frequently, for on and in those old kilns I have seen some fine training going on.

The white owl has been called

a church owl amongst his other titles; but a ledge on the face of a chalk-pit suits him to perfection, because there he is practically invisible, when drawn up and asleep. For the chalk that has not been worked, it may be for years, or worked-out as they term it, is weather-stained and blotched with streaks of light grey-white and dirty buff. You have seen the owl fly there and settle, but your eyes are not able to make him out till you use the glasses. There he is, a rare bit of mimicry: so well does he fit the corner that you might miss seeing him, though only the length of a small room distant. These peculiar positions, assumed at times for purposes of protection and concealment by the owl family, are proof positive that nature trains her own creatures to act in the best way for their own wellbeing and safety. The crows—both the carrion and the hooded or dun crows—are, or have been, through the force of circumstances which have influenced them for generations, trained to a degree in the best way of taking care of number one—or two—as the case may be. Although they may appear to be acting with the most perfect indifference when met with—a rare thing now in game counties—they are really watching your actions, in order to see if any harm is likely to come to them through you.

In past years I was fairly well acquainted with crows and their ways: no one troubled himself about them particularly, unless they got at the young chickens on the upland farms; yet, strange to say, all their actions showed as much craft, so far as self-preservation was concerned, as if every man and boy about the place was under a contract to effect their destruction. Now and then a pair

got shot, and, strange to tell, these were cooked and eaten.

About the magpie I have a few words to say : he has a reputation all his own for astuteness, which is fully justified by the bird's actions. So very deeply laid at times are his schemes and wiles to gain his ends, that in many places the very name of magpie is associated with something uncanny.

How the beautiful creature has got mixed up with things evil in woodland traditions, we are not able to say ; one thing is certain, the traditions about him are not confined to England. It may be that some of the creatures that form part of the bird's food require a lot of circumventing at times, and that this has developed habits of appropriating unlawfully, of theft and cunning. When shot or trapped—not a common occurrence in some parts now—certain matters are found in his stomach that tell against him a little from some folks' point of view ; but then other matters of quite a different nature are also found, which he has also disposed of—and these are quite looked over. One or two men that I know make it a rule to examine the stomachs or crops, as the case may be, of all the birds that pass through their hands in the various seasons : sportsmen - naturalists these are, who keep the record of the various creatures, or parts of them, which are found in these—also such vegetable matters as can be made out. This is very interesting ; but they would not dream of stating that, because certain matters had been found in a bird's crop or stomach, they would always be found there : as the seasons change, so does the food. There is stint in nature's larder. Some birds are about late—that is, as long as the light lasts—others

feed by night. The most innocent creatures will baffle you at times, and the more astute ones do so completely.

As I consider him to be one of the ornaments of the woods, I should like to see the magpie where he used to be fairly common. If his training does not suit the present time, that is no fault of his. Strange changes do take place, and one of them may be that the magpie will be cared for before it is too late.

Searching for the nest of birds will very naturally take you into their haunts, and probably get you a sight of the builders ; but this is not to be relied on, for the guile of some birds when nesting is beyond common belief.

To a field-naturalist the varied types of bird - architecture are mysteries that he knows will never be fully explained. There are the structures placed in the trees, in the bushes, and on the ground,—a few of them, in the case of some aquatic bird, actually floating on the water ; and these are formed by the bills, feet, and breasts of the various builders. If one was asked to select four of the most beautiful nests constructed by our native birds, my choice would fall on those of the chaffinch, goldfinch, long-tailed tit, and the golden-crested wren. Under certain forced conditions I have seen in their structures deviations from the general type, but these little details do not count. As a rule, each bird selects its building-place, and constructs its nest on the lines that were first laid down for it in nature's training-school.

One of the most innocent of feathered builders is the little willow-wren, yet it will employ all sorts of wiles and small shifts to lead you away from the immediate vicinity of its nest. Strol-

ling once up a narrow cart-track, closed in on each side by copse growth, a faint cheep just overhead caused me to look up. Then I found that it was a nettle-builder, as the children call it, restlessly flitting from twig to twig, with a small white feather in its bill, that had dropped from a wood-pigeon. Finding that it was observed, it at once dropped down in the undergrowth, where we caught sight of it from time to time, creeping about more like a mouse than a bird; then it flew up into the trees again, still holding its feather. Anxious to know the meaning of these small manœuvres, I hid up in the tangle. Then I saw the bird dart into the bottom of a bramble-bush, just in front of the spot where I had been standing. When I examined this, right in the thickest of the tangle, there was the nest.

Watching a pool one morning from behind some cover, a wild duck rose from the rushes. From the start I could see she would pass low down, just on one side of my hiding-place. As she skimmed by, with her wings half bent, not a sound could be heard. Just as quietly, she dropped in the grass not fifty yards away; then peep, peep, could be heard. The duck had been down to the pool for a dabble and trim-up, coming back to her ducklings in the quiet manner I have described. Birds soon find out where they are safe, and they at once take advantage of it. This duck had made her nest and hatched out close to a lot of pheasant-coops that were vigilantly watched by day and night. The young are carried at times, when necessary; and they follow where the course is clear. More than once I have been asked how water-fowl have got their broods safely into apparently impossible

situations. To these questions there is only one answer: we cannot know, for they move them in the dark. In trying to escape observation, which to water-fowl at all times means danger, their ways, when once you know them, are much the same. If the wild duck has reason to think that her nimble little ducklings are in danger, you will hear a couple of quacks, the head and neck are stretched out on the water, and then clap, clap, clap go her wings, sending up showers of spray. When that performance is over, you will find all the little swimmers have disappeared somewhere.

The common barnyard ducks I have seen act in the same way, proving that although years and years of domestication have altered the plumage, and very much added to their weight,—no small consideration from a dining point of view,—the ways that their ancestors were trained up in have been transmitted by the laws or rules of natural heredity to themselves.

How strong this implanted instinct is—we use the word instinct for want of a better one—is very quickly shown; for no matter how long creatures have been domesticated, if left entirely alone to their own devices they are soon wild again.

The fox, named by nomadic wanderers the wild red-dog,—a fitting title for him,—is still held up as a type of all the objectionable qualities that it is possible for any creature to have or hold,—setting on one side the question of sport which he provides in the season. Tradition has had much to do with this—tradition still firmly believed in by some at the present time. All his bad deeds are freely spoken about, but very rarely his good ones. Yet the fox

is to a certain extent a killer of vermin; and some of the depredations laid to his charge are committed by other creatures. I am well aware that any question concerning Reynard is a very delicate one to discuss, let alone venturing to write about him; for opinions vary greatly. Wide-awake he is, at all times, to take advantage of what man may rear and protect for his own especial benefit. Cunning he is in the full sense of the word, but not more so than some other creatures: he has been fixed on as a very convenient scapegoat, and such he will have to remain.

Turkeys, geese, ducks, pheasants, hares and rabbits, also fish when the chance offers—he samples them all, one must freely admit the fact; but those who have to look after these do their best to balk Reynard in his weakness for luxuries. It is only in starving winter weather that he will not be denied.

On the Continent the wolf is credited with all the qualities of the fox, with a few more thrown in; and the wolf, it must be remembered, is really dangerous. Reynard is harmless, so far as human beings are concerned. Those who have had to do with numbers of the wolf family have given them a bad name. The Australian dingo is a bad lot—at least the sheep-farmers consider him as such.

There are various ways of looking at matters: creatures are good or bad so far as their actions do or do not affect man's interest. Wild dogs have been known from beyond record; the wolf, dingo, and fox belong to the family. That they are most clever in a state of nature is nothing to wonder at, for from that family we have the dog, man's most faithful and devoted servant.

Young animals in a state of nature, like children, amuse themselves by going through the actions they will most likely have to carry out in earnest after they have left their parents. The mimic fights gone through by the cubs of the fox, the otter, and the badger, end at times in real pitched battle; and their milk-teeth are as sharp as needles. So the little demons for the time being worry, tug, snarl, shriek, and scream, until parental authority puts a stop to their unruly behaviour. Like children, they soon fall out: it is a sign of good health. When a quarry is brought in, no matter what it may be—fur, feather, or fin—they are all at it,—each one wants more than his mouth will hold; but this fun does not last, for the mother—sometimes the father—breaks it up and divides it in fair proportions. If they do not act as their fond parents think they ought to do, after all the examples set them, they get punished: the parents have two ways of taking a cub by the neck; one is very pleasant, the other is the reverse.

It is interesting to watch young birds. Some are blind and quite helpless for some time after they are hatched; others come out with all their faculties and begin at once to get their own living, for they follow their parents directly. Blind and naked as most young birds are for a time, they know when their parents are coming with food, and when danger is near, by the different calls given by these.

There they are in the nest before you, their weak necks moving from side to side and all their mouths wide open, for they have heard the feeding signal. But the mother sights you, and the note is

altered. At once their mouths close, their necks sink down, and in a few seconds they are packed in one close heap.' This is what you will see when the young are in this state. After they have got their feathers, although not yet strong enough to fly, and they still keep to the nest, the same note uttered would cause them to tumble out of it in all directions, for they are trained to this.

A volume might easily be written about young fish that are hatched out in our rivers, streams, and ponds. From the time they are out in the water they have to look after themselves. How the countless shoals of tiny creatures manage to get on is a mystery; but they do this, and they keep apart. I have seen shoals of young carp, roach, gudgeon, and perch,

all in the same brook in various stages of growth, each shoal in that part of the brook best suited for it; and about every two yards a young pike would be seen, six or seven inches in length, either by the side or at the end of some weed, waiting to pounce some of the little roach or gudgeons that might come by. At the time I am thinking of the water was pure and the weeds were green; but fish-nurseries are hard to find now, I am sorry to say.

There is something the matter, and no one seems to know exactly where the fault lies. At one time fish were left to take care of themselves,—then they prospered exceedingly; but directly they were cared for, things apparently went wrong.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

THE 'GLEANINGS' OF MR SAMUEL JACKSON PRATT.

THE name of Mr Samuel Jackson Pratt is probably almost forgotten, and his works, which may have been voluminous rather than valuable, have ceased to command attention, though in their time they seem to have been sufficiently popular. They comprised poems, plays, novels, essays on religious and philosophical subjects, and gleanings on travels both abroad and in England. It lately chanced that I had to refer to a passage in one of the volumes of these 'Gleanings,' and as I found it interested me I was tempted to read on. My interest continued, and it has occurred to me to try whether others may not also find something pleasing or curious amongst the pages of this long-buried author.

Mr Pratt seems to have been of a variable disposition. In life he played many parts. He was educated for the Church, but adopted the stage as his first profession. Failing here, he took up literature, and became a bookseller at Bath. But he did not long remain fixed in one place. He travelled and wrote abundantly, and finally died at Birmingham in 1814, when about sixty-five years of age. His poems I cannot manage to read, and his novels I have not seen. His notes or gleanings alone attract me. The observations are not profound, but they are lively enough. They even secured favourable notices at the time of their publication from such severe critics as the editors of the 'Anti-Jacobin Review.'

Mr Pratt's first harvest-field was in Wales. Thence he proceeded to Holland and Westphalia, returning to England itself, and gleaned his own native country during the very first years of the present century.

In his preface to his Welsh tour, Mr Pratt, who must have been a most courteous gentleman, takes the opportunity of paying a compliment to Mrs Radcliffe, who had lately passed over the ground which he was about to explore; and this leads him into further compliments "to the exquisite pen of Mrs Bennet—the truly elegant Muse of Laura Maria, and many other ladies" whose fame is only known to those who have leisure enough to fathom the follies of the "Della Crusicans."

Mr Pratt's notes on Wales are not very important, and may be passed over rapidly. He was delighted with the scenery, as was natural to one who was grateful for possessing "an excessive sensibility of vegetable beauty." He was shaved by two female barbers, "both of whom beat the men at a beard, all to nothing." Superstition he found very rife. When the waves roared in a peculiar way to the westward, some fatal accident at sea was sure to occur. Lighted candles, presaging funerals, would spring up before people and insist on accompanying them during their walks. Other strange things often happened, but perhaps some of them were due to sensational sermons. Mr Pratt attended a meeting at which the preacher and the congregation were equally extravagant. He says they "really threw at sober distance all that I ever saw, all that I ever heard, of human or beastial violence."

Lord Lyttelton had just been visiting Wales, and had frightened kind hearts by always "scribbling" while within doors, and, when without, by running up and down hills

and dales in an imprudent manner, though he was neither young nor strong. The "folks thought him a madman, but his *valet de sham* told them he was only a poet." Perhaps a real lunatic might have discovered a fitting theme in "an honest farmer, who had just died at the age of 105, having had by his first wife thirty children, ten by his second, and four by his third. His youngest son was eighty-one years younger than his eldest; and eight hundred persons descended from his body attended his funeral."

Mr Pratt remarks that the Welsh are an inquisitive race; but he seems so ready to take the world into his confidence that this peculiarity may have been less annoying to him than to other travellers. He mentions casually during his tour that he was a friend of Goldsmith's and John Howard's, and that Dr Johnson had addressed him at least upon one occasion. With these gratifying assurances he takes his readers into Holland. The traveller very quickly met with some French emigrants, who had good reason to agree with Mr Canning as to the Dutch character. A small party of them were forced to pay five French crowns for a single meal of tea, milk, and a little dry bread. Mr Pratt, indeed, saw a good deal of many of these exiles, some of whom were his companions on his return voyage to England. Their vessel was chased by a man-of-war, which for a time was believed to be French, but which, happily, turned out to be a British frigate. During the pursuit many of the emigrants determined that they would commit suicide rather than fall into the hands of their countrymen, nor does our author doubt that they would have carried out this grim intention. It may

be noticed that Louis XVI. was generally spoken well of by his unfortunate subjects, and that their favourable opinions surprised the Englishman. But to revert to actual experiences in Holland. Mr Pratt appears to have made a bad start by catching a severe cold at a review held by the Prince of Orange, which he could only cure by sugar-candy. Of this homely article he had to purchase five shillings' worth—an amount that seems excessive. It is greatly to the gleaner's credit that he never misses an opportunity of praising kindness, or condemning cruelty, to animals. One of the first things to which he calls attention is the care taken by the Dutch of their cows and oxen, many of which were guarded with light fancy dresses from the flies in summer, and with thicker clothing from the cold of winter. This was by no means the only custom that surprised him. He found singing on all occasions to be universal, whereas he had expected a silent people. Sea air was regarded as a "pestilent congregation of vapours." Men and women alike habitually shook their heads, and bowed. This latter practice had been discarded by the French, who found it both servile and expensive in the way of hat-gear.

Mr Pratt endeavoured to obtain rooms at Scheveling, where an inn-keeper had many chambers to let "which never feel sunshine or air except on Sabbath-days," but the price was prohibitive. Another host charged him eighteen stivers (about 1s. 6d.) for "a small tumbler of milk, about a tea-spoonful of Hollands, bread in proportion, and about forty shrimps," though a Dutchman was only asked four stivers for the same refreshment.

On his return to The Hague the

gleaner went to a fair which was patronised by the Prince and Princess of Orange, who walked about making purchases, which their unlucky courtiers had to carry. To such drudgery, even on the score of the weight alone, London footmen would not have submitted.

In a letter from Haarlem we are told that the trial of Warren Hastings is as much "the subject of conversation as at home, and that it is uniformly spoken of with wonder, generally with indignation, as the darkest ingratitude." At Broek only did the author find an instance of the proverbial Dutch neatness becoming painful. Here a new vicar failed for some reason which he could not fathom to win the confidence of his parishioners. At length an old man revealed the secret. The vicar mounted the reading-desk and pulpit in his shoes after having walked down the street. His predecessor had always changed to a pair of slippers.

From Holland Mr Pratt passed into Westphalia, and was much struck at Weyzel by the haughtiness of the French Republican officers to their servants. Though all were equally prisoners of war, the servants were expected to receive their masters' orders "with their heads uncovered, and their bodies bent in a very unrepugnant manner." Some curious habits again attracted our traveller's notice. Tea and coffee were drunk almost every hour, the women taking snuff over it, and the men smoking. The cups used "scarce held so much as an acorn," and would "scarce serve a fairy to sip dew-drops," but their inconvenience was disregarded. Tradesmen were marvellously obsequious, and made a point of taking off their shoes before entering a room

where their employers were sitting, nor did they ever dare to send in their bills "undemanded."

The gleaner in his wanderings finds many traces of the horrors of warfare, and these lead him on to general reflections upon the French Revolution. He doubts whether posterity will accept the truth. It cannot be expected that "succeeding generations should suppose that there had ever entered into the heads or hearts of their ancestors those innovations in cruelty, those original sins in the old age of a wicked world, that even now we could not believe but that we know them to be facts."

Some stories follow, but none of them relate to events witnessed by Mr Pratt himself. We need only observe that he was acquainted with Madame de Lamballe, and that he has no hesitation in affirming that the existing authorities might easily have checked the September massacres, though he seems doubtful about their powers to control affairs on the 10th of August.

In the advertisement to his first volume of 'Gleanings in England' the writer puts forth a bold challenge—"There will not be found a friend or foe, native or alien, in or out of the realm, who after a candid and honest inspection of what is here placed before them can say conscientiously the resemblance of this copy to the original is not as far as it goes correct." We may feel, therefore, that we are following a trustworthy guide. Mr Pratt, who is now addressing himself to a distinguished foreigner, commences with a burst of praise of English stage-coaches and post-chaises.

"How," he inquires, "shall I gain credit from those accustomed to the sickly movement of the reluctant

wheel over German leagues of absorbing sand, where man, beast, and machine appear to be alike torpid? How shall I ask such to believe that an Englishman may take his seat at nine o'clock in the evening in a common public vehicle of this country,—profoundly atmospheric, and constitutionally saturnine, as we have been deemed!—and be rolled boundingly over the almost velvet surface of one hundred miles by the corresponding hour of the morning? and *that*—in comparison of the Dutch, Prussian, or German stages—almost without being sensible of any motion at all.”

In a post-chaise more than double this distance might be accomplished, and people unfamiliar to such luxury might think that “Mercury was conveying them on his own pinion, or flying with them in a chariot of gossamer.”

Travelling in this rapid manner, the gleaner soon reached Norfolk, where he was impressed by the amount of turnips grown. Each parish devoted on an average 260 acres to this crop, and there were 660 parishes in the county. The quantity of grain exported also struck him, and he tells us that it was a saying that the four Norfolk ports exported as much corn as the whole of the rest of England. The consideration of agricultural topics leads on to a lament over the great extent of waste land in the island. There were about twenty-two millions of uncultivated acres, of which Scotland contained about $14\frac{1}{4}$ millions, England $6\frac{1}{4}$ millions, and Wales $1\frac{1}{2}$ million. This total was, however, being reduced, and the national wealth was increasing in consequence. From the national wealth to the national debt the transition is easy, and we are told that the “very account of this debt is in itself almost too mighty for the grasp of the human mind. It was

even in the midsummer of 1796 £360,100,000, a sum which from its magnitude has thrown even over a description of the means and modes of paying it an air of ridicule.”

Mr Pratt gives a long description of a visit paid by him to Houghton, and takes the opportunity of correcting Sir Robert Walpole’s famous saying, “All men have their price.” He tells us, what we all of us now know, that it really was, “All those men have their price,” and unkindly adds that many of them justified the observation.

The foundation-stone at Houghton had a Latin inscription on it, which is thus translated:—

“Here *that* Sir Robert Walpole with whom thou, posterity, shalt not be unacquainted, hath fixed *me* to stand, as a foundation of a seat designed to be built in his native county, the 24th day of May in the year 1722. God grant that after its master to a mature old age shall have long enjoyed it in perfection, his latest descendants may safely possess it in an unimpaired condition to the end of time.”

We pass on to an anecdote of Lord Petre, who seems to have been a most philanthropical patriot:—

“He came down to the Hall last week with a new fancy: he will let no young batchelor work on his premises while the king wants soldiers, but, if they go and serve his majesty and their country, and return to the Hall, then their pay shall be doubled.”

But the war brought many painful scenes before our gleaner’s eyes. He mourns over “hundreds of the populace” who are forced into demanding bread at a reasonable price, and denounces the “fore-stallers and monopolisers” who hoarded up the stores to enhance their value. The “populace,” one

is glad to learn, generally succeeded in their demands, which they preferred in most instances with admirable temper and moderation.

For the farmers times were indeed grand. Some of them "could afford to till only two-thirds of their farms; and yet so excessive were their gains that they could afford to play at guinea-whist, and to mix brandy with their wine." From Norfolk the author journeyed south, and in due time arrived at Newmarket, but the manners of the turf did not attract him. He quotes, however, one rather comic advertisement from a jockey who

"is fit to start for match, sweepstakes, or King's Plate; well-sized: can mount twelve stone, or strip to a feather; is sound wind and limb, and free from blemishes. His sire won the King's Plate at York and Hambleton, the Lady's Subscription Purse at Nottingham, the Give-and-take at Lincoln, and the Sweepstakes at Newmarket. His grandsire beat Dick Rogers at Epsom and Burford, and Patrick M'Cullum over the Curragh of Kildare. His great-grandsire and great-great-grandsire rode for King Charles II., and so noble is the blood which flows in this jockey's veins, that none of his family were ever distanced, stood above five feet five, or weighed more than twelve stone."

Races struck our observer as cruel to the animals engaged, and he holds up in contrast the examples of Sir Richard Hill of Hawkestone, in England, and the Honourable Henry Erskine, the leading advocate of the Scotch Bar, who rescue worn-out horses from their labours, and give them "the repose which age, misfortune, and honest servitude deserve, on the purest principles of compassion."

But, as we have seen, cruelty to animals interested Mr Pratt on all occasions. He reprobates such sports as bull-baiting and cock-fighting with great zeal, and is especially severe on the argument which was sometimes brought forward in their support.

"I am ashamed," he says, "to give you the State motive—the ferocity of the animals thus made to madden and mangle each other even unto death keeps alive, forsooth, the national fierceness! and the English soldier takes a lesson of courage from the English bull and bull-dog."

Ladies do not escape:—

"Our fair ones, too, reflect little on the wrongs and agonies inflicted under their roofs on dumb and defenceless victims, but talk of *crimped fish*, and *lobster fresh* boiled, and recommend them to their friends at table with the most eloquent hospitality—

'From lips like theirs, what precepts fail to move.'"

In 1802 the gleaner was in Birmingham, where he found "a superlative degree of social spirit." The news of the Peace of Amiens was received there with the wildest enthusiasm. It took ten hours and forty minutes in coming from London, and arrived at 3 A.M. "The rapture discovered itself in almost every circumstance. The very pewter-pots were wreathed with laurel and other evergreens." I may take leave of Mr Pratt in so delightful a scene, but I will just add that one of his many writings may be still seen at Westminster Abbey—the inscription upon the monument of his friend Garrick.

IDDESLEIGH.

KNOWN AND UNKNOWN.

"Le soleil ni la mort ne se peut regarder fixement."

O HIGH-ASPIRING soul of man that reaches
Beyond the utmost vistas of the stars!
O frail and flinching sense that mars
The effect begun, and thwarts what wisdom teaches!

Man's mind has weighed the overwhelming Sun,
Conned and mapped out his race,
Perused the records flaming on his face,
And summed the courses he has left to run.
His very elements are thrown
Into man's crucible and known,—
Yet can our eyes abide
His noonday pride?

Known are the chemic laws
How, from what studied cause,
This mortal body must
Resolve itself to dust:
Yet lurks in silence of the tomb
Utter and fathomless intensity of gloom.
For, as in the Sun's face
Nothing is brighter or less bright,
But all one dazzling space
Of indistinguishable light,
So in all other dark
The accustomed sense some difference may mark;
But when we look on Death,
Albeit we strive with knowledge to control
Our tremors, and to heed what wisdom saith,
And bid our sense take comfort from our soul,
Yet Death's impenetrable black disguise
Dazzles our eyes:
And so each human generation stands
Into the darkness stretching suppliant hands.

Behind that noontide splendour of the sun,
Athwart that luminous haze,
Could our abashed gaze
Pierce, and a way be won,
A path for vision free,
What should our senses see?

An insupportable furnace, a soil burnt out and charred,
A ball of lava half molten, a riven and fiery shard,
Pitted with clefts and chasms, and every pithole filled
With sulphurous flaming gases, its remnant of sap distilled,
Distilled and for ever distilling, and fiercely whirled through space,
Whirling, whirling, and whirling in mad and meaningless race;
Parched and shrivelled and splitting, and doomed to a day foretold,
When even the fiery life of the brute insensate thing
Must flame and flicker away and sink to a torpid cold,
And one more star shall shoot from its æon-travelled ring.

Thus, ere men learnt the starry runes to spell,
Had mortal minds prefigured hell.

O bland, O wonder-working Sun!

Is this truth told of you?

Who in your splendour draw the dew

Through the soft night to fall

And crown your work begun,

O friend of all!

Ay, of the poorest cripple whose worn thatch

Gapes in the winter to the wind and rain:

Huddled he crouches by cold hearth to catch

Faint animation, till you come again.

Food, clothing, shelter, none are for his uses

Save such as very need almost refuses.

Love knows him not, and hardly Pity lingers

To gather fire and chafe his perished fingers.

Reckon his all, and when the reckoning's done

Nothing he has, save only you, O Sun!

But when once more your bounty is bestowed,

He limps some score of paces down the road;

Tottering upon stiff knees and twisted toes

And shaken with the palsy, forth he goes

And sits him down, and lets the summer shine

Visit his blood like wine;

Numb joints relax and frozen joys revive,

And for a little while 'tis good to be alive.

O Sun we live by and we love!

If you be but a hell above,

Then, Death we die by and we fear,

What were you, seen more near?

Slow surges in from unknown oceans wide

Life, like a tide.

In sweeps the eternal element, strong and fresh;

Faint felt at first, it gathers weight and force,

And backward hurls within the dykes of flesh

Another torrent of opposing course.

Then the flood knows its limit and grows slack,

While that stemmed current, sluggish, sickly, and chill,

Downward and downward pouring, beats Life back.

Then the tide turns, and all is borne away
On the resistless torrent of decay.
But those two forces, ere the ebb begins,
Before Life yields and Dissolution wins,
Hang, for the drawing of a single breath,
In sullen equipoise—and that is Death.

So frame the wise their answer. Death? the pause
Ordained by Nature's laws
In her unending strife,
Eternal interchange of life and life:
Yet till the human eye
Unflinching learn to face the Sun on high,
So long before Death's darkling veil
Must human senses quail.

"Slay if thou wilt, but slay me in the light!"
O cry of Ajax for the cheering Sun!
Yet of this common heritage, sun-right,
There are who, reft and utterly undone,
In pestilent alleys where the fever crawls,
Are hived like vermin among rotting walls.
What do *they* know of sunshine? what their share
In that impartial largess? Overhead
Hang murky wrappings of grime-laden air,
Changing the sun to brass, the sky to lead.
Hopeless, resourceless, sunless even, they own
One earthly help alone.
Some sink to brutishness, but Death is kind
And hides them up for ever out of mind;
Some chafe and pine, whom Death at last sets free;
Some toil until Death ends their misery.
O, more impartial than the very Sun,
By none desired, Death is denied to none.
All dread his coming, yet as he draws near
All cease to fear.
O Death! for at the least a moment's rest
They sink upon thy breast:
What cometh next they know not; yet, perchance,
In some expiring trance,
To eyes from dizziness of sense set free
Shines through the face they most desired to see.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

A MESSAGE FROM THE RIVER.

ONE fine morning this autumn, I was resting in a deep pool of the river Tay, rubbing my sides gently against a huge stone, for I had not long left the salt water, and those irritating little pests which men call sea-lice were still hanging to my scales. A shadow suddenly passed near me, and a large river-trout, whom I had known for several seasons, swam slowly up.

Dry-land wiseacres have settled, very much to their own satisfaction, that none of our race can hear; but, like most of their conclusions in regard to us, this is very far from being the true state of the case. It certainly requires a loud noise to startle or alarm us, but, by a sense which may not be exactly that of hearing, many sounds reach us from the outer air, though greatly subdued and softened by their passage through the water. Our dulness of hearing is fully compensated for by our powers of vision, for we have certainly much sharper eyes than mortals can pretend to; and they will, perhaps, be surprised to learn that we can impart our ideas to one another just as easily as they can. I myself have always been extremely clever in this respect; and moreover, of all the salmon tribe I ever met or heard of, I possess the singular gift of hearing and interpreting the language of our enemy, man—a power which is occasionally shared by some of the old river-trout.

"Nasty dry weather this," said the trout; "I am tired of sucking down flies all day and hunting minnows all night; I quite long for some nice juicy worms by way of a change."

I thought it a trifle cool of this common river-trout to address an old salmon like myself in this off-hand fashion, and my gills began to move rather quickly.

"Do you take me for a wretched fresh-water fish like yourself?" I inquired, sharply. "Are you aware that by the reckoning of those brutes on land I weigh over 60 lb., and am, and have been for years, the largest fish in this river? while you, you poor little creature, are not nearly so big as some of my sea-trout cousins!"

The trout was rather taken aback at my angry looks. "I am very sorry, Mr Salmon," he replied; "I had no intention of offending. I am sure no one admires you more than I do, for never a salmon passes my pool who has such a beautiful shape and such bright scales as you have." I was somewhat pacified by this remark, for I well knew how true it was; but really one must keep these common fish in their places. The cunning trout saw the favourable impression he had made. "I believe I am even older than you, as far as years go," he went on; "but in all my life I have never been farther from home than the shallows at the head of this pool, while you are always travelling, and spend half your life in the great salt pond at the end of the world, which I have heard of from some of your relations. May I ask if you were born in the salt water?"

At his question, my thoughts flew back over the many intervening years, to the time when I was quite a little fish. I remembered the small pool by the bridge where I had first learnt to swim, and as I recalled the countless dangers

through which I had passed—not altogether scathless, but still without serious injury—I wondered how I had ever attained to my present size and position.

Agitated by these trying recollections, I gave a wave of my powerful tail, and darting swiftly to the surface, sprang out of the river and bathed myself in the warm sunshine and dry air outside, falling back into the water with a splash that sent a thrill to the very end of my fins. The exercise soothed my mind, and I sank slowly down to my old place by the stone. The trout, alarmed by my sudden movement, had sheered off under the bank; but on my signing to him to return, he swam timidly back to my side.

“I am getting a very old salmon now,” I commenced, “and the inevitable doom of my race must overtake me before long. Something seems to tell me that I shall never again cleave my way through the blue salt water, and spring, exulting in my strength, over the curling waves. Ah, that salt water! how it puts new life into my old body every year! and makes me so hungry that I think nothing of eating a hundred or so of young herrings in a day; but now I fear those cruel nets that I have escaped so long will overtake me, and I shall be killed and eaten by those brutal men.” My very fins quivered at the horrid thought, and the trout was so affected that a tiny air-bubble escaped from each of his round, dark eyes, and, ascending to the surface, floated away with the current. It was some minutes before I could shake off these unpleasant fancies, but at length I was sufficiently composed to continue the conversation.

“The first thing that I remember is swimming about with a shoal of tiny fish like myself close to

the bank of a small stream. A narrow wooden bridge crossed the pool that we lived in, and within range of our vision stood a great tree with wide-spreading branches. On one side was a wall of big stones where the water ran deep, and here the burn-trout—which at that time seemed to me veritable monsters—made their home. Under the stones, great eels, with cruel filmy eyes and sharp curved teeth, lay in ambush. We were very innocent and foolish at first; but as one and another of our number was carried off by a trout, or seized by a slimy eel, we took warning by their fate, and soon learnt to take care of ourselves.

“The river fish of about our own size used to treat us with great contempt, and, proud of their glistening yellow sides and bright red spots, would jeer at our more sober colouring. How I used to envy them! and how little I suspected the brilliant future in store for me!

“Life was very hard for me in those days, but still I enjoyed it. Often and often have I just escaped from some great trout, who, scattering us small fry far and near, would swim away with one of my companions between his savage jaws. One night I wandered by myself into the deep water by the stones, and in a second a huge eel darted out his repulsive head and seized me in his cruel grip. Never shall I forget the pang that shot through me; I struggled with all my little strength, but the eel drew me slowly backward towards his lair, and I gave myself up for lost. The merciless brute was forced to shift his hold, in order to pull me under his stone,—I gave a desperate wriggle, the eel grabbed at me again, and once more caught me, but by the tail this time, and part

of it giving way in his teeth, I was saved! and fled, half dead with fright, to hide myself in the weeds on the far side.

"With the happy carelessness of youth, I soon forgot this narrow escape from the eel, and became very skilful in avoiding the attacks of my enemies in the little burn. But unknown perils were in store for me. I was jumping one day at the small flies which hovered in clouds close to the water, when I noticed one rather different in appearance to those I had been feeding on; though beneath the surface, it was still swimming, and I made for it open-mouthed. Immediately I felt a sharp pain in my mouth, and before I could spit the insect out, I was jerked violently out of the water, and fell struggling on the bank. I was half suffocated, and felt a dreadful compression round my gills, when again I was pulled up from the grass, and a monster on two legs seized me with his long fins and pulled the insect—the nature of which I now partly guessed—roughly from my mouth. A whiff of some pungent perfume floated over me in a blue cloud, and I was nearly choked. What agony I endured! The blood streamed from the wound in my mouth; everything became dark around me, and I lost consciousness. I was roused by a soft hand lifting me gently from a basket in which I had been placed with a number of other fish, and a musical voice sounded in my ears, 'Why, it's only a poor little parr! and look how you've hurt its poor mouth, —I shall throw it in again.' 'Oh, bother,' replied a gruff voice, 'fish can't feel!' and immediately I felt myself flying through the air, and fell, more dead than alive, into the middle of the pool.

"I floated down with the cur-

rent, perfectly helpless; I had no strength left, and should soon have fallen a prey to some of your fraternity,"—and I surveyed the trout at my side with a glance of contempt: the creature waved his fins in a humble manner, but ventured no reply, probably thinking that for a yellow trout like himself, silence was golden, so I continued,—“when the same kind hand that had lifted me from the basket again grasped me, and held me in my right position at the side of the burn. I gulped down huge mouthfuls of water, and in a few moments was sufficiently recovered to wriggle slowly upstream, and once again I was saved from a terrible death.

"The season was advancing, and I had increased considerably in size, when strange sensations began to penetrate my small body. I had no appetite for the dainty flies that ever and anon alighted on the water; the most delicate worms rolled by me unheeded, and the constant taunts of the river-trout fell on a deaf ear. Urged by some irrepressible impulse, which I was often to experience in after-years, I dropped downstream with the first rise of the burn,—down, down for miles, till I reached a river, which to my burn-like notions seemed enormous indeed: some seasons later I again ascended it, and great was my surprise to find it was but a small thing after all. Still, I moved down this new river, impelled by the same indefinable restlessness, but more slowly now, and often resting for days in some pool that took my fancy.

"In the course of time the river down which I was travelling joined another, in whose huge volume and mighty currents I felt quite lost and bewildered. Many of my old companions in the little burn had

accompanied me on the journey down; sometimes we would be together for days, and again be separated by twisting currents and diverging channels. I stayed for some time in shallow water near the place where I had entered the big river, and one day, recognising an old comrade in a fish lying near me, I was astonished at his altered appearance. His body, which had been quite dull and marked with dark bars on the sides, was now covered with small silvery scales, while the bars had almost disappeared. Wondering whether the same transformation had taken place in my outward aspect, I swam up to him. 'Yes,' he said, in reply to my query, 'I hardly knew you at first. You have grown so much bigger, and your sides are all bright and shining now; you look a great deal handsomer than those stupid yellow trout.'

"But I stayed too long for my comfort in this place. The river was swollen and thick from heavy rain, and I was feeding greedily on the juicy worms washed from the banks, when, on seizing a nice striped one, I felt the same sharp pain in my mouth as when I was so nearly killed in the burn; again I was pulled struggling from the water, and the same dreadful sensations came over me. Holding me in his nasty hot hand, my captor said to another brutal creature who accompanied him, 'He's a smolt, this fellow, and a good one; we may as well keep him.' 'No, no,' replied the other, hastily; 'here's the river-watcher coming. I don't want to be fined £5 for the little beast;' and I was flung back in the water, not much the worse this time, though sadly frightened. Since that day I have always been suspicious of fresh-water food; indeed, partly

from this cause, and partly from want of appetite, I never eat much in the rivers.

"After this escape, I thought it advisable to continue my downward course without further delay; for the same vague instinct was stirring within me, and I knew that I had not yet reached the end of my journey. I was bolder now, not so much in awe of other fish, and even myself chased the shoals of small fry through which I swam from time to time. It was long, however, before I succeeded in catching one; and when at last I managed to do so, I must confess that I found it a most delicious morsel, its very struggles adding zest to the pleasure of eating it.

"Still I swam on with the steady current, through dark woods whose overhanging boughs touched the sparkling water, past broad fields where tall yellow crops grew down to the water's edge—down, through swirling pools, from whose mysterious depths ravenous brutes, their great jaws bristling with teeth, dashed vainly at me as I darted by. Still downwards, descending the broad river, through rushing streams where large silvery fish—whose beauty I envied, little thinking they were of the same breed as myself—rested quietly in the shelter of some eddying corner,—now under overhanging arches of solid stone; now washed unresisting over sloping weirs; and again, half-drowned, hurled headlong through some narrow gorge,—I continued to obey the inward prompting that urged me on my strange expedition.

"But a change was at hand, and the end of my long journey was approaching. Summer was over, and the water, chilled by the long nights, was daily getting colder, when I reached a part of the river where it ran slowly in a broad,

deep, unbroken current. One evening, after a delicious meal on some minnows that I hunted over the shallows beneath a wide stone bridge, I noticed a peculiar taste in the water; and thinking that it proceeded from some of the nasty pipes which pollute our rivers and often poison us, I swam on at the top of my speed. But that curious flavour grew stronger, and feeling uncomfortable, I turned and swam quietly up near the bank, where the water was less affected.

"That night, to my profound astonishment, the current in which I lay gradually slackened, then ceased altogether, and I was still more surprised when it commenced to flow steadily in the opposite direction. The water rose several feet, and was pervaded throughout with that strange new flavour, far stronger than when I had first noticed it. I felt dreadfully sick and ill, and had great difficulty in breathing, when presently, to my great relief, the flood subsided, and the water ran clear and sweet as before. The river continued constantly to rise and fall in the same manner, and on each occasion I felt less inconvenience, till at last a day came when I longed for the return of the salt flood, and breathed the fresh water with discomfort.

"That night, when the flood began to subside, I turned and swam slowly down with it, breathing through the strong salt water with emotions of delight I had never before experienced. Its pungent flavour seemed to pervade and strengthen my whole body; swimming was no longer an effort, and I sped along through the dark night, buoyed up by the briny tide, and ignoring all dangers.

"At sunrise next morning, I jumped repeatedly at the surface of the water, and was almost

frightened to see the sun, like a huge glowing ball, rising out of a vast expanse of water that stretched away in the distance as far as I could see; while on either side of me I could only dimly distinguish the vague outline of the land, half veiled in morning mist.

"I was not a little surprised, when I jumped, to see the water all around alive with fish of the same breed as myself, who splashed at the surface in their delight at first tasting the salt water. It is true that I had been accompanied on my journey down-stream by hundreds of my relations; but there must now have been many thousands of our kind swimming near me, and I wondered greatly that we should all meet so far from land."

I broke off from my story for a moment, and swam quietly to the surface to inspect a large insect that was passing overhead. The sun was bright, and the water unruffled by any breeze, so I soon detected its nature, and, with a contemptuous flourish of my broad tail, I plunged over the surface of the water near the seeming insect, overhearing at the same moment a remark from a silly creature on shore—

"There's a rise, and a fine fish too."

"These men are certainly very foolish," I remarked, as I regained my station by the trout; "I can see the line fastened to that pretended fly as plainly as I see you, and yet they think to catch me with their brutal hooks!"

"Nevertheless, a good many of your kind are killed by them," rejoined the trout, maliciously. "I see lots of salmon taken from this very pool every year, and sometimes I swim behind and watch their struggles. You salmon

are not half so wary as old trout like me."

I was very angry at this insolent speech, and was the more annoyed as I knew it was partly true. I made a rush at the trout before he was prepared, and catching him fair in the centre of the belly, sent him flying against the big stone, with a force which must have shaken some of the impudence out of him. For some time I chased him about the pool; but though so much smaller, he was an ugly customer, with his great overgrown head, lanky jaws, and rows of sharp teeth, and as I did not want to have my fins nipped by him, I was not sorry to make peace, and we soon resumed our old haunt by the big stone.

"It would take days," I said, continuing my history, "to tell you all the wonders and perils of the great salt flood. During my first visit, I never strayed very far from shore, nor left the neighbourhood of the big river. You imagine this a deep pool, and so it is for fresh water; but what would you think of depths which exceed this a hundred times,—where the weeds grow to a length of hundreds of feet, concealing in their tangled masses hideous creatures of strange shapes and savage aspect—depths which are never lit up by the bright sunshine, and which no current disturbs! How would you like to swim through vast shoals of tiny fish, smaller even than minnows, so easy to catch that even in those days I thought nothing of swallowing two or three at a time, and far sweeter to the taste than the most tender minnow or the daintiest worm? What would you think of eels as large in girth as I am myself, of great fish

with gaping jaws in their bellies, of monsters with a hundred twining arms and mouths like the beak of a bird?¹ What would you think——" I was growing quite excited, as I recalled the wonders of the salt water, when the trout struck in—

"Draw it mild!" he said; "I can stand a good deal; but a fish with a mouth like a bird's beak is rather too much! and how I should like to taste some of those little fellows!" and the greedy creature moved his ugly jaws about at the thought of such dainties.

"What I tell you is perfectly true," I rejoined, "whatever a foolish, stay-at-home trout may think. For many months I remained in the salt water, and was usually in company with numerous fish of my own kind. Sometimes we chased one another through the groves of sea-weed, diving deep through their mysterious depths, then, darting swiftly to the surface, we would spring gaily into the dry air above; and sometimes, tired with our exertions, we would rest quietly on a shelving bed of smooth sand and shells. Our chief food consisted of the small fish I have mentioned; and it was fine fun, when we met a shoal of these little fry, to see them flying in all directions, and spluttering at the top in fruitless attempts to escape. On one occasion we saw a great column of water ascending from a dark shining object at some distance, and, as our curiosity always overpowered our discretion, we swam briskly forward to inspect this new marvel. What was our surprise, on a nearer approach, to discover a huge fish of so prodigious

¹ The speaker perhaps refers to sharks or skates, and the octopus; but, like most travellers, he draws considerably on his imagination.

a size as could not be contained in all this pool."

"Draw it mild!" murmured the trout, faintly.

"In all this pool," I repeated, with an angry look at my companion. "From time to time this monster drew in large mouthfuls of water, which he forced out through his nostrils in a dense stream, and this ascending high into the air, fell in a shower of spray all around. The great creature paid no attention to us; but we were too much frightened to approach very near.

"During all this time I was steadily increasing in size and strength. My appearance was now greatly altered from my young days; I had, in fact, acquired pretty much the elegant shape and glistening colour which now distinguish me, though I was of course still greatly inferior in size. I shall not have time to finish the story of my life to-day," I continued. "There is plenty more to tell. How, in time, I again experienced that strange restlessness which I had felt in the little burn; how the same indefinable impulse which had urged me to seek the salt water, now impelled me again to ascend the winding course of the big river. How time and again I have escaped the deadly nets, which every year slaughter my unfortunate race by thousands. How I fell in love: what a pretty creature she was!" I mused, more to myself than to the trout; "she was older than me, but so graceful and winning in all her ways: what a happy time we passed, side by side on the gravel beds! Poor creature! We were travelling down to the sea together, both feeling weak and hungry, when she was caught by an imitation minnow, and though they returned

her to the water, she had received a cruel stab in the side from which she never recovered. For myself, I see through all their miserable imitations of flies and minnows; I have never yet been deceived by them, and am far too wary to be taken in at my time of life."

The sun, which all day had been strong on the water, was now declining; a refreshing breeze played on the surface of the pool, and notwithstanding these sad recollections of my first love, I felt full of life and vigour. I reflected that a salmon's life, though beset with so many dangers, was by no means devoid of enjoyment. Though I had attained to an age and size exceeding the usual limits of my race, I was still strong and healthy, and with my experience, I counted upon yet enjoying many a pleasant trip to the spawning-beds, and many a hearty roll in the waves of the great salt flood.

At this moment I caught sight of an insect swimming overhead which reminded me of some I had seen in the salt water, and thinking it would make a pleasant mouthful before settling down for the night, I darted swiftly up to seize it.

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Story continued by the river-trout:—

The vanity and greed of these stupid salmon is really beyond belief! Who would suppose that an old fish like my late companion, after boasting how he would never be taken in by an imitation fly, would in the very next moment be hooked by one, and struggling at the end of a line! I saw all the time that it was not a real insect: I saw the line fall on the water, and even caught sight of the man who worked it; but it was no business of mine to undeceive that

stupid brute of a salmon, with his conceit about his scales and his elegant shape. Much good may his fine appearance do him now. Before this story is published to the world (by means which I must not disclose), he will have been boiled and eaten with parsley sauce! I must confess, however, that he made a grand fight for his life.

Though not so clever as the old salmon at interpreting the language of men, I have yet managed to learn that they call this the "rock pool," and that it is at no great distance from a place named Dunkeld.

When the salmon felt the hook penetrate firmly into his mouth, and realised the terrible position in which his own folly had placed him, he first made a sharp rush down-stream, and then returned slowly to his old haunt by the big stone, while I continued to watch the progress of the struggle from a little distance. Here he remained for a long time, in the vain hope of tiring out his enemies, occasionally shaking his great head from side to side with such violence that I wondered the line was not broken. After a time the men began to throw stones into the river, but the water was deep, and for the most part they fell wide of the mark; but at last one of them struck the big stone, and splashing into the water, dropped within a few inches of the salmon's nose. He was doubtless reflecting sadly over his boasting words to me, and perhaps thinking of his old home in the burn. But such thoughts could be of no assistance to him in his present dreadful plight. Now was the time to exert all his strength and courage, and to call to his aid all the expedients suggested by his long experience. If he had retained his presence of

mind and husbanded his strength, I believe he might still have escaped the sad fate which awaited him; but, startled by the stone plunging past, he entirely lost his head, and thereafter the issue of the struggle was never, to my mind, doubtful for a moment. The salmon made a wild rush to the head of the pool—the line hissing as it cut the swift current—then springing headlong into the air, he fell back with a heavy splash, which sent the water curling away in little waves to the banks.

"Eh, sir, but yon's a grand fish! He's just a terrible big ane! Ye must be canny wi' him, sir," cried a voice from the shore, as the great fish fell back in the river.

My unfortunate friend now, for a time, appeared to collect his faculties, and boring slowly about the deeper parts of the pool, he attempted to clear the hook from his mouth by rubbing against stones and roots of trees, jerking at it meantime with furious shakes of his head. But finding this of no avail, and becoming wearied with the continual strain of the line, he turned tail down-stream and darted away at the top of his speed, while I heard that curious whizzing noise on shore which I often notice when a salmon is caught in my pool. The big fish swam down at a furious pace till he reached the tail of the stream, where it ran swiftly past a slanting stone dyke, then turning, without slackening his speed, he made up the river as fast as he had descended. The line, caught in the strong current, continued to run out from the shore, and for a moment I thought my poor friend would make good his escape, when he sprang from the water far up the pool, and I heard a voice exclaim—

"There's your fish, sir! He's awa' up-stream and drooned the line; reel up, sir—reel up for a' ye're worth!" Thus foolishly, for the second time, had this old and experienced salmon blundered, and, at the very moment when his manœuvre promised to succeed, he had, by jumping from the river, disclosed it to his enemies.

The tremendous exertions which he had made during this last rush had sadly fatigued my unfortunate friend. He lay for a time by the big stone, and venturing near him, I could see by the unsteadiness of his great body and the rapid movement of his gills, that he would not hold out much longer. He caught sight of me, and made me a sign to approach.

"It is all over with me!" he said, in a faint voice. "Age and experience cannot always overcome our natural instincts; the self-confidence of an old salmon is as dangerous as the foolhardiness of youth. In a few minutes I shall have left the old pool for ever, never again to battle against the swollen tide of the great river, nor to behold—as so often I have—the round sun rising from the great salt flood."

The strain on the line increased, and my poor friend was forced to yield to it. He fought bravely to the end; but each rush that he made was less powerful than the last, and following at a respectful distance as he was drawn in to the bank, I saw him struggling in the shallow water, which he lashed into foam with his huge tail,—when suddenly a man standing in the river made a blow at him with

a weapon in his hand. I saw a thin crimson stream trickle from his side as he was lifted motionless from the water; but such was his size and weight that the man was unable to carry him up the bank until his companion came to his assistance. For some minutes I listened to their conversation.

"Eh, sir, but he's just the king o' a' the salmon in the Tay! This machine 'll no weigh him; he just pulls it down to the fifty pounds as easy as if it had been five!"

"It is indeed a magnificent fish!" replied another voice—"well over 60 lb., I should guess, and perhaps the largest that has ever been taken with rod and line. These old kippers are just as well out of the water—they bully the younger fish on the redds. How well he fought! I never expected we should land him. Come, Willie, we'll drink his health."

I listened to no more, but slunk away to a favourite hole under the bank, where I knew I should not be disturbed. Although I bear no great goodwill to the salmon tribe, the terrible end of this magnificent fish had greatly upset me. I could not help thinking that the same fate might one day be mine, and I resolved to redouble my precautions and wariness in order to avoid it.

I passed a restless, uneasy night, and my nerves did not recover their usual healthy tone till the next flood, when I feasted so heartily on the worms and minnows which were washed down the river, that the death of the big salmon seemed like a dream of the past.

R. C. D.

THE BATTLE OF PING YANG.

HOW THE NEWS WAS TOLD AT DRAGON VALLEY.

KA-YIN-CHU,
28th October 1894.

DEAR MAGA,

REGARDED as a unit of the Flowery Middle Kingdom, Uncle Ku is a negligeable quantity. Regarded as a type of the "four hundred millions of China," so dear to the war correspondent, he is interesting. Regarded as a well-to-do peasant-proprietor in an up-country district of the Canton province, he is a person of local importance. There are twenty homesteads dotted through Dragon Valley that belong to Uncle Ku's clan; of that clan he is the oldest member of the dominant branch; and his household numbers seventy souls young and old, to whom his will is law. Consequently Uncle Ku is looked up to, and is a great man in his way.

Uncle Ku's domains form a circle, the diameter of which is the long cement drying-floor, a playground for the children and the surreptitious-looking black dogs. Behind, the outhouses are bounded by a mud wall that curves across the slope of a hillock, planted with fir and bambu. In front, a semicircular fish-pond completes the circle. And the centre is the granite porch that juts out from the whitewashed front-wall of the homestead on to the drying-floor, gay with a splendour of mouldings and of scrolls in red and black, that proclaim it to be the axis of the universe.

Uncle Ku was sitting peacefully in his porch, glancing from time to time across the rice-fields, yellow-

ing in the evening sun, to where the road from the District City crosses the river, smoking his long bambu pipe, and nodding off to sleep at intervals. But when a horseman, gorgeous in many-coloured silks, came bumping and flapping into sight, something like a smile showed round his wrinkled eyes and through his thin white beard. It was the home-coming of his favourite grandson, Ah Man (the Late-Born) from the District City, where, in spite of his thirty years, he was still at school, hoping against hope for his degree.

On hearing the hoof-beats, out ran Aunt Ku and a medley of children, dogs, daughters- and grand-daughters-in-law. Her dirty white locks were straggling over her furrowed cheeks, and she was hot and excited, having been engaged in the pleasant duty of scolding her underlings. But she was truly fond of her grandson, and her harsh deep voice sounded loud above the hubbub of greeting: "Ah Man, I say, hast thou come back? Why art thou so late? Hast thou eaten or no? *Ee, tee!* How fat thou growest! And that new coat, when didst thou buy it?" Then in the same breath, "What dost *thou* loitering here, Ah Khyuk girl? Fetch tobacco, fetch tea,—plague seize thy mother!" This last being addressed to Ah Man's wife, a pretty girl with pink cheeks and lips, though stunted and deformed by the cruel work that falls to the lot of women among the Hakka Cantonese.

Ah Man listened in silence, without any expression on his

round yellow face. He knelt for a moment before his grandfather, then, taking his pipe and tea, he sat down opposite, disregarding his wife's importunate questioning, "My hairpin, the hairpin thou promised me, hast thou brought it?" or replying only with a warning gesture of the hand, and a contemptuous "Not a word, not a breath!" When, however, she returned with his baby son, a portentously solemn little person, with shaven head and bead-like eyes, he deigned to laugh. The child clutched at a proffered finger, and balanced himself gravely between his father's knees. Uncle Ku looked at the pair with an expression of bland satisfaction. Aunt Ku at the doorway was in a position to hear her grandson's news, and, at the same time, to keep a watchful eye on her underlings; while Ah Khyuk, staggering to and from the well under her buckets of water, glanced shyly at her husband, half glad at his return to break the monotony of her life, yet wondering how his temper might be, and whether any particular beating was in store for her; thinking above all of the long-promised silver hairpin.

"Citywards, is there any news?" asked Uncle Ku.

"Not any news," replied his grandson. Then after a pause, "Rice is very dear. They are selling it at 80 cash a *shin*."

"Truly dear," said Aunt Ku. "But I remember, twenty or thirty years ago, then rice was I know not how dear. Offer 100 cash and more a *shin*, even so, men would not sell. A drought, or what d'ye call it? The Rain-god did not succeed, so they said.

. . . *Wui, yuh!* a fearful business! Know not how many men starved and died! . . . There was a foreign devil lent a stone of rice to my elder sister's husband's brother, then next year he told him to give it back!" A faint smile went round at the expense of that simple missionary.

"It is because the red-hair devils¹ have shut up the river-mouth, that rice may not come in," Ah Man explained, heedless of his grandmother's reminiscences.

"I heard men say it was the Nyit-pun² devils that were rebelling," objected the old man, with the air of a philosopher accustomed to subtle differences.

"The Nyit-pun Kingdom first disturbed affairs, refusing to pay tribute. Then the red devils helped them—thus it was, perhaps," Ah Man returned.

"And now, how is it?" demanded Aunt Ku, who did not understand this splitting of straws.

Her grandson relit his pipe, with an air half of embarrassment, half of importance, as befitted the bearer of bad news. "Nothing much," he began. "There *were* men saying that the foreign devils have given us of the Middle Kingdom a beating, or what not. There was a general, surnamed Chung, would not give fire-powder for his soldiers to use: wherefore they memorialised the Emperor, and the Emperor cut off his head."

A pause ensued, broken by Aunt Ku. "Don't believe it—a lie most likely!" she growled, kicking viciously at a mangy cur as he slunk past into the house.

Ah Khyuk had taken advantage of the general preoccupation to put down her buckets. "Plague rot

¹ The English.

² The Japanese.

their mothers! Pray heaven's rain may strike them dead, the foreign devils!" she cried shrilly, meaning no more than to add her quota to the conversation.

"It is a rich country; it is the place the dollars come from,"¹ Ah Man went on, with some respect in his voice. Then in a lighter tone he added, "One must use strategy, then all will be well. In the city they said there was a plan to buy I know not how many cattle; to their horns bind knives, to their tails tie torches; drive them across the mountains to Nyitpun land. Then let them run abroad—gore, burn, kill!"

"As for cattle," Ah Khyuk observed, appositely, "wait four or three days, and Ah Ten's brother's buffalo will calve. For he told me——"

"Will kill thee! will scold thee! my palm shall slap thy face, thou sluggard!" from Aunt Ku; and Ah Khyuk shouldered her buckets, and trotted off, muttering.

Uncle Ku helped himself to tea, and delivered his verdict. "Truly I dare not say Yes or No," he observed, oracularly; "but I do know how forty or fifty years ago men said the red-hair devils were coming up against our Middle Kingdom—and then what happened? Afterwards the Fap-lan-si² nation stirred up revolts—they, too, did not dare come here; they, too, were subdued. What more would ye have?"

The subject was worn threadbare. Ah Man yawned. "True, indeed!" he replied, getting up; "besides, it is the Emperor's con-

cern. Fight and win, or fight and lose; it is a Pekin affair. It does not touch us. . . . It is nightfall; I am going to wash my body."

Chinese babies are good beyond the dreams of English motherhood. Ah Man's son and heir had been sitting close-legged between his father's feet, silent and upright; but even he objected to being stepped upon. He howled.

His father picked him up tenderly and kissed him. As he stooped, something that looked like a silver skewer slipped from his sleeve. It caught Ah Khyuk's eye, and down went the buckets as she pounced on it, crying, "The hairpin! it is my hairpin! What happiness! Thou, how good of heart art thou!" The position was a difficult one for a husband who had a regard for his dignity. Ah Man almost succeeded in blushing. "No matter; I give it you," he said, with an air of patronage. Uncle Ku nodded six or seven times approvingly, and even Aunt Ku looked mollified. The war was forgotten, having served its purpose and whiled away a spare half-hour.

"The rice is cooked; come, eat rice!" called a welcome voice, and all turned to go. Uncle Ku was the last to move. His eyes wandered to the red hillside, where the setting sun caught the white of the tombstones; and he shook his head as one who struggles with a difficult problem. "Foreign-Devil - Fellows," he softly murmured.

E. A. IRVING.

¹ The Japanese *yens*, in circulation through China.

² Français.

THE CHURCH IN WALES.

As nobody knows what a day may bring forth in the political world, and as Ministers themselves do not seem to have made up their minds on any settled plan of action for next session, it is well to be prepared for surprises. Mr Shaw Lefevre still adheres to his original declaration that a dissolution of Parliament is near at hand, and that the question of the House of Lords has only brought it still nearer than it was before. On the other hand, we are assured that the business of the session will proceed as usual, and that the "Resolution" is not to be allowed to interfere with it. But any day some new prospect may be opened to us which shall falsify both predictions. Meantime we must accept the head of the Government as the best authority, according to which we shall find ourselves in the thick of the fight on Disestablishment as soon as the Address is disposed of, since it has been officially announced that the Church in Wales stands first upon the roll of institutions to come up for sentence before that free and independent tribunal, the present House of Commons. After this will come the House of Lords, then the Church in England, then the monarchy, and finally, no doubt, the Courts of Justice, — after which we shall all be as free as the noble savage, or a little more so, with a community of goods and wives, and subject only to the laws of nature, who, providing for the survival of the fittest, will elevate the whole British race to the level of the Laboucheres, Roseberys, and Trevellyans, already the envy and wonder of surrounding nations. Till that golden age

arrives, however, those who are rather doubtful of the benefits it is calculated to confer, may be expected to bestir themselves to postpone its advent; and among those who would fain exercise a malignant influence in this direction we must class ourselves, who, having no wish to see the Church of England disestablished, propose to examine as fairly as we can the ground on which the preliminary step to that measure is advocated.

It is said that the Church should be disestablished in Wales for the same reasons as justified its disestablishment in Ireland: that is, that it is not a National Church; that it makes no way among the people, and that its disestablishment is demanded by the main body of the Welsh representatives. These were Mr Gladstone's reasons in 1868, and they still remain the only reasons which can be alleged in excuse, though never in vindication, of disestablishment, to say nothing of disendowment. Now it is our object in this article to point out that two out of these three reasons certainly do not apply to the Church in Wales, and that the third, which is the weakest, is, in the absence of other evidence to which we shall presently refer, inconclusive and deceptive.

In the first place, then, it must be borne in mind that the Church in Wales has never been an "alien Church," in the sense in which that term was applied to the Church in Ireland. There has been no separation of the Church in Wales into two distinct communions. Wales accepted the Reformation, and recognised the Anglican Church as the legitimate branch of the Catholic Church in these realms. This the people of

Ireland never did. It is true that according to the principles of the Anglo-Catholic Church, she was as much the Church of Ireland after the Reformation as she was before. But, in a popular and practical sense, she was not. The people would not have it so. They regarded what appeared to them to be the elder branch, with all its ancient rites, ceremonies, and doctrines, as the one that was entitled to their allegiance. The Roman Church had, or appeared to have, antiquity on its side. The Anglican Church was, to the popular mind, the seceder and the dissenter: and if Ireland never became reconciled to it, she stood on a totally different footing from Wales, in which all these conditions are reversed.

The Church in Wales was till very lately the National Church in *every* sense of the word, not only theoretically but practically. She is the ancient Church, with the same appeal to antiquity as the Roman Church in Ireland, while it is entirely premature at the present moment to decide that the people have rejected her as the Irish people most clearly did reject the Church of England. This is a distinction which cannot be too strongly insisted on. The Church in Wales is a National Church in a sense in which the Irish Church never was. Even in the most popular sense of that term, and judged only by the test of numbers, she continued to be so for two hundred and fifty years after the Reformation: and the question is, whether her history during the short interval that has elapsed since then is such as to justify the assertion that she has forfeited her claim to that title, and that she is barred by some imaginary statute of limitations from reasserting it. In the teeth of the evidence which has been

laid before the public during the last ten years, such a conclusion is monstrous. Yet it is one which the supporters of Welsh disestablishment have got to demonstrate before they can make good their ground.

Nor is this all. Strictly speaking, we are not warranted in regarding the Church in Wales as anything but an integral part of the Church of England, or Welsh Nonconformity as entitled to any other consideration than Nonconformity in Lincolnshire or Cornwall. The Established Church in Wales, which is part of the constitution of the whole country, can only be treated differently from the rest of the Church on the theory that Wales is so distinct and independent a principality that she is entitled to a separate constitution of her own if the people wish it. From the constitutional, historical, and legal point of view, England and Wales are one. Their Church is one; and the Established Church is as much the National Church in Carnarvonshire as it is in Norfolk. We might as well, said Mr Gladstone, speak of the Church of Wales in England as of the Church of England in Wales.

In one sense, therefore, and that the highest and truest sense, the Church in Wales has never ceased to be the National Church. But, for the sake of argument, let us waive this point for the present, and take the lower ground on which the battle will actually be fought—namely, the recognition and acceptance of the Church as the National Church by the Welsh people. The real truth on this point is very little known, notwithstanding the excellent publications of many Welsh Churchmen, and especially Canon Bevan, on the subject. It has lately, however, been brought out so clearly and tersely, and in so popular a

form, by the Bishop of St Asaph, that we hope before the meeting of Parliament it will be generally diffused over all parts of the United Kingdom.

By far the most numerous and powerful body among the Welsh Dissenters are the Calvinistic Methodists. Before their secession, Welsh Nonconformity was a mere nothing, insignificant both in numbers and influence. And when did this secession take place? Why, not till the year 1811, though many people are under the delusion that Dissent has been predominant in Wales for nearly a century and a half. It has only been in existence in any substantial and appreciable form for about eighty years, and for more than twenty years after the above date, it continued to maintain the most friendly relations with the Church, declaring its teaching to be identical with that of the Thirty-nine Articles, and protesting strongly against the separation of Church and State, sounds of which began to make themselves heard soon after the Reform Bill.

"At the annual association of the Welsh Methodists in June 1834, the following resolution was proposed by Mr John Elias of Anglesey, seconded by Mr William Morris of Pembroke-shire, and unanimously agreed to by upwards of 500 preachers then present from various parts of the Principality:—

"That we deeply lament the nature of that agitation now so prevalent in this kingdom, and which assuredly has for its object the severing of the National Church from the State and other changes in ecclesiastical matters."

Here, then, we have, only sixty years ago, the Church in Wales acknowledged as the National Church by the unanimous voice of the Welsh Methodists, who professed neither any disagree-

ment with her doctrines nor any discontent with her position, which, on the contrary, they desired in the highest interests of religion to see preserved. At this time the Calvinistic Methodists and Churchmen, put together, must have constituted an immense majority of the Welsh people. And such was the testimony of that majority.

This was only sixty years ago; and how are we to account for the change that has taken place since then, though it is not nearly so great as the Liberationists would have us understand? It is certainly not due to any increasing weakness, inefficiency, or worldliness in the Church herself; for her progress, as we shall presently show, has been in exactly the opposite direction; and if she had the majority on her side when her system was seen to so much disadvantage as it was in the beginning of the century, when her clergy were few in number, inattentive to their duties, and often illiterate and immoral, why should it be against her now, when the old state of things has entirely passed away, and, both in number, character, and education, her clergy are incomparably superior to the men of a former generation? The answer is a simple one. Dissent in Wales has moved *pari passu* with the growth of Radicalism. In the Methodist Resolution of 1834, from which we have already quoted, all members of the connection are exhorted to avoid "them that are given to change, and to pray for the King and all that are in authority." As Radicalism gradually sapped this respect for existing institutions, disaffection towards the Church as one of them naturally followed. And this is really all that need be said in explanation of the apparent inconsistency between the attitude

of Nonconformity sixty years ago and at the present day. To the correctness of this view we have the following curious testimony from the 'Homilist,' an English Nonconformist magazine, which says (1888), referring to Welsh Nonconformity: "The real preacher seems rapidly becoming a relic of the past. Enter into conversation with your minister, and it is politics first, politics second, and politics to the end of the chapter." Of the politics of the Lincolnshire Dissenters, as exhibited by the Conservative victory at Brigg, we shall have a word to say further on.

Our contention then is, that the Church cannot lose in so short a period as sixty years the character she has borne for twelve hundred; that it is not more than ten years, if it is so many, since she was first seriously threatened with Disestablishment; and that she is entitled to a much longer period than this to realise her spiritual assets, and demonstrate her solvency to the world. A sudden run on its resources may bring the soundest business to the ground, and the enemies of the Welsh Church hope to ruin her by the same tactics.

The validity of the argument is so obvious, that were it not for the *arrière-pensée* supplied by the political movement, the cry for Disestablishment would certainly die away for the present. But the Radicals, both in Wales and England, see in the English Church precisely what Lord Rosebery sees in the Scotch Church—an institution hostile to themselves, and therefore, and not for any internal delinquencies, to be levelled with the ground. The analogy is exact, and we recommend it to the attention of the Prime Minister, who will doubtless find it a very useful argument when he introduces the

Welsh Disestablishment Bill into the House of Lords. As, according to one of the Premier's characteristic felicities, the House of Commons is either in "its second childhood" or verging on it, we need not, we suppose, trouble ourselves much with the fate of the bill in that assembly.

But now comes the second question, How far has this change really proceeded, and is the tide not upon the turn? Has the enormous improvement, intellectual, moral, and social, in the character of the clergy, and the multiplication of schools and churches, really gone for nothing? And can a Church which can point to such evidences of material development be fairly said to be "making no way" with the people? The reader shall judge for himself.

To begin with, we have the direct authority of Mr Gladstone for saying that disestablishment, should it ever at any future time become excusable, is decidedly premature and wholly unjustifiable at present. The Church in Wales is in a much more favourable position now than the Church of Ireland was in sixty years ago, when Mr Gladstone thought her still entitled to a day of grace extending over another generation. She has rapidly been regaining her lost ground, and has already, for some time past, been exhibiting those signs of resuscitated vitality, and expanding capabilities which Mr Gladstone only hoped the Irish Church might exhibit if she were allowed fair-play for thirty years. She is even now answering the question which Mr Gladstone was asking himself in 1835, and answering it decidedly in the affirmative. The Church in Ireland had her day of grace, and failed to turn it to account. Surely a Church which has given such abundant proofs of being able to profit by it

should not be denied her opportunity.

The progress of the Church in Wales during the last fifty years is shown in a tabular form by the Bishop of St Asaph, and combining the information furnished by his summary with some derived from other sources, we find that within the last fifty years—(1) the number of clergy in the Welsh Church has exactly doubled; that (2) the number of children in the Church Sunday-schools has increased nearly sixfold; that (3) during the last ten years the number of communicants has increased by more than one-half; that (4) candidates for confirmation, of which, from 1882 to 1892, the average number had been between 9000 and 10,000, were in 1893 11,500; that (5) of the more than 22,000 funerals conducted in Wales since the Burials Act in 1880, 20,600 have been performed by clergymen, and that during the last quarter of a century the marriages in church have exceeded those celebrated in the chapels by 43,000, while during the years 1891 and 1892 the average of church marriages shows an increase over the average of the previous twenty-five years of nearly 1000. These figures are out of all proportion to any increase in the population which during the last twenty years has taken place.

The expenditure of Churchmen upon Church work within the last half-century is equally remarkable. Not only have the sums so contributed been large, but they have also been steadily increasing—an additional testimony to the progressiveness of the Welsh Church.

“During the last fifty years the Church in Wales has spent more than £3,000,000 on church building.

“During the last fifty years the

Church in Wales has built or restored 1228 churches in 1080 parishes.

“During the last fifty years the Church in Wales has spent more than £1,000,000 in voluntary gifts on her national schools.

“During the last fifty years the Church in Wales has spent £750,000 upon the building, founding, and maintenance of hospitals, infirmaries, and similar institutions.”

The progressive increase is as follows: On church fabrics the average expenditure from 1840 to 1873 was £33,007; from 1874 to 1891 it has been £66,322. Of voluntary contributions to Church schools and colleges, the average from 1811 to 1870 was £15,149; from 1870 to 1892 it has been £60,523. We need not pursue the subject into further detail. Quite enough has been said to show that the Church in Wales is full of life, energy, and zeal, and requires only half the time accorded to the Church of Ireland to revindicate the position which she has only temporarily lost within the memory of living men. The above figures are not all of them new; but as they are persistently disregarded by Liberationists, and as we desired to give a bird's-eye view of the Welsh question, it was necessary to transcribe them.

The third question relates to the Welsh representation, and if the figures given by the Bishop of St Asaph are correct, they justify a strong suspicion that the advocates of Welsh Disestablishment have been, either consciously or unconsciously, guilty of grave misrepresentation. The following is the record of the last general election. The number of voters on the register for Wales and Monmouthshire is 314,540. Of this number 145,818, or less than half, voted for the Liberationist candidates. Of the remaining 168,722, rather more

than half, or 86,883, voted for Conservative or Unionist candidates, and the rest—*i.e.*, 81,839—abstained from voting altogether. If we divide the absentees in the same proportion, we find that the majority of the whole electorate in favour of Disestablishment would be little more than one-third. Now we say emphatically that, considering the present position and prospects of the Welsh Church, *that is not enough*. Yet it seems probable that in the above calculation we have greatly overrated the strength of the Liberationists. "It was abundantly clear," says the Bishop of St Asaph, "that in 1892 the Liberationist party polled their full strength." Their organisation was perfect, and they were provided with candidates for every constituency. Their opponents were unorganised, and unprovided with candidates till the last moment. If the conclusion drawn from these premisses be correct, the fraud that is being practised on the people of Great Britain is simply atrocious. At that rate, what the Liberationists style "the practical unanimity" of the Welsh people, is represented by only 47 per cent of the whole electorate! But giving our opponents the benefit of every doubt, and conceding much that is extremely improbable, their majority is only one-third. If a majority of two-thirds of the ratepayers—to borrow the Bishop's illustration—are necessary for the abolition of a public-house, at least as large a proportion of votes should be required for the destruction of a Church.

We repeat, therefore, that no one of the three reasons alleged in favour of Disestablishment will hold water for a moment. The Church in Wales is a National Church. It is, as proved by statistics, and admitted by Mr Gladstone himself, a progressive and

advancing Church; and the one reason left which is to outweigh both of these considerations—the state of the representation—we have shown to be entirely delusive.

It remains to say a word of the proportion of Nonconformists to Churchmen in the Welsh population; and on this head the Bishop of St Asaph brings out two most significant facts, which have been entirely ignored by orators and agitators both in Parliament and out of it. The official year-books of the four denominations of Welsh Dissenters all agree in claiming only 47 per cent of the population as Nonconformists, which, curiously enough, though this no doubt is a mere accident, corresponds exactly to the proportion of votes polled for Liberationist candidates at the last election. They claim, then, less than half of the population. The second fact is that, out of 1,161,699 of the Welsh population who speak English, the Nonconformists claim only 36,000! Taking these figures as they stand, they yield a considerable majority in favour of the Church. But leaving an ample margin for error, they still show that the habit of calling Wales a nation of Nonconformists is perfectly ridiculous. The Dissenters themselves are perfectly well aware of this, and for this reason have very wisely resisted all proposals for a religious census. Their own press is witness to their apprehensions on this score:—

"The Church parson, with his daily services, his oversight of elementary schools, his mission work, his house-to-house visiting, and his numerous societies, is a hard-worked individual. It is the Nonconformist minister, with his one week-night service and his two services on Sunday, who is becoming an object of reproach. The Church of England is very much

alive, and the work the clergy are doing was certainly left undone.”¹

“The characteristic feature of Welsh Nonconformity is the general air of lethargy and sloth which pervades everything.”²

Now hear the Bishop of St Asaph:—

“One other very important fact must be remembered with respect to the settled ministry provided by Nonconformity in Wales. The official Year-Book gives the total number of Methodist ministers in Wales as 641. Of this number a very large percentage are engaged in secular occupations in combination with their ministry. In the year 1888 the number of Methodist ministers in Wales was 569. Out of that number no less than 191 were shopkeepers, farmers, commercial travellers, and agents, while 12 were engaged in educational work; so that out of the total of 569 ministers, only 366 were ministers pure and simple. It is obvious that the very large percentage—probably a-third of the total number—of Methodist ministers engaged in secular occupations cannot give their time to pastoral visitation. Moreover, the combination of a secular and ministerial occupation in one man must, especially in small communities, create a situation in which the secular and ministerial interests are, if not irreconcilable, without doubt, mutually hurtful, and the secular will often profit at the cost of the ministerial.

“I have gone fully into these facts with no wish to minimise the generosity and self-sacrifice of Welsh Nonconformists, but to make quite clear the fact, long ago recognised as such by Dr Chalmers and Mr Spurgeon, that the voluntary system is unable of itself to provide that resident ministry which is indispensable if the most essential duties of the Christian minister are to be adequately and regularly discharged. The broad fact remains that, if it were not for the Church, there would be, out of 1081 parishes in Wales and Monmouthshire, no less than 681 where the most powerful Nonconformist body is unable to maintain a resident pas-

tor; while there are about 500 parishes where there is not a single resident Nonconformist pastor of any denomination. I need hardly point out how entirely different it was in the case of Ireland, where one homogeneous body had its resident priest in every parish.”

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

As the above facts, with the irresistible conclusions which flow from them, become better known, it may be hoped that all but very violent partisans will pause before lending themselves to the cry of Welsh Disestablishment. The Lincolnshire Dissenters have set an excellent example to their brethren. Their eyes have been opened to the fact that a majority which is given to the Government in the name of Disestablishment will infallibly be used for the purposes of Home Rule; and that, in the event of Home Rule being successful, their co-religionists in Ireland will be exposed to a more hateful ecclesiastical tyranny than has ever existed in Great Britain. Neither in England nor Scotland should Dissenters be selfish enough to purchase Disestablishment for themselves at the cost of such frightful suffering to their brethren elsewhere. We have not the slightest fear that they will do anything of the kind. As the truth is gradually revealed, the question of Disestablishment is looked at all round, and the profit and loss compared, men once in favour of it are beginning to shrink from it. Forfarshire struck the first note. Lincolnshire has followed with an equally significant warning. There is the handwriting on the wall. But the downfall which it portends is not that of the Established Church in any part of Great Britain.

¹ Cambrian News, Liberationist, Jan. 1887.

² Homilist, Jan. 1888.

THE LOOKER-ON.

A MORE melancholy season has rarely closed than the one which ends with the last year. Were the Looker-on to make his comment chiefly on what has been, his pages would be full, like the newspapers, of funeral processions and all the panoply of woe. What a burying was that of the Czar! Before half of the mournful ceremonial was over, the most constant reader of state pageants must have dropped off, sick of the incongruous mixture of crape and cloth-of-gold, and those long-drawn-out rites which ended by swamping all other feelings in one impression of tedium and fatigue. This is easy for a spectator to say: but what of those poor grand-dukes, dukes, and princes, who could not drop off, but had to follow, taper in hand, to the conclusion, which must have seemed to them to recede further and further off, as the endless days, journeys, processions, and anthems rolled on. What sensation could have been left in the breasts of the unfortunate mourners? Perhaps it was a good thing for these poor Imperial people, who must not have either nerves or imaginations, but are obliged to follow on to the last, whatever happens,—for it must have worn out every natural impulse. Royal persons are the true Stoics after all: they require to be able for everything,—they must never give in. They must follow a master of the ceremonies to take leave of their nearest and dearest in the correct and appropriate way—and measure their tears, just enough and no more, till the coffin descends to the historic vault, and the face is at last mercifully hidden, which has

perhaps been as dear to them as our dearest, whom at least we can mourn in secret—are to us. Poor Czarina! with the wistful, youthful face, which all the illustrated papers cannot quite disguise, though she is the Dowager now. One can only hope that she was exhausted out of all sensation in the long ordeal she has gone through.

One cannot but feel that the interest which the Royal families of Europe have secured in all our minds during these latter days is really a very extraordinary thing. The Looker-on can remember a time when there was nothing of this, or at least when it was confined to a small circle of people who had really some knowledge of them, or the imitators who pretended to have. Now we all feel a 'something' which is almost more than sympathy, and which gives reality to the phrase, "I am with you," which friend says to friend in the depths of sorrow. Yet probably we never saw the Czar; and, in times which we can perfectly recollect, thought of him (not meaning Alexander III.) as a barbarous despot, the natural enemy of all light and freedom. Nay, even of Alexander III. very hard things have been said within a few years only, until we found out all at once—and it is a little difficult to see how—that it was to that somewhat grim Muscovite recluse, in constant terror of his own life (or so people said), that we owed the peace of Europe and other great things. Peace be with him! it was a great thing for him that he could not be present at his own obsequies, except in the passive inevitable way. But the strange

thing is, that we all take the deepest, most personal interest in it, and are almost flattered individually to think that in all the world it was to our Princess that the Empress of Russia—whom we had never known to have any special link of tenderness with her, except the natural bond of sisterhood—turned in her trouble, summoning her with that imperative call of grief which is irresistible, whether it come from an empress or a peasant. The women are all with the Princess, feeling, as the poor people say, that *she knows what it is*: while on the other side it cannot be denied that a lively apprehension of the severe manner in which the Prince must have been bored, and the goodness of heart which made him bear it manfully to the end, has moved the rest of us, from the men in the clubs to those who drive the hansoms. It would have been thought in extremely bad taste to pretend any particular interest in such matters thirty years ago. We don't pretend, we feel it now, and nobody has a word to say. How has this change of sentiment come about?

But that is a great deal more than the Looker-on can say. He sees the fluctuations of the public mind, but has no theories about them, or at least is not tempted to offer any explanations. Perhaps those picture papers which treat them all so badly have something to do with it. This reminds us, by the way, of a curious slip made by that very clever young man, Mr Anthony Hope, in his very entertaining story called 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' He tells us there of a coronation scene in that exciting capital, the name of which at this moment we forget, which was produced in an illustrated London paper, to the almost conviction of

the generous masquerader, who played in pure self-abnegation the part of the disabled king—and whose portrait was recognised by his friends! Now, with all respect to Mr Anthony Hope, who has a fine and sprightly talent, this is too much for belief. We are ready to allow that he was crowned king in—the name of the place again escapes us—but not that his face could be recognised in the picture of his coronation given in the London Pictorial. No: there are limits to faith. We have seen our own Queen—God bless her Majesty!—represented there in a great many different aspects, but never one bearing the remotest resemblance to her well-known features. It cannot be done, we suppose, in the inevitable hurry that is necessary. A symbol is given which we accept—but no more.

Things are not opening very brightly either, so far as we can see, for the beginning year. The war, let us hope, in which an inevitable mixture of the grotesque comes in, in spite of ourselves, along with the tragic, will be over, and the offended Majesty of Japan will be reconciled to that Potentate who is the Brother of the Sun before long. Why should there be this touch of the ridiculous in an extremely real and very important conflict, which may affect all our interests, for anything we can tell? We can only say we don't know. The Japs are evidently far from ridiculous when they make war. They do it as well as if they were to the manner born, instead of playing that big game as they might play croquet, because it is the game of the grown-up people and proves a new fellow's manhood—which was, we think, the half-amused opinion we all held at first. But ships blown

up, and forts taken, and a great deal of bloodshed, are proofs too strong for such a theory. It is, we believe, the opinion of some philosophers, if not also of some statesmen, that China is the coming Power, and that the next great wave of war-like immigration is to be formed of her countless hordes. Will this, we wonder, modify that opinion? or will it quicken the outflow of the wave? or will victorious Japan now take the place of the Celestial Empire? All these things are in the future, and as yet the answer is not to be divined. But we must repeat—a little ashamed of the comparison—that the sensation of the grotesque is scarcely dispelled even by the gravity of the situation. It is as if a bloody war had arisen between the Lilliputians and the Brobdingnagians, and we had been called to see the balance of power quiver and the comity of nations overthrown. We have never yet taken Japan quite seriously; but it is evidently going to insist upon being taken very seriously now: and China beaten is as melancholy a spectacle as any other vanquished nation. It is curious why there should be this incipient ridicule in all our thoughts of these Orientals. The pigtail is not enough to cause it, yet tells for something, no doubt, in the fact: and the broadly smiling Japanese amiability, which after all hides no small amount of ferocity, as has been made perfectly clear on various occasions. We have no ridicule for the Hindoo, nor would we find anything grotesque in the wars of Persian or Moor. It is difficult to tell why those two countries should specially convey to us this disrespectful sentiment.

Then there are all the African dilemmas, a pretty crop of them, for Government to settle, which

should produce something lively in the way of discussion early in the year. At this moment they present a problem which interests the Looker-on from his easy point of view more than if he had to tackle the fate of the Chartered Company, or other serious question. Is Mr Cecil Rhodes the adventurer of a boys' book, a hero for Mr Henty or Captain Mayne Reid? or is he of the race of the men who make empires? We do not imagine that he means to make an empire for himself. That is a hypothesis hopelessly out of fashion for a modern Englishman; but is he a Clive, or is he nobody in particular? We should like to know. He has a great deal of "go" in him, but that is the most elemental quality in a man assuming such a position; and he is occasionally imprudent, which is in his favour, as proving a naturalness in the man. We sometimes think of what we have read somewhere of the disappointment of Benjamin Franklin (we think) and some others, delegates from America, while that country was still colonial. They came over to get their rights or to state their grievances, very full of them, and of a consciousness of their importance, and that nothing could concern the old country so much as to set them right: full of respect too—nay, reverence—for the old country, and trembling with eagerness to put things straight. They came and saw—but did not overcome. What they found was a crowd of officials and statesmen, who thought a great many other things were much more important than America, and who put them off, and jostled them about from one to another, and looked after their own concerns.

It is to be hoped that this will not be the kind of treatment to which tremendous heroes from the

Colonies are exposed now. Mr Rhodes is perhaps not a man to be kept waiting in an antechamber, as was done in those days; but we are not so sure that Agents-General and such great personages may not feel something of the same effect as the American representatives did, whose indignant fling-off of wounded vanity, and even of a sentiment superior to that, helped us to the loss of our greatest colony. A bland Minister, thinking of his majority while he smiles and puts off the importunate Colonial, may do more harm than a century can make up. It is a sad thing for the public interest when the majority is so important to the statesman, being as it is a very slippery thing, not a principle upon which there might be some dependence. And at the same time it is more clamant than even a Mr Rhodes; it enters into every calculation, it wriggles through every arrangement. How shall I manage my Welshmen, my Teetotalers, my Socialists? a bewildered Premier must needs be thinking, while the talk is all of Boers and the chances of Africa. Is it likely that Clive himself could have got fair-play? He did not, indeed, and Warren Hastings was impeached for having given a great empire to England. Perhaps we may live to see Mr Rhodes at the bar in Westminster Hall, affording a very fine historical spectacle; or doing something similar to the pouring out of the tea in Boston Harbour. But we hope that before either of these misfortunes could take place, there will be somebody at the helm of affairs who can afford to spare sufficient time and interest for the distant story, and understand that everything is of the first importance in Imperial affairs, and a new continent not less but more to be con-

sidered than the robbery of the tithes, or the shutting of the public-houses, highly desirable as these objects may be.

It is amusing to see the idea of tithes which is propounded by popular orators—how they are a robbery of the people, and so forth, as most things indeed in this curious age are reported to be. Indeed if your great-grandfather made by the sweat of his brow a comfortable fortune, what was that but robbing the people who were not so hardworking or so honest as he?—so that there is no end to the application of the principle. This is all very well for the ordinary profane speaker of a workman's club; but it was wonderful to see a correspondence in a Scotch paper on the subject, in which this robbery of the people was boldly set forth as an invention of the middle ages, when "the Paipe, that pagan fu' o' pride," was laying dark schemes everywhere for the enrichment of the priests in every wicked way. We did not expect to see the Old Testament ignored in Scotland, where, we have reason to believe, it is rather more esteemed than the New by a large section of the population; but our newspaper debaters seemed quite unaware that the arrangement dated back to that settlement of the Jews in Canaan, which was conducted on the strictest feudal principles, and which was perhaps the first experiment in Democracy ever made, though not entirely successful. It was at that early period that the tenth was laid aside for the support of religion, as we should say, and no tradition can be more entirely respectable. It is not exorbitant, and we believe it is a law quietly adopted for their private guidance by many people of moderate wealth, who make little

fuss about it. No doubt in those days also many Jews were of opinion that the tribe of Levi was kept by them in idleness, and that the fellows ought to work, instead of growing fat on that tenth sheaf. But it is not the poor Jews now who grudge the national tribute, any more than it is the poor in Catholic countries who object to the demands of the Church. There is an instinct among the poor, who believe that the labourer is worthy of his hire, and that if you require benefits, even if they are spiritual, it is just that you should pay for them.

Neither the rich nor the absolutely poor are to be feared in such arrangements. It is the intermediate classes which are the dangerous antagonists, the classes which have not much money, and grasp at every shilling they can get; which seek cheapness in everything, indifferent to how that cheapness is secured; which support the sweater in all his ramifications, and promote bad manufacture, bad workmanship,—everything that is ugly and debased. It is not exactly their fault, for they are poor—poorer in their little struggle for appearances than the labourers below them. The poor farmer, to whom a few pounds less in his rent is a matter of life and death, is not to be judged too severely if he clamours against the tithe, notwithstanding that he and his forefathers accepted it as a necessary condition, carrying with it understood immunities. It would be impossible indeed to calculate how many people there are in this world to whom a little permanent decrease in rent, or in any other fixed expense, would be a temptation of the strongest kind, leading them to depart from principle, and abandon law, which, it is so easy to argue, was framed in

different circumstances, and conditions unlike their own.

This is too serious a matter for the Looker-on to tackle, though he cannot but perceive how common this tendency is, and how possible it is to clutch a shilling of saving, while freely spending a pound on the other side. It is a curious consideration, however, in the idea of Disestablishment, for instance, who the people are who are calculated upon to make up—as its partisans say the Christian community certainly will—for the absence of endowments. There were some wonderful statistics about America published lately, from which it appeared that in some districts of that country, in as many as forty (so far as our recollection goes; we think the number was greater, but prefer to state it under rather than over) contiguous parishes, or divisions equal to parishes, there was no church at all, or chapel, or any means of grace, as our forefathers called them. These were districts tenanted by the class which rages against tithes in England, and which we may see in American books fully described,—people to whom every penny is an object, and who attain to a grim well-to-do-ness by grabbing at every coin in their way, and refusing everything that is comely and of good report. By whom are those terrible lapsed lands to be regained? only by missionary effort, we presume, though of that we hear little, paid for by the wealthy. We do not know whether such missions exist, or what becomes of the forty parishes—an entire county, let us say, according to our calculations—in which there existed no kind of spiritual teaching, nor attempt to draw the minds of the sordid race from the struggle of daily life. The mind, indeed, refuses to grap-

ple with such a grim idea; there must have been a little Bethel, or Mount Zion, or Bethesda somewhere, and prayer-meetings, which cost nothing. That is an instance, however, of how the voluntary principle works when it is left to itself. It is not the farmers who refuse the tithes, nor the class which is on their level, that will be awakened into Christian beneficence. The agitators who rave about the robbery of the poor know very well that the withdrawal of the ancient income from poor parish churches means simply a compulsory rate upon those who have some money, and some heart and principle as well; and that the voluntary system, as it is called, fully extended over the country, would mean a robbery of the rich, or of those facetiously called rich: for certainly no English or Scotch gentry could stand by and see their country become heathen, like the forty American parishes. This probably the agitators would rejoice in, as a circumstance adding much piquancy to the enjoyment of their success; but it is no more just to rob the rich than to rob the poor, and a man with a little money in the funds, or elsewhere, is no more his brother's keeper than is he who denounces him. Thus Disestablishment would be proved to mean religious pauperism at the best—if not after the American model heathenism—without even those pleasant gods or demons of the woods and fields which the pagans of old possessed.

There was an instance the other day of the alienation of a charitable trust which is so glaring in its foolishness as to catch the general attention, so that the Looker-on might almost pass by, the reflections on the occasion being inevitable; but there is a comic

element in it which relieves the mind. Somebody in Bishopsgate, some hundreds of years ago, left a sum of money to supply flannel petticoats for poor women in his favourite parish; and a kindly, honest man he must have been, who had known what it was to be cold, and who wished his neighbours well in a homely way. (We know an old lady who would like to provide all the poor old women with hot-water bottles; but pauses on the sad reflection that probably half of them would be pawned next day!) Now, it is almost incredible that so golden an age can have come to Bishopsgate as that flannel petticoats for poor women are no longer required there. This we decline to believe. But if such a happy state of things could exist, to pass on the charity to the next parish, where many must be wanted, or to extend the operation of the charity, if it has grown too large for a parish, to the whole of a chilly city, would be reasonable. Something else, however, has been done, and had it not been in all the newspapers we should have given the destination of this fund to the reader to guess, secure that he never would have divined it. It has been done, however, and the Prime Minister has made a speech on the subject—and all the local authorities have wagged their beards over it, and congratulated each other. The flannel petticoats have been converted into a free library! Now, it will not be supposed that the Looker-on is indifferent to books. He is free to confess that he would not care—the Duke of Wellington's favourite oath, a twopenny d—for his life without them. (He would add, however, were it not a pretence and inference that he has a sumptuous library of his own, which is

not the case, that he would almost rather do without these cherished companions than study them in a free or any other public library ; but this by the way.) But yet he is obliged to confess that to many people they are not a necessity of living, and that he himself can imagine moments in which not the most cherished poet in the world could make up for the absence of a flannel petticoat or its equivalent about one's knees. Books may come and books may go, but flannel is a perennial need. We do not think it probable that any member of the human race, even in the millennium, unless there is a great change of climate, will be able to do without it. Of all charities in the world it is one of the least ostentatious, the most comforting. And to think we have done away with that in order that a number of louts may have a nice warm room in which to read the worst novels and the sporting news in the papers and neglect their natural work ! It is impossible to imagine a more unpardonable interference with a dead man's will. If the flannel petticoats had been converted into warm soup and dinners, there might be something to be said for it. The honest burgher's intention was to keep the poor people warm, and soup might do that, if not so well as the flannel ; but what would he have said to the hobbledehoy who will enjoy his benefaction now ? He would have taken them by the shoulders, we may be sure, and turned them out of the place. "Go work !" he would have said, with perhaps a little strong language in addition. And meanwhile the poor women shiver, and the rheumatics spread prematurely from lane to lane.

The Looker-on feels himself called upon to declare that he

would much rather take the bequests in favour of libraries, &c., and turn them into flannel petticoats. There is a certain Scotch town which is very wealthy, and extremely well able, we should suppose, to look after the education of its children, and all that is necessary for their training. If it would pass a municipal law to have them all washed every morning by public instrumentality, if not by private, it would be an admirable thing ; but the minds of the provost and bailies take a higher flight. Education is the hobby on which they all ride wildly. They have achieved for themselves a university so called, for what particular reason no one knows, for there are already four ancient universities in our not very vast northern kingdom. But the people love the brag and the sense of superiority it confers, and various persons have made large donations for its establishment and maintenance. Not long ago there was in all the papers a notice of an old lady who had just died, leaving all her fortune, some thirty-five thousand pounds, to this great institution. She was a grim old Scottish person, and no doubt at the bottom of her heart held the university in high disdain as new-fangled and unnecessary ; but a previous old lady, with whom she had probably been at school, had left a similar bequest, and our friend was not to be outdone. Now, we confess that it would give us the utmost delight, by means of the Charity Commissioners or any other officials, to take this sum from the University of B. and turn it into flannel petticoats. Does not the reader agree with us that it would be well done ? The town has need of many flannel petticoats. It has an incalculable number of poor

always with it. It has need of being fed and clothed and cleansed, especially the latter. We do not say that it does not look after its charities; but imagine the number of flannel petticoats and other comforts that could be got out of thirty-five thousand pounds! If ever it were justifiable to interfere with a dead man's will, surely this is the manner in which it should be done. Perhaps, if we were to acknowledge it, ostentation and emulation have a great deal to do with all great public benevolences—as indeed has always been the case in all generations. When it was combined with a prudent regard for the saving of one's soul as in the old times, perhaps there was more to be said for it. But that idea has now been exploded. We would, however, fondly hope that some century hence the Charity Commissioners, if such officials remain, will be led to act upon our suggestion. The petticoats which the London burgher has been obliged to give up ought to be forced, in our opinion, into the dead hand of the old lady of the other place.

“If hosen and shoon thou gavest nane,
The whins will prick thee intill the
bane,”—

says the ancient dirge. Small comfort, we ween, will the ghostly pilgrim find in the scraps and fragments of a university museum; whereas a few flannel petticoats would make nice soft walking over that whinny rig which the spirit has to traverse. There is no chance, however, we fear, that her Majesty's Government will ever appoint the Looker-on member of a board for the utilising of Improper Bequests. With a sufficient income the post would be an agreeable one; but, alas! it will never come our way, or else—

what short, what comfortable, what pleasant work should we make of that thirty-five thousand pounds!

Mr Rogers of Bishopsgate is a very popular clergyman, and thinks differently. We might as well say no Prime Minister would ever present the Looker-on with his portrait, as has been done to that genial ecclesiastic. No matter: we hold our opinion all the same. It is very likely that all the poor authors about will be requested to bestow a set of their books upon the Free Library for which the flannel petticoats have been sacrificed. No! a thousand times no! We hope that even Mr Besant, though he has a turn that way, will do nothing of the kind. Perhaps the excellent and popular clergymen in the City are not always so wise as they seem to be. We were informed lately in respect to one of them by a member of his own staff, that he had popularised the Church services to such a degree that, between beautiful music and popular addresses, there was scarcely anything of the old worship left—all with the very best intentions, to make church pleasant to the people who were supposed not to care for public prayer and sermons. The result was rather an astonishing one to this excellent man and his colleagues. The people whom they were so anxious to please disappeared from the church! Never was more beautiful music, never more cheerful exhilarating poetical addresses upon all the finest subjects: but nobody came to hear them. This clergyman, whose excellent work is known in all the high places, was removed to a loftier sphere, and a commonplace vicar came in his stead, who instantly set up all the old services, the old-fashioned hymns, the com-

mon offices of the Church : and in a week or two the place was full again ! We were not personally spectators of these phenomena ; but our informant was grieved, not happy, that things should have happened so : therefore we believe him to be correct.

The air is so tingling with speeches that we can hardly hear ourselves read, though there is also a good deal to read, in these dull days, when it is still more difficult to see. The speeches are about so many subjects, both sacred and profane, that they confuse each other. A great many of them seem to be by Lord Rosebery. He it is who presents our old friend with his portrait, and he also who proposes to move a Resolution somewhere about the House of Lords. That seems no very alarming thing to do. We have most of us done the same in one way or another. The Resolution moved by Mr W. S. Gilbert was that, "with all their faults we love our House of Peers," and that is probably what it will come to, howsoever repeated, for many a true word is spoken in jest. To be sure, it is not to be expected that the Labour Unions should be of that sound opinion ; but even they would lose something if they had not the intense wrong of hereditary lawgivers to discourse of, along with primogeniture and the law of entail, which are matters of such deep concern to the agitator. We wonder whether Mr John Burns in America, where we see he has safely landed, will be able to form as sound an impartial estimate of the comparative advantages of government, and the uses of a second chamber, and the agreeable blending of financial inducements with argument which is said to exist there—as he appears to have done about the state of the streets.

But the power of seeing is in the eyes, and not in the objects seen. The only impartial observer we have heard of in recent days was that honourable contributor to the 'Figaro,' who went to Egypt with the intention of disclosing all the atrocities of English rule, which the 'Figaro' had been so strong upon for years before ; but who came back, to his honour, to declare, and in the very pages of the paper which sent him forth with so different an object (to its honour also be it said), that English rule was in fact honest, steadfast, and straightforward, and that French fund-holders had a better chance of their dividends under that *régime* than any other. That was an honest man ; but few of us are capable of being so honest as that. We generally see what we expect to see. And indeed, to tell the truth, a simple perception of facts is the thing perhaps most difficult to attain of all the seeings in the world. Mr John Burns, for instance, is no doubt in intention a perfectly honest man, and he has shown himself capable of education and of a dawning perception that there are two sides to every question, which is the chief thing which makes a distinction between men and men. Some of us, however highly educated, are never capable of that. But he will go to the examination of his question with a bias—stronger perhaps than any other bias, except the similar bigotry of class which opposes it—and he will be surrounded by interpreters of the same bias, and without the same modifying power of reason, who will come in the way of the light and hinder his free vision. It is on the cards that such a man should come home like the Frenchman disabused of many of his errors : but unlikely—for so clear a mind as that of the

correspondent of the 'Figaro' is very rare.

A question which is not political, yet demanding legislation, and in which some Utopian views seem to mingle with the practical, was that discussed in the Home Secretary's library the other day between Mr Asquith and the doctors, on the subject of infant mortality and the work of mothers in factories. On this subject a great many different opinions are held. Some high-flying theorists are still, we believe, disposed to think that the women should be free to make their own terms, and should be under no debasing bondage of Factory Acts. Some think their employers should be bound to consider the accidents of married life, and leave them three months in which to look after their babies, instead of one, which is in some sort their due; while others prove by elaborate calculations that what with the money they pay to strangers to take care of their children, and the absence of all possibility of household management, the married women gain little or nothing by the wages for which they toil so hard, and neglect all the duties of life. A cynical employer of female labour adds that they like the factory much better than the monotonous life of the cottage, and that endless talk with their compeers is more to them than the fascination of the baby, the clean-swept hearth, and the well-kept house. Which of all these points of view is the true one it is difficult to say. The life of the factory seems to a Looker-on the most tremendous of all monotonies: the mechanical movement of the shuttle or wheel; the risk of having a finger off in a moment, if there is the least inattention; the horrible unaltering clamour of the machinery, within the sound of which

he can neither hear nor think,—would seem to make conversation or *fun* as impossible as the treadmill itself. To him, looking on, it would appear that the chatter "at the doors," where there are always neighbours to be seen, each with her baby, even in the regions most overborne with factories, would be much more attractive than any chatter that could be kept up within the whirr and clang of those horrible wheels. But a critic more intimate than the Looker-on, an excellent woman well acquainted with the class of whom she speaks, adds here her authoritative opinion: "It is easy talking; but when your man says to you, 'G'way to your work: look at the rest; they're all at it. I did not marry ye to keep ye idle. If ye think so, ye're just making a great mistake'—that's what sends them back to the factories." And we think our friend is probably right.

It is curious to note the difference of opinion which takes place among men in respect to female labour, according as the woman is a rival in work or a partner in life. Nothing has been more ferocious than the opposition to women in trades where they compete with and naturally undersell men, an opposition in which—though not in its ferocity—there is a certain amount of reason. From the women at the pit-mouth to the women (we regret to say) in the medical classes, they have been resisted with a fury which theoretically nobody would have believed in. But when it comes to an intimate matter of bread-winning, it is very rare indeed that a man objects to his wife working. There is something in this aspect of the question which changes it altogether. Could we manage to instil into them the same dislike of this as of the competition of

these cheaper workers in their handicraft, it would be a good thing for both parties. But that is a Utopia beyond any philosopher's dream. The only thing that could be done by legislation is one which we have always dreamt of as a solution of many questions about women. It is that the women who work should be—as among the bees, for instance, that highly organised community—celibates, who make up their minds to the other line of life, and do not marry. The functions, especially of a mother, are not easily combined with any other trade or profession. We have seen very melancholy spectacles in the attempt to carry both out well;—exceptional health, exceptional spirits, fortitude, and energy are required in such cases. But work of itself is really at bottom often more agreeable to women than it is to men. We are unable to say what would be the result on manners, or even on morals, of such an arrangement. The Looker-on doubts whether it would be good. He fears that instead of promoting delicacy of mind or thought it would injure them, and that the haunts of free sisterhoods of women in the world would not be much more elevating than the clubs and chambers of the other half of humanity. Of course, to be of any service to the world, it would have to extend to the lowest class, and, indeed, specially to them. It would modify, however, the evils which the doctors pointed out to Mr Asquith, and granting the fact that there are always a great many superfluous women in the world, it would be by far the best way of getting rid of them. They might be enrolled from birth in this honourable order of workers. They might have special instructors, poets, and story-tellers, to persuade them of the grandeur

of it. They might have something pretty and special to wear, to distinguish them, which would be an attraction. Alas! we fear we must have an Autocrat and not a Parliament to regulate our common life before any such plan could be so much as suggested; and then, let us console ourselves, it would probably not work after all.

Miss Cobbe is a delightful example of what might be the product of such a rule. Celibacy is an institution which has not had much honour in the countries affected by the Reformation, though it is a little hard to say why: for the celibate priesthood is a very great institution, and in modern times, at least, has worked exceedingly well, with perhaps less soil, or practical falling off from the ideal, than any other. And there is no doubt that it often develops very fine and beautiful types of character. The gentle old priest, who has never known any of the straiter bonds of life, but has studied hundreds of them, and knows all the ways of men and women with an impartial certainty, which only a lifelong looker-on can obtain, is one of the finest examples to be found. To him, indeed, we can understand the mystery of confession, that tremendous tribute which Rome exacts from those who follow her, yet which is a very natural impulse in certain circumstances and at certain times—above all, to certain people—though intolerable, we should think, as an everyday rule. The celibate woman, vulgarly the old maid, affords very admirable specimens too. What a treasure she is in one's family, an old servant who does not marry, who desires no followers, who is not liable to break down at the height of her usefulness with the terrible avowal, so distressing to the ears of modern mistresses, "Please, 'm, I'm think-

ing of getting married." Something almost more devoted than motherhood, less strictly limited, less exacting of return, is in the maternal love of an unmarried woman for her charges, for her friends, for her young relations. It is "all for love and nothing for reward," like the angels: yet it often receives a more certain reward than the mother does. One of the pretty stories told of the late Czar is that he watched at the death-bed of his old nurse, as we know the late Archbishop of Canterbury did, remaining "Archie" to the faithful old woman, when to others he was a Right Rev. Father in God. Yet we give no honour to that condition but jibe and jeer, throwing easy and vulgar ridicule upon the band whom we assume to be obliged to belong to it, whether they like it or not.

Miss Cobbe is of the jovial kind, and is of that band of celibates who specially enjoy life, and make no god or goddess of self-denial. She states her position with the utmost frankness, indeed. She is no woman with a story, making the best of what remains after the ideal has fled, which is what the most agreeable of women in her position rather like to be thought, with a not unpleasing touch of weakness. "I have gone through life," she says, "without that interest which has been styled 'woman's whole existence.'" Her life is a life which "no man has ever desired to share, nor has she seen the man she would have wished to ask her to do so." This is a very remarkable confession indeed, and one which it is difficult to believe in, being so entirely different from the experience of most people as recounted by themselves. Was there ever a woman known before who, in the course of her life, had never received a proposal? The Looker-on doubts it very much,

and would desire some independent corroboration of the fact, notwithstanding the difficulty of proving a negative. "Whether my readers will think that such a life as mine was worth recording I cannot foretell, but that it has been a life worth living I distinctly affirm." It has evidently been one full of the pleasures of life, well conditioned, full of worthy objects, and that genial satisfaction with self which is not perhaps among the highest of human faculties, but which certainly does more for individual happiness than almost any other endowment. Miss Cobbe has every right to think well of herself. Providence—not to say her friends—has indeed done everything to justify her in her opinion. She has done well and been well all her days: many of us have not that experience. Many of us, too, by way of comforting ourselves under a very different order of things, have promulgated the idea that it is a dangerous condition for the soul to be too well off and comfortable: but that is an envious theory, and by no means proved in life. The happy people are very often the kindest people, as well as those whom it is most cheerful and inspiring to meet in the dull paths of ordinary life.

There were, however, no dull paths for Miss Cobbe. She has been a county lady, a newspaper editor, a working philanthropist, a philosophical and religious writer, and the leader of a strong and vigorous agitation in her day; and is still a notable figure in society, knowing everybody that is worth knowing in her old age. She has had no discouragements, no knocks-down in life. Everybody has applauded her, befriended her (which she did not require; but a cynical Looker-on would say that is the surest means of being befriended),

and borne her pleasant company all her life. She changed her religion at the mature age of about twenty, having by that time come to a deadlock in respect to all belief: but managed to hammer out a system of Theism or Deism for herself (we are ashamed to confess we cannot explain what is the difference between these two terms), which has served all purposes of piety since, and has kept her quite at ease on the subject. There are, however, two religious anecdotes given, which to ourselves throw a little doubt upon the satisfactory character of Miss Cobbe's reasonings—one in which she discusses miracles, that darling subject, as *coups d'état célestes*, which she thinks an admirable title for them. "A *coup d'état*," she says, "is a practical confession that the regular and orderly methods of government *have failed* in the hands of the Governor, and that he is driven to have recourse to irregular and lawless methods to compass his end and vindicate his sovereignty." We wonder to what kind of miracles Miss Cobbe supposes this explanation to refer? If it is those of our Lord, divine alms of bounty, flowing as naturally from Him as light from the sun, we think we should not probably be convinced by her other arguments, and can only wonder at the extraordinary misapprehension. Another instance of the same kind of bewildered inappropriateness is in her story of Mrs Stowe, who had, she tells us, urged upon her boy the sinfulness of anger, which he was never to indulge. "Then why," said the child, "does the Bible say so often that God was angry?" She replied, motherlike, "You will understand it when you are older." The boy pondered seriously for a while, and then burst out, "Oh, mamma, I have found it out. God is angry because God

is not a Christian!" Miss Cobbe thinks this would be an admirable text for a sermon in which her own views of the falsehood of revelation might be preached; but apparently feels no profane inclination to kick the little prig (but perhaps that is a male impulse) who presumed to make his small rules a model for God, nor to silence the silly mother (notwithstanding her touch of genius) who taught him to do so.

The moral to be learned from this really entertaining book is that to have a pleasantly good opinion of one's self is a fundamental principle of a happy life. We do not mean conceit, or anything which interferes with the same admirable quality in others; nor vanity, which is altogether a different thing. We remember hearing it said by a lady who was honoured with a private audience by the Queen, and who was naturally a little flustered in anticipation, that the soothing conviction which stole into her mind, that she was herself the best-dressed woman among the little group of ladies surrounding her Majesty, gave her, as soon as she perceived it, the greatest support. Now, Miss Cobbe rather exults in what she herself styles, as no one else would do, "a physical frame, defective even to the verge of grotesqueness," which we don't in the least believe in; but she possesses in perfection this sunny satisfaction with herself, which lies at the bottom of more good-humour, contentedness, and charity than people imagine. She calls it health and physical *bien être*; but alas! there are many healthy people who do not possess it: it is one of the most excellent endowments in the world. And as this lady bustles in to a dark London house in these horrible days when there is no longer either heaven

or earth, but a black sky and a blacker pavement—the sight of her, even in the diminished form of a book, is an enlivening circumstance, and a gleam of sunshine comes in with her. It is indeed playing it rather low down upon us, to place before the confiding reader, ere he is aware, a synopsis of her first book: but the pleasant power of skipping neutralises even that, and the cheerful presence spreads on every side.

Vivisection is a subject still less exhilarating than theories of Deism or Theism. Any one who is interested in it will find full details of the agitation against it in this book. It is even more conclusive, however, against so horrible a branch of science and its bloody researches, that it seems to come to so very little after all. We fear that we should ourselves, though we would not willingly hurt a fly, turn away our face from the sufferings of the frogs and rabbits, if they saved the children by their martyrdom; but this does not seem to be the case. It is not many years since we were all profoundly excited by Dr Koch's supposed discovery. Had he indeed found a remedy for consumption, that always dreaded name, so rapid and so certain, we could have found it in our heart to forgive him, in spite of Miss Cobbe, for the means he took to arrive at it. But he did not do that, as all the world knows. He roused a frantic hope in the bosoms of sufferers all over the world, and of those who loved them. He caused such excitement as has rarely been known before, both among the learned and the ignorant. And then it all came to nothing. The disappointment, the disillusion, was immense: and as a matter of fact, from standing out against the sky as one of the

great benefactors of the human race, as he did for some time, with all sorts of substantial rewards and honours prematurely bestowed—the figure of Koch has disappeared altogether, to be hailed by nothing but a grin or a groan, according to the disposition of the spectator, should it make any furtive appearance again. We are in the midst now of a similar but milder excitement about a cure for diphtheria—milder, because we have already learned to be timid of such discoveries; but this one, we have been assured, was better proved, and afforded a more justifiable hope, than that of Koch. And there have already begun to be complaints, as in Koch's case, that it could not be manufactured quickly enough, or in sufficient quantity, for the eager demand. Now, however, there begin to rise discouraging whispers that this second hope is as little grounded as that of Koch, and that probably there is nothing in it at all. An older and still more fallacious hope was that which agitated France—we do not remember that it had the same effect in England—a long time ago in respect to the elixir of life of Dr Brown-Sequard. But then it is hard to believe in an elixir of life: a specific for a certain disease seems more within the limits of possibility. It is curious, and a very weird imagination, savouring of the magician rather than the physician, to search for elixirs of life in the animal products attained by groping in the entrails of dead animals. What an uncomfortable fascination such researches seems always to have had for men!—

“Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing.”

The classic use of these revolting

relics is perhaps more wonderful still; but that was in the morning of the world. That we should go back to medieval methods is more astonishing than anything that could have happened then. To be sure, vaccination is one wonderful success noted on that side of the question; but it is the only one as yet, for we believe M. Pasteur's invention is still on its trial, and at all events deals with nothing universal, but a sort of accident in life.

There has been a very large arrival into the world this winter already in the shape of books, biographies of notable persons, who are very opportune visitors in this dull season. They are often more agreeable than the living visitors, who discuss only the topics of the day, topics which we shall have forgotten before the Looker-on can get his comments into print—i.e., whether M. Emil Sauer will attain an established reputation among musicians, or if Mrs Patrick Campbell is really a great actress: or even whether it is essential that a heroine on the stage should be a little soiled and smirched in her reputation before she can acquire the interest of the world. This seems to be the opinion of the "new" Art, not only on the stage. The eternal feminine has many queer manifestations besides that of the new woman—who is beginning, we are glad to think, to be somewhat worn out. It is curious to see how fond young literary men are becoming of arraying themselves in trailing garments and putting forth to the world what they suppose to be the sentiments of the woman who interests them. We read the other day a book, produced by one of the gallant youths of the period, written in the character of an erring sister, into which we are bound to admit he entered *con amore*, with

an excellent notion of how the lady would dress, and other details of a knowledge once thought unnecessary in the education of men. The lady has just left (on his marriage) the protection of a young nobleman, when she is introduced to us. She is a most cultured and admirable person, it is unnecessary to say. She is greatly surprised when a strait-laced country gentleman suggests that she has been living in sin, which is quite a new idea to her: it surprises her still more when—the country gentleman having fallen in love with her, and her own mind being much exercised by questions whether she ought, in his own interest, to refuse to marry him—he solves the difficulty abruptly, and imparts a certain originality into the story, by making proposals of a totally different kind, assuring her that her conversation and arguments in favour of her sisterhood have convinced him how entirely conventional and unnecessary marriage and such old-fashioned ceremonies are. The lady flies, shocked and distressed, and so the story comes to an end.

Now, it is bad enough that women should imitate and aim at living like men; but that young men should masquerade as women is a much more disagreeable development. In the first case ignorance has a great deal to do with it, and high spirits and folly, probably quite superficial: but the second is—what? We dislike to characterise it. It means something more than folly, and nothing that the least resembles the innocent daring of the ignorant. But there are signs that this habit is becoming popular. It is bad enough when the reproduction of drawing-room chatter represents what he is pleased to call "Art" to a man; but there is something loathsome in the idea when he puts himself

in the place, and expresses the ideas, of a courtesan. That she should be a favourite heroine in literature is not a noble thing, though it is by no means a new thing. But even Manon Lescaut and the Dame aux Camellias are at least described from outside, not accounted for and expounded from within. We are not ourselves fond of the feminine man, whose preference for virtue and domestic happiness makes him scarcely definable from the excellent persons in petticoats who circle about him ; but the suggestion of a male turning himself into an improper woman goes against every instinct. It seems to the Looker-on one of the last signs of degeneration. The epicene should be ducked forthwith, wherever encountered.

Never, perhaps, had this lady, whom our young men admire and imitate, so much importance in literature, as represented by the "New" school, as now—and the new school is very pushing and numerous, besieging all the doors of the Temple of Fame. She is the soul of those wonderful drawings which have given Mr Aubrey Beardsley and his followers so much reputation, and introduced a new ideal into what that gentleman, too, no doubt calls his "Art." Perhaps, however, we ought rather to thank Mr Aubrey Beardsley for the high moral he sets forth, and which is still more remarkable than his art. He has taken up the succession of that great artist, we will not say of our youth, but of our fathers' youth, the author of those silhouettes which still hang on some old walls, and recall the high collars and low necks, the whiskers and the ringlets, of the Georgian era. But his aim as well as his subjects are different. The wandering portraitist who cut out grandpapa's profile for a shilling made an amiable attempt to add

to, rather than to take from, the beauty of his sitter. No doubt he improved the outline of a nose where it was possible, and gave a little additional curve to an upper lip. But his successor loves ugliness and cultivates it, ugliness and withal impudence, and the degradation which results from that union. The lips of a white negro and the fell of woolly hair, the depraved small countenance and grinning mouth, are features which never before have been seen out of caricature,—though to be sure it is all caricature, the cynical kind, yet with an evil enjoyment in the odious things portrayed. It is, no doubt, exceedingly clever to indicate so impudently some lines of the human, or rather of the female, form that the representation produced is an offence in itself, though clothed fantastically to the chin. This is his moral, which he is always preaching, though with a leer and a preference for the thing he caricatures. Whether it is the cleverness, or the audacity, or the impudence which the public admire most it would be difficult to say ; but the one thing unmistakable is the ugliness, in which there is no wavering. That too, to be sure, is "new" also, ugliness being more piquant than beauty, and allowing much greater scope for the development of impudence and vice. The two reach their apotheosis in this school of pictorial representation and can go no further : there is nothing left for them but to explode and ascend in snaky circles to the lurid firework skies which form their natural firmament, and there disappear in evil smells and flame.

If Mr Aubrey Beardsley may be called the head of this system of illustration, that portentous apparition called the 'Yellow Book' is the climax of Mr Aubrey Beardsley. He has nowhere reached to

such a point of the incomprehensible, the enigmatical, and the impure. The portrait of himself in the third volume of that book probably beats in grotesque inanity anything that the brotherhood of the eccentrics has managed to evolve—though even that is not so daringly impertinent as the thing called Sam Collins's Music Hall, Islington, which is not only in the 'Yellow Book,' but on the walls of a London exhibition, under the name of Mr Walter Sickert, who can sometimes paint, and has a name which has been heard of. We do not profess to know what this means, either in the picture or in the black-and-white reproduction of it. We have tried it in every way, upside down and from the sides, but all in vain. It looks like the very dim ghost of a female figure perched on the shoulders of a man, whose black face is all that is visible of him—but the white thing is not on the black thing's shoulders, because there is something like a leg, a stump, thrust into vacancy. What does it mean? We should like to know. But indeed that is a polite fiction, for we should not in the least like to know. We have heard it asked in the same way, what is the meaning of the 'Yellow Book'? but not any attempt at an answer to that question, or the slightest real interest in any sane mind on the subject. Apparently the 'Yellow Book' was an attempt at an illustrated magazine of supreme pretensions, professing to be wittier, darger, and wickeder than ever magazine was—and dearer. The last was one of its great points, and it was perhaps the cleverest of all. All the youthful talent of the time was to be combined in it—the writers of all the nastiest stories and of all the sickliest songs; all the dissolute young gentlemen who

have tremendous adventures with indescribable women, and all the artists who can make these indescribable women sprawl through the nasty obscurity of a "process" print.

The result was a first number which shocked many good people, and then a second number, which betrayed how the shock had been transferred from the people who read to the people who wrote,—an extremely comical effect. The young gentlemen had paused in what was intended to be their meteoric career. They had got frightened, or their capitalist, whoever that gentleman may be, had got frightened, and all the flash and fury of youthful genius was served up to us discreetly concealed within a sandwich of respectability—the shelter, one at the end and one at the beginning, of unimpeachable names. No. 3 finds us again face to face with our young men,—but what reformed and altered young men! It is a conversion as rapid and as exemplary as if they had all been at Lourdes. Mr Hubert Crackenthorpe can think of nothing more wicked than a very futile proposal to run away with him, snubbed on the instant, made by a foolish Curate, just recovered from a fever, to the most correct of young married women: all the rest of the contributors are virtue itself. More correct, more irreproachable stories, are not to be found in any Christmas number. They might have come out of 'Good Words.' Mr Max Beerbohm, it is true, gives us a Note upon George the Fourth, prefaced by the most hideous and most incomprehensible of all the drawings, by way of restoring the character of that injured gentleman, and proving what a fine man he was. The subject is evidently chosen for the simple and indeed naïve reason that Royal George has hitherto

borne but an indifferent character, and the whitewashing of him might be supposed a bold thing to undertake. Mr Beerbohm holds up his little pennon of principle in gallant style. "Indeed we do not wish our prince to be an example of godliness, but a perfect type of happiness," he says. "It may be foolish of us to insist upon apolaustic¹ happiness; but that is the kind of happiness that we can ourselves, most of us, best understand, and so we offer it to our ideal. In Royalty we find our Bacchus, our Venus." Now we are aware that King George was once called, by a revolutionary person, who was put in prison for it, a fat and elderly Adonis; but we had not known he had any pretensions to be the lady too. Having thus set George the Fourth on his feet, our young gentleman proceeds to knock down a figure of a different kind.

"I yield to few," says Mr Max Beerbohm, "in my admiration for Thackeray's powers. He had a charming style. We never find him searching for the *mot*, just as for a needle in a bottle of hay. Could he have looked through a certain window by the river at Croisset, or in the quadrangle at Brasenose, how he would have laughed! He blew on his pipe, and words came tripping after him like children, like pretty little children who are perfectly drilled for the dance, or came, did he will it, treading in their precedence like kings, gloomily. And I think it is to the credit of the reading mob that by reason of his beautiful style all that he said was taken for the truth without questioning. But truth after all is eternal, and style transient, and now that Thackeray's style is becoming, if I may say so, a trifle 1860, it may not be amiss that we should inquire whether his estimate of George is in substance and in fact worth anything at all."

Now, this is the only thing in the third 'Yellow Book' which is at all worth the five shillings which an audacious publisher asks for it. This is original and daring and startling, and all that the present highly respectable volume ought to be, but is not. Is Mr Beerbohm quite sure that he ever read any book of Mr Thackeray's?—has he not perhaps come across something of Mr Ruskin's, and in the obscurity of the distant period to which they both belong felt it to be quite unimportant to himself, a leader of youth in '94, to remember which was which? This is a very benevolent suggestion, we feel. We put it forth out of our gratitude to him for continuing to be what his weaker-minded brethren have given up being. This sort of thing is what we were led to expect, and not half-a-dozen well-meaning stories, such as every Christmas number at this season supplies by the score. We ask with humility what was it that was seen from a certain window by the river at Croisset, and in the quadrangle at Brasenose, at which Thackeray might have proved worthy to laugh? Alas! the Looker-on is *arrière*, and does not know: the allusions that are laughed over among the young bloods do not mean anything to his grown-up ears. But he doubts whether Thackeray would have laughed at Mr Max Beerbohm; he would have noticed him probably in a more salient manner: and so we hope would the Captain of the Oppidians do at Eton, if the present possessor of that high dignity happens to be big and strong enough.

The New English Arts Club, which has established itself in the once grimy respectability of the Dudley Gallery, is a sort of coun-

¹ The printer sensibly puts a query to this word; so does the Looker-on. What is it supposed to mean?

terpart of the 'Yellow Book,' but retains its "new" note more forcibly than the *littérateurs*. The painters, indeed, are bolder altogether. They have always been bolder. They do not take fright, like the less brave boys that wield the pen. In the days of the Pre-Raphaelites they preserved for a long time the *courage des leurs opinions* after the writers of their school had shrunk back into the ordinary; and so it is again. Perhaps in the case of the painters there is no capitalist to be alarmed by a shrinking sale, and only their own individual budgets to suffer if the public does not buy. And then they have presumably a public of a limited character, among which there may be other young men who do not produce but buy. We give this as a conjecture; but the painter craft is always disinterested and *entêté*, and will have its whistle if it should want bread. The smudges which reign upon these walls illustrate half a dozen systems of wrong-headedness and cleverness, some of them very interesting indeed. There are, to begin with, the delightful smudges of Mr Brabazon. A patch of colour, a patch of shade, the outline of a vague cabbage or two for trees, and there you have, at a discreet distance, a really charming landscape, full of aerial freedom and light. The smudges of twilight in oil which meet us on every side are less attractive, but very clever all the same. One which we have specially distinguished (we think it is Mr Walter Sickert's) reveals through the gloom, dreamily undistinguishable but impressive, a bit of a Gothic cathedral with flying buttresses and pinnacles—but lower down what looks like a dingy white tablecloth, presumably hung out to dry, with one very large stain on it, and several smaller ones. This, we believe, is intended

for a white house, with the figure of a lady outlined against it. We say we believe, for certainly this theory could only be that of a believer, and we are still prepared to find that our first guess is right. Close by is the unimaginable smudge of Collins's Music Hall, Islington, which perhaps the frequenters of that house of song may understand, but which we cannot. Music halls, as we all know, are very much in the ascendant at present, partly through their advocates, partly through their assailants, the latter being perhaps the better advertisers of the two. It would be wrong to suppose that Mrs Ormiston Chant would accept a *buono mano* from the directors of any such establishment, but we are sure she deserved it; and if everybody got their due—but that does not happen, we know, in this world of injustice.

The music halls receive their full tribute in this exhibition. There is a picture by Mr Will Rothenstein of what is called Two Coster-girls, which is exceedingly clever, an admirable piece of work. We have, in its chief figure, there is little doubt, the portrait of a lady who is well known in the politest circles—to wit, Mrs 'Enery 'Awkins, as she appears in the love-lit eyes of her adoring husband. Or it might be the 'Arriet of 'Punch,' but that it is much less full-blown and blowsy than that popular heroine. The girl's face, with its mixture of audacity and simplicity, finely built, with a massiveness softened and purified by youth, the well opened eyes under the shadow of the preposterous hat, the head over-weighting the ridiculous slowness of the figure, hooked tightly into the black jacket,—are all most excellently done. It is not impudence, it is scarcely boldness, that is in those eyes—rather a half-

visionary audacity mingled with shyness, a look always on the alert, trained to publicity and possible assault, but ready for everything. We confess to being half-captivated by the Coster-girl. Still we doubt if we should like to hang her even in our dining-room. The smoking-room, perhaps, would be the right place; but that would be to throw a stigma on the young woman, who has done nothing, we are sure, to unfit her for the society of ladies. What is to be done with this preposterous kind of work? It used to be a great complaint that in England we had no fit places for pictures—nothing but the dining-rooms and drawing-rooms of domestic life; but it was in the interest of the heroic that this complaint was made. Great pictures an acre in size were impossible here; so in a measure were the religious pictures, which were once the great sustenance of the pictorial art, seeing we had not the habit of decorating our churches with the last, nor our public halls and assembly-rooms with the former. Here, however, arises a new difficulty—where are we to hang the Coster-girls and Madame Porphyria, in her old-fashioned pink flounces? The *Chat Noir* seems the only natural place. Do we possess *Chats Noirs* in London? Perhaps Mrs Humphry Ward would let us know.

It is impossible to count the number of exhibitions going on at present in London. They seem to increase at this time of the year along with the impossibility of seeing them; for whether by that faint, grey semi-visibility which we call daylight, or by the glare of the gas, they are equally indecipherable, in all that concerns colour at least. The portraits in the New Gallery are perhaps the safest in these circumstances. There is a great deal of excellent

work among them, as becomes a national art which has always been strong in portraits: though indeed we are obliged to confess that the first picture that occurs to our recollection, as well as several others that follow, bear names anything but English. Prince Troubetzkoi: that is foreign, Tartar, savage enough—but the portrait of Mr Gladstone, produced under this name, is remarkably fine, and worthy to be, as is intended, a historical picture. It represents the veteran statesman during the Home Rule debate, with his hand to his ear and his massive splendid old face intent. Not even the famous portrait by Sir John Millais, which turned all our heads one Academy time, seems to us equal in impressiveness and reality. The unbroken but most evident age—age which gives a whiteness as of faint mist or fainter rime, such as veils the trees in frost, to the firm unfaded features—is produced with an effect one does not remember to have seen before. It means, we presume, that all the invisible down upon the countenance has become white, as well as eyebrows and lashes and every adjunct of hair. This rime gives a benevolence which perhaps it does not really possess to the strong face—the face of an old lion, not toothless or broken down, which is the usual image, but full of dignity and force. The Looker-on does not love Mr Gladstone, sometimes even has not been able to admire him, but never was so struck by respect as in looking at this picture. It is intended, as we have said, to be a historical picture. It has the actual Home Rule Bill, on the familiar blue paper, with an inscription in Mr Gladstone's own hand to Mr James Knowles, that well-known collector of pictures and men, bound into the frame. Was it

only last year that it was painted, when a great many people still feared and trembled that the folded paper under the glass meant a prodigious deal, and would be a sight for coming generations? And already it means nothing at all,—no more than a parliamentary paper of Sir Robert Walpole's, or something about the Mutiny at the Nore, or any other even less remembered thing.

There is, by the way, a portrait in the New Art Club exhibition which is perhaps more individually noticeable than anything else here—Lord Monteagle, by Mr Charles Furse. It is a very powerful and distinguished portrait, the hands in particular being full of character and force. It is a little spoiled, however, as a picture by its background, especially the shelf just over the head, which we have a painful conviction will be shattered as soon as the sitter rises from his chair, with any precious *bibelots* it may support, and which in the meantime presses him down, and makes us uncomfortable. Take care! we feel inclined to cry out; but my Lord Monteagle is not the man to take any notice, and that shelf will certainly be down before we are aware.

But it is too discouraging to attempt to look at pictures in this atmosphere. There is nothing more remarkable in English life than the strength of spirit and of body which enables a large population to resist its influence year after year—nay, even to make merry under it, and make believe to enjoy the grey skies, the grey pavements, the houses looming like ghosts out of the fog. In Dr Johnson's time, when the praises of Town were on so many lips, this state of the atmosphere was unknown, and it is one of the many instances of the automaton in our lives, and even in our imaginations,

that we go on being glad because we have been glad before, in this as well as in other matters: which is so excellent a thing for human nature, but not perhaps so wise as it is good. The sun is shining all the time out of London, the air breathing free of smuts. Is such a thing possible? We protest, however, that it is not the old-fashioned London fog which we object to. That used to be rather amusing, when it appeared at intervals with torches in the streets, giving the most wonderful effects of smoky light, and wonderful tales of people who had wandered round and round their own house and failed to find it. These had a picturesqueness in them—they were occasional; they were exciting; they were peculiar to London, and a part of the programme. What is killing is the darkness, or half-darkness, which lasts day after day. There is at this moment a faintly mottled sky overhead, showing what would be the breaking up of small white clouds over the blue, faintly tinged with red or with yellow from a somewhere visible sun—could we but see it. But we cannot see anything so far off as the sky. It clears, it clears! We assure you, our dear friend, that *is* blue, though you pretend not to recognise it—and yonder is a little patch, which down at Richmond, say, or perhaps even up at Hampstead, must be shining like the wings of a passing angel. Alas! it does not shine here; the little lifting of the light is gone; the long line of houses recedes into uncertainty; the sky—— But why do we continue to babble of that which does not exist? there is no sky.

To return from a digression which every dweller in London will understand and sympathise in—we have talked so much of the new in these pages that we

have forgotten the old, which is a mistake. For was it not in this very capital, where Mr Max Beer-bohm considers Thackeray a worn out stylist, "a trifle 1860," that certain learned gentlemen held a little celebration of the great Gibbon, who was a stylist too. It is rather difficult, perhaps, to know how to celebrate a great writer who has been dead for a century. The good people of Edinburgh celebrated their beloved Sir Walter by a "banquet"; but it was a banquet provided on the most etherial principles, consisting of cake and fruit and wine. If it had not been Sir Walter, but some common man, we should have associated his name ever after with the large thick peel of an unripe orange, which made the atmosphere fragrant round us, as happens sometimes in the pit of a theatre. But for Gibbon the London *savants* had neither cake nor wine, and in that we think they were right, for these adjuncts were, to say the least, impertinent to the matter. They had an exhibition of MS. and of relics, and praised the departed in strains of philosophical devotion. Though he was not an author whom Charles Lamb relished, nor would have among his books which were really books, yet we must not say anything against the stately Gibbon. There is so much to say against him that the Looker-on could never find space for his lucubrations did he enter into that subject; but there is one very curious thing which was said about him in the course of his festival which is very well worth notice. It appears that the historian was so interesting a man to himself, and he was so concerned that Posterity should see him at his best, that he actually wrote six different versions of his famous Autobiography; and, what

is still more wonderful, the six versions were collected, cut up, and mashed together to form the one that was printed, so that it cannot even be asserted that the famous line, "I sighed as a lover but obeyed as a son," stands as Gibbon wrote it. If this is so, Gibbon attains a historical position which would have suited him admirably, for he becomes a proof, such as we never hoped to set eyes on, of how such things are done, and must strengthen the hands of the "New" criticism beyond telling. If a book can be made up thus of fragments, and yet retain its verisimilitude as a book, perhaps all they tell us about certain books in the Bible, which otherwise sounds in our ears as the voice of folly, may not be so absurd after all. Pausing to consider, however, we recollect that all Gibbon's six versions were by his own hand, and all about himself, and that probably his editor took only what was additional in numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6, without interfering with the integrity of number 1. This will no doubt prove to be the case, instead of the romantic and selective editing which was suggested by some of the papers. But what a man was this, a true type of unity and noble devotion to one subject, among all the feeble memoir-writers of our time. We have enough of them certainly; but they all have an unaccountable way of running into the general, so that the duty of a commentator is rather to pick out anecdotes of other people from the record than to dwell upon the qualities of the writer himself: whereas Gibbon's hero is Gibbon all through, with a bland sober consciousness of superior interest, which, in its way, is sublime. It is not for want of this consciousness, it is true, that more recent biographers

offend—most probably it is because they want to produce big books, more than one personality can possibly fill, and thus delude the reader with anecdotes of the great, to lead him through a multiplicity of volumes and make it pay.

Nor is the desire to make it pay an ignoble inspiration in itself. We all desire to make it pay—if not in money then in honour and glory and the praise of men; which was, no doubt, the leading wish of Mr Edward Gibbon, the great historian. It would almost seem that the less we think of any other immortality the more we think of this, which is natural, perhaps; yet foolish for a wise man like Gibbon, who knew well how a reader will smirk aside and add his gloss, and even in the very moment of first beholding that fair image of a man made by himself will laugh and lift a bit of drapery and display the concealed club-foot, as an odious spectator did to poor Byron in the very solemnity of his death-bed. And then, but for that delightful self-content of which we have already spoken, it would be so difficult always to make sure whether, even without a club-foot, one would appear to one's neighbour the pleasant personage one seems to one's self. We remember to have heard from a literary brother who had the task of writing a biography of a friend, who to him was a dear friend, and in whom he had the fullest trust—the appalling experience it was to obtain little glimpses of himself in that friend's letters and through that friend's eyes. The experience was whimsical, rueful, amusing in its way. The letters had first been edited carefully before coming to him, so

that he knew there must have been much more behind; but the fragments which were by chance or necessity left gave him that insight for which the poet so unwisely prayed, and he saw himself as his friend saw him, with surprise and dismay unutterable. He had in his hands a fine opportunity of revenge. We have often wondered, indeed (*pace* Mr Skelton!), whether some such revelation in Carlyle's letters might not have changed into gall the milk of Mr Froude. But we are proud to say for our literary friend that he withstood all temptations, and produced his hero brilliant in his real virtues, without a suggestion that perhaps his friendship was of less value than it seemed. Happily he was one of those who "see the fun" of such a queer complication—or, to speak with a grandeur which has become a little vulgar in our days, he had a strong sense of humour. So it does not happen often, however, to those who leave their reputation behind to the criticism of their contemporaries. However, they are generally by that time out of the way, and, let us hope, indifferent—unless in cases like that of Miss Cobbe, where the cheerful heroine remains undaunted to hear all that is said, and hears very little that is disagreeable, since there are no evil things to say.

Is it really brightening a little in those dingy skies? Let us hope it is for the new year, and that there will be brighter things to record another time, if the Looker-on can manage to live through those fogs, and see new Parliaments and new exhibitions and new books—all the fine things that are always possible in another year.

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THE END OF A CHAPTER.

THE phrase *fin de siècle* has been for some time past so tediously hackneyed and so foolishly abused that there is some danger of forgetting the odd and considerable historical justification for it. Why so many things, political, literary, social, and miscellaneous, should observe the ends of such arbitrary periods as centuries nobody can say; and those good people who, when they cannot render the reason, feel constrained to deny the fact, may cavil at it if they like. But it certainly is a fact—subject of course, like other facts, to exceptions and variations, to less and to more.

One instance of it at the present time exceeds all others in definition and incontestableness; indeed I do not know that it would be possible to find a fellow to it, except in the same subject and the same country as near as may be a hundred years ago. This is the fact (recognised in a way by some,

as by M. Lanson in his newly published History, but not fully stated by him for obvious reasons), that the literature of the nineteenth century in France has come to an end, that “Finis” has been written to at least this chapter of a long and brilliant history—that there is not even the postscript of transitional names and performances, which is occasionally present, to carry over matters till the new chapter discovers itself. Where till ten years ago the greatest name of the period in French literature was still at its head in poetry; where till within the present decade M. Renan still wrote such French prose as no one else, and such prose as few others had written during the last quarter of the century; where until the other day M. Taine abode as an example, if not of the most exquisite style or the most original creation, at any rate of varied literary craftsmanship and strenuous labour in

criticism, in philosophy, in history, which exalted him very near to the first rank,—there is now, in the first rank, nobody at all. The last distinctly eminent poet of the second generation, of the generation rather of Renan than of Hugo, died with Leconte de Lisle; and though some admirable writers of the same order and date in prose, the best of whom is notably M. Jules Simon, survive, their formal excellence is not accompanied either by supremacy of form, as in Renan, or by vigour and weight of matter, as in Taine. Those who are left are no doubt very respectable people, with divers gifts and graces, to which we may return shortly. But it is impossible for any one who has acquired the perhaps not very common or easy gift of looking at things without distortion of view, through prejudice in favour of the old or of the new, to admit that they enable French literature to hold up its head as it has been able to hold it up, at any time since the third decade of the century. The chapter that began in the later twenties has closed in the earlier nineties, after as nearly as possible the exact threescore years and ten; and France is left very much as she was after the death of Diderot, rather earlier in the corresponding case of the last age, without a single first-class name in her current book-lists.

What a chapter it has been! We could match it ourselves, no doubt, and beat it easily; for our own corresponding age began before the present century, though only just before, has never failed since, and even now (though, according to some, our state be a little staggering and parlous) has not completely come to a close. We can match it again, and beat it again, with the great age from

1580 to 1660, in length, in sustenance, in intensity; while France herself has a fair second string in the later part of the same period. But with the doubtful exception of the rather short German "Augustan age" between the rise of Goethe and the death of Heine, no other European history of literature has anything to compare with it since the very beginning of the seventeenth century.

I do not know whether "to be young" in the French 1830 was "very heaven,"—the affirmation of the celestial quality would be a little troubled by the remembrance that it implies being dead or decrepit now. But what young Frenchman at any other time had not merely such an atmosphere of intoxication around him, but such a future of solid and lasting literary satisfaction as had the youth of that and the neighbouring years? In the literature of *mil-huit-cent-trente* itself there were no doubt many faults, to which it is quite a mistake to think that those who even yet fondly cherish its memory are blind. Though it could boast of the greatest of all critics, it was profoundly, defiantly, refreshingly uncritical, both of itself and of everybody else. It did, indeed, make a shift to distinguish between Scribe and Hugo; but it was a very long time before it could make up its mind between Janin and Sainte-Beuve, Sue and Balzac, Méry and Mérimée, Gozlan and Gautier. Although all young and strong literary periods are very noisy and rather absurd, this outstripped all of them in noise, if not in absurdity. Its perfectly healthy appetite for novelty, freshness, foreign importations, liberty, variety, music, was pampered into a mere *boulímia* for anything out of the way and contrary to precedent. Those were the days (to

eschew the more hackneyed examples) of Balzac's *Wann-Chlore*, which survives under the quite sufficiently extravagant title of 'Jane la Pale,' of the *bousingot* in literature, of all the innocent absurdities that make us laugh to-day as they are half-parodied and half-lovingly depicted in 'Les Jeune-France,' in Charles de Bernard, and in a hundred other places. Indeed the most wonderful of Balzac's own wild-goose chases in actual life, the journey which he made to Sardinia in order to prospect for a fortune in the slag-heaps of the ancient mines, was a far more striking moral emblem of the day than any "red waistcoat," or than any of the verbal extravagances which became a fashion, and of which I heard nearly the latest (a comic revenge of time) quite recently in the words, "Victor Hugo? il n'existe pas."

What an absurd time, what a youthful one, and yet what promise and what performance! Nothing arrested, nothing could for more than half a century arrest, the conquering march of the movement that set out—it is unnecessary to say precisely when or precisely under whose leadership, but in the days of the last legitimate King of France. It did not matter what form the literary fashions and follies (if any one pleases) of the day took. Men might age and sink from the joyous or frantic riot of 1830 to the "discouraged generation," as the preface to 'Obermann,' I think, has it, of twenty years later. They might turn socialists and neo-Catholics under the Second Republic; complain that they were being "materialised" (and submit to it with exemplary placidity), under the Empire; but still they went on producing masterpieces, and still

new generations came to help them to produce. The first flight—the men whose first work appeared between 1825 and 1840—received a tremendous reinforcement in those who began to write between 1845 and 1860, and the formation of new schools and sects went on even later. Never till 1870 itself was there any sign of decreasing population in the higher ranks of literature; and even after that the veterans and the better of the somewhat practised recruits did well and worshipfully.

And yet, wonderful as is the procession and succession of the mere names, and easy as it would be, if a mere catalogue were less uninviting, to fill one of these columns with them, while keeping well to the first and second rank, the variety and excellence of the work which they accomplished are more wonderful still. Never was there in French literature such variety; rarely in any literature such excellence. To begin with the style which, if not exactly the highest, is the special glory of this period, think only of the French novel as it was before, and the French novel as it has been since, the third decade of this century! Certainly books of interest—nay, masterpieces—had not been wanting earlier. The catalogue which begins with 'La Princesse de Clèves' and ends with 'Adolphe' is not a catalogue which need fear publication, or shirk letters of gold. But if in its best items it deserves this description, there are comparatively few of them, for the hundred and fifty years, as compared with half the time since; and the mass of work is utterly different. It may be said with a certain amount of truth that second-class novels after their own day are never legible except with difficulty; but I should not myself

fear to put the second-class novels of the eighteenth century and those of the nineteenth before the equal criticism of, say, the twenty-fifth. It was not that there was little demand for novel-writing in France before the example of Scott and his enormous success fired the imagination of the French, and drew them on to practise the kind in which Scott had succeeded, as well as others which he had never tried. On the contrary, though the ill-luck of Balzac and the badness of his early work are things equally uncontested, we know that long before 'Les Chouans' revealed him, he could get sixty, eighty, a hundred pounds (prices corresponding to twice or thrice so much to-day in England, and, as I am told, equal, without any such multiplication, to what is paid in England for very respectable work from unknown or not very successful writers) for things formless, styleless, devoid alike of just analysis and inventive fancy. But until he and his generation set to work in earnest, nothing but occasional and exceptional things like 'Adolphe' itself lightened the darkness of French fiction.

How suddenly, and with what a blaze of light, the illumination came everybody ought to know. In one year, to speak with only pardonable hyperbole, the French public was browsing the thistles of the Vicomte d'Arlinecourt, or of "Lord R'Hoone" (otherwise Honoré de Balzac himself in his thistle-salad days); the next, or almost the next, all the fish, flesh, fowl, and fruit of fiction were set before it. Hugo began the series of stories, as often gigantesque as gigantic, far less often perfect than imperfect, which was to last for half a century, and to enrich French prose with piles of fantastic architecture such as it

had never seen before, and with certain figures and scenes of incomparable beauty. Balzac, forcing his way at last through the astonishing husk or shell of his work, was to construct a building less gorgeous as mere literature, but according to some the greatest thing of its kind, and according to none unworthy of respectful amazement at its range, its intricacy, and the solid truth of its materials of human observation. Mérimée, observing that severe style which the example of Chateaubriand partly, and partly also the mere lapse of time, had put out of fashion—applying it, too, in the first place to subjects quite as romantic as those of the most lawless of the innovators—had already begun, and was in his leisurely fashion to continue, the series of little masterpieces, jealously restricted in number and scale, which were to exhibit almost the whole gamut of the century from fanciful romance to pessimist realism, and to show in germ what hundreds of novelists were merely to develop, and in most cases to over-cultivate. Dumas, busy with the theatre, was to be a little late with those matchless stories for the story's sake, which, though never defrauded of their popularity, were long defrauded of their praise on the principle apparently that anything so pleasant must necessarily be wrong. Whether now adays the name of George Sand ought to be ranked with these may be a matter for debate between critics. Assuredly she has lost, and that not merely with the many, what Dumas has not lost with the many and has gained with the few. But till her death both critics and people united in placing her at least on a level with the best of the four, and nobody can deny the novelty, the

fertility, the various vigour and vividness of her work. And round these grouped themselves, at once or by degrees, Gautier, with his impeccable description, and his frequently unsurpassable appeal to passionate fancy; Vigny, with his austere thought and classical form; the undisciplined, but for the moment powerful, invention of Eugène Sue; the delicate art of Charles de Bernard; the pure and yet never "goody" morality of Jules Sandeau; the lesser but abundant and engrossing romantic talent of Féval and Soulié and Achard; the exuberance of Méry; the distinction of Gozlan, a little overvalued then, a little undervalued since; the fantastic prose-poetry of Nodier, an elder, and (still more quintessenced) of Gérard, a younger, member of the group; while apart, half unrecognised, but "full," as the French say, "of future" and of influence, the strange satiric criticism of Beyle, not quite universal or veracious, less real than realist, anticipated the corruption of the coming age, and observed the tradition of that of the age which was already for some time past. All these filled up the tale, and even these did not exhaust it.

It might seem hard for the *epigoni* of such a group to live up to the reputation and the deeds of their elders; but they did it to no small extent, and in one instance, Flaubert, equalled, if they did not surpass, the very greatest of these forerunners. And to Flaubert, himself a host, we have to add the touching and prolific talent of Feuillet (whose recent disfavour with critics is merely an instance of the fallacy of thinking that because what is unpopular may be art, what is popular cannot be); the somewhat vulgar but vigorous Voltairianism of About; the slight

and soon quenched but real and individual gift of Henry Murger; the extreme cleverness of Alexandre Dumas *fils*, who seems to have made a point of reversing his father's order, and commencing novelist in order to proceed in drama; with lastly, and as a kind of parallel to Beyle in the other group, though in point of style, not thought, the not quite admirable but certainly influential non-naturalism of "les deux Goncourt," who have taught half the present generation to write or miswrite, just as Beyle taught another half (in cross division) of it to think or misthink.

It is curious to pause and reflect on the huge gap in the furniture of a tolerably well-read brain which would be made by the non-existence of these men and their work. What a measureless loss and absence, now that we have known, to us who know—what a vast, if unsuspected, vacancy for those who came too early to know it—would be made by the annihilation of this world of fancy! Good-bye to Han and the bear, to Esmeralda and the goat, to the death of Frollo, and to all the long procession of moving, if not always convincing, phantasmagoria that ranges from *le beau Pécopin* and the *Chasseur Noir* to the placid waves slowly mounting as Gilliat sits unmoved in the granite chair. There is no more—there is not, and by hypothesis never has been or will be, any Human Comedy; the *peau de chagrin* will not shrink for us, nor the eyes of Paquita shine, nor Cousin Pons suffer and collect, nor Cousine Bette plot mischief. And all the enormous province of Balzac's great rival, of the person whom Balzac patronised as a "charmant conteur," regretting that he should meddle with the historical novel, is left unto us

desolate ! No Felton descends the rope-ladder with Milady clasp- ing his neck. No Grimaud crouches behind the chine of that grim cask of Porto. We—the *five* of us—shall not hold the bastion against the whole garrison of Rochelle, or endeavour to cham- pion that exceedingly undeserv- ing Henriot against the Guises, or sit on the wall and talk, inter- estingly but at great length, to Aure de Montalais, or share a hundred and a thousand other doings and sayings unmatched in their kind. Herodias and Ahasu- erus will never exchange remarks across the trifling interval of Behr- ing Straits for our benefit, nor the eyes of Clarimonde glitter chrys- oprase to balance Paquita's gold, nor Lampourde and Sigognac fight the most famous of all fictitious bouts of swordsmanship, nor the Venus d'Ille (*espèce de géant ver- dâtre*) extend her bronze arms to welcome and destroy her unwilling lover. Mr Du Maurier could never have written, or at least entitled, his last novel, for 'Trilby, Le Lut- tin d'Argail,' would not exist, nor La Fée aux Miettes, most patheti- cally whimsical of Queen Mab's train, nor Inès de las Sierras, nor the Filles de Feu of Gérard the hapless. The innocent naughti- nesses of the 'Vie de Bohème' and the crazy virtue of the 'Bu- veurs d'Eau' would be annihilated together ; and in later days the greyer and less splendid, but per- haps more lasting, pictures of the gallery where Emma Bovary reigns an unhonoured queen would have no existence. Yet each of this long list is but a representative, a "mere captain of fifty," when one thinks of the boundless world of imagination which the novelists of these two generations have created.

One enters on more debatable ground in passing (or rather ascend-

ing) from the plain of prose fiction to the slopes of Parnassus. Some impression has, I believe, been made on the obstinate British dis- taste for French poetry, which found a voice not so very long ago even in a man so anxious not to be merely British as Mr Matthew Arnold. But a good deal of it still remains. In any case, it is a valid and capital argument for the theme of this eulogy, or epicede, or whatever it may be called, of French nineteenth-century litera- ture, that by it such impression as has been made on this prejudice has been effected, and by nothing but it. It could never have been possible, after our own issue from the house of bondage, and I do not think it ever will be possible, what- ever freaks reaction may play, to get an English taste thoroughly to relish French poetry as it was from the triumph of Racine to the close of the First Empire. It never was really relished among us even in our own "classical" period. And the fact that long after the barriers had broken down in France, the French education, and in all but a very few cases the French reading, of Englishmen was still confined to the poets and prose-writers of the late seven- teenth-eighteenth century, for the most part accounted for the poor- ness of English appetite for it. I have sometimes wickedly asked myself, when reading Mr Matthew Arnold's depreciation of Gautier, whether Mr Arnold had really read much of "Théo," and I have been always unable to answer with any confidence in the affir- mative. Had he done so—much more had he read modern French poetry generally—he never could have been decoyed by the (in this case almost innocent) log-rolling of certain French critics into his enormous mistake about the liter-

any value of the Guérins, or have fancied, as he evidently did fancy, that French verse has no true lyrical ring. Yet this mistake would have been quite pardonable in anybody at the time when our chapter began; it could, indeed, only have been corrected by going back to old and practically forgotten sources. It was not pardonable after 1830.

Here, too, some foolish things were done at first and since; here, too, there was an indiscriminate, perhaps even an unintelligent, lugging in of foreign models and foreign methods, some of which were extremely ill suited to the genius of the language. But here, too, what an immense and admirable production, what an addition of variety and life to the history of literature! When the period began, save for the grave work of Chénier recently, and the trivial and frivolous work of Panard earlier, hardly any fresh or original rhythm and metre, hardly a new tune or a melody free from the influences of school and rule, had been heard in France for some hundred and fifty years. And now this changed all at once to a very babel of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of instruments. By one of those invariable changes and phases of literary history which are so easily recognised by experienced observers that (as few things in literature can) they can be foretold with an almost scientific certainty, romantic poetry is just now out of favour in France—a thing the more amusing in that the most really poetical poet now living there, M. Verlaine, is absolutely nothing but a man of 1830, who happens to have been born thirty or forty years behind time. But these changes of ephemeral criticism, which often

delude novices and neophytes, have no power to mislead the critic proper. There were many faults in the school of poetry of which, after Lamartine and Vigny had served as *avant-courriers*, Hugo was captain, which is still, as far as any school is, attended with a very slight change of curriculum, but the last great masters of which died in Théodore de Banville and Leconte de Lisle. But it has in all its best examples, and even in the bulk of it, the one merit—it is poetry. France left off “saying,” as she had done very admirably, and took to “singing” again; even though, as her own old joke goes, some of the things sung might not be worth the trouble of being said. And here, too, how tremendous would be the loss to the lover of poetry if his memory were dis-furnished and disarrayed of the gains of these sixty years! It must be a very feeble judgment which allows itself to be hood-winked or distorted by the fact that Hugo wrote a great deal, and that he and his executors have published a great deal too much, of work that is “reeled off,” so to speak, that has no inevitableness. Such stuff cannot obscure the splendour of almost all his earlier and much of his later verse. It may be (unfortunately it would seem it is) true that he refused a struggling friend assistance, on the plea that he had large payments to make, which payments were the instalments of an investment. But what on earth has that to do with ‘Gastibelza’ and the ‘Chasseur Noir’? It may be undeniable that when he talked politics he usually talked mischievous nonsense; that when he talked religion, philosophy, and so forth, he usually talked nonsense which was chiefly not mischievous because it was too literally nonsense—too much

of a nebulous conglomeration of fortuitous phrase-making to have any effect on practice or belief. But what has this to do with 'Les Lions' or 'Le Petit Roi de Galice'? His faults and his shortcomings, like Milton's, Racine's, Byron's, Heine's, were his own business. The gorgeous music, from crash of bells and clangour of trumpets to the whisper of flute and lyre, with which he broke the silence or the humdrum murmur of French verse, is the business, and will be the business, of all who love poetry, till there are no more books.

Still, though the sentiment of Banville's refrain—

"Mais le maître est là-bas, dans l'île"—

was as true as it is graceful, the French poetry of the nineteenth century is by no means summed up in Hugo. He is almost as unsurpassed in certain veins of tenderness and delicate suggestion as he is in grandeur and *souffle*; but in many details and divisions of poetical merit he is either altogether to seek, or is frequently equalled and sometimes beaten by others. A strong reaction has set in of late for Lamartine, and it may be readily admitted that between 1850 and 1880, or thereabouts, Lamartine was valued in France, if nowhere else, a good deal below his deserts. But I am afraid that I have never been able, and never shall be able, to get up much enthusiasm about him. For all the spirituality of his sentimental view of nature, I find it as difficult as Mr Arnold found it, to think him "important." Still, he undoubtedly showed the way; and if his glass was not the greatest or the most exquisite, he drank in it. Vigny, too, owed nothing to Hugo, little to Lamartine; and though his originality exceeded his fertil-

ity by a good deal, and his ability in strict form by not a little, such things among his early pieces as "Dolorida," among his later as the great pessimist descant of nature in "La Maison du Berger," stand alone in French, and almost among European, poetry for a certain austere despair which is less conventional than Young and less thin than Leopardi. It is quite a mistake to think, though it is sometimes said, that Gautier as a poet was a mere satellite of Hugo. The style is as different as the thought; and if "Albertus" is a mere clever piece of partly Byronic youthfulness, there is abundance of other matter in the too scanty store of verse between the "Comédie de la Mort" and the "Emaux et Camées," which simply needs to be read by any one who can see poetry, in order to disclose the poetry that is in it. Brizeux and Barbier, men much praised in their day, perhaps had in that day most of the praise that is due to them; yet there have been times—not in France only—when Brizeux' descriptive and Barbier's satiric force would have made and perhaps kept them capital reputations. Constant repetition by those who have learnt a little of the matter may have made others sick of hearing of "the sonnet of Arvers"; but Arvers is only one of a score or more poets, during the two generations of the poetic movement of the century, who have done one, two, or twenty things that in any other period would have deserved an immortal memory. And then there is Musset.

Nobody that I can think of among the poets of Europe during this century is so difficult to write of as Musset; for nobody has had such a singular faculty of exciting literary manias for and against himself, of the most di-

verse kinds and in the most diverse people. By turns in his life a spoiled darling and an awful example; by turns since his death an idol of youth, a stick to beat other poets (especially Hugo) with, and a whipping-post on which to exercise the scorn of the latest generation for facile sentiment and facile rhyming,—it is equally impossible to praise or to blame him without having missiles from the most opposite quarters launched at one's head. That he did very little, and that his doing so little was not, as in Gautier's case, the result of the working of a malign fate, but of wilful or reckless squandering of his powers, is quite undeniable. That the looseness, sometimes amounting to slipshodness, of his form was at least as much owing to sheer indolence as to the indifference of genius, may be granted. That his sentiment, his thought, his quality generally, are often chargeable with cheapness, with commonplace, with that most offensive of conventionalities, which consists in taking the unconventional view or side because it is fashionable, is hardly to be gainsaid. But (and here the "but" is not of the grudging kind, but of the other) can it be really contended by any one who loves poetry, any one who knows it, that we can do without, that we are to refuse or abuse, the best work of him who wrote at least half-a-dozen songs of such a haunting verbal melody that they are practically independent of any other,—the author of the best things in "Namouna," in "Rolla," in "Les Marrons du feu," the poet, for no other word will do, of the happier parts of the "Nuits"? No; he shall be debited with faults as many as any one pleases, but in an Academy of Academies, in a selection of poetical immortals, the exclusion of

Alfred de Musset would leave a seat vacant which no one else could fill. And that, it may be asserted a thousand times, is the only test of real value.

And I do not think that this real lover of poetry, to whom we must constantly appeal, will, even without taking into consideration the fact that the first school covered in Hugo's case and in some others (especially that of the estimable if not very intoxicating verse of Laprade) most of the second period also, find much less interest in the second period itself and its special authors. Its three chief representatives—Leconte de Lisle, Baudelaire, and Banville—won their way slowly to recognition at home and still more so abroad: their reputation when it came was fairly solid and more than fairly deserved. Whatever objections—and it is not here necessary to discuss the validity of them—may have been taken, or may be still taken, to the matter of the "*Fleurs du Mal*," nobody now denies the enormous influence as a master in verse of their author on those who have followed him, and few deny his technical merits. M. Leconte de Lisle, the absolutely last to die of the great race, had, in like manner, conquered his place, and, unlike Baudelaire, before he died. There has been more demur against the irreproachable form and the inoffensive matter of the author of "*Trente-Six Ballades Joyeuses*," on the score of triviality, mechanism, emptiness of thought and weight: nor can it be denied that Banville, like most poets whose form is above their matter, would have done better if he had done less. But here, too, there was a charm which could be felt, and an accomplishment which could not be ignored.

The minor poet is not in favour

just now in England—or rather, to speak with absolute accuracy, he is undergoing a penance the opposite of *laudatur et alget*: for though he is abused he is (especially if he prints in limited editions and knows how to produce the Crack of Boom) bought. Also, we have many minor poets, and being a poetical people, as is admitted even by those who in the same breath call us prosaic, have generally had many. Yet we have had nothing since Elizabeth's time so curious and so interesting as the regimented minor poetry which found its utterance in the successive *Parnasses* of thirty to twenty years ago, and which, projecting its best exponents, such as MM. Sully Prudhomme and François Coppée, into positions officially or by courtesy "major," has changed its name rather than its methods, and is fully alive to-day. The classical characteristics of France and French indeed reappear in these regiments: they are very like each other, and they are also exceedingly like themselves. But for this very reason they present a more uniform, and therefore a more curious, poetical development than their British brethren. No one, perhaps, would call them one of the great features or achievements, one of the capital pages, of our literary chapter. But they testify, as such things always do testify, to the amount of the poetic spirit which has been set free in France during the years of their appearance, and to the powerful stimulus of the really great poets who preceded or accompanied them.

To go through all the really glorious gains of these sixty years in other branches of literature would be impossible, and, if possible, probably disgusting. But we cannot look anywhere without the same sense of the enormous,

the incalculable, gap in memory and understanding, in profit and in pleasure, that would be made if these things were not. Others who are fonder of the theatre, as the theatre, than I can pretend to be, would no doubt speak better of that part of the matter than I can. But it is hardly too much to say that, while up to the third quarter of the century France was as often as not borrowing dramas and dramatic subjects from other nations, from that time to the present all the nations of the earth have imported, and some of them have almost contented themselves with importing, the *article de Paris* for their dramatic uses. From the literary side, even after leaving out the whole of Scribe (or everything in which he had not Legouvé for a collaborator), and while sternly excluding farce and melodrama and dramatic miscellanies, who that has ever read them, whether he has seen them or not, can forget the dainty beauty of the Musset "Proverbe" (never wholly recovered since, despite fair essays from M. Feuillet and M. Pailleron); the luxuriant vigour of the elder, and the cunning craftsmanship of the younger Dumas; the unfailing fun of Labiche; the adequacy and skill of Augier; and, rarest of all in this age of ours, the really poetic drama (which is a different thing from drama in verse) of Banville? From "Fantasio" to "Gringore," from "Henri Trois et sa Cour" to the "Voyage de M. Perrichon," what a range of interest! what a plenty and variety of diversion!

In passing from poetry and drama and prose fiction to more serious prose, one comes no doubt to matter somewhat more contentious. There are those who argue, not with a mere appeal to authority but with more or less

specious reasoning, that while the changes introduced by the Romantic movement in verse must be admitted even by conservative critics, after the first shock is over, to have been partly if not unmixedly good, those in prose are to be pronounced partly if not unmixedly bad. Chateaubriand, they say, killed French prose, or at least dealt it a mortal blow; the men of 1830 and their successors have been doing their best to prevent it ever coming to life again. There is just enough truth in this to save it from being dismissed as mere stupidity or mere extravagance; and the truth no doubt is felt with especial force just now, when all the more brilliant examples of the revolutionary period in prose have passed away. The old specially French prose, as pure and bright as spring water, if also nearly as colourless, absolutely unambiguous in meaning, unless a distinct double meaning was intended, without a superfluous epithet or a displaced particle, "as clear as diamond and as hard," like Queen Mary's heart, is very nearly, if not quite, dead. Mérimée was about the last man who wrote anything like it, in its perfection, and even in Mérimée the prismatic qualities of the water somewhat exceeded its perfect clearness. In its lower form, in the general academic variety, M. Jules Simon and one or two others still present it in very fair condition; but even they have felt the change, and all of them are old men, with no apparent successors in their art. It has gone with the line-engraving it so much resembled, and it is perhaps even more unlikely ever to come back again to any but a galvanised life.

But putting aside what Mr Browning called the "old woe of

the world"—the impossibility of keeping the one good, fair, wise thing unchanged—it must be admitted that the French prose of the century has brought many consolations,—that if *le roi est mort*, his successor has been very much alive. And what is more, if that successor cannot in one way fill his father's shoes, the father most assuredly could not have filled the son's in many. It was the defect of the old French prose that, admirable as it was, it made everything that was done in it too much alike, and also made it very difficult to do certain things at all. All serious writing tended more and more to the style of the academic *éloge*, and if there were things which it was difficult to mention or to discuss thoroughly either in the *style noble* or the *style badin*, which it admitted, why, you left them alone. That would never have done for the immense variety and the energetic inquisitiveness of the last two generations. And the spirit of the age was certainly justified of her children. How much they owed to Chateaubriand few competent critics, however qualified their admiration for the author of 'Les Martyrs' himself, are likely to deny. The influence of Chateaubriand in prose was a far more widespread and a far more original influence than that of Hugo in verse, for many other places were producing, or soon to produce, verse innovators when Besançon produced hers, while Saint-Malo bore the revolutioniser of prose decades before any other town in France could boast a coadjutor to him. But when the full blossoming time of the thirties came, every division of serious prose found, and found almost at once, practitioners of the new styles as vigorous, as expert, as those of verse, and perhaps more

generally acceptable as well as profitable. And one of the most noteworthy things is the way in which the various manners overlapped. A too meticulous arranger, one who will insist on a class for everybody and everybody in his class, must be horribly puzzled and annoyed by this promiscuity. What ticket is he to put on Cousin and Rémusat at one end of the period? what on Renan and Taine at the other? All were in a way philosophers, all in a way critics, all in a way historians. Perhaps it is not a too facile cutting of the knot to say that they—like almost all the writers of the century—have been critics first of all, and that all is fish that comes to the critic's net. Certainly in no special department of prose is the time so noteworthy, in none has it added so much to the stock and store of thought and knowledge, as in that of criticism, literary and general.

And its special kind of criticism, the kind which in the purely literary division brought forth Sainte-Beuve, the greatest critic of the modern world, especially required a varied and not too straitly ruled or limited style. For the criticism of the nineteenth century, which France indeed borrowed from Germany and England, but which she carried further than either of these countries had yet done, is not deductive; it is not academic; it ought not to be, though it very often is, declamatory. It is first of all adaptive; it first of all gives an impression of the subject or author, a reflection of it in the mould or mirror of the critic's mind; and to do this, it is absolutely necessary that it should to some extent adjust its style as well as its thought to the thing criticised. A good criticism of this kind is by no means

nothing if not critical; it is a story, a history, a philosophical course, a description, a picture in itself, and it has need of the tools of all these separate trades in order properly to perform its own.

Yet the period assuredly did not lack in the persons of these critics, and of others, artists in prose who were not at all, or who were not in the first place, critics, and who have filled our minds, not (as the critic must at best be contented to do) with views of things and with the faculty of viewing things, but with the things themselves. Of the men who are more remarkable for work of fact than for work of expression—of those who have informed more than they have inspired—not many of any age save the very greatest have made more mark than Comte and Littré, than Barante and Guizot, than Thierry and Thiers (a pair how near in spelling, and how far apart in manner and merit), than Tocqueville and Montalembert, than Louis Blanc and Taine. Yet some of these might claim no small place in the other division, the division of those who are masters of saying as well as masters of something to say; and not a few others, from Sismondi to Caro, and from Jouffroy to Lanfrey, may reproachfully ask why they are omitted from both.

And, lastly, of the real prose-men, the men who would still have written splendidly if they had had nothing to write of but broomsticks, and who in almost all cases have had much more than broomsticks to write about. It is the fashion just now to depreciate the volcanic and apocalyptic manner of Lamennais, which yet as an influence had few equals, and as an indication of the new forces and fashions not many superiors. It is not customary to find many enthusiasts for Cousin, who, all

the same, was a golden writer at his best. There is Quinet, perhaps never in the very first class, owing to the coincidence, not envious but unfortunate, of such overshadowing figures as Victor Hugo and Michelet on either side of him, but yet a man who would have been something like a giant if they had not been there, and who was not of ordinary stature even in their presence. And then there are Hugo and Michelet themselves—the former, if sometimes in prose ridiculous, yet often sublime; the latter, the most astonishing example of fluency that is never commonplace and exuberant, that is seldom merely extravagant, to be found in French, if not in any literature. Here, yet once more, is Gautier, the Chrysostom of journalism, the Hercules of the impromptu, who could not write a sentence that was not very nearly a masterpiece, and who wrote so many sentences about subjects and in places where no masterpiece was deserved or desired; here Saint Victor, the paragon at once and the “awful example” of the non-natural style of writing, of verbal embroidery and enamelling. And here, last to be mentioned, as almost last to go, is Renan, in whom—whatever may be thought of his matter, however the logician may quarrel with his reasoning, the man of learning with his knowledge, the critic with his sense of the principles and his observance of the practice of criticism—almost every quality that prose can have except sincerity, manliness, and strength, was shown to the full and to the last. The French call Renan the greatest prose-writer of Europe in his time. That he was not, for it was the time of Carlyle and Newman, of Mr Ruskin and Mr Froude. But he was, at least after the death of

Michelet, the greatest purely prose-writer of France, and he was probably the most perfect prose-writer of Europe, the one with fewest faults and most happily co-ordinated merits of mere style, after the death of Mérimée. Towards the last in particular his failings in strength and his frequent faults in taste, as far as substance were concerned, were made up in the ‘*Drames Philosophiques*’ and in his minor writings by such an almost diabolic suavity and grace of phrase that the thing could go no further. The long and glorious chapter could hardly have closed more fitly than with the death of himself and Taine—both not innocent of “decadence,” not free from the signs of decay, but the one as consummate an example of sweetness somewhat over-ripe as the other was of not all-accomplished strength.

And now they are all gone—though doubtless their work abides with us. There is none now writing in France who can challenge, or has yet given signs of being likely soon to challenge, the first rank, or anything at all approaching it. The tide, which had so long and so magnificent a flood, so unusual a stationary time of fullness, has been slowly ebbing, is not far now from at least a neap low-water, and shows very little signs of flow. Of course this statement will or may be itself challenged more or less hotly or contemptuously by those who think it outrage and treason to the Present ever to admit any inferiority in it to the Past, or any want of promise for the Future. Steadier heads and wider ranges of sight know that this is as much a fallacy as the blindest laudation of the past merely because it is the past. It is quite true that there is no death, no absolute decay, in litera-

ture—that there are merely fallows, rests, turning-places. But that there are such turning-places, such rests and halts and fallows, only extreme ignorance of literary history can deny. And that letters in France have apparently reached such a state nothing, as it seems to me, but an extremely inadequate and unbalanced criticism can attempt to assert. One literary genius, whose genius is as undoubted as its application is wayward, abnormal, and not seldom discreditable, France does possess in M. Paul Verlaine. But, in the first place, M. Verlaine is far from “the centre,” and is extremely unlikely to draw much nearer to it; while in the second, he is so far from being a new-comer that it is, I think, near thirty years since his first verses appeared. Another, in prose, she has not long lost in M. de Maupassant; but Maupassant also had been writing for no inconsiderable time, and he, again, was of the eccentric and flawed, not of the central and complete, order of genius. And of these two, while one is dead, the other is to the very last degree unlikely to live to much purpose.

Of others, who is there? Those who are left or are coming on are, it was said, very respectable people, but are they anything more? It may be affirmed that they are, by those who can bring themselves to think “*Les Rougon-Macquart*” a worthy pendant to, if not a distinct advance upon, the “*Comédie Humaine*,” who have persuaded themselves that the painter of *Tartarin* is in other capacities than that most happy one, a person of genius as well as of talent; who take M. Sully Prudhomme and M. Coppée—writers of whom it is impossible to speak without quite unfeigned esteem—for great poets; who think M. Jules Lemaître an

improvement on Sainte-Beuve; and who see in “*Pierre Loti*” something immeasurably superior to Gautier and Fromentin. And the elegy of this article will of course seem even more pitiable or more outrageous to those who see a real mystagogue in M. Joséphin Peladan, a consummate prose-man in M. Maurice Barrès, and a new Victor Hugo (if only it could be admitted that *ce pauvre Hugo a existé*, though he does not now) in M. Jean Moréas. Nay, I am not sure that even these three brilliant reputations are not a little stale for the most ardent admirers of modernity; that there is not something a little passed, “a little 1890,” about them. Indeed it must be confessed that the extremest youth of Paris is giving at least so much sign of a coming renaissance, that it is more enamoured of foreign writers than of its own. Ibsen and Strindberg, and the young German gentleman whose works I sometimes read, but whose name I always forget (he drew that delightful picture of the husband and the Third Party, drowning themselves at the bottom of the back-garden), with certain of our own poets and prophets, whom there may be some delicacy in naming, stand higher in the good graces of the Sacred Band than any Frenchman.

But none of these pretensions—the comparatively reasonable one of the first class no more than the almost purely fantastic one of the last—can sustain itself for any length of time before the bar of a really well-informed and catholic criticism. No one would deny great merit to some of the elder and middle-aged, and considerable to some of the younger, writers of French to-day. Of the latter, M. Paul Margueritte and M. Marcel Prévost will tell short stories,

now that Mr Stevenson is dead, with anybody in the world except Mr Kipling — indeed the short story, one of the earliest triumphs of French prose, appears to be the very stronghold of the literature, into which at its greatest pinches it retires, and where it holds out for better days. Nor are the two I have mentioned without some excellent supporters. But I cannot say that, outside of the story, I have seen much work by very young French writers that seems to me really distinguished. M. Barrès, who might or might not like to be called very young, is perhaps the chief exception; and in the topsy-turvy style (the style which Pétrus Borel and others of the irregulars of 1830 practised), 'Le Jardin de Bérénice' and its fellows may no doubt take high rank with the mere literary critic, hard as they will find it to pass the medical examination of the critical moralist. And if we go back a little to that middle generation already glanced at, we shall find, of course, many men of whom, except by comparison with what went before them, it would be absurd and impertinent to speak with depreciation. Those who can take no actual pleasure in any part of the Rougon-Macquart series, except perhaps in 'La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret,' in the beginning of 'L'Œuvre,' and in parts of 'Dr Pascal,' will hardly refuse admiration (if they be of the critical stamp in which liking and admiration are independent and disconnected sets of machinery) to the force of will and the power of labour displayed in the whole, and to the scattered successes of craftsmanship as distinguished from creation in the parts. Those who most abominate the personalities, and who most clearly see the indebtedness of M. Daudet,

will, even apart from their gratitude for Tartarin, that treasonable and delightful caricature of the South by a Southern, remember many mirthful and not a few pathetic passages in all the work from "Le Petit Chose" to "Sapho." If M. André Theuriet had not, like certain of our own folk who could be named, frittered away in scores of books what would have made perfection of some four or five, he would probably have made the four or five, and they would have been, or have been near, that perfection. At least a dozen other names, whom it is only not desirable to specify because one might miss one or two with as good a claim as the others, occur to make out the list of novelists who are fairly in the first division of the second class. I wish I could find a similar batch of poets; but except those already named, and perhaps M. Richepin, I am unable to discover them, unless anybody insists that the modest honour be accorded to M. de Herédia, maker of faultlessly null sonnets (*vice* Joséphin Soulayr dead) and member of the Academy, or to M. Deroulède, Tyrtæus of the latest fashion, and a right honest patriot and songster, if no great poet. M. Loti I must leave to M. Loti's admirers (I never was fond of imperfectly preserved *pot-pourri*); and of M. Bourget I would rather not speak, because M. Bourget almost alone of his contemporaries, seems to me, much as he has written, to have something within him which has not yet come out. No one can have more respect than I have for the critical faculty and the admirable learning of M. Brunetière and M. Faguet. They fill well and worthily a place with which any critic may content himself; but neither of them is exactly Sainte-Beuve, and I am

not sure that either quite equals Taine or Scherer or M. Montégut. As I approach the name of M. Anatole France I own that I have need of all my critical virtue: one is horribly tempted to be a Roman *judeu* for the nonce, and attend to Sylvestre Bonnard on the one hand and "mon bon Maître" on the other, as the advocate produces them *sordidatos*, pleading for their father, and bringing with them a train not merely of other fictitious personages, but of excellent deeds in criticism recently and in verse of old. No living French writer has to me the charm of M. France: I would give all I am worth, and a great deal more, to be able to write (if not always to think) like him. But if I am asked to vote for him as a writer absolutely of the first class, I am afraid I must refuse.

For on all these, as it seems to me, there is the curse which rests on the writers of the latter, the falling, end of every great period, unless they are intrinsically and by accident as great as Milton and Browne, as Hobbes and (latest of all) Dryden, were at the end of our own first great time, as Tennyson and others were at the end of our second. There is in them the distinct, the irrepressible evidence of the school, without that mixture of native and unscholastic raciness which atones in the earlier stage of such periods for some very direct and obvious following. The remembrance of that admirable story, which we owe to Dickens, about "Mr Testator" and Lyons Inn, about the ghost or inconvenient reality who walked into the chambers stored with somewhat cavalierly borrowed furniture, and uttered the single syllable "Mine" as he touched piece after piece, is always present when we

read their work. It is often good, and sometimes excellent; but one feels as one never does with the greatest literary artists—however closely they may sometimes follow, however shamelessly they may sometimes plagiarise—the presence of the literary ancestor. No Balzac, no Zola; and I think that we may admit many faults in the "Comédie Humaine," and yet think that on the whole we could dispense, having it, with "Les Rougon-Macquart," for all its more precise and particular emphasising of the blessed doctrine of heredity and the *lésion* and so forth. Take away Dickens and Thackeray and a large number of French persons of lesser distinction, and how much will be left of M. Daudet? M. Richepin is an extremely clever versifier,—would he ever have written a line as he has written it but for Victor Hugo? Maupassant, as I have said, did not give me this feeling, for all his resemblances to Flaubert and others; and M. Verlaine does not give it, despite the tolerable certainty that if Baudelaire had not been he would not be. But M. Viaud does, when I think of those fathers of his above noted and others; and even M. France does, though in his case it is difficult to assign any single original, and he is rather a literary mosaic, assorted and composed with flashes of original genius, than a literary *pastiche*. But over all, and still more over their younger contemporaries, the sense hovers, the sense now of imitation, now of unconscious descent, now of desire to get a little further, now of direct revolt after a fashion—for this also is a kind of imitation. They are not free like sons,—they serve obediently or contumaciously.

And these, I take it, are the signs, assured and unmistakable to careful students, of what for

want of a better name we call by the rather bad one of decadence in literature. To what degrees this decadence will go, how long it will last, how soon it will be succeeded by a fresh real flowering, no one can say. There are precedents for a speedy and precedents for a very long postponed renaissance; and what is more, no precedents are exactly applicable in such a case. Without venturing too far on prophecy, it may perhaps be said that a rather long postponement in France, as perhaps also in other countries, is on the whole more probable than a very short one. The current types and motives, which have changed very little since the first beginning of nineteenth-century literature proper, are getting a good deal worn and used: the sense of the *cliché*, of the stock phrase, is evidenced in the most unmistakable if not in the most satisfactory way by cumbrous and acrobatic attempts to get out of it, by cheap parody of the conventional, by easy tricks of inversion and unexpectedness. Gongorism and Goncourtism have a very much closer resemblance than Macedon and Monmouth. And yet so tricky are the Muses that nobody need be surprised to find these apprehensions agreeably disappointed, to find 'Le Pélerin Passionné' succeeded by something as much better as the 'Faerie Queene' is better than Stanyhurst's Virgil, and the very novelists and tale-tellers of the day excelling themselves as much as the author of 'Les Travailleurs de la Mer' excelled the author of 'Bug-Jargal.'

Let all this be as it may. The

fresh chapter may open sooner, later, or—for such things have been uncomfortable enough to happen in literature—not at all; but we have had that which is now closing, and it is as certain that it is closing, or has closed, as that we have had it. Some slight attempt has been made here to summarise, however inadequately, the gains of it—gains so great and manifold that by their very bulk and number they are apt to fail of realisation and recognition—to indicate in a sort of outline the vast discoveries in the world of imagination and expression which the man of 1825 hardly had at all, on which the man of 1835 was only just entering, and which lie open to the man of 1895 for easy travel and enjoyment when and how he pleases. But the chief object is to recall to readers the fact that we are sitting, that we have actually sat, at the side of the death-bed of one of the great periods of European literature. It is passing, it has almost if not quite passed before our eyes, as nothing of the kind may pass again in the lifetime of even the youngest. In science they mark their transits of Venus or of Mercury with a greater exactness, and observe them in a more business-like fashion. But that is no reason why in literature we should leave events of the kind unmarked and unrecorded.

“‘Who saw him die?’

‘I,’ said the fly.”

And it was a very respectable thing of the fly, for all his littleness and insignificance, to be sufficiently capable of noting great events to make the observation.

A CURIOUS LOTTERY.

"THE shades of evening were drawing on when two solitary horsemen were seen riding up a hill"—and two solitary horseboys were seen hanging on to the tails of the noble animals, and running behind, while they flourished sticks to which were attached other horse-tails, employed for the purpose of whisking away the flies.

"Norman," quoth the elder horseman, "did you ever hear, in the descriptions of knights of old, when they issued forth from their castle walls, and took their way on their mettlesome chargers to the gay tournament, that the high-born pages or equerries hung on to the said chargers' tails?"

"No," replied Norman; "for if the chargers had been anything less akin to old cows than our present steeds, the pages would probably have been kicked head over heels at the first onset. But these animals seem to like it; they would probably feel lonely without it."

"Yes," replied the other; "here in Madeira a horse does not seem expected to go except at a foot-pace. He would be getting ahead of the customs of the country if he did."

They had stopped at a bend of the steep road, and looked back to where, two thousand feet below, lay the sea, gleaming blue like a sapphire in the evening sunshine. The little bay of Funchal seemed almost deserted, except for one ancient hulk and some fishing-boats, which looked like flies in the distance. One or two houses like toys were visible; but the town itself was hidden by the folding hills on each side of the path, which framed that glimpse of sparkling blue in a setting of sombre green, where the firs

and eucalyptus clothed the rocks. Above and beyond the eye wandered over mountain and valley, the first all green and golden in the rays of the evening sun, and the last cool, fresh, and dim, the shadows broken by white gleams of rushing water.

The evening breeze rippled the yellow of the corn, which wandered in steps and ledges up the mountain-side, and shook out the long green streamers of the maize, and rustled through the chestnut-trees, lifting the green vines which shaded many a white-walled, high-thatched cottage from the sun. In the distance the mountain ridges took blue and purple shadows, and white clouds nestled here and there among the peaks, giving a vague promise of hidden heights and glories.

"A lovely place this is," said Norman, half to himself. "For those who come here to die, it must be like waiting just outside the gates of heaven until they open."

His companion glanced quickly at him.

"Are you tired, old fellow?" he asked, anxiously.

"Not I. The air is delicious up here. It has just the clear freshness which is a bit wanting in the scent of the magnolias and honeysuckle down below."

"Let us push on to the next *venda*. Manuel says we are not far from our destination."

A few more turns of the road brought them to a low whitewashed house, shaded by Spanish chestnut-trees. There were stone seats against the wall outside, beneath a wooden trellis which stretched across a wide open space in the front, and on the fallen trunk of an

oak a countryman sat thrumming on a guitar, while singing, or rather wailing, in two or three different keys.

The English country inn has no exact parallel in Madeira. Minus "accommodation for man and beast" (which is only occasionally furnished, and that in the very roughest fashion), a *venda* supplies its place, and at the same time provides the villagers with the necessities of life usually found in our little country places in a "general" shop.

The master of the *venda* keeps good store of wine and other liquors, and though "tea" is either unheard of or likely to be an abominable compound, yet "tobacco and snuff" are fairly passable, and the *venda*-keeper has a licence to dispense that and bread, Indian corn, sugar, matches, and earthen pots, &c. No licence is needed, however, for dispensing the news, of which the *venda* is usually the centre.

The two doors of this especial *venda* now in question were its only openings, so that the eyes of the travellers, coming from the brilliant light of a July day, were some time in distinguishing objects within. The shopkeeper was praising his wine, and pouring out small tumblers of the golden Madeira, before Norman Anderson and his brother Keith realised that the little store was full of people, and that some subject of absorbing interest was collecting an eager crowd around a woman who held up three white tickets with numbers on them.

"All sold but these. You see, these must be sold, or it is all to no purpose. If he has not the entire sum he must go."

"It is true. *Louvado seja Deus!* (Glory be to God!)"

"Has every girl bought one?"

"That, of course not. How many can afford such a sum?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed a black-bearded man. "To think that seventeen girls have made such fools of themselves."

"Girls? *Raparigas?* Pretty old girls some of them are," laughed another. "I know of three who are my age, and my mother says I am forty."

"Ah, senhor! It is not true. There are none that age."

"*Sim, senhora.* Very certainly it *is* true."

And so the excited conversation went on.

"What are they all doing, Keith? What is the fun about?" asked the younger brother.

"I can't make out," said Keith. "They are all talking together, and it is the broadest dialect of Portuguese I ever heard. This must be the Yorkshire of the kingdom. Let us go outside till Manuel has finished his wine, and he can tell us what all the row is."

So saying the two brothers emerged again into the sunlight. As they did so a new figure caught their eyes. It was that of a young girl, who had evidently just come upon the scene with her pitcher from the well. She had paused for a moment on her way up the mountain-side, and stood, half in sunlight, half in shadow, among the chestnut-trees. The brilliant evening rays fell on the red-brown pitcher poised upon her head, and on the red-and-orange stripes of her short homespun skirts. A white kerchief was knotted beneath her chin, shadowing her face, and almost concealing her hair, but her small brown feet were bare. One shapely arm, with its white sleeve rolled back, was raised to steady the pitcher, and the whole figure stood out in striking relief against the green foliage and shadowy rocks of the road behind her.

"There is a study for you, Nor-

man," said his brother, lighting a cigar as he spoke.

"O Virginia," cried a voice near them, and a woman came laughing forward from the *venda*. "O Virginia, there are yet three tickets, they say. Come and take a chance of your lover."

"You had better buy them yourself, as you have so much money, Senhora Conceição. It may be your last chance of getting a husband who must marry whether he like it or no."

It was the water-carrier who spoke, and who, as she said this, slowly turned her head with its burden and looked the woman who had spoken to her full in the face. They were enemies—that could be seen at a glance. Virginia's whole figure had become rigid in a moment, and her eyes burned. Her face took the brothers by surprise. It was of a type very unusual for a Portuguese. The oval was delicate, with no trace of high cheek-bone or heavy jaw, and there was no sign of olive sallowness in her pale cheek. But from this colourless background flashed splendid eyes of lambent golden brown, and rippling low upon her forehead was thick hair of the same shade.

"A last chance indeed! Hear that! God be good to us! As if I could not have had any man in the neighbourhood, if I had but chosen. I am well nourished, *Graças a Deus*,—not such a thin, dry, yellow creature as some people."

Virginia glanced at the *Inglezes*, and held her peace.

"O Senhora Conceição!" said Manuel the horseboy. "Be silent. How can you shout so in the ears of the senhors? Do you not see that they wish to mount their horses and ride away?"

Senhora Conceição, who was a stout, or, as she expressed it, a *well-nourished* woman, of considerably

over thirty, jerked her ample skirts away to one side, while her beetle brows gathered over her swarthy high-coloured face in no very agreeable fashion. A well-defined black moustache was one of her most prominent beauties. She began a displeased monologue to a woman standing at her elbow, and by the time the English senhors were in their saddles, Virginia was far up the mountain.

"What is all this about, Manuel?" asked Keith Anderson, as soon as they were well on the march. "What were they selling? and what made the women so wild?"

"They were lottery tickets, senhor."

"But Government lottery tickets are everyday things here; why should there be so much excitement about these?"

"This is a different thing, senhor," replied Manuel, a grin lighting up his brown face and gleaming eyes. "This is a *rifa*."

"A raffle do you mean?" asked Keith, who, thanks to a sojourn in Brazil some years before, was tolerably conversant with Portuguese. "But what are they going to raffle for? Some piece of finery, I suppose, as the women are so eager about it."

"No, no, senhor. It is for a husband."

"A husband! Oh, hear this, Norman! Fancy a fellow putting himself up for the girls to raffle for! The sublime conceit of it! It would be a fine suggestion for the 'Matrimonial News.' But surely, Manuel, eligible young men are not so scarce as to need to be raffled for."

Manuel listened with the polite smile of a Portuguese who has not the vaguest notion of your meaning.

"I will recount to the senhor that he may understand," said he. And he proceeded to tell Keith

Anderson the reasons for such an extraordinary proceeding as that of raffling for a husband.

The hero of the story, it seemed, and the object to be raffled for, was one of the handsomest young fellows in the parish, Francisco Rodrigues, the son of a widow, who, though living in her own cottage, and upon her own little piece of ground, being weakly and ailing, was but poorly off. Besides Francisco, she had one other son, but he was a cripple. There were, however, hopes of better days for the Rodrigues family, for Francisco was a clever craftsman. Among all the workers in straw and cane furniture there were none who had fingers so strong and deft, or so true an eye for a curve, as Francisco. If the vendor in Funchal received an order for chairs or couches of a form never yet attempted, Francisco was always eager for the task; and when a great pile of the commissioned furniture was finished, and, fastened together with cords, was balanced on Francisco's black curly head, for a trifling run of eight miles, he would set off at an easy swinging trot, with the mass of cane-work towering aloft and shadowing his whole figure, and deposit his load with a happy expectant smile in the vendor's shop, listening delighted to the tardy but yet inevitable praise which he knew must be part of his reward.

To his crippled brother he had taught some of the more delicate work—mats, ornaments, and baskets, so fine as to seem woven almost of threads, and of every graceful shape. In the evenings, and at all spare times, he worked in his small garden-patch, and had turned the otherwise unproductive parts of his domain into a willow plantation, thus providing materials for his own work. Already his mother's thin cheek was growing rounder,

and there was an air of greater comfort in the cottage, when that cloud which is always lowering in the distance over every Portuguese family overshadowed them, turning the brightness of the future into cruel night. The conscription came on, and Francisco was drawn for a soldier. With him would go the whole support of the family. Without his guidance who should design the mats or baskets for his brother? If willows were not needed for Francisco's work, why should his mother cut and peel them? If his earnings were not put into the little black box by his mother's bed, where should the money for food come from? He appealed to the only authority in the matter whom he knew, an official in the offices of the Administration. His mother being a widow, could he not be released from service?

He could if he were an only son, but he was not.

But it was almost the same thing. His brother was a cripple.

Well! the official did not know. Perhaps if a petition were drawn up there might be hope. There were yet two or three months before he need present himself before the Junta. He might try.

So a petition was drawn up. It should cost nothing or next to nothing, for after all Francisco was very poor. Just a dollar or so might be needed for the necessary pens and paper and so on. Then two dollars and a-half were wanted for Government seals. Then in a week or so, in answer to Francisco's questions, the petition was nearly finished, but had to be signed and witnessed. It needed also five more dollars. The poor fellow worked day and night from the first gleam of dawn to the last blink of light, but he could not gain this money without more time. He and his mother must live, poor as the food was which kept body and soul

together. He borrowed a dollar here and another there, he sold a beloved guitar—his only article of luxury—and carried the money to the town.

Two more weeks passed and he asked, "Was there any answer to the petition?"

The petition? Ah yes; the petition was to be forwarded to Lisbon to headquarters, and for this reason five more dollars were needed at once.

Poor Francisco! he sank down upon a seat in the office in despair. They called for sum after sum, never thinking that what was such a trifle to them was to him like wringing his heart's blood drop by drop. He sat there dumbly for a while, till, feeling himself an object of curiosity, he went away. When he reached home, pale and miserable, he found there a blind old man, his *padrinho* (or godfather), who was if anything poorer than himself. The old man heard Francisco's tale, discerned his despair, and then bending his grey head for a moment, said, "*Filhinho*, I have that—yes, I have as much as that: it was saved up to buy me a coffin, that my old head might rest honourably beside my wife in the churchyard; but you will see to that, my son, and I will give it to you." And he gave it.

Now surely at last all would go well: but still it was with a cold stone lying on his heart that he ventured again to the Administration to ask of the success of his petition. He was called before the Judge of Instruction, and the petition (not sent to Lisbon after all) was produced.

"What is this?" said the judge. "This thing is of no use at all. It is all wrong. It is not properly drawn up. What a wickedness it is to cheat a young man into getting a petition drawn up which is of no more value than the paper on which it is written!"

No one ventured to contradict this—no particular person seemed to blame.

"But what was he to do?" Francisco asked.

The judge shrugged his shoulders. The petition being of no use, he must just let things take their course and become a soldier.

"And my money?" asks the poor fellow.

His money? Had he no receipt for it?

"No."

Well, he, the judge, thought it very wrong that so much money should have been taken for a thing that needed none, and which, after all, was of no use; but what was to be done? the money was gone.

It did not seem to occur to any one to draw up a petition afresh on proper lines. The judge had nothing more to do than to censure wrong-doing, and no one seemed to think it a duty to make restoration. And so, robbed, disappointed, sick at heart, the poor fellow must tramp his eight miles up the mountains to bring to his mother the news of starvation to come, and to tell the poor blind *padrinho* that his money being gone, to no purpose, and Francisco to go too, he must depend on charity to be laid in the grave. How bitter was the sting of his own helplessness! He was powerless. If he did not go willingly, he would be taken by force from a life of labour and of duty, no matter that in so doing they were taking the last morsel of bread from his mother's lips. And he must go to become a defender of a country, of a government, and of laws either powerless or corrupt. No redress except by bribery. He had been tricked by the very men employed by Government, and there was no help, no appeal to any higher jurisdiction. They had taken in all eighteen dollars of money which had been painfully

gathered, coin by coin, in abject toil and suffering, and it would be spent in gambling, in drinking, or in other easy pleasures of the town, while there on the hills they starved and wept with want.

No need to describe the gloom which hung over the little household. Such things happen in Madeira every day. It would seem as if every contact with the Government were sufficient to deaden all sense of honour in the Portuguese breast. Who can bribe best, and bribe highest, may do well. And poor Francisco had no means left with which to bribe. Some tried to console him. After all, others became soldiers—why not he?

Why not? Because it was a degradation. To be turned from an honest hard-working artisan into a lazy, hungry, disreputable loafer and hanger-on—was not that a fall? "He was to fight for his country in glorious warfare." He knew nothing about that. He loved his birthplace; but her bitterest oppressors were the lawgivers of her own nation, Portugal. He was not to fight them. In fact, he knew none of his fellows among the soldiers who had ever seen active service. Who was there to fight except a few wretched blacks away on the coast of Africa, where men went in regiments and returned singly—sometimes to die of the fever acquired there, sometimes to hang about for years like shadows of their former selves?

Madeira is over-populated: there are too many mouths to feed, and yet strict watch must be kept that no able-bodied man of twenty leave its shores on any pretext—for every emigrant to America or England, or to any but a Portuguese colony, would escape conscription. Only by payment of a heavy fine, which most poor labourers are powerless to provide, can they be permitted to go. In very many cases it is

the bread-winner who must leave a houseful of dependants when his time comes to serve; and his pay, inadequate for himself, is certainly not enough to keep others. All these thoughts flitted through Keith Anderson's brain, called up by Manuel's recital of, and evident sympathy with, Francisco's woes.

"By the way, Manuel," he said, "you must be over age for a soldier now,—have you served?"

"No, senhor."

"How did you escape?"

Manuel held up a hand from which one finger was wanting.

"Can't pull a trigger, senhor," said he.

"Did you cut it off on purpose?"

"Sim, senhor; but Francisco would spoil his skill at the canelplaiting if he did it."

"Poor fellow! Well, what has become of him. Go on, Manuel; I want to hear."

When the time was drawing near for Francisco to present himself for service, he was passing the *venda* one day when a man, seated before the door, beckoned to him—he had a thing to tell him. The "thing" was no other than an offer, thinly veiled, from Conceição, to pay a substitute for him if he would marry her. Poor Francisco! to marry a woman so notorious for ill-temper as Conceição. She was nearer his mother's age than his own, and her tongue was famous in all the country-side. True, she had money; but—life with Conceição!

The man Jacintho—a friend of Francisco's, and an easy good-tempered fellow—rallied him on his dismal looks.

"Oh, *amigo*, you don't seem overjoyed. It would have given us all a fine laugh if I had not sworn to Conceição on a relic that she keeps on the neck of her *santo*, that I would not tell except to you. Cheer up, my son. Per-

haps you don't want Conceição, and no wonder; but there might even be other girls who would do as much. I have heard hints from one quarter and another, and I think you had better put yourself up to the highest bidder—ha, ha!”

“Don't laugh, Jacintho,” said Francisco. “I am desperate enough for most things now, but Conceição——! It would give my brother bread, I know, but very bitter bread, I know that.”

Just then Jacintho's wife, Antonia, came up from behind.

“O Francisco,” she said, “I know of a capital plan to buy you a substitute for the army. With twenty pounds you could easily get José da Silva to serve for you, and you would be free.”

“Twenty pounds! Ah, senhora, it would be as easy to get twenty thousand.”

“Not at all. *Escuta!* We have been talking it over, Senhora Elisa of the *venda* and I. Let us have a lottery. It will be a *grande palpite*, as they say in the newspapers. Every girl who would like to save Francisco from the army, and would not object to give him her hand in marriage, should buy a ticket, and when you have the desired sum, you send it to José da Silva and you bring home a bride.”

“Listen to that! What girl would do such a thing?”

“Oh, you poor fellow! You don't believe in your good fortune! I know of four already.”

“But there are marriages worse than death: shall I have to take a creature whom no other man would look at!”

“No, no,” said Antonia; “they must all be of good character. Stay. Let us make the laws. They must be of known good reputation as to morality, not younger than seventeen, and not older than forty.”

“Older than forty! *Credo!*” muttered Francisco.

“The tickets should be at one pound apiece—that is, four dollars and a-half—so that only girls of some means can obtain them.”

“But how will you do, wife, if one person buys up all the tickets?” asked Jacintho.

“Ah ha! you mean Conceição? Yes, there are some things that people know, senhor, even if you do take a solemn oath not to tell. Let us say that no girl shall be allowed to buy more than one ticket—at least until we see whether they are quickly sold. Of course we cannot help it if they choose to buy and sell them among themselves afterwards. But, at any rate, twenty girls to choose from is better than being bought by one.”

“But will twenty girls choose me?” asked Francisco.

“It is possible,” returned Jacintho. “You know if all goes well you have a paying trade, and can support a wife. That is the best of having a good name in the business. It always brings work.”

There was much discussion—the comical side of the thing not being the side which struck Francisco most, but rather the blank uncertainty—but at last he gave consent. And at the time the brothers Anderson had visited the *venda* there were still three tickets for sale.

Much of this Manuel explained to them, assenting cheerfully to the abuse which the English senators bestowed upon a Government which could admit of such injustice and corruption.

By this time the early darkness of a tropical night was coming on, and turning aside through a rustic gate from the highroad, the horses seemed at first to have entered into deep obscurity. As the travellers' eyes, however, grew accustomed to the gloom, they found themselves pursuing a narrow winding path around the head of a valley. A

sound of rushing water was heard, and, crossing the bed of a little stream, they soon reached a broad space where the private road widened into a kind of garden, beneath lofty eucalyptus and chestnut trees, and on one side from the open door of a long thatched building a brilliant light streamed forth.

"Here you are at last!" said a cheery voice. "I was afraid you had been lost, or had been intimidated at the last by fashionable folk below from venturing up into the backwoods,"—and a handsome gentlemanly man of about middle age came forward from the lighted interior to greet them.

"But you are heartily welcome," said the bright little woman who came hurrying after him.

"I am sorry we are so late," said Keith, as, having got over the first bustle of arrival, they entered the house. "I rather think that nothing but pure idleness is our excuse. That is a contagious malady here, and we rode very slowly."

"Now," said their host, "let us get our invalid a seat by the fire. Sounds queer, doesn't it, a big log-fire in July in Madeira? but I defy you to say that it is not a comfort."

"I protest against the name of invalid," said Norman, from the depths of a big arm-chair to which he had been consigned—"I've given up all that: but this fire is glorious."

The room they had entered was primitive in the extreme in its construction. It was long and large, extending the whole length and breadth of the building, and was paved (not floored) with closely-set pebbles firmly arranged in squares. The ceiling was composed of woven cane, set in a framework of unpolished chestnut-wood, supported by whitewashed walls. From this

cold background the brightness of rich warm colouring in curtains and furniture stood out in bold relief.

An old-fashioned stone fireplace with an overhanging mantel-shelf above it formed a brilliant centre of light and warmth. Great logs and fir-cones were piled up, glowing and crackling on the hearth. Bright coloured embroideries adorned and curtained the overhanging mantel, and deep cushioned wicker chairs of island manufacture, a broad old-fashioned sofa, tables, books, cushions, presses, and corner-cupboards made a thoroughly homely and highly unæsthetic interior. At one end of the room, which their hostess laughingly said was the dining-room end, and which was supposed to have no connection with the drawing-room division of the apartment in which they were seated, the gleam of white napery, plate, and china made it very evident that a meal was pending. And shortly afterwards the opening of a door, and the entrance of a tidy Portuguese maid with roast chickens, Indian-corn cakes, piles of strawberries, and coffee, announced that supper was ready.

"You see," said their hostess, "we are savages who actually dine in the middle of the day in these wilds, and so in the evening we sup."

"This is just delicious," said Keith Anderson. "My soul has chafed within me for the last six weeks at the bondage of fashionable propriety in which we have been held in that hotel."

"Yes," said Dr Wilbraham, their host, "there are certainly capital hotels in Madeira—in fact, I never encountered better in any of my travels; but, after all, a hotel is a hotel. It has to be governed by all sorts of laws, written and unwritten, from which the home is exempted, and I must say that life is worth twice as much when you

can regulate your hours and meal-times and costumes and pursuits to suit your own tastes."

"There is no doubt of that," said Norman. "I can fancy you, doctor, after a day's tramp on the hills, coming home with your bag full of specimens of every kind, everything which creepeth and crawlth on the face of the earth, and being obliged to leave these treasures—perhaps to find a hideous doom—at the hands, or feet, of the chamber-maid, while you, agonising in a white tie and patent-leather boots, are obliged to work slowly through interminable courses at the dinner-table, and listen to Lady Niminy Pimeny's abuse of her neighbour or her dinner."

Keith and Norman Anderson had known Dr Wilbraham ever since they could remember, and they never remembered him without his botanical and entomological specimens and collections. A weakness in the chest had induced him to take up his abode in Madeira, and when Norman Anderson was slowly recovering from inflammation of the lungs in England, Dr Wilbraham wrote advising a more rapid cure in Madeira, predicting a more complete re-establishment to health in a far shorter time than at home, if Norman took his advice. The Andersons came,—Keith, a budding barrister without a brief, to look after his artist brother; and after six weeks in the warmth of Funchal the threatening symptoms of permanent mischief in Norman's lungs quite disappeared, and they were free to seek the mountains, where the eccentric doctor had pitched his tent, and was living "freed from the trammels of polite society," as he said.

"I shouldn't think that society had ever trammelled him much," said Norman at six o'clock the next morning, as they watched the doctor, in shirt-sleeves, spectacles, and

Panama hat, come striding down between the firs from his morning bath in a stream above. He was smoking a short pipe, and whisking the heads off the foxgloves with his towel. High overhead the black-birds were singing in the eucalyptus-trees. A flood of sunshine was pouring on the peaks of the mountains above, upon the wild honeysuckle and heather which clothed the slope. At regular intervals arose the singing voice of the harvest labourers, who were cutting the already ripened corn, and who sang in short strophes to each other, to the accompaniment of a mountain-stream whose rushing down the hillside gave an indescribable feeling of life and freshness to the scene.

They were still watching, and presently saw Dr Wilbraham pause in his descent. He was evidently speaking to some one hidden by the trees, for he lifted his hat and removed his pipe.

"Who has he got hold of there?" said Keith. "It will be a human specimen and not a botanical one; for though he would probably think much more highly of the latter, I doubt if he would take off his hat to it."

Still the doctor stood, both listening and speaking, till presently, with an energetic gesture, he motioned to the hidden figure and strode down towards the house. From behind the trees followed a slighter, smaller figure, clothed in the costume of a country girl. Her feet were bare, but her white kerchief was pulled so far over her face that it was invisible in the shade.

"Coo-ee," shouted Dr Wilbraham, as he neared the three thatched buildings which constituted his abode.

An answering "Coo-ee" in feminine tones was heard, and Mrs Wilbraham appeared on the hillside before her bedroom door.

"Come here, Katherine," said the doctor. "Here is such an outrageous piece of injustice that I want you to see if something can be done for this poor girl."

"Oh, it is Virginia," said Mrs Wilbraham, drawing near.

"*Sim*, senhora. A very good day to the senhora. The senhora passed a good night?"

Although Virginia's eyes were red with weeping, and her tones low, it would have been impossible to her to forget the inevitable formula of a morning greeting.

"Look here, Katherine! Ah, Keith, are you there? Come away, come away; now just see what actual robbery of the poor can be done with impunity in this place. I say that it is infamous."

He took from Virginia's hands a white bundle, which his wife unrolled, and in so doing exposed to view a large piece of exquisitely fine embroidery. The brothers, of course, were unable rightly to appreciate its beauty, but it struck them as something finer and more cobwebby than all that they had seen for sale in this island of embroidery. It seemed strange that this coarsely dressed country girl should be capable of such a creation, which was delicate to a wonderful degree and of snowy whiteness.

"In these tiny huts with earthen floors, how can they keep it so clean? and many of these little places have no windows,—how can they see?" asked Norman.

"You forget," said Mrs Wilbraham, smiling, "that nobody dreams of *living* inside a house here. A house is a place to sleep in, and there is usually an inferior hut for cooking in, and so on; but here on the hills no one carries on an occupation within four walls. The embroideresses all sit on the seats outside, beneath trees or vine-

trellises, working, singing, and chatting together."

"And why is she troubled about this particular piece of work?" asks Keith.

"*You* tell the senhor your trouble about the embroidery, Virginia," commanded the doctor. And Virginia explained that she, like so many of her countrywomen, just managed to keep body and soul together by embroidery. She said that by rising at four, and working as long as daylight lasted, with well-skilled fingers one might earn as much as fivepence per day; and of course out of this food, clothes, firing, and rent had to be found. Still, she esteemed herself happy to find work paid at this rate. Some time ago a certain agent in the place, who employed her to work for him, had given her an order for a very large piece of embroidery for a lady's dress. It was in two parts, and as it was wanted in a hurry, Virginia took one half, and entrusted the other to a neighbour, who was an embroideress like herself. It was to be finished for the day before our story opens, and Virginia had been half-starving; for as the work would only be paid as it was delivered, and she certainly had no capital to fall back upon, she had been obliged to get credit for a while at the *venda*, and the *vendeiro* was not fond of giving credit. At last, the work being finished, Virginia carried it to the agency with high hopes; for her share came to more than a pound in English money,—a great sum to her. The two pieces of the dress being delivered, the agent appeared with a frown upon his face, and his most brutal manner, and, flinging the work upon the table, asked her what she meant by misusing needle and thread in such a way. Then he condescended to point out certain

portions in the work of the other woman which were carelessly done.

"It was all spoiled," he said, regardless of Virginia's entreaties and her demonstration that the fault was very slight, in fact scarce noticeable unless to a practised eye. "No matter for that," he said; "the fault in that half spoiled the entire dress, and he would not give ten shillings for the work altogether. He had nothing to do with the division of the labour."

Virginia was appalled. Ten shillings instead of two pounds! It was impossible. What would the other embroideress say at receiving five shillings where she had expected twenty?

Faint and sick with her long tramp to the town in the hot morning sun, and fasting (for even the usual handful of Indian corn had been wanting that morning in anticipation of a sumptuous meal of bread from her earnings), the poor girl nearly fell as she crossed the doorstep, and sat half-conscious leaning against the wall until a neighbour, seeing her deathly face, coaxed her within her own doors, and with kindly sympathy and a morsel of food brought tears to the poor girl's eyes and relief to her heart.

Those who worked for the agency might well sympathise. Who did not know the man who ground the faces of the poor? It was whispered, they told her, that the agent had some kind of dispute with some people who bought his embroidery in foreign countries, and several orders lately had been countermanded — that might account for his ill-temper.

How Virginia managed to communicate with her fellow-worker and sufferer on the hills she scarcely knew. She only knew that when at last she had returned to the man, driven by hunger to accept this starvation price—five shillings

instead of twenty—she was told by one of the clerks that the master had changed his mind,—he had decided not to take the work nor pay for it. It was left on her hands. And so she had to return, no other work or chance of work given her, and she knew of no one who would buy this. It was too large to sell quickly. It had been an order from England, and just now there were few Englishwomen in the island, it being summer.

Virginia's kerchief had fallen back on her neck while she was speaking, and the face which had aroused the contempt of Conceição for its pallor was exposed to view. Norman's artistic eye saw at once the loveliness which would be invisible to the coarse taste of such a woman. The face was instinct with feeling, the features delicately cut, the massive coils of bronze-coloured hair gleamed in the sunlight; but beneath the brown wells of her eyes were deep shadows, and the oval of her face was sharpened, as they now knew, by hunger.

"It is a horrible shame," exclaimed Norman. "Can't that man be compelled to pay for work ordered by himself? Is there no way of making him ashamed of himself? Could we not go and see him?"

"He would say that you are no judge of such things," said Mrs Wilbraham, acutely.

"Ah, Solomon in petticoats!" said the doctor. "Now I should like to see if *you* are a judge. Unroll this thing entirely, and point out the blemish if you can, madam."

It was done. Virginia seated herself upon the bank at a sign from the doctor, with the work in her lap, and Mrs Wilbraham pored over it inch by inch. A tiny smile crept over the girl's face as the doctor teasingly encouraged his wife's examination.

"Come, come, I should have

thought you would have had your finger on it in a moment. Don't you know any more about women's gear than that? I see now how it is that you don't notice when a button-hole has no button to put in it. The agent would say that you are no judge, Mrs Wilbraham. No, no, Virginia, don't show her."

"I see where it is," said Mrs Wilbraham, rising from her kneeling posture; "but that is more than any of you gentlemen can do. Just try."

But they all declined in the greatest haste.

"What I do see is this," said Keith, "that if it took Mrs Wilbraham so long to find it when she knew it was there, the work cannot be so obviously bad as to merit rejection. Most probably the recipient of the dress would scarcely have noticed it. It seems to me very likely that the order was countermanded for some reason, and the agent concluded to shift the loss from his own shoulders to those who were less able to bear it."

"That may be so," said Mrs Wilbraham. "You see there is no written agreement with the workers: the agents are bound by no law but that of their own convenience. Some agents are better than others. But at any rate the price in this case was very low. He was going to give two pounds for the work. He would sell it for four most certainly, if not for five—for I know what prices are put upon these things when they are stiffly folded and exposed for sale in the shops. However, we will think over what can be done. Virginia will go to the kitchen and get some breakfast with Luiza. It must be nearly ready by this time, for our hour is even. In the meantime we can consider if there is anything that we can do."

"I never knew the value before

of the inalienable right of a free-born Briton to write to the 'Times,'" said Keith, as they paced slowly along towards the dining-room. "This is the second case within these two days which, if Madeira could boast of a 'Times,' should be aired by me. I scarcely know which is worse, this or the case of Francisco."

"And one case aggravates the other," said Mrs Wilbraham, to whom the Andersons had mentioned Francisco's story, and soon found that it was well known to them. "I feel pretty sure that if Francisco could choose a wife it would be Virginia, and I can't help fancying that this pound—all that was to stand between her and starvation—would have gone for a ticket,—her only chance of winning him."

"Poor girl! it makes the case ten times harder," said Norman, reflectively. Then, as if struck by a sudden idea, he turned to his brother. "I say, Keith, don't you think this embroidery stuff would do for a wedding-present for Nella? You know, Mrs Wilbraham, that our sister Nella is to be married in autumn, and Keith and I promised to bring her some of the fruits of our travels. We have looked at chairs and inlaid boxes and shawls, but she seems to have got all these things from other people. You should see the lists of gifts which that girl has received. It is worth while getting married in these days. What do you think, Keith?"

"The dress might do for one thing," said Keith, "but I am always afraid of giving girls things to put on. Do you remember how she laughed at poor Jim?"

"Well, you know," said his brother, "it was a peculiarly hideous thing. Only Jim could have been so left to himself as to offer it. Who would want to wear a coffee-coloured dressing-gown with pale-green stripes?"

"Dear me!" ejaculated Mrs Wilbraham. "Was that one of the wedding-presents? Well, after that, you can surely have no fear in giving a dress of pure white to a bride."

"She won't say it isn't the fashion, or only fit for a baby, or anything, will she?" asked Norman, nervously.

"She can't, for she can have it made to suit the fashion; and it is really exquisite work, and Nella would not be mortal woman if she did not value such work as that. I wish I were going to be married and had the chance of such a gown!"

"Pray do not consider me in any way as an impediment," observed the doctor, politely. "If you have any hankerings after bigamy and millinery, I will efface myself. Self-denying modesty was always my strong point. By Jove! there's the coffee, and I haven't got my hair brushed," and he started with a run up the slope to his bedroom.

During breakfast the project was discussed, and the two brothers having decided to buy the dress of Virginia, insisted, with characteristic uprightness, in buying it at the same price as they would have bought it at a shop, willing that she, rather than they, should profit by the misfortune. Mrs Wilbraham was also deputed to discover whether Virginia shared a certain well-known prejudice against "being put into a picture," as Norman declared that the dress would have double its value if the story of the worker and her portrait went with it.

The poor girl's gratitude on knowing of her good fortune was touching. She called on all the saints to make her benefactors happy for evermore. The tears of delight were running down her cheeks, her hands clasped, her face all aglow

with happiness, and she was so radiantly lovely that Norman was anxious to fetch his palette and brushes at once. But although it was discovered that she had no fear of drying up and withering away as soon as her face was transferred to canvas, she asked for a little delay, explaining hesitatingly that she must go and pay the other needlewoman her share of the embroidery.

"And the lottery ticket, Virginia?" said Mrs Wilbraham, smiling, as she put the four shining gold pieces into the girl's hand.

Virginia blushed scarlet, and glanced fearfully round; but seeing that all witnesses had retired to a discreet distance, she took courage and asked anxiously, "The senhora thinks it a very ugly thing to do to buy a ticket?"

"No, no, my poor girl, not in these circumstances."

"Ah, senhora! When it was first arranged that Francisco should submit to this lottery, he came to me and said, 'Virginia, it may yet be that our happiness may result from this. You will try and buy a ticket, and every night we will pray Nossa Senhora that your number may be the lucky one.' I would never have bought a ticket to buy me a husband, but when he asked me to it was different. Is it not so, senhora? And we have a neighbour, a kind friend, Isabel Vieira, and she has bought a ticket, and she will let me redeem it from her; for though she bought it, she has a lover of her own, and does not want to marry Francisco."

"But is that allowed, Virginia? I thought that each girl was only permitted to buy one ticket."

"Yes, senhora. The same person may not buy more than one ticket at once. That is, twenty different girls must buy each one a ticket; but if afterwards these girls, having their own chance by right,

choose to give it up and sell their tickets one to another, they may do it. I think that this law was made to prevent one or two rich women from buying all the tickets."

"And you think, then, that one girl may have two or three tickets, if she can get others to sell them to her?"

"*Sim, senhora.*"

"In that case you might have two or three, but also Conceição might do the same."

"Without doubt, *senhora*. But then Conceição has tried to buy tickets, but the girls do not like her, and as yet all have refused. Indeed it is said that she would give two pounds apiece for them. She is very determined to have Francisco."

"Whoever gets him will have to make up her mind to find him very conceited after this, I should think."

"Ah no, *senhora*. Conceição has always wished to be married, and she has tried as hard to get others; and she is so much disliked that I know one or two cases where tickets have been taken to lessen her chances. Francisco does not think it all for his sake. But the priests are on her side, because she has promised so many rockets¹ to our Lady of the Mount, and she has a Sant' Antonio all of her own. He has a shrine in her house, and beautiful clothes, and a number of candles."

"Why is she so fond of that particular saint?"

"Ah," said Virginia, laughing and smiling, and yet wholly in earnest, "does the *senhora* not know that Sant' Antonio brings husbands to the girls? At his feast, if you bring him fresh flowers, and if by good luck you can but nip off a little bit of his mantle, you will be married within the year."

"And as Conceição has an image of this accomplished saint in her own possession, she can bribe him to her heart's content. Well, we must try and be a match for both of them. See here, Virginia; one of these gold pieces belongs to your fellow-workwoman—are you willing to venture these which remain for Francisco?"

"Am I willing? *Sim! sim! senhora*, if it will do any good."

"Then my advice is this. Do not yet redeem the ticket from Isabel Vieira. Let that remain in her hands till the day of drawing. You can manage to pay her by-and-by with the money you will yet earn. She does not want to marry Francisco."

"But, *senhora*, I must give her her money: it was for me she took the ticket."

"Yes, yes; don't fear. I will see that she gets her money. But we must give you all the chances we can. Only one ticket will bear the lucky number, but the more tickets you have the greater is your chance that one may win. Go now yourself and buy a ticket. With you I will send my servant Julia. She is unmarried, of good character, over seventeen and under forty, which they tell me are the regulations. She happens to be promised in marriage, but as nothing is said about that in the laws, it does not matter. She will be one more who, if she wins, will win for you, for she can hand you her ticket. In this way you have three chances against the one of Conceição."

"*Sim, senhora*: but Conceição may have done the same things—I had not thought of that."

"Of course she may, but three chances against her are better than one. Do as I say. Only remember that you are to sit still for two or three hours every day for the Sen-

¹ Fireworks are a common Portuguese thankoffering to the saints.

hor Inglez to paint you, and you will get a dollar for every sitting."

"Ah, senhora, it is you who have done all this for me. May heaven make you happy, and your children, and your children's children!"

"Well, run away now. I will send Julia with you."

"Now, wife," said the doctor, a little later, "what plots have you been hatching with Virginia?"

"If you could only be effaced for a while, as you proposed," said Mrs Wilbraham, laughing, "I would go and buy a ticket for myself. Virginia and I have our secrets."

"Oh, that is it! Very well. Though you may hold a husband so cheaply, madam, all do not, as is very evident. I will put myself up to be raffled for."

"Then you will become the lawful prey of Conceição."

"Now heaven forefend!" quoth the doctor.

"That woman will be a formidable enemy if she is defeated, I should think," said Keith Anderson; "but I have not the ghost of an idea how these lotteries are conducted. Do the ticket-holders draw lots, or how is it to be?"

"I don't know either," said Mrs Wilbraham. "I think that you gentlemen should go to the *venda* and see."

At the *venda* there were no customers at that early hour except one or two children with little bags of corn; so the doctor bought a box of matches, and as he lighted his cigar asked carelessly, "When is this important lottery for a husband to take place, Senhora Elisa?"

"In three days, Senhor Doutor."

"And how will the lots be drawn?"

"They are still discussing that, senhor. My advice was this, that we put the lots in a bag, and that old Valente the blind man should draw one before us all. What would the senhors advise?"

"That is not a bad idea; but the lots should not be pieces of paper, or two might stick together, and there would be war among the girls. Francisco can marry but one out of twenty after all."

"Yes," said Senhora Elisa. If there were more of these I would give them, but there are only four," and she produced four round wooden lotto-markers, each with its number upon it.

"Well," said the doctor, "I could lend you twenty of those for the occasion. We have the game somewhere, for my boys used to play it before they went home to school. Shall I send them to you or to Valente?"

"It will be better to have them here, Senhor Doutor, if the senhor will have the condescension to lend them."

"Very well," said the doctor; "we will turn them out and send them along. And what do you propose to do with all the girls who *do not* get Francisco? There will be nineteen to one. They will pull that girl to pieces. I think you should have a detachment of military called out."

"No, no, senhor; they would be ashamed in public even to appear discontented. Perhaps the Senhors Inglezes will honour us with their presence. They will be very welcome. The space in front of the *venda* will be covered with flags and flowers. The lottery will take place there at six o'clock on the evening of Monday, which is a *festa*. It will be very gay."

"I should think so," laughed Keith, "especially for Francisco."

The Englishmen had not long left the shop when the swarthy face of Conceição appeared.

"Have you heard the news?" she demanded, "that Virginia has actually palmed off that disgraceful embroidery of hers upon the two gentlemen strangers who were here

just now? What a shame! And she had done it so badly that even the agent had refused to keep it."

"It was not done badly," said Senhora Elisa, hotly. "It was a perfect piece of work."

"And why was it refused, then?" asked Conceição. "She pretends she did not do it all, but she won't say who did. Ah, I know her. Four pounds she got for it instead of two. A lot of money thrown away, I'll be bound. No one who did that embroidery will see a penny of it but Senhora Donna Virginia herself. It is disgraceful. But of course one knows when young men give girls so much money what it means. It is not for nothing, ha, ha!" And she bounced out of the shop.

"Ah, ugly tongue," muttered Senhora Elisa to herself; "how he tries to take away that poor girl's character! O husband!" she exclaimed, as her husband appeared from a dark recess behind the shop, "did you hear that? And not ten minutes ago did that poor Virginia come here and give me a pound, shining piece, for our poor Gonzaga and her brood of little children. Well, I know that the poor Gonzaga did with the children ragging at her skirts was done carelessly, in haste—she avowed to herself. Through her Virginia lost her chances of sale, and she never told who it was, and now shares with her loyally. Ah, Conceição, ugly thing! Wait! I will be even with thee."

She then confided to her husband the offer of the Senhor Doutor of the twenty wooden counters for the lottery, and they had an earnest conversation, which ended in Senhora Elisa comparing her book, in which each girl had written her name and the number of her ticket, with the counters in her hand.

She slipped one of these into her pocket, and saying to her husband, "I am going to see Valente, and to carry this money to Gonzaga," left the *venda*.

Half-an-hour passed, and Conceição reappeared accompanied by a poor-looking girl of rather repulsive appearance, to whom she was talking patronisingly. "Of course, Profiria, you can buy a ticket. Why should you not, as well as others? Your pretensions are as good as anybody's."

They entered the *venda*, where Leonardo, the shopkeeper, was seated in the absence of his wife.

"O Senhor Leonardo! Here is a young woman who wishes to buy a ticket for the lottery. How many have you?"

"I think there is but one left," said the man, slowly opening his book. "Yes, number twenty. But one must ask questions in conformity with the regulations? Who is this girl?"

"She lives up the mountains, and is of very honest parents. Her age seventeen. She was seventeen last month."

"What is her name?"

"Profiria Fernandez."

"Well, as I do not know her, I will ask the priest about her."

"But I tell you that she is without reproach. She has but little experience of the world, poor thing, and I would like to get her a good husband."

"Naturally," said Leonardo; "but you see I cannot put down the name of a person whom I do not know."

"But if other people know her, surely that is enough."

"No, no, we have to take care of poor Francisco's chances of marriage. He is not obliged to marry every girl from the mountains who comes running in to buy a ticket. The regulations say she must be of

well-known irreproachable reputation."

"I'll go and fetch the priest myself," said Conceição, with a toss of the head. "Good day to you, Senhor Leonardo. Come along, Profiria," and she marched out.

"Aha," said Leonardo to himself, "that girl is very much like a child who was in Conceição's service some years ago, and who, she declared, was a horrible thief. She wants another ticket for herself, that is it."

But an hour or two later Conceição returned triumphant, with a letter from the priest testifying to the irreproachable character of his parishioner, Profiria Fernandez, and Leonardo was obliged to hand the last ticket over to the girl, from whose hands, he well knew, it would pass into the pocket of Conceição.

"It makes no difference," said Senhora Elisa to her husband with a wicked smile, as she heard of the transaction.

"Well, Virginia," said Mrs Wilbraham on Monday afternoon as she came upon Norman working away at his easel with Virginia before him, resting her earthen pitcher upon a moss-covered wall beneath the chestnuts, "are you not going over to the *venda*?"

"No, no, senhora, I would rather not," she answered, involuntarily shrinking back as she spoke.

"Are you not anxious to know who is to be Francisco's fate?" Virginia looked appealingly at her, and the kind-hearted woman said, "Never mind, I think you are quite right to stay here. We are all going over to see fairplay, and so you will be alone till we come back. Come, Norman." And presently the stillness under the chestnut-trees became absolute.

Virginia sank upon her knees beside the moss-grown wall. These

old stones were so cold, so quiet, so still. How long she remembered that mossy heap,—it rested her tired head to lean against it: there was nothing to make her unquiet heart more unquiet, and yet the tears began to roll down her cheeks. She took a tiny silver medal from her breast, and, kissing it, murmured, "O Blessed Lady of the many sorrows, pray for me; O sacred heart——"

A crackling of branches and dried leaves caused her to spring to her feet.

"O Francisco!" she cried to a figure which came hastily towards her.

He was a handsome fellow; brown as a berry, but straight, tall, and lithe, intelligence gleaming in his big black eyes and well-formed features. But his usual winning smile was gone as he came forward and held out his two hands to the girl.

"I came to say *Adeus*, Virginia. I am going to know our fate. Either you will be my wife before this week is out, or I am a miserable man for life. Oh, what a fool I was to submit to this! *Adeus, minha alma.*"

There was one minute of mute embrace, and he was gone.

The *venda* was brilliant with flags and flowers. The open space in front of it was roofed in with green branches over the trellis, and on the bank below among the trees were seated the musicians, each with his instrument ready to strike up at a given signal. On one side sat the *Inglezes*, Dr Wilbraham and his wife and the two Andersons; and laughing, jesting, teasing each other, was a flock of girls all in holiday costume of the most brilliant colours. They were the would-be brides. A dense knot of spectators crowded the open space when Leonardo from the *venda* came out bearing a cotton

bag of the kind always most affected by the Portuguese, made of bright-coloured scraps, and duly tasselled at the corners. Motioning the spectators to fall back a little, Leonardo advanced to the table, which stood bare in the midst, and turning the bag inside out, shook from it twenty counters. The eyes of all the spectators followed his movements with breathless attention.

Just then a slight movement in the crowd allowed of the advance of a young man from the road. It was Francisco—prize and sacrifice. Without looking at any one, he slowly edged his way as far from the expectant brides as possible, to a seat near the musicians. Meantime Leonardo produced a book, and as he called each name a girl came forward and received a wooden counter corresponding to the number in the book to which her name was attached. But when Virginia's name was called—Number eighteen—there was no response. At last Mrs Wilbraham said, "Virginia is not here. I will take her counter, if it is allowed."

"Certainly, *minha senhora*, it is only to drop it again into the bag when her turn comes."

The girls having then ranged themselves in a line, Leonardo went ravelly round with his bag, and each girl having dropped in her counter, it was placed upright upon the table. Now came Senhora Elisa leading a white-haired old man, whose evidently sightless eyes were known to all. It was blind Valente, the godfather of the bride-room elect. He was led forward to the table, and Elisa taking one corner of the bag, and Leonardo the other, the blind man felt for the opening, plunged in his hand, the bag was deep, and drew forth a wooden counter which he held up. There was a universal forward movement to see, and

Leonardo shouted "*Four*." The counter was then laid in the hand of the Senhor Doutor, who gravely and somewhat ruefully admitted that it was "*four*." There was no mistake. Alas for poor Virginia!

When the number was shouted, however, a bright pleasant-looking girl, with a brilliant yellow silk kerchief on her glossy black braids, clapped her hands, and dancing with delight, exclaimed, "*Sou eu! Sou eu!*" (It is I! It is I!)

She made a start towards Francisco, who had also risen, a perfectly delighted smile irradiating his face, and taking his hands, she first shook them heartily, and then forced him to whirl rapidly round in a kind of dance of triumph, and then hurried off to thank and shake hands with Valente, with Elisa, and in fact with a score of others, while the music at a signal from Leonardo struck up a lively air.

"Well," said Dr Wilbraham to his wife, who was beaming in smiles, "Francisco might have done worse, but he seems to have forgotten Virginia already."

Meanwhile the faces of the other girls were a study: some laughed, others looked grave or scornful, but Conceição's face was almost diabolical in its rage. She went up to the triumphant possessor of number four and said, "Now, Thereza Vieira, I thought that you were promised in marriage to João Felipe?"

"So I am," laughed Thereza, "and now I can choose: it is a fine thing to have two such handsome lovers to choose from, is it not, João Felipe?" and she turned to a powerful-looking young fellow beside her.

He looked at Conceição, showing two gleaming lines of white teeth as he laughed. "It is too bad, Conceição, don't you think so? Will you take pity on me if she casts me off?"

Conceição had wit enough to see that she was being laughed at, and turned frowningly away.

The bag was taken from the table, which now was spread with bottles of wine and with fruit, and then Francisco, signing to the musicians to stop, began to speak, hesitatingly at first, but more rapidly as he went on.

"He thanked all those," he said, "whose kind hearts had brought them to his help in this way, when his family had been threatened with the ruin which his absence must cause. He knew quite well that though the rule was supposed to be that he should marry the girl who drew the successful number, that many had taken tickets just with the hope of helping him, and without any idea of marriage. He recognised their kindness, and thanked them with all his heart."

Just as he finished Thereza darted forward and drew a shrinking figure who was seen approaching into the midst. It was Virginia.

"O *amigo*!" said Thereza, "you know that I am promised to João Felipe here, and so I must ask you to accept a substitute for me. Look, Virginia! here is the lucky number, I give it to you. Francisco is yours now."

With one accord the Englishmen took off their hats and gave such a vigorous "hurrah" that poor Valente, who was standing near, was almost knocked over.

Dr Wilbraham heard a quick, sharp, hissing breath behind him, and an exclamation, and turning, saw Conceição. She had been gloomy and silent until now, but the sight of her successful rival was evidently more than she could stand. She darted forward suddenly to where Francisco was standing.

"Oh, miserable coward!" she cried, "you live on women then! All this good money—twenty shin-

ing sovereigns—given by all these girls is lost, or has been stolen from us just that Virginia may get her will. The ticket was not hers. Let her give it back. Others have given their money, and she reaps the fruit. *Ah! Infamia!*"

Virginia shrank back appalled towards Francisco, but Thereza turned upon Conceição with a laugh.

"O *senhora*! Would you cut Francisco into twenty pieces rather than one should have the whole of him. But *one* could win him, and it was I. He was mine. Think of it! Little as I am, I had two whole big men all for my own. But two is too many. I am now accustomed to João Felipe, and I could not think of another as my future husband, so I give him to Virginia. Look, she has the ticket, and she can get a chain if she wants to, and take him away and tie him up."

"Ah, *miseravel*! you are in league with her. It is all done on purpose."

"But why? I bought my ticket, and Virginia bought hers, and you bought yours. Neither of you won. I won. He was mine. I might have taken him home and stood him on a shelf for a *santo*, like you have your Sant' Antonio; but I would need to feed him—I leave that to Virginia. *Vae mulher*! Are you not ashamed to stand here disputing for a husband?"

At this juncture Dr Wilbraham sauntered carelessly up to the group, and taking off his hat, offered his hand to Thereza, whom he already knew. The two brothers followed him, and, as if accidentally, stood between Virginia and the raging Conceição. They had understood the doctor's lead. In this circle of calm talk and courtesy the flushed and panting woman felt powerless and out of place. She made a swift movement to face Virginia again,

but this time was confronted by the doctor's wife, who looked at her with a face full of the most benignant interest.

"*A baixo os Ingleses!*" (Down with the English!) muttered Conceição; but by this time the other would-be brides, headed by Julia, were shaking hands with the bridegroom and Virginia, their disappointment over, and for very shame Conceição, unable to join them, hastily left the place.

Now the music began again, the healths of Francisco and his bride were drunk, and presently up went a whole sheaf of rockets, without which no Portuguese *festa* is ever complete. They were still singing and dancing when the stars came out, and the *Ingleses* wended their way home.

It was, perhaps, half an hour later when the doctor's sitting-room door was suddenly flung open, and a pale frightened woman dashed in.

"O senhor! Quick, quick! Some one is drowned in the big *tangue!*" (reservoir).

"Where?" said the doctor, leaping to his feet, while the others, horror-struck, followed his example.

"Up here above. Juana Alvarez saw the body in the moonlight when she went to get water, and screamed out to me now as she ran home to fetch her husband."

"It may be poor Conceição," faltered the doctor's wife, as the three men dashed out of the house, stumbling and hurrying towards the steep mountain road, near where two huge tanks or reservoirs stood holding the water for the neighbouring district.

Faint sounds of the distant music struck on their ears as they climbed the steep beneath the black shadows of the trees. They were still dancing and rejoicing, and this poor creature may have heard the joyous sounds ringing through the air till

the gurgle of the cold deathly waters shut out all sound for ever, and she sank into quietness in her despair. Other forms joined the searchers, ropes and sticks were carried by panting men, and at last they reached the tank. Yes, there in the moonlight, white and quiet, floated the body. But surely that could not be Conceição, it looked too small. Had she killed some one else in her rage? The ropes and sticks were put into use. Slowly the body in its sodden garments was drawn out,—it had not been far from the shore. They turned it over, and a roar of laughter broke from the nearest spectator.

"O senhores! What a thing! It is the poor *santo*. Ah—ha—ha—ha!"

"What is it?" asks Norman, bewildered.

"It is Conceição's *santo*, *Ora essa!* Ha, ha! I shall never stop laughing. *Olha*, look, senhores! the poor *santo!* She gave him such pretty clothes. Poor little thing, and he brought her no husband, and so she has pulled him out of his shrine, and flung him into the water here in a rage,—oh, ha—ha—ha!"

And so it was. The angry woman had no more faith in her poor *santo*, and after drowning him in her fury, she barred herself up in her house in dudgeon. A day or two afterwards she took a long journey to see a friend, and it is said that she will go to Brazil. Let us hope that she may find better fortune there.

We have often wondered what Senhora Elisa did with that one counter which she took in her pocket when she went to see Valente; but as only she and her husband and the blind man ever knew anything of the matter, we have not been able to hear.

RYE OWEN.

A CONGESTED DISTRICT.

THE great Atlantic waves beat straight against the wild rocks of the south Irish coast, where they have worn deep black caverns in the twisted strata. The Bull Rock trembles under their blows in winter, and in summer the long swell never ceases. But the Gulf Stream gives warmth to the fresh sea air, and the lowlands are enriched by the soft rains that wash the hills. So also with the race that lives on in these wild and remote regions. Passion and violence and violent remedies may undermine and break up the strongest society, but warm affections, and the slow unconscious changes which through centuries of unnoticed influence modify the barbarism of backward peoples, are the factors which bring most good with them in the end.

South-west Cork and Kerry form a large "congested district," into which railways have hardly penetrated, and which few visit beyond the tourist route to Killarney. The term suggests to us a hunger-stricken land of mountains and bogs,—of hovels where the peat-smoke issues from the roof, and the pigs sleep with the peasants: where ruined cottars lurk with guns behind the walls, and starving women sit in rags, and crowds of beggars torment the traveller. But such ideas are mainly founded on Irish novels which speak of the condition of Ireland a century ago, and the visitor is astonished now to mark the signs of comfort, and even of prosperity, among the peasantry of a congested district.

The district in question is formed by the ranges which run out from the Macgillicuddy Reeks,

bordering on the great arms of the sea called Bantry Bay, Kenmare River, and Dingle Bay. The first of these—five miles wide, and twenty long—possesses the best anchorage along the coast, which—well lighted, and free as a rule from dangerous rocks and reefs—is one of the safest in the islands. The hills run with picturesque peaks and sharp ridges far out to sea, where the Skelligs and other wild islands rise from the ocean. They are of dark carboniferous shale, which extends over a wide area of southern Ireland, with dykes of white quartz, often rich with lodes of iron, copper, and lead. Utterly barren, and scored by prehistoric glaciers, they show here and there the white thread of a mountain torrent, and hold on their slopes dark trout-lakes fringed with rushes. In autumn they are purple with heather; and among the rocks swampy bogs are formed by the thick matted turf and moss. The large blue pinguicula flowers on the bogs, and the osmunda hangs over the brooks. Hungry Hill, the Sugar-Loaf, and other names, are suggestive of the character of these dark mountains, whose heads are so often hidden in the mists, and rise straight from the sea more than 2000 feet, recalling the finest scenery of Snowdon. In parts they are disforested, and men can still remember the copses of yew, holly, and arbutus which were cut down for charcoal burning; but where, as at Glengarriff ("the rough glen") and Dunboy, the trees have been preserved, the scenery in the lower ground is as beautiful as that of Windermere. The cedar, larch,

and fir, find footing on the shallow soil; the oak, ash, elm, beech, lime, and ilex, growing unthinned, resist the fury of the winter gales. So warm is the air that even the date palm will grow in Valencia; and in the plantations we find not only the azalea and the rhododendron, the camellia and magnolia, but even tropical and American plants not found elsewhere in Britain, while the fuchsias and hydrangeas grow as trees. The orchids of the bogs are mingled with wild-roses and foxgloves.

Small fields, with banks of turf and stone, climb up the lower slopes, or cover the valleys. Little is grown in them save patches of potato and oats; but the hay harvest is rich, and they pasture mountain sheep, from whose wool the peasant dress is spun, and small black Kerry cows, and sturdy horses and asses. Comfortable looking farmhouses shine white with lime-wash among groups of trees, and suggest a cleanliness which, alas! is betrayed by their slovenly interiors, and by the slush in which many pink pigs are delighting. The cottars' dry-stone cabins are miserable enough, but they have, at least generally, glass windows and chimneys. Viewed from a little distance, the hamlets and farmsteads seem as comfortable as in England, and light up the landscape by their uniform whitewash.

A great harvest is reaped yearly also in the sea; and it is indeed on the fisheries rather than on the fields that the people depend. The coasts swarm with all manner of fish—mackerel and herring, pollock and bass, salmon and sea-trout, turbot, brill, soles, plaice, bream, gurnet, mullet, and whiting. In fair weather you may see noble salmon leaping in the bays where the porpoises are rolling or grunt-

ing under the boat. The bottle-nosed whale comes in schools to hunt the herring, and after him the sword-fish and the terrible thresher, who leaps from the sea and brings his flail-like tail with heavy blows on the whale's back. The shores are black with myriads of sprats, and after these the mackerel rush into the shallows, churning all the water as though a squall were passing. After these fierce and vigorous hunters the hungry gulls are chasing, and behind them comes the fisher with his red nets, soon filled with the frantic struggling mass of opalescent fish.

The mountains and shores are the haunts of many wild beasts and birds, some of which have become almost extinct elsewhere in our islands. Martens and hares are among these, and the sea-otter whose fur is soft as the beaver's. White seals are found on the rocks; and from the caverns come forth flocks of green cormorants who dive at once, while the blue rock-pigeons follow them, and rise high as they issue. In the mountains you find the heron flapping beside the boggy stream, and wild ducks, sea snipe, curlew, cranes, waterhens, grebes, and loons haunt the shores. The beautiful gannet—strongest of gulls—with white wings tipped with black, and yellow beak, falls like a thunderbolt from a height of a hundred feet into the sea, upon the mackerel, or perhaps on a conger which will twist round its neck, and choke the enemy which it drags beneath the water. Over the waves you see the "sea-parrots" or puffins scudding, with petrels, razor-bills, and the showy oyster-catcher with his black and white plumage and long red bill. The grouse have for the most part been killed off by ravens, hawks, and weasels; but partridges are

found in the fields; and when the snow lies on the mountains the woodcock come down into the coverts. The country is full of interest for the fisherman and sportsman; for huge purple lobsters with gold-fringed tails and great red crawfish are caught by the fishers, who will sometimes coast for a month living in their boats, and sheltering in the caves till the steamers come for their catch. Fleets of fishing-boats from France, and from the Isle of Man, also visit the bays, and these indeed are the principal fishers. The nautical character of the peasantry is however shown by their frequent allusions to points of the compass. An amusing instance of this was the advice to a man who could not mount a horse. "Put your north leg on the south side of him"—which would of course have seated him with his face to the tail.

But perhaps the wildest scene in all the district is presented by the Skellig rocks off Dingle Bay. They rise in pinnacles of slate, utterly barren and wind-swept. The lesser Skellig, nearer land, is remarkable for its notched outlines, and for the great flying buttress formed by the undermining waves. As you approach it you seem to see it painted cream-colour in bands, but these are the numberless gannets who sit in their nests on the ledges—nests rudely made of sea-weed which they have dried for days before using it. If you land they will not rise, but sit pecking at your legs; and so fierce are these gulls that they drive all other birds from the rock. When the nesting is over they break up, and in winter shelter in the caves of the west coast. The greater Skellig rises in a pinnacle 700 feet above the sea, and presents tilted cliffs of slate and shale, blue, grey,

and russet-coloured, on which nothing grows but the moss-like sea-pink. From a little distance, in summer, the cliffs seem to be strewn with large hailstones or eggs, but at the sound of the steamer's whistle the air is filled with a gnat-like swarm of puffins—called locally sea-parrots or Welsh parrots—which fly heavily round the crags; while in the caves lower down the beautiful kittiwake, with white and dove-coloured plumage, utters its warning cry, "kittyweek, kittyweek." The Skellig, or "Penance"¹ island, takes its name from the group of huts built by the monks near its summit—half-a-dozen dry-stone cells with two small chapels on the edge of the precipice, reached by a long flight of 700 slate steps, laboriously placed by the hermits. Half-way up a weather-worn Irish cross hangs over the cliff, and the rude outline of the stone now resembles a monk beckoning towards the sea. The graves of the brethren are within the surrounding wall, with one larger cross for some abbot who died among them; and outside the enclosure is a single hut—perhaps the dead-house or cell for the sick. Tradition would assign this hermitage to the eighth century, though the appearance of the masonry makes it more probable that it belonged to the Abbey of Ballinskellig on the mainland, and to the grey friars of the fourteenth century. It is hard to understand how the monks can have existed—even on flour and pulse—in so utterly desolate an island, often not approachable by boats. The name seems to suggest that it was a place of temporary penance, or of refuge from persecution, and of retreat in Lent. The ceremony of "Skellig Night" till recently still

¹ Other authorities say that the word only means "rocks."

preceded Lent, when men with horns and tin pots went round the villages, inviting young men and girls to be off to the Skelligs for their weddings.

A region so wild has naturally bred a wild and hardy race; and it furnishes yearly many valuable recruits to our navy, and many successful colonists to America. It cannot support more than a scanty population; and its bog-lands—where the wild Tories used to hide from their Whig enemies—cannot yield more than turf. It can never be a rich agricultural country, such as is found between Cork and Dublin; and it is impossible to expect high rents from any but the best lands in the valleys. But there is no doubt that the people might be better off than they are, if they did not stand in their own light; and that they are already much more comfortable and even more prosperous than is generally thought. The intention of the present account is not to discuss the proceedings of Irish politicians, who so often when they have climbed the steep hill of ambition find—as in their own mountains—only a bog on the summit; but rather to consider what are the silent influences at work on the people of these remote districts, and how far they tend to good or to evil. Before describing the peasantry as they now are, we may, however, with advantage glance at their past history, and try to understand what elements make up the population, and how they came to be found in the land.

It must be remembered in this connection that the independence of the Irish in the south-west lasted till a very recent period. In spite of Elizabeth's ban on the language, and of Cromwell's conquests, the Sullivans of Dunboy and of Bantry were powerful

chiefs down to the close of the sixteenth century. Sir George Carew only took the Dunboy Castle—still a grass-grown ruin in the woods—in 1602, after a fruitless attempt of its defenders to blow it up. A generation later Algerine rovers were still descending on the coast; and in 1698 the French under Renault were foiled at Bantry in their attempt to aid James II. Even as late as 1796 General Hoche, with thirty-six sail, endeavoured to land several thousand men at the same place—*Ban-tra*, or the "White Strand"—but they were stoutly resisted by Richard White, created afterwards the first Lord Bantry, and suffered from the January storms, one vessel being, it is said, still left lying in the bay off Whiddy Island. The silver medal granted for this defence, to officers and men, bore the legend, "*Afflavit Deus et dissipantur.*"

The Irish believe that a Spanish element exists in the south and west, and is marked by such names as *Iago*—also found in Cornwall; but this is denied by others. The custom of sleeping in the middle of the day, which is still found in the west, is said to be derived from the Spanish *siesta*. But it may be the natural consequence of having little to do. Whatever be the truth as to the existence of such foreign strains in the native blood, it is certain that the men of Cork and of Kerry are not pure Celts; and a strong infusion of Danish nationality is found in the east of Ireland, according to the most recent ethnographical maps.

But even after the loss of Dunboy—the last Irish stronghold taken by the English—the native chiefs continued to have much influence among their followers. Their estates were confiscated for the Desmond and Tyrone rebel-

lions, and the theory of private property in land became known to the Irish: for under their own chiefs the tenure—as among primitive peoples in all parts of the world—was a tribal tenure, and the right to land was only due to cultivation. It is not to be wondered that some confused ideas, tracing back to the seventeenth century, should still survive, and that the right to peat on the mountains, or to game, should still be regarded as common to all. Such ideas among the peasantry certainly exist, and they are not the result of recent teaching.

Dunboy has been made famous by Froude, in connection with the last struggles of the Sullivans. In 1750 the lands had become the property of the Puxley family from Galway, and Mr John Puxley was in the dangerous position of commanding the revenue men. Morty Oghe (“the young able seaman”) was an exile, and his famous escape through the Sound of the Durzeys, after sailing under fire between the Crowhead and the seething waters of the Cat Rock, is even now remembered. It was said by his adherents that the revenue men, after killing Denis O’Sullivan, kicked the boy’s head as a football on the road; and whether true or not, it was in revenge for the alleged brutality of his followers that Morty Oghe shot Mr John Puxley, riding his white horse to church with his wife on the pillion. The spot is still shown at the gate of Dunboy. Morty Oghe was not himself popular with many of the peasantry, for he had been active in the kidnapping of the “wild geese” for service in France. A car to bear his body, when he in turn was caught and killed, was denied; and, amid mingled wailing and curses, his corpse was towed behind the Speedwell to Queens-

town, and his head set on the gates of Cork. Popular superstition says that the fish still refuse to cross the path of his body in the bay; but within a century and a-half the owners of Dunboy have come to be regarded with pride and affection, as belonging to the country in which they once were strangers. It is not a very long time to look back to 1460, when the Vallis Juncosa was the last refuge of the original Irish, retreating before the English to the range which divides Cork and Kerry; but it is still less time since the O’Sullivans of the seventeenth century were giving asylum to fugitive Tories, and since MacGeoghan tried to blow up Dunboy Castle after the stout resistance against Carew. The grey friars of the Skelligs have given place to the lighthouse-men on that lonely crag: the brutal revenue officers have been replaced by the steady and respectable coastguards, whose trim houses are an example to the cottagers. The wild Sullivans have left only their name behind them; and their story is scarcely less a tradition than that of Beara, the Irish princess, buried in the mountains near Eireez, from whom Bere Island—the protecting barrier of Bantry Bay—is named. Such progress has this remote part of Britain made within a century and a half, though still distant from cities and railways, and in spite of many bitter memories of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when oppression and neglect alike rendered the English Government and the Irish Parliament hateful to the peasantry. But the “bad days” have passed away twelve years ago, and a better prospect is before the country under existing conditions than it ever before could expect.

The peasantry present a stalwart healthy appearance, and are better

ed, and better clothed and shod, than many Continental peoples. Beggars are few except on the tourist route, perhaps because there are so few from whom to beg. Indeed in the south of England there are many more to be seen than in Ireland. The health of the people has improved under the influence of sanitary laws, though these are still less rigidly enforced than they should be. The terrible typhus which used to rage in the mountains is almost stamped out, and the care of the doctor has superseded the old prescriptions of whisky or of charms. We speak, be it noted, of the country, not of the towns; for Dublin is a hotbed of typhoid and small-pox, and the destitution of its slums is more appalling than that of London or New York. Poverty is easier to bear in the open country, where the fresh sea breeze is always blowing, than in the noisome city dens; and the dwellers in the east-ends of cities deserve more compassion than the Irish peasant in the south.

Three types at least are observable in the south of Ireland: first, the dark Italian-looking Celt, also found in Devon; secondly, the tall yellow-haired Danish type; and thirdly, the aboriginal Aryan of the Volga, with red or Auburn hair and blue or green eyes, who may also be found in Cornwall. The dark aquiline type of Wales differs considerably from that of the Irish; and the Irish language is nearer akin to Cornish than to Welsh. The traditional Irishman of caricatures is not often seen in the south, though his type is not unknown even among the upper classes. The soft features and bright eyes of the modest peasant women present many varieties of beauty; and the mingled race of Cork and Kerry—fairer as a rule than that of the

far west—is as vigorous as any in Scotland or in Yorkshire.

The intelligence of the people is also remarkable, and the quickness of their comprehension is greater than that of the light-haired Saxons of Wilts or Berkshire. The courtesy of their manners, and their primitive hospitality to strangers, are equally notable. The desire to please is not always consistent with regard for truth. If you ask an Englishman whether it will be a fine day he says he does not know. A Scotsman answers, "You will be going far the day?" but an Irishman says, "A fine day sure, your honour," even when the rain is falling in the distance. Go into the cottages, and, as in the Welsh mountains, you are offered a glass of milk, for which the cottar would scorn to receive payment. To all your questions a cheerful and ready—if not always reliable—answer is returned, and the people seem anxious to help you on your way. But further experience will show you a less pleasing reverse to the picture. The Irishman has not the sturdy and often rude independence of the Scot: he believes in diplomacy, in influence and favour; but he has a sharp eye to his own interest. The man who flatters you to your face speaks ill of you behind your back, and denounces his neighbours with whom he has quarrelled, when they are not by. The people are extremely fond of going to law on the most trifling grounds. If a regatta is planned in the harbour, the unsuccessful threaten the victors with actions, unless they are compensated for failure and disappointment. Their minds are more occupied with the encroachments of a neighbour's donkey than with any political question. They cannot unite, because they distrust each other. A private grudge is more

to them than any advantage to be gained by combined action. Once make an enemy of an Irishman and you can never again rely on him, for when most he flatters he is most to be feared. The spirit of revenge—common to all wild peoples—may find satisfaction in the most futile attempts at injury; and the litigant is better pleased by the sentence on his neighbour than by any compensation to himself. The command to forgive an enemy, and not to let the sun go down on anger, seems unknown to a people who have no Bible to read. In every Welsh cottage you may find, among a naturally pious people, a Bible in Welsh; but if the magistrate needs one in Ireland to swear a witness, he may have to send many miles to fetch it, if he has none with him.

The dress of the people is, as already remarked, sufficient and comfortable. It is usually of wool spun in the country; and though the women and children are barefooted at home, they are stoutly shod in the streets. Ten years ago bare feet were commoner in Edinburgh than they now are in Kerry. The old Irish dress, with long coat-tails, breeches, and brimless hat, has disappeared as completely as has the Welsh costume. It is worn by a few old people, but is generally regarded as ridiculous; and the men are dressed like English peasants, with soft felt hats and suits such as have become universal in Europe. The women cover their heads with black or tartan shawls, beneath which gleams a glorious head of gold or auburn hair. The clothing is sold at monthly fairs, where also they purchase the dry cod-fish which, with potatoes and milk and white bread, forms their food. It is remarkable that they should prefer this somewhat greasy dish to the fresh fish so easily procured.

Another mark of gradual change in the population is the rapid disappearance of the Irish language. The Welsh are proud of their ancient tongue, of their poets and bards; and in Cambria you hear Welsh spoken all round you, and many do not understand English. But in Ireland the National schools teach English, and Irish is regarded with more or less contempt. The interpreter is still needed in the courts, for many of the cottars can best express themselves in Irish; but the people speak English to one another, and their English is remarkable for its purity. It may interest learned societies to endeavour to preserve the ancient language, which is, however, not remarkable for its literature; but it is impossible to impose any language on any race when some other tongue is found more convenient. Even Welsh has borrowed an enormous vocabulary, first from Latin and more recently from English, to express those results of civilisation for which no Welsh words existed. The tongue of the majority, and the language of commerce and of civilisation, must of necessity prevail over artificial attempts to preserve the past. The census returns of Cork show that the Irish language is following the Cornish, and will become extinct long before the Gaelic of the Highlands in Scotland, or the Cymric of North Wales. The following return is sufficient to show what is happening in Cork:—

Year.	Total Population.	Speaking Irish only.
1871 . .	140,730	11,628
1881 . .	168,082	5618
1891 . .	117,447	2275

In these returns we mark the decrease of Irish population within the last fifteen years; but we also mark a yet more rapid decrease of those who could not speak English. They numbered, a quarter

of a century ago, about 1 in 14, and in 1881, 1 in 30; but according to the latest census, only about 1 in 60. As in England, Wales, and Scotland, so in Ireland, the earlier language is rapidly decaying, and finds its last refuge in the western mountains. The bonds of union are being naturally drawn closer by the intermingling of the various stocks—Celtic, Danish, and Saxon—from which the present race of Great Britain springs; and nowhere in the islands can a definite boundary be drawn between distinct nations.

The Scotch and Irish, within about a century, have become a whisky-drinking people; but it cannot be said that they are less sober than the English. On the fair days in the south of Ireland there is much drunkenness, though perhaps of less noisy character than in the north of England. The drunken man is guarded by a sober friend, or a wife or sister, and the brawls which follow are not more numerous or murderous than in London. A village of a thousand inhabitants may, it is true, have forty public houses; but drunkenness depends more on the quality of liquor than on the number of places where it can be bought. The evil is quite as great in the larger island as it is in Ireland, and as terrible a scourge on the educated classes as it is on the peasantry. The drinking at wakes is still a scandal; but they are conducted with much more decency than of old.

The cheerfulness of the people is another pleasing characteristic. You hear more laughter in Ireland than in England, though this at times has a false ring. They are fond of music and dancing, and still meet on fine moonlight nights at the cross-roads, where young men and girls dance to the tune of the fiddle, and the potato is thrown at

the fair beloved, and the cup drunk to acknowledge the suitor. Bred in a wild picturesque country, the natural poetic temperament of the Celt still finds expression in the eloquence of peasant speech. The following account of the loss of a sailor son might have come from the pages of Scott, yet it was uttered by a farmer's wife not many months since:—

“It was in the Black Sea that he fell from the bridge; and the captain said, ‘Is it Jack that is overboard?’ For he loved him like a son, and he plunged in to save him. And the water was wild, and he grasped—but it was only his cap. And a sad present it was that they sent me that Christmas—his silver watch and chain. And since then I have been weak and weary; for he was the first of thirteen, and I loved him the best. Ah! Jesus sent and Jesus took. I know it must be so: but when I sit on the rocks, I think maybe God took my son to some island in the sea; and when I see the birds skimming on the water, I think maybe he was not drowned, but will come up out of the sea to his mother, who nursed him so dear.”

There is no doubt that a strong family affection binds together the peasant families. It is to their honour that yearly sums come home from sons in America to keep together the old home. On the day of the American mail the post-office is crowded with peasant women sending off small parcels and letters to the West. The cottar clings to the hut in which he was born, and poor though it be—set amid swamps and barren hills—it is in his mind the greatest of misfortunes that he should not die in the home of his childhood, and be gathered to his fathers in the same burial-ground. America is regarded almost as being like

India—a hot country from which it is necessary to come back sometimes to recruit the health at home. Many sons and daughters do so return for a time, and especially are coming home now while times are so bad in the States. However much they may wander, the love of home is as deep a sentiment in Irish breasts as among Scots or Saxons.

There are perhaps no people whom the Irish more resemble than the Italians. They have the same passionate temperament, the same courteous manners, the same diplomatic reserve, and the same disregard for truth and love of the *vendetta*. Nor is this unnatural, for in race and in language the Celts and the Latins—who separated from each other in Austria—are more closely connected than are either with the Teutonic peoples. The Celts passed on through France to Britain and to Ireland, while the Latins went south down the Italian peninsula. The Italians and the Irish have yet one more link in common, for they have the same religion.

The most remarkable custom in Ireland is the village funeral. Respect to the dead is a strong sentiment, and the money squandered on funerals is often sorely needed by the survivors. A long silent procession of men precedes the outside car, on which a polished coffin with a brass cross, but without a pall, holds the body of some poor farmer or mechanic. The widow sits on the car, and a child perhaps leans its head on its father's coffin. The black-shawled women who follow raise the low mourning cry, which carries us back to the far East, reminding us of the times of Jeremiah, and of the mourning women who still wave their kerchiefs at the bier in Syria. All the farmers in the district may be following on horse-

back, and the priest comes last in his cassock and biretta. A great deal of whisky may have been drunk; but the demeanour of the crowd is decent and dejected. A good funeral is the pride of the family, and the greatest consolation for their loss.

Among a people who have so many virtues and good qualities, we might well have expected greater progress than can actually be found. What is the reason that they lag behind England, and that we hear so much of Irish misery? Many answers have been given, such as inequality of laws, distance from markets, sterile soil, and misfortune generally. But those who fail usually put the blame on anything rather than on themselves. The Scotch suffer in silence an equally grinding poverty, and are too proud to ask alms of richer peoples. The Welsh have an equally rugged country, but its cultivation far exceeds that of Ireland. The London market is indeed farther from Ireland than from Wales; but Bantry Bay is a third of the way to New York, and the trade of the south of Ireland with America is considerable. Unequal laws no longer exist: the rent has been reduced by more than half for upwards of ten years; and an annual grant of £48,000 has been given, as a free gift, to the Irish cultivators. The Crimes Act is not in force in our congested district; and more attention has long been paid to Irish grievances than to any others. Yet the resources of the country are imperfectly developed, and the people do not take advantage of the benefits freely offered.

The reason is to be found in distrust, prejudice, and laziness, which may have sprung from former misgovernment, but which are inherent in the national character. All primitive peoples are lazy,

according to our modern standard of work; and all such people are distrustful of strangers, even the most benevolent. There are many industries possible in Ireland, even though agriculture suffers as it does in England, and though the same depression is attacking the graziers and stock-raisers who have to compete with foreign markets. The fisheries form a natural source of wealth, which will bring £40 into the pockets of each man in two months—a very valuable addition to his income. Women and children earn half-a-crown a day for salting fish; and enormous quantities of mackerel are pickled for the American markets at the curing-stations on the coast. But so carelessly is this done that the price is lower than elsewhere; while the barrels which might be made in Ireland are all bought in England. The mines of the country are sometimes rich; but many have failed through mismanagement, and the ore was sent for smelting to Wales. The Irish butter is made with so little care or regard to cleanliness, that it cannot compete with the delicately handled butter of Denmark and Normandy. Creameries have been established, and have failed to compete with those of other countries; and cooperies have failed in like manner. If the Irish are to succeed they must be trained to abandon their slovenly and antiquated ideas of manufacture, and must learn that though a clever trick may for once succeed, it may lead to a permanent reduction of price when the buyer can depend on more reliable makers. It is for this reason that the silent work of the Congested Districts' Board has more value than the loudest protestations of Irish orators.

But there is a yet deeper-lying cause for Irish backwardness, which cannot be overlooked. The

Scots and the Welsh have much Celtic blood in their veins, but they are much more progressive than the Irish. One great difference exists between these countries, and that is the difference of religion. Those who listen to the Church of Rome *in partibus* do not know what the Church of Rome still is when in power. If they had lived in Italy before the revolution, they would have seen what the rule of priests really means; and they may still see its results in Italy, Spain, and Ireland. In each case we note the same backwardness in civilisation, as contrasted with the condition of Protestant countries. The ranks of the Roman clergy are not recruited from the best intellect or education of the age. In Italy and in Ireland alike the parish priest is usually of peasant origin; and his education has been restricted by the fears of the Church. When the strongest influence in a peasant community is that of the priest, how can we expect enlightenment and progress? It is possible that this influence is not as great as it was a century ago, but it is still the strongest of all. Wonderful stories are told (by Protestants) of the means used by the earlier priests to support their authority. It is asserted that they held over their flock not only the spiritual terrors of excommunication and damnation, but even the threat of transformation into the form of brute beasts. Such stories are hardly credible now, though they are told in Italy as well; but it is certain that the priests in former times — Irishmen educated abroad, who had seen the world and visited Rome — were better fitted to rule and guide, and had more influence, than the present generation trained at Maynooth. The peasant cannot but reflect

that the relations of his spiritual guide are well known to him as petty shopkeepers and farmers; and he sometimes resents the airs of one whom he remembers as a peasant boy. But the priest still rules through the women with a rod of iron, and still at times does not scruple to use his stick as a better argument than his tongue. The schoolmasters of the National schools are appointed from former monitors, mainly through the influence of the priest. In these schools, which are sufficiently numerous, the education is good, and the children exhibit great intelligence: but they are hotbeds for dissemination of crude political theories, and of misguiding prejudices; and the omissions in teaching are remarkable. The history of England is never taught; and we may imagine what—under such circumstances—the history of Ireland is supposed to have been.

The south of Ireland is almost exclusively Roman Catholic, the few Protestants being either landowners or strangers from the north. Conversions from either Church are rare, and mixed marriages are not common. The disestablishment of the Protestant Church rid the Irish of a grievance, and may have been a blessing in disguise, as serving to purify the Church itself: but that it was easily represented as a triumph for Rome is not difficult to imagine; and it has served to rivet the chains of dependence for the peasant. In England, men may still believe in interest as superior to self-exertion, but they are ashamed to say so. In Ireland, a people who depend on the priest's favour for the regulation of domestic life openly avow their belief in the power of influence, and in the necessity of obedience.

The priest also practically ap-

points the member who represents the people in Parliament; and his choice cannot include the local gentry when they are Protestants, or the land-agent, even when popular and respected. Opportunity is given to men of the humblest birth to become members. No doubt there must be ability and determination to allow a man born in a poor fisher's hut (now destroyed) to rise in life until he takes his seat at Westminster; but his opportunity would not occur if the people were really free to choose. They regard with admiration the cleverness of their countrymen who have persuaded the English to believe in conditions which do not really exist; but they do not implicitly trust such men. If they are asked why they elect them, the answer is, "Because we must. The priest says so." Easily led, and more intent upon their private affairs than on any large questions of politics, they elect the man nominated by their real master, and think little more about it. Not much money has been subscribed to the Nationalist cause in the south-west of Ireland. Outrages have been few even in the "bad days," and have been due either to some private grudge, or were in other cases the work of a paid emissary. In one district four ricks of hay were burned in succession in one night, and were supposed to have been all lighted by one man. He was an expelled school teacher recently returned from America; and one of the ricks belonged to a priest of the old school—not a Nationalist—while the Protestant parson's hay was untouched. The people assembled to put out the fires; and the perpetrator was seen in the crowd, and well known. Yet there was no evidence against him; for every Irishman fears the

revenge of a man whom he denounces. Men loved and respected are to be found among the gentry, whom the people would trust to lead and represent them; but if they are Protestants, their influence need be very strong to overcome that of the parish priest.

It may be that the palmy days of the agitator are now in the past. The people are disgusted by recent revelations, and have less faith than ever in their members. The funds from America have dried up, and the money sent home is better employed; while home contributions have of late been refused to the Nationalists. But even when it was thought that Home Rule was imminent, the people were alarmed rather than exultant. It cannot be doubted that they distrusted the result, when with one accord they withdrew their savings from the Government Savings' Banks and placed them in private banks. They feared that a Parliament at Dublin would lay hands on their hard-earned money; and this was the first result of the expectation of Home Rule—not in the Protestant North but in Cork and Kerry.

What the peasantry desired, therefore, was not a new system of government, but the amelioration of their material condition. They wanted decreased rents and decreased rates; and they dimly looked forward to a time when no rent at all would be levied. They regarded rent, not as a contract between man and man, but as a feudal tribute, to be evaded if possible. Reduced rents they have now got, and fixity of tenure. The improvements are credited to tenant or landlord, according as each contributed to the same. Either can now go to the Land-

Court to fix a new rent every fifteen years, and most of the peasants have taken advantage of the law. Thus rent has become a compensation, paid by the new owner to the old, but with the advantage that the tenant cannot part with his landed capital. In some cases the reduction has been less than that which the landlord offered. In others the courts have actually raised the rent; but generally speaking the landowner has lost from half to three-quarters of his income.

Such great and sudden changes can never be made without inflicting misery and wrong on many weak and innocent persons. Ladies who had their carriages, and even women of title, have had to find refuge in the workhouses. Families have been crippled when the sons were too old to enter professions; but it is still more remarkable that the change has of necessity brought new charges on the tenants themselves. In the old days the rates fell mainly on the great house; but since that house has been closed, or its owner's income diminished, they have fallen more generally on the parish. The farmers are contented at present with their rents; and these have been better paid during the present year than for a long time past—three years' arrears being in some cases made up. The people account for their balances at the banks by attributing them to the money sent home from America, but it cannot be doubted that the fisheries have much to say to the improved condition. It is of the rates that complaint is made, and of the grand juries as not being an elected body. But Irish farmers have no experience of the rates that elected bodies demand in England; and they do not see that in driving

the landed gentry to ruin they are laying taxes on themselves.

It is, of course, a truism that property has its duties as well as its privileges; and no doubt the present generation of landlords suffer from the neglect and extravagant hospitality of their ancestors. Many are sending sons to professions in which they are not always fitted to succeed. Many would gladly sell their estates, but only the mortgagee would profit, and he is not usually anxious to foreclose. The fiercest rack-renting proceeded, not from Irish gentlemen, but from the corporations which received confiscated lands under promise of colonisation in the seventeenth century, and from merchant speculators in the famine time of 1864. We can hardly wonder that the old families are disheartened and disgusted, especially when, after long experience as magistrates, they find themselves thwarted by the newly appointed coadjutors, whose position makes it impossible that they should be independent of the classes to whom they are bidden to deal justice. In driving out the landlord, the farmer deprives himself of a natural source of strength. If the peasantry could all purchase their holdings, the necessary result must be the creation of a new class of landlords, who might perhaps not win the respect accorded to the old families, and who, though they could no longer rack-rent their tenants, might not prove as considerate as their predecessors. Even now the landlord pays better wages to his labourers than the farmer does, and is better able to be patient with tenants who cannot pay rent. The only advantage of the change would be—from the priest's point of view—that the new landlords would be Roman Catholics.

In the present century men

seem to have very generally forgotten what were the stern reasons which led men like Luther, slowly and unwillingly, to break with the Church of Rome. Her ambition is as boundless, and her energy as menacing, as ever. The Irish peasant desires freedom, yet he has given himself bound hand and foot to masters who tolerate no disobedience, and who follow their own aims, which are far wider than the interests of the Irish flock. No artificial remedies will prevail against this power. Protestant colonies have been tried: they were unpopular, and they dried up on uncongenial soil. We can only look to natural means, to the progress of human intelligence, and to the gradual infiltration of education, due to example, and to secular relations between man and man. The ancient paganism of Ireland was not quite extinct a generation ago. In one of the Sligo islands there was still a sacred stone, to which an old woman was yearly appointed priestess; and a yearly robe of flannel was placed upon it, in order that the image might send wrecks and wreckage to the island. The medieval Christianity of Ireland dies as hard as her ancient paganism.

But there are silent influences at work which must, in time, do more than direct legislation to better the condition of the country, and to enlighten the race. Among these the work of the Congested Districts' Board may be counted. A free gift of £48,000 yearly is given to the poorer parts of Ireland; and the benefits of experience and labour in England during the last century are offered, if they will be accepted. The local authorities are aided, as far as possible, to open up the country with new roads, new piers, and new railways. The people can

receive instruction gratis in improved methods of agriculture, and can have their farm stock improved at Government expense. Private effort in the same direction can be aided and organised, and the best local men are encouraged to give example to their neighbours. The fisheries also receive help from the Board.

Such work is uphill work at first. There are many vested interests opposed to such action. Prejudices and suspicions must be overcome. The officials are sometimes new to their work, and strangers to the people, who cannot believe that they are disinterested in their proposals. There is, moreover, a storm of ridicule and misrepresentation, raised by those who prefer that Ireland should be discontented rather than receive benefits from England; and this can only be lived down in course of time: but the practical advantages so offered, there can be little doubt, in the end will come to be recognised.

The inferiority of Irish stock is evident to any who have seen an English cattle-show. Darwin has shown how largely the English breeds have increased in size and weight within a century, in consequence of careful breeding. Irish cows, pigs, ducks, fowls, and geese were perhaps once equal to the English; they are now about half the weight of those sold in England. Some improvement has no doubt occurred since the old Irish pig with wattles, of which Darwin gives a drawing, which now seems to be quite extinct; but the bulls, boars, and other animals used for breeding purposes in Ireland are very inferior; and the peasants are quite unaware of the advance that has been made elsewhere. They are invited to keep superior animals, lent to them by Government or by landowners; but they do

not very often take advantage of the offer, though a few of the more enterprising have begun to do so. It is discouraging, however, to a landlord to find that his prize ram, lent to a tenant, has been illegally sold to the butcher; or that, after enjoying an income from a fine bull, the man in charge not only claimed for its keep (and has sometimes even been paid), but stated that he considered he had a better right to the beast than its owner. Yet these incidents should not discourage those who are doing good work for the country. The existing breed of fowls ought to be swept out of existence; and the condition of all kinds of live stock requires amendment. The potato disease is being treated with sulphate of copper, but it will be long before the Irish perceive how much care the potato needs. It is doubtful whether Sir Walter Raleigh left a blessing or a curse behind him when he planted the first potato. So easily is it grown, that the people have come to rely too exclusively upon it. But since the food of a people cannot be changed except by themselves, it is certainly needful to guard the potato from its various dangers—especially from the evil-smelling fungus on its leaves.

The Unionist Government did much to retrieve the poverty of Ireland, and to make famine impossible even in the remote islands of the west coast; yet the Congested Districts' Board is sharply criticised, especially for its employment of local men. It is certain that such men, if they can be enlisted in the cause, and if they are respected by poorer farmers, are better able to deal with the suspicions of the peasantry than any Government official. How great those prejudices are may be judged by the objec-

tion to railways, as tending to ruin the places they reach—an idea perhaps disseminated by those who object to all progress and enlightenment, but which carries us back to the time of a previous generation in England.

The present sketch of actual conditions in a congested district may perhaps be more useful than any study of Irish politics, or news of outrages, exaggerated in some newspaper reports, and entirely denied by those of an opposite party; or even those statistics of agrarian crime which can be manipulated by careful use of language in classification.

What Ireland desires is that which other nations desire—peace and plenty. What she needs is what other nations need—the strong rule of independent men, who aim at justice, and are above self-interest, who are neither alarmed by violence, nor obliged to yield to the clamour of the ignorant who see not what they do, and know not what is for their own good. If freedom is desired, it should begin with freedom to elect worthy representatives. The Irish are not an independent people,—they are timid and easily led. When once the British Government asserted the laws against murder and arson which are recognised by all civilised races, murder and arson ceased; but to yield to demands backed by violence can only result in yet more extravagant pretensions being advanced. The people fear the Irish constabulary as much as Continental nations fear their police; but such a force (celebrated as it is) can have no power to keep the peace, if it has no strong man to urge and to restrain its action, or if it has orders to minimise its returns. Discipline,

whether in a regiment or in a nation, is not to be judged by tables of crime, but by real conditions of contentment and obedience.

Is it to any of the Irish parties that the people can safely trust for such guidance and rule? Is it to be believed that they trust and respect such leaders, and desire to sever themselves from the larger and richer country, in which they have so many well-wishers, from which of late they have received the advantage of labour and study which they have not themselves undertaken,—from a race which speaks a common language, and is built up so largely from the same Celtic and Danish stock? Is it possible, in an age when fusion of smaller states appears to be the general law, that we should be the first to set the example of the disintegration which precedes ruin? Is it even the wish of Irishmen that they should have a separate government, and be received as foreigners when they come to reap the harvests, or to trade in England? It may be suspected that such a wish only exists, in reality, among the few whose personal ambitions or interests would thus be gratified. Disunion with England must mean ruin to the poorer country, and Irishmen know that this is the case.

We trust, however, that strong and independent men do exist among us, and recognise that they have already shown us how to do most good to Ireland. The duty we owe to our neighbour is to put power into the hands of such men. If Ireland is only left in peace, and aided by practical help, we may expect to see her natural resources developed, and her people brought forward on the way to prosperity and contentment.

THE SCOUT'S BOY.

THERE are whole classes of men whom it has pleased the world at large to label with some uncomplimentary character which, *per fas et nefas*, it is insisted shall adhere to the members of that particular calling. It is by no means unusual for a sober Englishman, unused to the jesting mood, and in his daily life relying most implicitly upon his legal adviser, to express himself about lawyers as if the stock definition of the difference between an attorney and a solicitor were a matter of serious truth, instead of a mere humorous word-quibble; while the Joe Millers which connect cabbage with tailors, sand with grocers, and the cow with the iron tail with purveyors of milk, never seem to grow stale.

Now and then, of course, this style of generalisation betrays its adept into a false position, from which he finds it difficult to escape. I remember an old Warwickshire clergyman who attended the bishop's visitation with his Trafalgar medal on his gown, and who was reported to have gained his preferment by the same kind of law of selection which, as the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' tells us, handed over Eskdale to the Buccleuch; his future parishioners being so "forward, fierce, and rude," that their gentle patron deemed a man who had not only been one of Nelson's youngsters, but ridden in the cavalry brigade of Wellington's Spanish army, the most likely man to deal with them,—a rule which, after he had tamed the warlike pride of the village bully in a stand-up fight, he exercised to the great amelioration of the mining population. This gentle-

man, on the occasion of a clerical meeting, found himself at the board

"Where all above him were a solemn
row
Of priests and deacons, so were all
below,"

sitting by a total stranger, and almost inevitably the conversation glided into the esoteric channel of the decadence of the clerical profession. "Yes," said his neighbour; "since the peace [of 1815] we are swamped by a most undesirable set of men from the army." "I beg your pardon," the rector of B—— interposed; "I can hardly admit that sweeping proposition: I was in the army myself." "Oh, pardon me," returned the man of peace beside him. "I retract; but at all events you will admit that a man who has been in the navy ought not to enter the Church!"

But the most maligned set of men, to my thinking, are the college scouts, of whom the title of the book—which a clever but unlucky man of the name of Hewlett wrote, and got Theodore Hook to edit, and Hablot Browne to draw grotesque designs for—"Peter Priggins," gave in the grossest form the popular estimate,—calumnious, as I believe, for though the college servant's ideas of *meum* and *tuum* were guided by a limited doctrine of prescriptive right, yet not only did he show much greater moderation in his dealings with masters of every degree of inconsiderate carelessness than could have been expected, but, moreover, frequently displayed not only fidelity but discretion towards his young patrons,

to whose relations with him the saying about heroes and valets most pertinently applied; what a scout frequently put up with, or overlooked—what secrets were honourably kept, which if divulged would have injured the collegian's reputation—nay, how frequently a kind hint or well-meant word of advice to a raw youngster from an old college servant too often fell upon deaf ears.

Of all the estimable specimens of this genus who were in Oxford during my time, I could hardly select a better than old Amos Coffin, scout of No. 5 staircase in Brasenose College. He had waited on the fathers of more than one of his young masters, and had come to regard them with the pride and affection of an old family retainer. He watched their doings in the lecture-room and the schools, the river or the cricket-field, with anxiety or approbation; he knew all their home treasures and household *penates*, and kept a vigilant eye upon the old bed-maker when she exercised her broom or flourished her duster in too haphazard a fashion in the close vicinity of some precious and perishable possession; he was always willing to recommend an application to the clothes-cleaner, in lieu of too hasty discarding of some soiled or mud-stained article of clothing; he would let fall a quiet hint of warning to a man of sporting tastes whose athletic feats he thought were assuming the dangerous form of "outrunning the constable," or to a noisy man whose animal spirits seemed likely to involve him in collision with the tutors; or he would contrive to let a freshman know, under the rose, what society in college really thought of some plausible *vaurien* who was seeking to fasten his acquaintance upon the neophyte.

In a word, if a solitary youngster made of old Amos a guide, he had no reason to regret his confidence, and the scout was esteemed accordingly.

This well-deserved estimation was indicated in the ordinary university parlance by conferring upon its object a special sobriquet. How ingenious Oxford men can be in devising new and recondite by-words surpasses belief. No one would expect that "the chief mourner" would designate the most cheerful man in college, because he was first after the bier, only, like lay brother Peter of Ingoldsby fame,

"His beer with an *e* was his bier with an *i*";

or that a famous white hunter should be known as Gehazi, a "lepper" white as snow: yet these facetiæ one could trace up to their sources. Why, however, Coffin should become Crumbs is a puzzle far more difficult of solution, and in all probability was a distant reference to some incident long forgotten. But Crumbs, Amos became; and by far the larger portion of the denizens of Brasenose, even in the tutorial circle of the senior common-room, his true patronymic was entirely lost sight of.

If Crumbs the elder was respected and valued for his sterling integrity, his only boy—"young Crumbs"—was equally a favourite for his good looks and winning manner. From the day that little Joel Coffin, a curly-headed urchin of five or six summers, was first brought by his father as a treat to see the gentlemen's pretty rooms, up to the period of the events which I am narrating, he had been a *persona grata* to all orders and degrees of men in college, with the exception perhaps of some of the other scouts, who were jealous of the

ascendancy of old Amos. The fat porter unbent his Jove-like brow when the merry laugh of the child was heard outside his lodge, and laid in store of bull's-eyes and liquorice (Spanish juice it was called in those days of infantine remembrance) to tempt him into his den—indeed, but for the preventive vigilance of his father, young Joel would have had sweets enough to ruin the constitution of an ostrich. As John Bossewell, gentleman, says in his 'Armorie of Honor,' when treating of the musion, "called catte of the Greekes," all young creatures are "swift, pliant, and merry"; and even our Vice-Principal, Mr Badger, who had cultivated the art of sarcastic churlishness to the very acme of refinement, smiled a grim smile when the tiny monkey, escaped from his father's wardship, scampered over the grass plot to the pedestal

"Where whited Cain the curse of
heaven defies,
And leaden slumbers seal his brother's
eyes,"—

until it pleased the college to remove the "silly statua," when the figures were discovered to have only an outer coat or skin of lead, and to be composed, like their prototypes, of the dust of the ground—up which portentous edifice he proceeded to scramble, to Amos's intense agony and Badger's corresponding amusement. Badger, however, was evidently ashamed at having allowed his risible muscles to relax *coram publico*; and the senior commoner, a pet abhorrence of the Vice's, experienced the full force of the reaction. That very evening in chapel, giving out, after his usual blundering fashion, the wrong chapter, he was interrupted by, "Here beginneth no such thing!"

and as he fumbled at the eagle, Badger, in the strident tones of a saw-sharpening voice, hurled at him from his stall the correct portion of Holy Writ, and sent him down the next morning.

By the time, however, that I had become a denizen of these antique walls, Joel Crumbs was in the second stage of Shakespeare's seven ages, carrying his satchel as a day-scholar to the foundation school of St Audrey's, and his father wisely discouraged his visits to college even on the occasional holidays which occurred in term-time. He did, however, pay more or less regular visits to college; for he had become a great favourite of one of the junior fellows, a mathematical tutor of the name of Black, who posed as an advanced thinker and an unconventional university reformer. He could hardly be fairly described as a Liberal, inasmuch as, with the exception of denouncing any one whom he disliked, or who showed any disapprobation of his particular modes of thought and action, as a "stupid old Tory," he was about as narrow-minded and bigoted in his adherence to his own catchwords as any Tory could have been. It must be acknowledged that he had a decided talent for unpleasant retort, as when old Haverill, notoriously the greatest bore who occupied the pulpit at St Mary's, said to him one day, "Why do you select Sunday morning for a long country walk?" and he replied, "Because I prefer sermons in stones to sermons from sticks." But the constant aim to run counter to other people's convictions and modes of life does not conciliate their favour any more than the assumption of vast mental superiority, so Mr Black was pretty cordially detested and dis-

approved of among his compeers in the college common-room. No one disliked his "tricks and manners" (to quote Miss Dolls) more cordially than did the old Vice-Principal, whose cynic retorts were quite as rude and bit deeper than Black's epigrammatic sarcasms; and above all other subjects of dissension between the two men, the constant presence of "that boy" in Black's rooms was to the elder man a never-failing source of irritation, since a graduate, and a fellow to boot, could not be dealt with by direct prohibition, and Badger was obliged to content himself with acrimonious verbal criticism.

One day I received a note from the Vice-Principal—I was then in my third year, and a senior member of the undergraduate section of the residents—requesting my presence in his rooms, where on my arrival I found two other men of similar standing to myself, who were there in obedience to a like request. When we had taken our seats, the Vice, evidently in considerable perturbation, explained that recently a number of small articles had been missed from rooms in college, and more especially from those in staircase No. 5; and that the guardian of one of the undergraduates had laid a serious complaint, alleging that his ward had lost a considerable sum of money. "Now," observed Mr Badger, "I have known statements of this kind made where young men find it difficult to account for the absence of cash which ought to have been in their possession; so, as you gentlemen are all senior members of the college, and acquainted most likely with the pursuits and associates of most of its undergraduate members, I have sent for you to ask you to make such inquiries into this painful

accusation as you can do with delicacy and propriety, in order that if its validity is established the criminal may be traced."

It speaks well for Mr Badger's acumen that the person on whose behalf the complaint was made, after taking his degree and being ordained, committed a felony, for which he received a sentence of penal servitude, and has since, as a ticket-of-leave man, been mixed up with many nefarious transactions. We were all inclined to believe that the solution of the mystery would be found in the direction indicated by the Vice-Principal; and we were surprised as well as shocked when, a day or two afterwards, we learned that young Joel Coffin had been taken red-handed in the act of committing a theft in Black's room. The poor father was heart-broken. "My only boy,—so well brought up, and so loved by his mother,—to think of his being a thief, and, what is more dreadful still, quite hardened and impenitent. He says he is only doing what Mr Black taught him,—that he was always telling him that all property had been robbed from the poor, and wicked stuff of that sort; and lent him books which said that everything ought to be divided among the people, and why should he not take his share from those who could afford it? Mr Smith [the undergraduate who had been the chief sufferer] would have spent his money much worse than he should, and a lot of rubbish to the same purpose. It will be the death of his poor mother if she sees him in jail!"

To jail, however, he did not go; for though Black in the first ferment of his indignation sent for a policeman, the porter denied admission to the myrmidon of the law without an order from the

Vice-Principal, who very promptly and decidedly took the side of mercy, and a stormy scene ensued, which I fancy would have presented a highly humorous aspect to an uninterested auditor, for the older man revelled in the idea of Black's discomfiture, and gave him such a taste of the cross-examination he might expect if the case came into court as to reduce him to speechless rage, and stony acquiescence in the wisdom of letting the matter drop. How the culprit should be disposed of presented some little difficulty; but the Gordian knot was cut by the interposition of a former fellow of the college, a quiet little man who had served frequently as a target for Black's smart sayings, who now volunteered to take the boy to a remote country living which he had just accepted, and to give him a home, and look after him until he found a situation for him. This was agreed to, and one episode in my university life thus came to a conclusion.

About ten years afterwards, my name having been added to the commission of the peace by our lord-lieutenant, I had become *ex officio* a regular attendant at the board of guardians of a neighbouring union in a large suburban village. This is one of those duties hitherto performed ably and discreetly by the landed gentry of England, which it has seemed good to the collective unwisdom of the nation, at the instigation of certain agitators egged on by the meanest instincts of spite and spleen, to withdraw from the educated and independent class of society. Had the managers of the workhouses themselves been the arbiters of the question, I cannot think that such would have been their verdict, judging by my vivid remembrance of the frequent oc-

casions when an *ex-officio* guardian has been appealed to for the advice and assistance which his social standing and enlarged experience of the world enabled him to give.

On arriving at the union workhouse one board-day, I was met by the matron with a request that I would accompany her to the casual ward, where they had an inmate of by no means a common order—a young woman of ladylike appearance, who had entered her name as Emily Coffin, married woman, and stated in reply to their questions that her husband was in trouble, and that neither his relations nor her own family would be willing to receive her, so that she had been compelled to seek the refuge of the nearest workhouse. Upon entering the room I recognised her at once as a rather pretty, very silly girl, who had been a boarder in a ladies' school in my own village, where she had made herself somewhat conspicuous by her giddy and romantic behaviour. Her father was a clergyman of a class now I think totally extinct, whose father and grandfather had been curates to non-resident incumbents in the days of pluralities. Men of this type became sons of the soil, and, living on terms of equality with the farmers round them, fell into the position of farmers themselves, bought a few acres of land, and as non-residence became more and more a thing of the past, eked out an income by taking occasional duty. Now and then you found among them graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, but more commonly they were provided with a qualification from St Bees, or had been admitted to orders as literates by some complaisant bishop. In manners, general education, and behaviour, they were not above the level of the class

from which they were taken, and might best be described as yeomen clerics. Some of them, no doubt, like Wordsworth's friend Walker of Scathwaite, were deserving of the very highest eulogy for the economy and frugality of their simple lives, and the way in which they brought up their usually large families; but others certainly had more of Parson Trulliber than of Abraham Adams about them, and even among the better sort a very slovenly ideal of ritual prevailed.

I remember one old gentleman, much superior to the ordinary run of such incumbents, whose superb church, an architectural masterpiece of a cardinal in the fifteenth century, was one wilderness of crumbling deal-boxes, mice, and cobwebs, who found one Sunday morning that he was extremely hoarse. "If my voice fails," he said to his daughter, "you must read the lessons;" and in spite of her remonstrance, she was told to hold herself in readiness. Sure enough, at the close of the psalms her father leaned over the high reading-pew, just below which sat the rectory folks, and in a hoarse whisper said, "Come up, Twopenny" (her pet name); and up the poor girl had to go, and, with her chin just reaching the level of the folio Bible, do her best to make herself audible to the three or four dozen farmers and their labourers who with their families represented the congregation. Yet after all, stolid and unmannerly as some of these parsons were, I doubt if they touched so low a level as the scowling savage coadjutor priest, fresh from the squalid discipline of Maynooth, or the underbred licentiate of a minor Anglican theological college, steeped to the very lips in sacerdotal assumption.

Old Harden, the poor girl's father, was a stern, niggardly,

upright old man, who regarded his daughter's runaway match with a footman, for so he described it to me, with a disapprobation almost too deep for words; yet he paid sufficient attention to my remonstrances as to agree to provide a small sum to obtain a temporary asylum for her. It seemed that the husband was a young fellow, somewhat superior both in person and address, who had come into the neighbourhood as the confidential valet of an invalid squire, and that the romantic fancy of the girl had been attracted by his fashionable appearance and conversation. A secret marriage had been the consequence, and she had been living in lodgings at a small town a few miles off until the arrest of her husband on the charge of embezzlement had reduced her to the necessity of taking refuge in the place where I had found her. I naturally inquired why her husband's relatives had not come to her assistance in such a strait, and was told by her in reply that she did not know them. He had been at college, she said—at Oxford; he had been wild there; and his family had cast him off. In a few days the magistrates at petty sessions dismissed the charge against her husband, and a grateful letter from her informed me that he had come to claim her, and that they were going to London in search of employment. It was not until I observed, in the newspaper containing a report of the proceedings before the magistrates, that the prisoner's name was Joel Coffin, that I realised the fact that I had come across the scout's boy once more.

That "tangled web" which we are said to

"Weave
When first we practise to deceive,"

is also the map of life whenever we step outside the confined circle of our own immediate interests. That I should have renewed an association of Oxford days might not be so very wonderful,—

“Yet Time, who, like the merchant, lives on 'Change,
For ever varying through his varying range,
Time maketh all things even.”

I was not, as it turned out, to get rid of these restored memories again quickly. During several years which followed, I had two or three letters from Mrs Coffin. In the first, I remember, she expressed herself cheerfully about her future, as her husband, after going down the hill of adversity so low as to have been a dock labourer, had obtained a situation in the city police, and was employed as a clerk in the chief superintendent's office, where his superior education and abilities made his services valuable, though he was hoping for employment in the position of a detective officer. A year or two later she wrote asking for some temporary help during her husband's illness, stating, as her excuse for the application, that although he had attained to the promotion which he coveted, with its increased pay and prospects, the expenses connected with his investigations were a constant drain upon their ready money. About a twelvemonth after this came a third epistle, hastily written with bad ink on a dirty scrap of paper, mysteriously stating that she was in great trouble, and begging me when next in London to come and see her—her husband had left her.

When, a few days after, I found myself in Bishopsgate Street, from the neighbourhood of which her last communication had been dated, I made inquiry from a policeman

on duty as to my way to Green Dragon Row, which was the address she had given. Rather to my astonishment, he answered in a fashion I fancied was confined to the north of the Tweed.

“I beg your pardon, sir, but what were you wanting with Green Dragon Row?”

“Well,” I replied, “it seems an odd question of yours, but I don't mind telling you. I want to see the wife of a member of your own force, a Mrs Coffin.”

“Oh, beg your pardon, sir—that rascal Crumbs's missis, poor woman. One of my mates shall see you down the alley. Stop, though,” he exclaimed, as if he just recollected something; “she'll be at the stall now, poor soul: come along o' me, sir. Ah! you've no idea, quiet as we look now, what a 'ell of a place, saving your presence, there is not a hundred yards away from this.”

“What is the matter with Mrs Coffin?” I inquired; “and why did you call her husband Crumbs?”

“Because that's the name he goes by now, sir, since he was dismissed the force and took to hagi-tation. He's given his wife the slip—gone to Amerrikey they say; but I don't feel so sure o' that, and she don't like to round on him, for if she went to the parish she'd lose the little trade she's got, and the child's schooling, and so the scoundrel knows he's safe.”

Thus speaking, we turned into the public footway through the old churchyard of St Ethelburga, where in a shallow recess in the wall, scantily sheltered by a piece of old carpet, was pitched a stall, with a few apples, nuts, and matches arranged on the board which did duty as a counter, behind which sat a female figure “wasted with misery,” to use the pathetic term of Holy Writ. Though

she could not have been five-and-thirty, the black hollows beneath her eyes, the white streaks in her scanty hair, and her bent and meagre frame, were those of a woman of sixty; while the difficulty with which she seemed to draw every breath, and a cough which ever and anon came on in paroxysms and seemed to shake her from head to foot, told the tale of disease far advanced in its inroads into the centres of life. She was unfeignedly glad to see me, and with gasping utterance gave me the outlines of her melancholy story.

It would appear that for some time after her husband joined the police force all went well with them: his ability was recognised, and his good education and manners told in his favour. But he was always restless and irregular in his domestic habits, and was mixed up, as his wife ere long discovered, with dangerous characters, men of doubtful antecedents and foreign refugees of more than questionable reputation, to whom he professed to be attracted by community of sentiment upon political questions, about which he always held what he styled "advanced" views—expressions of disregard for authority ignored or tolerated by his superior officers as long as he refrained from putting them into action. At length, however, he became involved in suspicion of complicity in a great Russian forgery, and was detected in giving information to one of the gang of conspirators, a *soi-disant* patriot, and in the course of an investigation which followed the discovery, he attempted to throw the blame upon a brother officer, and supported his charge by perjury. She had become acquainted with the fact that his father was a college servant, and indeed at one time the old man had assisted them

with money; but now her husband's mother was dead, and his father had retired to an almshouse in Oxford. She herself was conscious that her days were numbered, and her great anxiety was for her child, who was now at a charity school in the City, thanks to the kind patronage of some of those merchant princes whom her husband was so fond of vituperating. She implored me with tearful earnestness to befriend the girl, and if possible to place her, after her own death, in some situation where she might be altogether out of her father's reach.

"Oh, sir, he is a bad man!" she cried,—“bad to his parents, bad to his wife, and he will be bad to his child. I could forgive him for his cruelty to me if he would only stay away from us for ever. He has gone as a paid delegate to America, and I hope he may stay there; for if he thought that I had a pound, or that he could get one out of my people, he would attack them at once. I am glad that he has changed his name, for perhaps Emily may never recognise him.”

Such were the reiterated complaints of the poor woman during the closing months of her life. I used to go to see her in the dangerous quarter where she had been compelled to reside, a row of fine old brick mansions, where her two rooms boasted far more amplitude of space than many of the six-roomed tenements in new streets in the suburbs, bearing an air of repose and respectability widely at variance with the evil repute assigned to its purlieus by my friend the police sergeant. I thought of it afterwards, when I read the description, in Henry Kingsley's novel of 'Ravenshoe,' of the silence and peaceful vacancy which reigned in the court where the Irish row was just on the point of breaking

out (where the virago is depicted in the impossible attitude of scratching her elbows with her arms akimbo); for if it were the Tartarus described by the policeman, it was, in the daytime at least, under a spell like that which Orpheus cast over the classic shades, hushed and placid. After I had been escorted down once or twice, the shirking or lounging figures whom one occasionally did encounter muttered a sort of recognition. "Goin' to Mother Coffin," I could hear them say; and I was assured that unless an aggressive watch-chain or a tall hat provoked interference, I was safe enough. The row of houses, as I afterwards discovered when I bought an old print containing a view of the suburb as it had been in Queen Anne's reign, had been built alongside the paddock of a great city mansion, and were sheltered in front by the towering umbrageous elms of the avenues and alleys of its pleasance; but when the axe of the woodman had scared the Hamadryads, and the huge blank wall of a factory, at a distance of a couple of yards in front of their windows, obscured their view and obstructed their sunshine, the apartments, once cheerful and airy, became mere dungeons, and their consequent cheapness induced the needy to occupy some of them, while others were tenanted by a worse class, to whom their vicinity to a labyrinth of alleys, relics of the garden paths of open spaces now built over, and their situation on the border of the city and county, afforded a prospect of immunity for crime.

At last poor Mrs Coffin became so weak that she was removed to a hospital, and there, with no one to bid her farewell save her child—for her father was dead, and her mother, always much more inveterate against her than he, had gone

to a very distant part of the country—she died, and was buried at the expense of the parish.

The girl Emily thenceforth became in a measure my charge, and as I felt that there was some risk involved in placing her suitably, I tried her in my own house, on her leaving school, as an under-nursery-maid. Poor thing! she was what in common parlance is known as a "handful," a sharp black-eyed little imp, with a Topsy-like propensity for contradiction and mischief, as well as a determined spirit of antagonism to authority, represented by the stout respectability of the upper nurse, who complained of her incessantly. In short, "a state of siege" was always prevailing in the domain of the nursery, and my interference was perpetually being invoked to remonstrate with the rebel, and if possible ameliorate the chronic warfare. The little delinquent was easily moved to tears, and though sometimes sulky and argumentative, generally hauled down the flag of mutiny at once, and grew profuse in promises of amendment. At length, however, the tension became so acute that my wife was obliged to intervene, and to procure for Emily a situation to wait upon a lady engaged in literary work, where we thought that her escapades would be of less moment, and her love of reading, which she was developing to an extent quite incompatible with her duties to our children, might be gratified without scruple, as books and newspapers were the be-all and end-all of her new patroness's existence. For a time this change seemed to work very satisfactorily, but in a year or two sinister rumours of dissatisfaction reached us, and one day the damsel herself, now about sixteen years of age, arrived to inform me that she had made up her mind that she would be a "menial" no longer. I

did my very best to explain to her that the word "menial" itself, which she had used, showed that there was no degradation in becoming the member of a household; but she persisted in her determination, and at last I elicited that she was desirous of joining some intending emigrants to South Africa whose acquaintance she had made, —though the capacity in which she was to accompany them appeared to me to be as menial as that which she had left. As this resolution, however, promised to bring about her mother's desire of a permanent separation from her father, I could hardly venture to combat it, and we bade her farewell with some regret, not only for her mother's sake, but from something lovable after all in her wayward disposition—though, at the same time, with that sense of relief which every one must experience who is quit of a somewhat dangerous or irregular charge.

For full ten years after these incidents my memory of the scout's boy was kept constantly green by the frequent chronicle in the periodical press of the rise and progress of the successful demagogue Mr Joel Crumbs—"Candid Joe" his admirers christened him, not, we may be sure, with any rite of human or divine law, but rather with the ceremonies of a witches' Sabbath, wild orgies of criminal excess and licence. His candour was of this consistency. He would speak and print the most foul and nauseous abuse of any to whom he happened to be opposed, decking his imaginary evildoer in colours of the blackest malice and most jaundiced bile. If he were, as sometimes happened, challenged and brought to book, he had two methods of facing the difficulty—the first, a grudging retraction, compiled in the style of the midshipman's withdrawal of the allega-

tion that a shipmate was not fit to carry off to a bear, by substituting the affirmative for the negative. For instance, if he had accused Messrs Blank of deducting 10 per cent from the wages of their work-people, and that firm had proved the statement untrue, and called for an apology, it would appear couched in some such terms as these: "Messrs Blank require us to retract our statement that they mulct their employees to the tune of 10 per cent. Not having access to the books of Messrs Blank, we find it impossible to fix the exact figure at which the deductions from Messrs Blank's work-people should be estimated, so that we have no alternative but to withdraw our statement." If this sort of paragraph failed to satisfy the complainant, or if Mr Crumbs's newspaper found it had gone too far, he simply let his victim take legal proceedings, and went through the Bankruptcy Court for the costs.

Nevertheless, such is the demoralising effects of party and polemical zeal, that men of this stamp not only are the oracles of that congeries of ignorance and prejudice yeapt the masses—the stolid dough of the national pudding deprived of all those ingredients which give it flavour and wholesomeness—but are quoted and upheld by a much more intelligent section of politicians, who think their way to power is to be won after the fashion of Columbus's puzzle with the egg, by endeavouring to make the pyramid of the State stand inverted, base uppermost. They are pampered, too, by certain sacerdotal enthusiasts, men who think more of the seven sacraments than of the Ten Commandments, who would imitate the foolish Stuart sovereign and sacrifice a monarchy for a Mass. These varied sources of encouragement all tended to make Joe Crumbs a word of

power among the denizens of the workmen's quarters in the east and south of London, an infallible oracle from whose utterances no appeal was possible, possessing all the dangerous power of Cleon, untempered by the epigrams of the Greek satirist. It is not one of the least of our latter-day dangers that an Aristophanes is an impossibility, the genus having disappeared with the utter decadence of that cultivated spirit to which the *censor morum* in Athens and Rome could appeal. Addison, if he were living now, would be relegated to the 'Morning Advertiser.'

So Joel waxed fat, and kicked over the traces in every direction, while the car of Juggernaut, to which he contributed no inconsiderable share of momentum, ruthlessly ground women and children to the dust. A great strike, which means to the nation at large a loss in capital and trade to be counted by millions, which means to the wife and family of many an enforced idler cold and famine, means to the clique of which Crumbs was a leader, cash and pleasure, *entrées* and champagne at mayoral luncheons, and an anticipation of the Utopia (limited) of the professional politician—payment of members of Parliament. Solid pudding, not empty praise. Our having reduced our British electoral currency to the lowest denomination, the reckoning brings no advantage except to the tables of the money-changers, the chaffering varlets who translate the brazen coin of Petticoat Lane into grandiloquent promises to pay. Mr Crumbs began to have his own private Court circular in the lower stratum of the daily press, and played the open-handed friend of the people out of the people's own hard earnings.

It was while his career was at its full zenith that I fancied I

noticed more than once at the Westminster Bridge station of the Metropolitan Railway, where I was in the habit of regaining the upper air after visiting friends in South Kensington, a female figure standing in a nook near the passage which leads to the Houses of Parliament, as if on the look-out for some one; and one evening in particular, when the woman had emerged a little from the obscurity of the usual corner, she gave an unmistakable start of recognition as I passed. I am afraid that I cannot boast of any disposition for adventure, so that the hasty glimpse I had obtained of the figure, from which I had come to the conclusion that she belonged to that most distressful class whose presence in our streets is London's lasting shame, led me to avoid an accostal which could only lead to future embarrassment, and, with the cautious (or cowardly) policy of the priest and the Levite at Jericho, I passed by on the other side.

The next moment, however, I heard a light quick step behind me, and a hurried voice exclaiming, "You must not run away from me: I am Emily Coffin." I could not suppress an exclamation of surprise as I turned round and confronted my former charge, now a well-developed young woman of middle height, possessing striking and piquant rather than regular features, the best part of her face being the fine dark eyes, lit up with excitement and flashing out the devious roving glance of professed Bohemianism. I instinctively uttered a word of pitying remonstrance, which it was impossible to suppress; but while it did not evoke, as I expected, either anger or emotion—for, to do the wild girl justice, gratitude to an old friend was still prominent in her irregular mind—I was almost

stunned by a torrent of excited declamation so voluble, that were I to attempt anything like a detailed report of her talk, it would resemble the ravings of insanity; and in truth, a want of mental balance perceptibly prompted many of her utterances. That I should have supposed for a moment that she was a common girl of the streets was her first indignant complaint. What sort of life she led at home was no business of anybody's but her own. Suppose that she did allow her gentlemen friends to visit her there, there were plenty of dames of high position in Court circles and Primrose Leagues who were just as bad; but she was no mercenary courtesan—no, she was simply emancipated from the false conventional trammels which parsons and peers had joined in imposing on the people under the name of religion, and when her father's party got the upper hand, there would be a day of reckoning with the tyrants in Church and State. Thus indignantly brushing away any proffered sympathy, she proceeded to boast of her successful efforts in the cause she had espoused.

"The mutiny at the Blenheim Barracks was my doing," she said—"at least I put the women up to it, and they soon made the soldiers disaffected. You will see in a few days the police in revolt, for I have got the Home Secretary into a pretty mess with the girls in the Strand, and the bobbies will be forced to strike. Do you know how we won the New Cut election? I passed the word down the *pavé* that Mr Columbus, your Tory candidate, had a father and mother in Truro workhouse, and they believed it!"

"But how do you live?" said I, "and where do you get the money that this"—I prudently suppressed the word—"must cost?"

"Money indeed!" was her indignant reply. "Do you suppose that the Committee of the Modern Mountain Club or the Radical members of Parliament would let me want money? I am going down the Embankment to draw five pounds now, and I could have ten times as much if I asked for it. It makes me laugh sometimes to think of these fat-headed old fools, who only want to get a Sir or a Lord tacked to their names, finding us the money to pull their own class down. We shall not spare them one bit the more when the revolution comes. 'Down with the capitalist!' my father says; but I will not forget you in the general crash, for you were kind to my poor mother. You remember the story in the Bible about the red thread in Rahab's window: you may be glad of a shelter in Emily Coffin's house, I can tell you, when the sack begins. *Vive l'Anarchie!* There's no middle course."

Such talk as this, random and hysterical as it was, appeared to me to be distinctly alarming; and I repeated it to a friend in Scotland Yard, from whom I hoped to obtain some information as to its real significance. I found that Emily Coffin's position and tactics were well known to the officials, although they had no idea of her exact position in reference to the agitator Crumbs, and they were much astonished to find that she was his daughter. She was, however, in their opinion, really the kind of agent of sedition which she professed to be, and had no lack of money at command—how obtained they could not venture to say—and was in constant communication not only with her father, but with other prominent Radical politicians. My friend the inspector seemed also well aware of the mischief which the

class of women through whom Emily Coffin worked were constantly hatching, and that the police themselves were marked out for the next area of their machinations. With all that splendid official stolidity of confidence which gets the country into so many scrapes, and then gets us out of them by that absolute refusal to own himself beaten which is the backbone of a British public servant, he confidently assured me that the crisis was by no means dangerous; that at any moment drink or whim might remove the principal agent, and that the peccant atoms would sink to the dust again after the little whirlwind had subsided.

I saw the girl once more in the course of the same summer. She had been sharp enough to detect me in changing my route from South Kensington to Whitehall, and reproached me with avoiding her. "Why should you be ashamed of being seen speaking to me?" she asked. "I have spoken to greater people than you are, often. I have spoken to the Prime Minister himself——"

I tried on this occasion, but in vain, to open her eyes to the risk she was running in linking her fortunes to those of such a man as her father. She would not listen to a word in his disparagement; and even a recital of her mother's wrongs and dying protest was of no avail,—her poor mother was, after all, only a parson's daughter, she maintained, brought up in narrow prejudice—she never could have appreciated her father: and then she wandered off in a flood of "wild and whirring words" of a Shelley complexion, delivered with such excitable fluency that I was thankful to make my escape.

That winter I did not see her while in London, but in the course

of the following season she again encountered me very near to the spot where we had originally met, and I was deeply shocked at the ravages which a twelvemonth had made in her appearance and demeanour. It was not only that her dress was gaudier and more shabby, her manner more aggressive and importunate, but her sunken cheeks, dried and bloodless lips, and deep sunk eyes, dull save when lurid gleams of passion lit them up, indicated that the frame was being rapidly consumed by the fiery energy within.

If her conversation on former occasions had been startling, it was tenfold as much on the evening of which I am now speaking. She actually raved; but the subject of her furious denunciation now was her father. The worst man living, she shrieked; and certainly, if half the shocking accusations she launched in her frenzy against him were true, which I should be sorry to think they were, he well deserved the epithet. He had ruined her, body and soul; cast her off; given her a bad name. Yes, I had been right in warning her against him. But she would never allow him to trample upon her without a struggle. No doubt, if he could get her put out of the way, he would; but she knew too much about him, and if he would not do her justice she would expose him.

To play the peacemaker was a task beyond my powers; but I contrived to persuade her to take a card of recommendation to a benevolent physician of my acquaintance, well skilled in nervous and mental diseases, who was associated with a house of refuge for women of the class to which she evidently belonged, or into which she was rapidly drifting. In the course of a few days my

medical friend wrote to inform me that he had seen the patient, and satisfied himself that her form of excitement was not that resulting from alcohol, but from the use of opium; that both her mental and bodily condition were suffering most severely from this pernicious habit, which not only lowered her physical stamina but increased the tension of the brain. In the hope, therefore, of promoting her recovery, he had induced her to enter Miss French's home, where she would have the advantages of wholesome tranquillity and restraint, and he hoped shortly to send me a better report.

On the day but one after I received this letter I took up my morning paper in the usual *quid-nunc* spirit of the lounge, a state of mind speedily exchanged for excited interest as my eye encountered the heading of a paragraph—

"TRAGICAL EVENT IN LAMBETH.

DEATH OF MR JOEL CRUMBS, C.C.

LAST evening a melancholy and mysterious affair took place in the Westminster Bridge Road, close to the terminus of the tramways there. Between eight and nine o'clock the attention of the bystanders was attracted by the violent gesticulations of a young female, who was apparently engaged in an altercation with a man of respectable exterior. In spite of the attempts of the latter, who was subsequently recognised as Mr Joel Crumbs, county councillor and parliamentary candidate for the New Cut division of Lambeth, to soothe the individual who was thus excitedly addressing him, she grew more violent, and at length made a dash at him as if to seize him by the throat. In pushing her off, she fell under a passing tram-car; but as she had a tight grasp of his clothing, and he had caught her wrist, with a view, no doubt, of saving her from the dangerous position in which she was placed, he was also dragged to the ground, and was killed on the spot by

the wheel passing over the vertebrae of the neck. The young woman was picked up from under the tram-car also, still alive, but so terribly injured that she was completely insensible, and expired in a very short time after her removal to the accident-ward of St Thomas's Hospital. Her body has since been identified as that of a young woman who went by the name of Emily Coffin, well known in the Westminster Bridge Road, and from documents found upon her, it would appear that she had recently been an inmate of a refuge for inebriates."

An inquest was held, with the usual result of such investigations. The coroner had made up his mind that Crumbs had fallen a victim to his own heroic conduct, and the witnesses contradicted each other as impartially as those friends of Raleigh's whose narratives of the incident which he had seen with his own eyes from his prison window caused him to burn his continuation of the 'History of the World,' in his conviction of the impossibility of obtaining trustworthy testimony to any fact. The verdict of the jury, practically dictated by the coroner, was accidental death, coupled with a tribute of praise to the gallant man who had lost his own life in the endeavour to save that of another.

In Kensal Green Cemetery there is a showy marble monument to Joel Crumbs, C.C., &c. &c., with a long inscription, ending with these words: "He died, as he lived, in the service of suffering humanity." I always think of the verse in Southey's ballad, "The Cross-Roads," where the old man says—

"There's one who in the churchyard lies,

For whom the bell did toll;
He lies in consecrated ground,
But for all the wealth in Bristol Town
I would not be with his soul."

THE FANCIES OF A BELIEVER.

It is not very usual nowadays, by all I hear, to be a simple believer, and still less to speculate and let loose the more fanciful or even fantastic impulses of the mind in subordination to a humble Christian fidelity to the faith of the Gospel. There is no reason, however, that I know of, against doing so, but rather all the more reason in its favour, since there are always fantastic souls in the world, and a larger number perhaps now than usual, in this age which is called by so many names, and is at once more believing and more unbelieving than many of the ages that have preceded it. I will not suppose that it is necessary to lay over again the great foundation upon which all Christian faith reposes, nor certify the reader of my orthodoxy by any profession of faith. I can only claim to be one of the people whose nature it is to believe rather than to doubt, and to whom, where all is mysterious, the way which I have been taught to believe is God's way of accounting for the universe seems more reasonable and less difficult (where all is difficult) than any other way. But I think—and I presume it is a peculiarity of the time to think—that a simple Christian has much licence in exercising his own thoughts, or even indulging his own fancies, in attempting to account for some things which have not been made clear by revelation, but which, having first established the sure foundation, a man may be permitted to do his best to explain to himself.

We all form our theories to ourselves, whether great or small, whether as to the economy of the

world or our own little private corner in it; and make out somehow our little standing-ground, and seek a certain coherence even amid the mysteries which we cannot fathom. Some do this in very strange ways. It is a common thing even to turn indignantly upon God, as in a virtue and mercy superior to His, and blame Him that He does not make an immediate end of evil, or that He has suffered it to be: and that He permits the anguish that is in the world to go on, and does not at once make every soul good and happy. That one man even should from his cradle be better, kinder, purer than another, is a thing with which some critics reproach the Maker as His fault, who might, but did not, make all alike. God has forestalled this reproach in the most tremendous way by that parable of the clay and the potter, the vessels of which one is made to honour and another to dishonour—which makes the whole being shudder and tremble as helpless in the hands of fate; but yet we know that the meanest vessel may transcend in its uses the finest vase that ever came from clay, may carry water to the dying, or sacramental wine, or balm for the bitterest wounds, so that even the most awful of those dark sayings which come down through the mists of ages from the lips of the prophets is an example of that high and blessed contradiction which is in my opinion the very breath and inspiration of the world.

It has always seemed to me a very reasonable thought that this earth—which we instinctively regard as the centre of all things,

but which in reality, according to science, is a very small scrap indeed of the incalculable greatness of the universe—should be in fact much more important than there is any other reason to suppose it would naturally be in that great economy, as being the only world that is gifted with that Will to choose between good and evil which is dimly indicated to us as one great reason of its creation, even in the account in Genesis, however we may take that wonderful narrative. There are things, too, which St Paul says which seem to justify this hypothesis, though no one pretends that it should be taught as a doctrine, or is of any theological importance. It is but one of those human guesses, those humble efforts to account for the greatest mysteries, which men make instinctively from time to time, and which are often so pathetic and generally so inconsequent: yet it seems to me that there is nothing unnatural, and certainly nothing that is contrary to the most pious appreciation of the facts of life, in the thought. Is it not possible that there might arise some murmur among the resplendent worlds which we see as stars in the distant firmament, responsive to some suggestion of God, a general voice which might say: Safe Thou hast made us, O Lord, uplifted above all harm: but might there not be a greater glory still in the creation of a world in which holiness would not be nature but choice,—in which Thy will should be followed because it was Thy will, and not because in being Thine it was the law of the race?

One could imagine that among the principalities and powers in heavenly places, whom St Paul describes as so eager to look into and follow the course of mortal events, there might be a

stir of sublime excitement and curiosity in the thought of such a novelty in the economy of the spheres, so great an experiment, so generous a possibility. What such races know of evil at all we are unable even to imagine: any more than we are able to understand the existence of evil, that problem entirely insoluble by human faculties. But the knowledge is so deeply ingrafted in us that it is beyond human capacity to leave it out, or to conceive even of good without that dark opposite of good, inseparable as light and shadow. Perhaps there was no thought of actual Sin and all its tragical accompaniments in the minds of the greater beings, but only a feeling which to us seems inseparable from intelligence, that the power to choose would enhance every spiritual greatness—that it would indeed be a greater glory, above all perfection, to be conscious of an alternative, yet to choose the will and ways of the Father, whose love is the bond of the universe, the great law of attraction which keeps every globe poised and steady in the movement of its sphere. There might even be a regret, so noble, so generous, that it made happiness more true, of their own want of power to praise their Maker in that way, mingling with the glorious sense of being One with Him, unknowing any debate or struggle.

We need not, however, discuss this, or lose ourselves in any of those questions about Sin and its character which we are so totally unable to answer,—especially in what is but an imagination, a dream and vision at the best: enough that for us there cannot exist even a dream of righteousness and purity without the conscious shadow in the background marking every boundary, proving even every excellence: almost, so

far as we can make out, a condition of goodness to faculties like ours prepossessed in every movement of our spirits by the choice which we are born to make.

Is this world, then, a great, a wonderful experiment among the worlds? Knowing all that they know, it might well appear to the blessed intelligences of what, for want of another name, we call Heaven, to be but another opportunity, new and strange and full of absorbing interest, of setting forth the glory of God. Knowing what we know, it bears a different aspect, and might seem a cruel experiment to be carried out at the cost of incalculable suffering and loss and misery—an experiment which, but for God's great expedient settled beforehand, according to all that has been revealed to us, to prevent that final loss and ruin, could have ended in nothing but disaster. The Son of God, who, pending the issue of this experiment, took upon Himself to be the Surety for the unborn race, to make up their deficiencies whatever they might be, and to guarantee that no eventual shipwreck should be possible, must have at the very beginning given to the dazzled universe a sense already of that greater glory which they so fully and so surely expected. At all events, here was such an undertaking as would take away the breath of the highest Angel—He, the very God, whom nothing could increase, nothing diminish, the All-Perfect, the All-Blessed, He to prepare Himself to stand for that new creation in case it should fail, to take it for His, to identify Himself with it, in some wonderful mystery of love and care which no imagination could conceive! If it had been for nothing but that, these Principalities and Powers might well have felt their hopes

fulfilled. But how, with Him to back them up, should the new world fail? The sons of God sang together over the making of this world, more happy than all their realms of light. They saw that it was good, as God did as He rested from the labours of His creation: they saw it beautiful with something that appealed to a new sense, that of uncertainty, of hope, of interest and ignorance, the strong attraction of not knowing what would happen. And yet they must have been sure of what would happen: for what race gifted with the power to think and the power to love could take any other than the side of God?

If we may be permitted to follow the imagination out, and believe that this was the origin of a world so strange as ours, so full of problems that no one can solve, and mysteries that no one can penetrate, must we allow that the great experiment has proved a failure? Most people, I fear, would answer that it has proved a failure. Is it so? I scarcely think it has. The angels, after all that can be said, have been partially justified at least in their expectation. In every age, in every development of life, in every community, there are some who have always chosen God's way—perhaps with stumblings and uncertainty, often in utter ignorance of those inducements and warnings which we in our ignorance have believed to be the chief means of procuring its adoption. God, we may say, as St Paul has said, has never been left without a witness. There are those who, having no law, were a law unto themselves. There are those who, in the face of every discouragement, the very promise of God seeming to fail, have still stood fast for Him and not another. In the darkest ages and circum-

stances, amid the highest and amid the lowest developments of life, there has always been some one who, by universal acknowledgment of the world around them—extorted sooner or later, and often most unwillingly—has made this choice. It has not always been well with these men, yet in their lifetime or after it their race has betrayed its inherent sense of what is right and what is wrong by an instinctive and universal approval. I think the opinion of the heavens has been justified in this way, far more than we who know no better would believe. When Elijah stood in the mouth of the cave in his despair, with the most miserable of complaints on his lips, “I, only I, am left,” God answered him in a divine calm with what has always seemed to me the most astonishing utterance, words which were the very last that any human listener would have expected. “Yet have I seven thousand men in Israel who have not bowed the knee to Baal,” said He who alone and perfectly knew. These men were unknown to the prophet, unknown to the history of their race: but God knew them. I believe that, in the midst of the most unlikely circumstances, that has happened which the great Universe believed would happen, from the beginning of the world—the glory greater than their own which they were so generously eager for, the existence of beings in how many ways inferior to themselves, but in this for ever greater than they, that, having the gift of free-will and choice, they chose for God. I believe that among these spectators, amid all the anguish of the downfall, and all the holy joy in that divine expedient which from the beginning of time secured the guilty and foolish race from the necessary consequences of its folly

—there has been the conviction that even their rashest hope was not unjustifiable, and has been to a certain extent fulfilled.

If, then, the privilege of freewill and choice were thus the character of the new created world, its nature and prerogative in the Universe, and indeed the very occasion of its being, a great many things would naturally follow which are great mysteries and difficulties to us in our attempts to reconcile the varying questions of life as presented to our slow and troubled understanding. There is, for one thing, the absence of visible interference on the part of God in the affairs of the world, which we have already referred to. There is nothing so common as the indignant outcry—a cry, I think, in every way unreasonable, if any account is to be made of human independence at all—why does God permit such and such things? It is the cry, curiously enough, of the enlightened who do not believe in God, or who think they do not believe. Why does He permit the cruelty? why does He allow the misery which fills the earth? “Oh that Thou wouldest rend the heavens, that Thou wouldest come down, that the mountains might flow down at Thy presence!” is the cry even of the most devout. That God should be Love, that He should have supreme power, and yet stand and look on at every horror that occurs, at war and bloodshed, at oppression and cruelty, even at the private miseries which tear our individual hearts in pieces—the question is one which seems to justify many in what they feel to be a kind of virtuous rebellion and indignant disapproval of the apathy of God, who either will not do what He can, or cannot do what He would.

From the days of Job there has been no end to the attempts of men to explain this problem, to account for the fact that they are left to suffer when they ought to be rescued and delivered, to gain some standing-ground for the sole of the tottering foot, some satisfaction to the labouring heart. In that far and distant country the friends of the patriarch of Uz plied him with many strange arguments, very hard to follow, by way of making him confess that his afflictions were the due punishment of his sins. On the other hand, there is the view more prevalent among ourselves that exceptional trouble is a sign of exceptional love, and the man most chastened the special favourite of heaven. There are personal applications of the great incidents of life, which are not only matters of general importance or interest, but at the same time private matters between God and man, and subject to individual as well as to general interpretation: but there is another and larger thing which I think envelops and contains these. It is that the non-interference, if we may use these words, of God, is a law which affects the actual existence of humanity, and is concerned in the very foundations of the earth. If this world is so made as that freewill and the power to choose are its chief elements, it would be essential that God Himself should respect the law He had Himself ordained. He is pledged not to force any man's will by the mere fact of giving it to him as the first condition of his existence. In a world guided by personal will there must be freedom for its action, and for the development of events and principles, and the thousand seeds which are sown every day, and beginnings which

are made. Is God to check the course of those rivers which He has made to spring for this very end that they should channel their course as they would—or stop the springing of those plants which have been put in the ground for that very purpose? nay, is it not in the very order of this scheme that the water should flow, and the tree burgeon and bloom, according to its natural tendencies, or those which it has acquired by its comminglings, by its contact with all the forces of nature? If this world were forced into well-doing, it could only be by the loss of its birthright. The law of its own will, which is the rule and principle of its being, would be arbitrarily abrogated. It would lose its distinction and standing-place in the Universe, and the purpose for which it was made would be annulled.

That there are limits within which this will works, must no doubt be just, as there are viewless boundaries which separate this globe from the atmosphere of space in which it moves and circles, though these are invisible and uninvestigated by man: but the moral boundaries are also beyond our ken. Is there not one, however, which we can understand, of the highest force and comprehensibility, in that very wilfulness which is the law of nature? Might we not believe (or rather, I should say, imagine) that our world was kept from any mad whirl into complete chaos and disorder, by the continual disposition of one generation to contradict another, even when more or less drawn along in the current of its flowing, according to the perpetual and never-ending revolt which is uppermost in man? It is not the race only that has its power of choice, but every individual in it: and whereas there

are constantly some who follow the line of their predecessors, the many habitually rebel against it, and force back the course of events out of that logic which a hundred and a thousand times over would have driven a consistent world to destruction. This world is not a consistent world, any more than it is a just one. It has never been, we may be allowed to hope that it never will be, so bad as it might. It has never happened yet that there has been one unbroken logical stream of life carrying one way, working out one issue, or probably the great catastrophe could not have been delayed. The generations are all rebels, not only against the will of their Maker, but each against that which went before.

Unfortunately, the same principle holds with good as with evil. It goes so far that a father and son may both make the great choice for God, yet do it with such revoltings and diversities that one good man's work shall but neutralise, not carry out, the other. And so our gain from age to age, and our loss, are restrained and limited for ever, and except for certain modifications of circumstance—such as the change of human tastes and habits, a preference which is in itself a revolt for certain methods over others, a greater fastidiousness in respect to the ways in which we carry out our will—we yet hang suspended on the same moral level, getting neither better nor worse from century to century. Many of us hope that the world is improving and tending towards higher developments: many of us believe that it is daily working out its doom, and hastening on towards a final and overwhelming catastrophe. It does not seem to me that either expectation is justi-

fied. Since we have records of humanity at all, the race has changed very little. Massacre and torture have gone out of fashion in one portion of the world, yet civilisation is as pitiless as savagery, and inflicts keener sufferings than are produced even by battle and murder and sudden death,—though these primitive methods themselves are far from having died out of the earth. How little there is that is really new in these endless gyrations of humanity, and how entirely it remains true that the thing which hath been is that which shall be, does not, however, disturb the consciousness of a race to which its own acts are always novel, and unlike anything that has ever been thought of before.

For indeed it is one of the compensating gifts which make up to us for much that brings us only woe, that to every generation, and still more to every individual, this world itself is always a new-created thing, never fully discovered by human faculties before. It is hard to account for, yet it is the thing we know best of all our experiences, that every new soul does thus rediscover earth and life in the glory and joy of its youth—even the least enlightened and the least susceptible feeling something of that exhilaration with which a young man realises the world at his feet, the sun itself made for his delight, the wind breathing a fresh challenge to every dancing current in his veins, the universe all new, and he the first to understand and to overcome it. What is experience to him, even his own? It is his nature to scorn it, as it is his instinctive conviction that no one has ever stood like himself master of the world and of his will. Thus the career of the earth begins over again in every new generation, in every

heart newly awakened to a consciousness of all its gifts and its one great prerogative. I do not believe that any one is born so dull (if with any intellect at all, not idiot) as not to feel some time this wonderful novelty of being, and that all things are at his disposition and his fate in his own hands: or that to any one of us life, notwithstanding all its records, is not as new a thing as if no man had ever lived before.

And this is, after all, the view of the subject which concerns us most. The position of our world in the great scheme of the Universe is one thing: it is a matter of speculation on a subject which, however deeply interesting it may be to us, we can never hope to fathom. We weave our fancies and smile while we weave them, whether we think of it as a mechanical development of blind forces, or swept out of all meaning by equally blind currents of hereditary tendency, or, as I have been doing, as intensely and completely the reverse of all these, a world of which Will is the prevailing characteristic, a world of individual souls all distinguished by the power of choice, of contradiction, of decision for themselves. This is, to be sure, a matter of the greatest importance to us, but quite beyond our power to fathom or understand. The principalities and powers in heavenly places, who are so eager to look on, so concerned to know how this vagabond race keeps itself afloat, and how it justifies the ways of God, and may still finally triumph to the instruction and satisfaction of a greater all-encompassing world, are not known to us save in the faintest visionary indication, and are of still less significance to most of us than the apes and polypi of another

theory. But we are all more or less acquainted with the phenomena of our own nature, and the great fact the most certain of all, that we have no certainty of anything even in the most intimate circle of our individual being, and are never sure that we may not in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, change everything for ourselves, or have all changed for us by another—our circumstances, our personal happiness, what we call our fate. The vicissitudes of human life is the most trite and common of subjects. Sometimes the circumstance of turning to the left instead of to the right may alter the whole course of our existence, or the sight of a face, or the call of a passer-by, or even some sudden thought blown across the threshold of our mind, we know not how. The only thing of which we are sure is, that we are never sure of anything. If for a moment the soul rests upon its tranquil state, and promises itself the ever sought-after, always receding happiness, it is the universal instinct of humanity that this is the moment when trouble is most near at hand. However little knowledge we may have of other things, of these we are all aware. And we know also that amid all our independence we are so inextricably linked with others, and mingled in the fate of our fellow-men, that their will for good or for evil will often throw all our plans into the wildest confusion, and baffle our hopes and decisions and intentions by the exercise of a will perhaps stronger, perhaps only more fatal, than our own. These are the circumstances under which we are most bitterly and painfully conscious that God will not interfere, while at the same time most passionately anxious that He should interfere, and if necessary change

for our deliverance the whole constitution of the world.

I will speak of the kind of people of whom I am, of whom the reader is, of whom are the great number of those for whom books are written, and to whom the soul appeals either when it is stricken to death, or when in the heaviness or the joy of its own experience it has the burden upon it of something to say. To all who have this impulse there is an audience. It is those who, whether in light or darkness, whether believing or unbelieving, have thought upon the mysteries about them, and more or less turned their faces towards that which is good and right, even if they have not, to their own great impoverishment and deprivation, any sense or conviction of God in the world, or of a Divine Friend and Saviour to whom to turn. We all love alike, suffer alike, whether we believe alike or not. And there are two things which convulse this world within the world, this smaller universe of men and women, whether those who refer everything to the personal action of God, or those to whom a terrible reign of Law or of Chance, modified by circumstance, is all that is visible in earth or heaven. We are moved alike by these two things: they are, one the impossibility of securing that those whom we love should choose, as we hope we have done, the worthier way; and the other, and to some the more terrible, as more evidently beyond their power to affect one way or other—the impossibility of securing the lives of those we love, or of saving them from being suddenly seized and hurried away from us by the irrevocable and incurable separation of death.

To some it is the first of these two miseries which appears the

greater, perhaps because they have not experienced the other. And it is the most unaccountable. In these days we think a great deal of education, and many suppose that all faults are to be cured and all evil inclinations subdued by that. But education does not change the will nor bring the offender into the right way. On the other hand, those of us who pray feel that we can address our prayers to God on this subject with a passion of entreaty which is unconditional, in which we do not require to pause or say Thy will be done. For if we are sure of anything, we are sure of this—that when we pray for the recovery of the lost, for the redemption of the sinner, for the return of the prodigal, we are praying for what is God's will. There is no question here of holding our wishes subordinate to perhaps another different conclusion which the Father knows to be better for His child. The Lord desireth not the death of any sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness and live—nay, that great Sacrifice of love, the death that was accomplished on Calvary, was for no other end than this, that we might be saved from our sins. Therefore, for once, we may pray in perfect confidence that God's will is with us, and even His wish: the Desire of God—most inscrutable and wonderful of all mysteries that a human creature can defeat for its day, the desire of God! And we pray and pray, many a father, many a mother, with tears that are as blood, with convulsions that rend their very being—pray for what God desires even more than we are capable of doing: and yet obtain no answer to our prayers.

Why, why, why? the heart groans and cries, flinging itself

upon the harsh unyielding earth, lifting up looks of anguish to the blazing unresponsive heavens. "Oh that Thou wouldest rend the heavens, that Thou wouldest come down, that the mountains might flow down at Thy presence!" This has been the cry of all ages, the cry of faith, the cry of despair, which in many cases are one and the same. But no answer comes. What can stand against the desire of God in heaven and the endless outcry of Love on earth? What but one thing—the will of man, which is the divinest and the most terrible of gifts—the thing which makes him to differ from the dumb creation beneath him, and the angels and higher intelligences above: the will which he has employed to such fatal uses, which he has made a weapon against his Maker: yet which at any moment he may yet pluck out of the bloodshed and fire, and flash into the air of heaven again, on that Maker's side.

I say, like a grasshopper among the grass, like a wren on a branch—in the impotence of the smallest of voices, yet having worked out this problem in blood and tears like so many others—this is the cause. As with the world, so with an erring son or daughter, God respects the nature He has made. He will not force the will which He has given us as our distinction among a thousand and a thousand spheres. What secret work goes on within each individual soul, what divine remonstrance, what setting forth of both sides of the question, what action of the unseen in those ever-recurring questions which seem so peremptorily and so easily concluded the wrong way, we all know—for we have all felt them in our own spirits, and all executed our acts of rebellion in face of the protest of God and of our own better instinct.

Yet we cannot, with all our prayers, force the hand of God, nor persuade Him to obliterate His own design and change the character of the race. The race must fight out its own destiny to the end: the man or the woman who is an epitome of the race must do so too, imperiously his or her own master even when to our eyes most hopelessly blown about by every breath of evil, most feeble against temptation. Not for nothing was that endowment given: it is not fit that even for the groaning and travailing of the whole creation, much less for the anguish of other human creatures looking on, it should be broken and displaced from its prodigious, its overmastering place in the world. A man's will!—it is for its time potent as the will of God, since the will of God has made it independent, the one force in earth which stands when everything else decays and wears away. Pitiful are our poor attempts to break it, to render it unavailing. We can coerce the body, we can force mechanical compliance on any who are under our power: but the will of a man, or even of a child, is beyond our utmost power. The body may be enslaved, but the soul is free, and not all the armies of earth can subdue one thought one movement of volition. We all of us have learned to admit even, that what is done against the will means nothing and is good for nothing,—a principle which holds everywhere, in every land beneath the sun. And when we remember that this will of man is so to no second man so clearly and so plainly visible as to God, that by none is it understood so well, or, to speak with reverence, respected so completely, we come, I think, face to face with a fact which explains many things. We do not

ask that God would compel the action of the spheres in our behalf, that he should change the courses of the stars and the mechanism of the world; but all that is not so impossible as to force the will of a man—who is created for this purpose, to exercise it, to use his power, to make it visible before earth and heaven that he is uncontrolled and his action free.

Is it not this which gives all its meaning to the history of the world, which makes everything so unexpected, so incalculable in the individual being? The predominance of the will within us brings with it instantly a suggestion of revolt. It is perhaps the very first thing which is seen in the infant, the most prevailing characteristic of human life. Not necessarily the turn towards evil. We have all sufficient reason, whatever our doctrinal opinions may be, to believe in an original taint, a twist of the mind towards the unlawful and forbidden: but it is not necessary to go even so far as that to recognise the innate wilfulness of man. The most innocent creature takes with delight, with shrieks of baby-glee, the way in which it is desired not to go—and we love the child the better for its instinctive and guiltless rebellion. It is one of the merest commonplaces of life that to indicate to youth which way its affections should be given is almost an infallible way of turning them in another direction. *Almost* infallible: for nothing is infallible, and even that law of contrariety may fail, as everything fails upon which we venture to build. We struggle all our lives long with this incessant and endless contradiction, as does all human government except when enforced with iron power, as public rule must always be unless the world is to fall into chaos altogether; but when it is man

to man who stand together, stand opposed to each other, even if they be in the closest relationship that blood and natural authority can give, force is a thing which very rarely can come in at all, and never with any effect. There are prejudices, there are conventions, there are duties of outward obedience, there are even innate sympathies and likenesses of soul, which triumph occasionally over the instinct of independence, bringing in that last principle of caprice, the possibility of agreement, into the almost certainties of difference: but as a rule, the son is not of the mind of the father, nor the young of the mind of the old. We struggle against this all our lives through. We plead and pray, remonstrate, protest, persuade—which are all legitimate proceedings. And sometimes we try to force, and continually we pour out our prayers to God to force—the will which is against what we believe to be His, and against ours and against the advantage and good of him who exercises it. And here we fail. God, as I humbly believe is pledged not to do that. He is bound by His word and the constitution of things to leave the erring will free, as He leaves the erring world free. Neither with the Earth nor with the man will He coerce the will. It is the soul of both Earth and man; it is their distinction in the greater Universe. They have to work out their destiny by its means.

Therefore are our prayers vain as our efforts are vain: though we give all our goods to the poor, though we give our body to be burned though we offer our life, it is all in vain. We cannot turn the will or change the career of those who are most dear and precious to us. Though we offer our life, I say, but what is our life? It is a thing over which we have no power; it

s forfeit on our own account; "it cost more," as the Psalmist says, "to redeem their souls." That cost the only life which could be laid down and taken up at the will of the possessor—the one great life disposed of by the resolve of God and the free will of man together, from the beginning of all things, for the final deliverance of those by whose means the great problem, the vast experiment of a world governed by its own choice, was to be carried out. I believe, though many do not, that we were saved first, before ever we were born, from the ruin which that tremendous, that fatal gift was to bring upon us—but not from the miseries which attend its progress, not from the heart-breaks, the remorse, the vivid realisations of what might have been, the agonies of conscience for ourselves and of sorrow for others. None of these things have been spared us—how could they be, while the cause of all remained, while still, every day and every moment, we, and all we love, had the charge upon us of choosing between good and evil, and most often in the weakness of our flesh choosing wrong? Job, in the most wonderful and most ancient of narratives, offered sacrifices for his children every day, lest in their foolishness of youth they should have done something to transgress the laws of God. Ah, we say to ourselves, if we could but do that! how many altars would rise by every path, where fathers and mothers would lay their very hearts on the stone, and pour the water and light the consuming flame! But that which we cannot do God has done. He has been beforehand with us, as indeed we had a right to expect He would be when He created a race for such an ordeal. From before the foundation of the world the Victim was appointed, self-chosen—the Sav-

iour who would not have us go this warfare on our own charges, or pay the final price for a career more dangerous if more glorious than any other known in the Universe of God.

For our own part we cannot realise, nor form any idea of, a race without this privilege and all the terrible chances it involves. We are unable to understand the supreme goodness which knows no fall, the light that has no shadow, the life that has no struggle. We endeavour to conceive of them after this world shall have passed away for us, and we shall have entered, as we say, into rest; but how poor, how faint are our attempts to understand that wonderful deliverance, even when we believe in it most strongly! Yet I cannot but think still that this constitution which we all possess is a privilege, and that the position of those who overcome must be higher, when their destiny is accomplished, than that of those who have never been tried. "To him who overcometh"—it is always the word that is used. "Be of good cheer, I have overcome," says our Lord. In all things it is a higher dignity than that of the greatest of those who have had no struggle. This, which has been our dreadful distinction here, will be our joyful distinction in the days when all shall be wound up and concluded—when our time and history shall be accomplished, and perhaps some other rule begun. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb"—who have suffered every anguish, and known every humiliation, while the happy worlds, awe-stricken at the sight, did but look on. These experiences, beyond their reach, will give us still and always a position distinct from theirs.

And at the same time the method of our redemption must produce a dearer relationship between us and the universal Father. Which of us, vague shadows as are, the best, of His being—though we thank Him, framed, the worst, in His image—but would love the better every savage of the tribe which our son had joined, and for which he had given himself. And we are to God the brethren of His Son. The King of Heaven, the Prince of Peace, is a man—He took not upon Him the nature of angels. If there should be, as so many of us dream and fancy in our speculations, any difficulty of recognition in the other world, Him at least no poor vagrant from earth can fail to recognise. I have fancies about this, still more intimate and private, and no doubt high fantastical and very vain, as are so many of our dreams—suggested by private needs and longings. I sometimes think that it may please Him to surround Himself with those who are of what we are given to suppose was His own age when He left this world. How many does He call, young men in the height of life, at their strongest, at their brightest, whose work, whatever it may be, breaks off in the middle, and whose being on earth is thus all unfulfilled! Does He take them from every generation, with a human partiality, and form them into bands, and employ them upon missions, surrounding Himself with armies of those first-fruits of the earth?—ah, and perhaps with many among them who were defeated on the earth, and had no trophies to carry, but only a blank shield devoid of achievement, into the new and conquering chivalry of heaven. Are they perhaps more near to Him, more unalterably attached to Him, being of His

age, young men as He is, with deepest reverence be it spoken, in the eternal prime? I have reasons for loving to think it is so, and trying to picture it where everything is so hard to realise. Are they all there in shining bands, specially attached to His service, finding in Him a special sympathy, the only Master and chief, the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother? and themselves like to each other, the finest company, with all their powers at the brightest, all with one heart and one accord, brothers in arms, brothers in the new life? And yet we presume to weep! There will be many who will think this very fantastic, as no doubt it is—and perhaps profane, though it has no such meaning. It floats from me almost against my will, on the wind that carries every straw and falling leaf. Perhaps it may be carried by that vagrant breeze through some one's open doors, who will derive a little fantastic comfort from it like me.

This is, however, a thing apart, which has nothing to do with any argument, if argument there is any (and there is none) in these wandering words. But I think I find a kind of explanation of the manner in which God seems to look on, not working for us, as appears, as we have almost a right to expect that He would work—in the fact that every man thus stands on a perfectly independent basis, just as the world does, and is no more to be forced into obedience than the world is—either of which compulsory acts would be a distinct contradiction of God's own purpose, balking the very object of creation. That God does lend us every force of unseen aid, and often in the swift changes of mortal being turns the heart to disgust and loathing of its sin in the

very moment of its accomplishment, I have no doubt; so that we, seeing from one side only, never can tell which is the time of deepest despair and which that of highest hope. The great thing we have to learn and take the comfort of, is just this strictly individual relation between God the universal Father and every child. He has on earth, between whom and Him there is a special bond, as if there existed no other living creature on earth or in the skies. It needs no word to tell over again here how detached and individual we are—no one entirely knowing, no one understanding to the full what is in the heart that is most absolutely its kin and fellow:—

‘Nor even the dearest heart, and near
our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile
and sigh.”

How little even do we know about ourselves!—how it is that the thoughts follow each other through our own spirits, how our minds are determined to one course or another. Sometimes it appears to me, when I am “thinking,” as we say, that my mind is like an open place, open to all the winds, and that now one thing blows in and through the empty room, and now another, like straws or like falling leaves, or like rain or quickly melting snow. Not long since I asked one who is now in a better place, “What are you thinking of?” “I am not thinking at all,” he said; “I was singing over to myself an anthem of Stainer’s, and then a hymn—I don’t know what made me think of them, for they are both joyful, and I am much the reverse.” Sometimes it will be a line of poetry that will blow into the soul, a something, a nothing, for good or for evil, most often, so far as appears, of no significance at all. Where do they come

from, these wandering thoughts? What is the use of them, or is there any use in them? There is One looking on who sees and is aware, but not the most anxious watcher, she who divines your wish in your eyes before it is fully formed. Sometimes I have felt, above all other impressions, for a moment a sense of this divine silent spectatorship, companionship, as if there was but God in the world, all-seeing, all-understanding, with whom no words were necessary. Was it like that that Nathanael sat under his fig-tree, feeling God around him in the silence, so that it needed only our Lord’s reminder of it to assure him that this was his Lord and his God? There are certain moments in life in the recollection of which a certain scene of earth and sky, a mingling of lights or darkness, a consciousness of human sounds or sights breaking in, are associated with this supreme sense of a fellowship which is above all—“whether in the body or out of the body I cannot tell,” says St Paul. But indeed in the body, in all its humbleness, in all its distraction, when most it needs aid.

One God, one man—one being alone in a great world not realised, and the only Other to whom it is all unveiled,—who understands to the last fibre, to the profoundest depth, before whom the soul is silent, all-comprehended, all-embraced—in a pause and hush which needs neither thought nor prayer.

How impertinent we all are, pushing in, betwixt these two! explaining those griefs that come upon us through another, as if they were not mere reflections of that other’s supreme need or fate, but something proper to ourselves. And this in nothing so much as in the endings of life, those separations which are the hardest of all

earthly pangs, the worst, when all is considered, of all the sufferings we have to bear. Some people, perhaps, will not agree in this. We may even hear from the lips of some, "I would rather see him dead." We say this sometimes in great sincerity but in ignorance. He whom we love most has taken perhaps the downward path. The next we hear of him may be something worse than death. Shame may come, horror may come, sudden and dreadful catastrophe; but, ah the difference! hope too may come again. Hope comes on the slenderest foundation—the least step in the right direction makes the heart bound: the deeper the downfall was, the more ecstatic will be the recovery; and one aspiration towards the good and true will make us believe that all will now be well. That is life with its possibilities, with sharp anguish but hope, with every chance, as we call it, still to come.

But the other is Death, which has no possibility left so far as this world is concerned, which cuts down remorseless everything we have ever built upon, and postpones to an indefinite future all that we have to say—all explanations, all interpretations, every word of love, every advice to be asked or given. That we do not sorrow as those who are without hope makes but little difference, in the first place. The separation is so complete, the end so inexorable. Nothing comes out of that darkness—not a word, not a wave of the hand. There is nothing more to come in this world, nothing to look for. We cheat our hearts sometimes with fond fancies, with words that seem to mean something, but in reality to our senses here mean nothing, and are vain as the breath that carries them. We try to think that perhaps they whom we have lost are still near

us, but feel in our very souls how far, how distant, how absent they are. Rachel weeping for her children, and will not be comforted because they are not: no words more true have been found out through all these centuries. They are not: whatever be the warmth or the certainty of our faith. They are to God: they will be again to us when we are as they. But for the time, while we go about the streets in our emblems of mourning, though their image may seem to meet us at every corner, though there are traces of them all about our way, they are not; the eye seeks for them in vain; in vain the heart cries out for any sign, and finds none. They are not; all has ceased; everything is over; and nothing can ever arise to bring any hope to us or any change.

How different are death and life!—the one inexorable and certain, the other all fluctuating with gleams of possibility and a continual breaking out of hope. We are made for that, for the chances, the changes, the vicissitudes of which we often complain so bitterly, and all that is unexpected and unforeseen. But when the dreadful door of separation closes upon us, all our natural aids fail. Even the promises of God fail; for what is it to us if deliverance and recovery and blessing are promised, when there is no longer anything left for which to pray? Sometimes these promises sound like a solemn mockery in our ears. We seem to be torn away from that economy of the world in which weeping lasts only for the night, but joy returns with the morning. That which nothing can change is intolerable and abhorrent to our nature; but we are compelled to shape ourselves to it, to endure it, to accept it—to be resigned, as people say; to resign at least, to give up, to consent to

the bitter mystery of separation, the cessation of all knowledge, all intercourse—everything that hitherto has ranked greatest in life. What is there in all human experience that is to be equalled with that?

Men have spent all the possibilities of imagination from the earliest times in trying to smooth this away, in representing to the bereaved, in representing to themselves, a milder ordeal, in which God sensibly consoles the mourner, and they are persuaded to think that those whom they have lost are still near, hovering about them, perhaps guiding them, strengthening and comforting. We have tried to recognise them in the air, in the songs of the birds, in the stars, in the movements of our minds. Every tender fancy in the heart of man has been enlisted in this attempt, for every man has known the desperate need. And we have, besides these fond exercises of fancy, the sublime hopes of faith. "He is not dead, but sleepeth;" "I shall go to him, but he will not return to me;" and all those noble reasonings which set forth to us how that which has been sown a natural body shall be raised a spiritual body, and that this mortal must put on immortality. Even those who believe nothing else make desperate shift in some way to believe this—to clutch at something, whatever it may be, which will meet the bitterness of loss, and shed some faint romance of hope, if nothing more, over the inexorable grave. I need not say that I receive humbly, and with a full heart, all those blessed assurances of the Gospel. But I am compelled to say that, alas! they all tell for but little except to the strongest or the calmest minds, in the very valley of the shadow of

death, when it is not any doubt of salvation, or even of an eventual reunion, but only the mere fact that they are gone, which occupies every thought. Gone where we know not, living still, but how we know not, making a blank in all the earth around us which nothing can fill up. There are a great many things said to people in this condition which do them very little good. We bow our heads before those words which tell us that whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and that all things work together for good to those that believe; but these sacred words, besides the tremendous assumption involved in their use, that God takes away a precious and valuable life in order to affect a third party, however near and dear, are not effectual in their purpose. For which of us, however bent on spiritual profit we might be, could endure the thought that a life, even though it was not of the deepest importance to ourselves, should be sacrificed for our advantage? Should we not prefer to suffer any loss in our own persons rather than that a hair of their heads should be touched, even though for the saving of our souls?

There is one thing, and only one, in which I have taken refuge in such bitter extremity,—always, I remind myself, that in the universe with which we are acquainted there are but two continually face to face with each other—God and man, or rather, the Godhead and the man, the Saviour and the saved, the Father and the child. I think that every incident of life is secretly, and in a manner which no other spirit knows of, discussed between them, arranged between them, and—above all the smaller matters, most eminently and supremely the great question of death.

There is a third, a fourth, any number standing by. Is God to turn to them, to think what is best for these lookers-on? Nay, for He has first to consider the first person concerned. It is not our business in the first, but in an entirely secondary degree. It is the business of the man for whom it has to be settled, between him and his Maker, whether he is to live or to die. We do not know the most intimate reasons on one side or the other,—perhaps the subject of the decision is not himself aware of them in full: yet the extraordinary calm which is the state of mind of most persons on the eve of death, the stilling of all human anxieties at the moment when they would seem likely to have been most keen—when a man, for instance, is leaving his wife to fight and struggle alone for a number of helpless children—is a strong argument in favour of some special revelation made to him privately of the advantages of his departure just then, for God's purpose and the final good of all. At all events, we know that in most cases death is the event in our lives through which we go with the most dignity and calm. A man may "lose his head," as we say, at the time of his marriage, or of any other great crisis in his life, but he rarely loses his head at the moment of his death. He accomplishes that act more worthily than almost any other. God and he are face to face. If there is any argument between them, it is conducted on the side of the dying with an enlarged and nobler reason, which understands and assents to the supreme reason of his Maker and Father: or else he consents at once, with a sweetness in which the weakening of all bodily forces and natural impulses have no doubt much to do. But in many, I think perhaps most

cases, we who stand round are already to a certain degree shut out before the last moment arrives. The soul and He who made it are alone together accomplishing what is only one act in many, one chapter in the history, one event, not separable by the actors in it from what has gone before and what comes after, as it is to us for whom it makes a visible end. We are secondary all through, however cruel, however dreadful, may be the effect upon us. Primarily it is not our concern. Afterwards we may hope that God will look to us, and the desolation in which we lie. At the moment His whole concern is with His child, who is at this crisis of his career.

Job speaks his mind very freely before God, little as that most ancient of human sufferers is a model for us: yet it is something to see how one commended of God stands upright before God and speaks his mind. We are not required to smooth away the pangs which we have to endure under pretences of resignation. They are sometimes cruel. They are worse than any enemy would inflict upon us. Most men around us, even the most callous, at least in our day, would even take a little trouble, for as much or as little as they know, to avert a blow which God gives in the great calm of the universe without hesitation. He has the right indeed, since all of us stand or fall by His hand; but that is not all the question. It is sometimes a little relief to escape from the conventional bonds of resignation and submission, and say, without any failure of trust or confidence that He knows best, that He has been cruel. Let us relieve our burdened souls that way, for it is true. Cruel to us who stand in the secondary place, because His first concern, His first care, is for the other, the one whose moment

it is, who has the claim to be thought of first. Afterwards we shall be taken into consideration. This is the only thought from which I have personally got any support in the great partings which make life a desert. It is the inspiration of the physician, whom we would joyfully permit to take the blood from our veins or the sight from our eyes in order to save, as we say, the life we love. It is the final climax of Love itself, which through all the relations of life, consciously or unconsciously, is inspired by the same thought: What does it matter about me? Let him, let her, let them, be well: and as for us, in the reflection of their happiness we shall be blessed too,—only it is far more difficult to comprehend, to realise, when what we are called upon to do is not some great thing to save them, but the supreme renunciation of standing by and seeing them die.

And there are so many difficulties in the way of seeing how that is best for them. The joy of recovery we can all understand, even if we have done foolishly,—if we may blame ourselves for having perhaps neglected the beginnings of illness, the best way of cure,—it is all condoned, and we ourselves are self-forgiven when deliverance comes. But if the greater deliverance comes instead, and we can in the most remote way blame ourselves for any negligence, what an endless torture, what sword-thrusts of unforgettable, unforgivable pain! And who does not blame himself? There is always something to our aching tormented hearts which might have been otherwise, which we omitted to do, or did wrong. And then there must always be many of us to whom it is more apparent what those who have departed have lost than what they have gained. To go away out of the cheerful bright-

ness of the home, out of the warmth and kindness, out of all the associations and hopes of life, into a world all undiscovered, of which at the best it must be said that we have no information, that we know nothing, not even so much as we should know of the heart of Africa or the North Pole. And, worst of all, perhaps the thought that it is not only we but perhaps they also who regret, and to whom it is terrible to think that we can go on without them, reconcile ourselves to their absence, fill their place. Might there be perhaps a sense of injury in their minds when they remember all that they have left? These thoughts check and give a keenness of pain to the first smile that comes back to our lips, the first movement of renewed life. It is a thing that few express, but that many feel.

These closest, most intimate, and private miseries are, I think, hushed if we recognise the intense individuality of every departure, and that the matter is settled, arranged, concerted as it were, if all in a moment, between the two concerned, who are God and the Soul, not the rest of us who stand by: that it is as if there were no others in the whole world but God and the Man, who are never out of relation, whatsoever pranks the human creature may play before high heaven, never separated: for how should anything the lesser might do to break the bond of his being, the law of his nature, affect the steadfastness and faithfulness of the greater? while with Him there can be no misunderstanding, no partial knowledge, nothing concealed. They stand for ever, Man answerable to God alone for everything that is in him—answerable, that is, to his Father, to his Saviour, who loves him better than other men can love; and God answerable to the whole watching,

waiting, all-curious universe, for the satisfaction of which this problem of Humanity was made.

“Alas ! we know not anything ;
We can but hope that light will fall
At last far off, at last on all,
And every winter turn to spring.”

These are all fantastic thoughts, the dreams of a troubled spirit, the suggestions of a wandering imagination, seeking through heaven and earth for some consolation, some way of accounting for the clouds of sorrow and suffering that wrap our mortal being, and finding somehow, somewhere, the blue sky still beyond. God ceases to speak to us sometimes, when we need His help most. We find Him no longer in the silence, as in those former times when we sat under the fig-tree like Nathanael, and felt His great companionship fill the hushed earth, and the wide firmament, and all the subdued, soft-breathing celestial space. Has our Father gone from us, too, gone with our beloved, carrying His child in His tender arm, to put him in his long-appointed, always ready place, leaving us to break our hearts against that impenetrable veil of light? Well! perhaps it is our price which we have to pay for the final emancipation of him for whom, to save his life, as we say, we should have grudged nothing—our last piece of money, our last drop of blood. The Physician’s fee is heavier still in this case, but the healing complete.

The one thing which I find not consolatory in these reflections is that they seem to limit that power of prayer which perhaps, in spite of all the infidelity of the world, is the thing that this human race trusts in most. Men believe in prayer, which is the strangest of paradoxes, even when they do not believe in any supreme hearer of prayer, and will in their trouble

fling an ejaculation into the void, although in their superior hours they will stake their credit that it is impossible to tell who inhabits that void, or if there is any one there higher than themselves. It is our first instinct to appeal to some one, who is not as we—some one who, as manifestly we cannot, will give health and save life, and save us from the dangers that overwhelm us. On the other hand, I have heard the idea much condemned by finer spirits, that we should seek God only as it were to beg from Him, to get Him to set things right for us when they have gone wrong. If He really is, they say, let us seek to know Him, to attain to some communion with Him; but to hurry to Him with our small petitions, to be always asking, seeking to persuade Him to disturb the economy of the world for our needs, is unworthy of Him and of ourselves. This is not my way of thinking. It is seldom that the intercourse between a father and child can be disinterested—indeed it is one of the tenderest of ties that there should be asking and giving: and if Love can be offended and outraged, it is by those who hide their troubles in their own breast, and do not care to disclose them, and to ask the help which is the first right of nature. “Call upon Me in time of trouble, and I will hear you:” not in those moments of elevation when, perhaps, by influence of the sublimities of nature and of thought, we may reach to the height of desiring personal communion and intercourse with the Ruler of the Universe—but when we are poorest, when we are in danger and in need. Then, when the child calls to his father or his mother—then our instinct and His command agree that we are to have recourse to Him.

But there comes in a dreadful

question, one in which no consolation is. Have we, perhaps, too much faith, not too little, in that first and nearest expedient of prayer? We ask Him not always for ourselves, but often to interfere, perhaps with the freedom, perhaps with the interests, of others, to make us happy by coercing, by detaining them. Have we the right to do so? We think so constantly, and knock against the door, and plead with strong crying and tears for that which it may be, if given, would curtail the privileges and alter the life of another child of God—then sink despairing on the altar-steps when we know that our prayers are in vain. It is hard to say it: it is harder to submit to acknowledge that this may be so—but perhaps it might lessen sometimes the dread disappointment, the chill of despair with which we have eventually to accept the fact that our prayers have not been accepted. “You can ask nothing of me that I will not give,” an earthly father may say to his child; “but not even for you will I injure your brother, or deny his rights.” Dreadful barrier which love cannot overpass! Though you pray your heart out for him, your brother for himself must first have his due. He cannot be denied his right, the freedom of his will, for you. He cannot be made to continue on this earth, possibly against his wish or against his real interest, for you. Again, we must acknowledge that each of us stands for himself before the universal Father. It is the one fact of the universe which, I think, cannot be gainsaid. We have to take a great many things for granted. How it can be an advantage for a man to be snatched from this world in the middle of his life when he is most

sorely wanted, which is a sight we see every day, who can tell? It breaks our hearts, it makes life a desert to us, it cuts short, perhaps, the noblest things, and leaves the finest enterprises incomplete. These are things which we cannot enter into. We complain, we cry out, we resent: but it is his affair, it is not ours—and God and he know their own matters best.

We stand alone among the spheres: we have our way, it is our birthright: we grope, but know not how to take hold of the hand stretched out to us; perhaps we deny it or thrust it away. But the moment of the choice is not once, as in the old fables, but continually repeated. It is before us till our last breath—and sometimes we never know, amid all our confusions, and the working out of those evils which are involved in all our errors, when perhaps we may have chosen right. But there are who do so among all the confusions, the contradictions, the endless wilfulness, revolt, and disobedience. And who can tell whether, among the watching worlds which look on, it may not seem that, under all the mists and clouds of apparent failure, this tremendous experiment of an Earth carrying its own will through all the measured courses of the skies—an earth

“Over whose acres walked those
blessed feet

Which *nineteen* hundred years ago
were nailed,

For our advantage, on the bitter
cross;”

and where there still exist in every community the seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal—may not be found to be, as they hoped, those generous Principalities and Powers, the greatest glory after all?

HOME FROM THE HILL.

"Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

—R. L. S.

LET the weary body lie
Where he chose its grave,
'Neath the wide and starry sky,
By the Southern wave;
While the island holds her trust
And the hill keeps faith,
Through the watches that divide
The long night of death.

But the spirit, free from thrall,
Now goes forth of these
To its birthright, and inherits
Other lands and seas:
We shall find him when we seek him
In an older home,—
By the hills and streams of childhood
'Tis his weird to roam.

In the fields and woods we hear him
Laugh and sing and sigh;
Or where by the Northern breakers
Sea-birds troop and cry;
Or where over lonely moorlands
Winter winds fly fleet;
Or by sunny graves he hearkens
Voices low and sweet.

We have lost him, we have found him:
Mother, he was fain
Nimble to retrace his footsteps;
Take his life again
To the breast that first had warmed it,
To the tried and true,—
He has come, our well beloved,
Scotland, back to you!

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

A FOREIGNER.

CHAPTER X.—THE SALZBURG “FAKTOR.”

THE acquaintance begun two months previously on board ship, and now renewed on the shores of the Obersee, between Mr Dalrymple and Baroness Gabelstein, was not suffered to die a natural death, and during the week that followed this second meeting the lady had often reason to congratulate herself on the lucky chance that had led her to take passage in the steamer *Minerva*, when returning from a prolonged stay in the State of Venezuela, whither she had accompanied a Spanish lady who had chanced to fall ill at Salzburg about a year ago. The Spanish lady, encumbered moreover by several small children, had been weak and helpless when she found herself stricken down by disease many thousand miles away from home, and had consequently regarded it as a perfect godsend when a kind Austrian lady, whose acquaintance she had incidentally made in the dining-room of the Hotel Europe, had gently but firmly assumed the management of the whole party, and after proving herself to be a most devoted and efficient sick-nurse, had announced her intention of not relinquishing her charge of the invalid until she had restored her safe and sound to the keeping of her legitimate spouse. Madame Alvarez had gladly accepted Baroness Gabelstein's seemingly disinterested offer of accompanying her over the Atlantic, warmly inviting this voluntary Sister of Charity to make of Venezuela her home for as long as might happen to be convenient. As indolent of thought as she was grateful-hearted, the languid Spanish woman never realised that

her kind friend's action had been prompted by other than purely philanthropic motives, and that she was thus securing for herself a gratuitous trip across the ocean, as well as free board for nearly half a year.

Virtue had indeed proved to be its own reward in this case, reflected Baroness Gabelstein, since the fruits of her ingenious diplomatic stroke were not yet exhausted—for was not her acquaintance with the Dalrymple family an indirect consequence of the kindness shown to the invalid Spaniard last autumn?

To the lively widow, whose whole life was spent in devising—or, as she called it, arranging—social amusements which, while investing her with the prestige of a public benefactress, would fulfil the double purpose of procuring for herself certain material advantages, the cost of which her own slender income would have been insufficient to defray, this discovery of an apparently well-situated Englishman with a pretty daughter was welcome as flowers in May. What endless combinations, what countless picnic and pleasure parties, accompanied of course by solid luncheons and *gouters*, might not accrue from the situation under pretext of making the Dalrymples acquainted with the sights of Salzburg and the surrounding beauties of Nature?

It was without much difficulty that she contrived to persuade Mr Dalrymple of the expediency of removing to Salzburg for a few weeks; for here, as she explained to him, he would find quite as good material for his brush as at Berchtesgaden, while for the girls there would be undoubtedly more oppor-

tunity of amusing themselves, and she would be only too delighted, as she expressly informed the father, to take the trouble of chaperoning them off his hands, whenever he wished to be left to his own devices. Within a week, therefore, of that first meeting at Berchtesgaden, the Dalrymples found themselves established at the Hotel zum goldenen Schiff at Salzburg, situated on the Residenz Platz straight opposite the old splashing fountain, and within close earshot of the musical chimes which hang in the tower alongside.

Baroness Gabelstein, despite the aristocratic title which she bore, had a powerful strain of Jewish blood in her veins to which she owed all her success in life. Having started as the penniless and not even pretty daughter of a bankrupt Jewish merchant of the name of Bärenfeld, she had some thirty years previously achieved the conquest of Baron Gabelstein, a gouty old general who was her father's lodger. Baron Gabelstein had come, as cavalry brigadier, to the small Bohemian town from which she hailed, and had there fallen ill of the disease which was ultimately destined to terminate his life. Seeing here a golden opportunity not to be wasted, Deborah Bärenfeld had stepped forward and constituted herself Baron Gabelstein's sick-nurse; and when with unremitting care and attention she had nursed him back into something like health, she still contrived to make herself indispensable to his comfort, for she had received a fairly good education before her father had lost his money in some untoward speculations, and so by reading aloud to the lonely old bachelor, or playing his favourite melodies on the piano, she succeeded in weaving those innumerable little threads, all seemingly weak and puerile in themselves, yet of which in their united force

the strongest nets are often woven. When, therefore, within a year of these events Baron Gabelstein was transferred to Salzburg in some other official capacity, he made the discovery that he could no longer exist without his convenient sick-nurse; and so, stifling whatever aristocratic prejudices he may once have possessed, he offered his hand to the young Jewess on condition that she would renounce the faith of her forefathers. The bargain was quickly concluded, for the fair Deborah was troubled with no inconvenient religious convictions, and her old father, who might possibly have objected to the arrangement, had recently been gathered to Abraham's bosom. Accustomed to regard everything from a purely business point of view, the world was for her but a large marketplace to which each one brings his wares for sale or barter, and wherein every one devoutly tries to gain some advantage over his neighbour; and though the general was stout, gouty, short-tempered, and over sixty, yet it was an undeniably good bargain to exchange the name of plain Deborah Bärenfeld for that of Baroness Gabelstein.

She was not long encumbered with her unprepossessing spouse, for after scarce two years' enjoyment of wedded felicity he died, leaving her to keep up her title on barely twelve hundred florins a-year of private fortune, which, added to a small pension bestowed on her by the Emperor's munificence as widow of a general officer, still left her income considerably short of two hundred pounds sterling per annum. But Deborah, or, as she now styled herself on her visiting-cards, "La Baronne Nora Gabelstein," was gifted with infinite resources, and with the commercial spirit of her nation. She well knew the value of the title she had gained, for in Austria a seven-pointed

crown, however shabbily gilt it may be, has yet a distinct market value for those who know how to use it, and in Deborah's deft hands the crown in question, as she had firmly resolved, should be made to supply her with those things she lacked.

Society, which had been forced to accept her as the wife of General Baron Gabelstein, should not be suffered to drop her now that she had become a widow. Nay more, by flattering its weaknesses and trading upon its follies, society should be compelled to yield to her comforts and luxuries which she could not otherwise have afforded. It was at Salzburg that she had laid her husband to rest, and consequently at Salzburg the widow decided to take up her permanent abode. She had no desire to revisit her native town, which had known her as plain Deborah Bärenfeld, while to begin life anew at any other place would have been no easy task.

Gifted with endless patience and perseverance in the pursuit of any object however trifling, with unbroken energy, an excellent digestion, and a moral constitution absolutely impervious to slights or rebuffs, Baroness Gabelstein, within half-a-dozen years of her husband's decease, had become an indispensable institution of Salzburg society. People laughed at her peculiarities, abused her for her grasping interested disposition, made cutting allusions to her Jewish origin behind her back and sometimes to her face; they forgot to return her visits, and even on occasion showed her the door in scarcely ambiguous fashion; but sooner or later she would always contrive to reassert herself, and to reappear no one knew exactly how, in the very houses where she had been most cruelly slighted, with smiling unruffled mien, and an absolute lapse

of memory for any past unpleasantness.

In Polish country towns there is an individual called the factor invariably to be met. The word factor may at a pinch be translated as agent, go-between, ambassador, interpreter, envoy, internuncio, or carrier-pigeon, and yet these designations are one and all, even when taken collectively, insufficient to express the multifariousness of the Jewish factor's field of action. Do you want to buy a couple of fowls or a pair of full-blood steeds? Would you sell a calf or take your corn to market? Are you desirous of procuring wood for your kitchen-fire or peaches for the dinner-table? Would you dig a well, erect a lighting-conductor, have your boots mended, or your family jewels reset? Such things, if you are living in Poland, cannot be done without assistance of the factor, who obtains a small percentage from each party upon every separate transaction, and who, even when thrown out of your house a dozen times, will come back again on the thirteenth occasion cringing and obsequious as ever.

Some drop of this factor blood must surely have run in Baroness Gabelstein's veins, for the study of human nature alone would scarcely have been sufficient to explain the marvellous aptitude, deserving almost the name of genius, which she possessed of assimilating herself to every possible combination of circumstances, and of ministering to the heterogeneous requirements of any number of different persons. Whoever at Salzburg wanted an invitation to a party or an introduction to some influential person, who wished to procure a French governess for their unfledged daughters or partners for their grown-up ones, who wished to find out the character of a cook or the matrimonial intentions of a gentleman, who wanted above all to arrange the

details of a picnic party, or the programme of an amateur concert, instinctively turned to Baroness Gabelstein for advice and assistance; and if she was not actually requited in hard cash for her labours, the transaction was no less distinctly understood to be a business arrangement on both sides, in which luncheons and dinners, the use of a carriage or of a theatre box, were invariably expected to follow as remuneration for services rendered.

It would have been unfair to class Baroness Gabelstein merely as a common toady or *intriguante*, for she earned her wages fairly, and always gave good measure in return for what she received; but it went against all her inborn commercial prejudices ever to give anything gratuitously, and the thought that any one had obtained over her an advantage, be it never so slight, was wont to rankle in her mind with intolerable bitterness. Counting mainly on her friends' tables for her corporeal sustenance, the Baroness's own household was conducted upon a somewhat hand-to-mouth system. Regular meals were the exception, not the rule, with her, for she kept an exact mental register of all the dinner and supper hours in her circle, and, like a rapacious bird of prey scenting flesh from afar, would swoop down with merciless punctuality now at one now at the other house—always, however, primed with some valuable piece of information or opportune suggestion, as equivalent for the hospitality she intended to enjoy. She quickly ascertained that the Dalrymples, instead of adapting themselves to the habits of the place, still obstinately clung to luncheon in the middle of the day and a half-past seven o'clock dinner; and it was on the third day after their arrival at Salzburg that, apparently by the merest chance, Baroness Gabelstein dropped in

upon them just as they were preparing to sit down to luncheon.

As yet the girls had seen but little of the Salzburg sights, for on the morrow of their arrival a steady rain had set in, and it had now been pouring for forty-eight hours consecutively in that downright, indefatigable, conscientious fashion characteristic of the place—for Salzburg, fair Salzburg, which on a fine day is like an enchanting vision whose beauty is almost too great to be real, with her quaint little turrets and castellated walls, her *rococo* gardens à la Trianon, her overhanging eaves and projecting bow-windows à la Faust and Gretchen; crowned by the grand old fortress rising precipitously from the heart of the town, framed in by a girdle of granite peaks, and cleft in twain by the green rushing Salzach, is like a coy Eastern beauty who seldom deigns to show herself unveiled to the profane gaze of mankind; and it is facetiously asserted of the Salzburg natives that the babies there are wont to make their appearance into this vale of tears each armed with a stout umbrella,—a wise and thoughtful dispensation of Providence, whose utility will be quickly recognised by the stranger who makes of this city his headquarters during any length of time.

Baroness Gabelstein, attired in a rusty black skirt cut very short, and a shapeless waterproof cloak made rather long, entered the drawing-room at the Hotel of the Golden Ship at the moment when Mr Dalrymple was preparing to help his eldest daughter to one of the mutton cutlets he had ordered as *pièce de résistance* for the mid-day collation.

"Pray do not your meal for me interrupt," said the lady, after having deposited her dripping umbrella in a corner of the room; "but as I was this way passing, I thought I would step in to ask how you will

pend this mournful afternoon? Our faithful barometer the fountain out there is telling us that the rain will not to-day cease."

"How can the fountain be a barometer?" asked Chrissy, puzzled.

"Because it shows us if the wind is a wet or a dry wind. If the figure in the centre his back washes, the sun will shine; but if his face he cleans, then we must also weep, for then it will rain, rain, rain all day."

"How tiresome!" exclaimed Chrissy, in a tone of disgust, turning away from the sight of the marine monster with a stormy sigh of impatience; and then Phemie proceeded to explain that she supposed they would have to spend the afternoon indoors writing letters to their school friends, since there was nothing else to be done. They had been out for a walk in the forenoon despite the rain, and had beguiled an hour or so by looking in at the shop-windows and watching the market-women as they offered their damp wares for sale—moist, dejected-looking fowls, or squashy grapes and peaches.

"Poor children! How lucky then it is that I thought of coming to look after you. It was quite an inspiration, I am sure, for I was just now to my own dinner on the way home, when at the bridge I suddenly thought of you, and turned back to inquire your plans."

"How very, very kind!" exclaimed in a breath the two girls.

"I have been on my feet since eight o'clock this morning, and am tired to death," went on the lady, sinking down on to a chair. "First I had to interview two different housemaids on behalf of the governor's wife—she never will engage a servant without my advice. Then after that I had to go to the stone-carver's yard to see whether the monument ordered for the Dirnböck's youngest child that died last month is nearly ready; and

now I have just come from Princess Regenschach, who wished to have my recipe for curing *migraine*. Poor thing, she is a perfect martyr to nervous headaches, and I found her lying on the sofa in her darkened room. It runs in the blood, you see; she is a born Countess Ludolf from house, and *migraine* is inherited in the Ludolf family."

"How very sad!" murmured Phemie, by way of showing sympathy, and feeling somewhat impressed by the evident importance of Baroness Gabelstein's position in Salzburg society, and of the intimate terms on which she apparently lived with Princesses and their *migraines*.

The Baroness now put up her hand to her head, with an apparently involuntary movement expressive of physical pain.

"Dear me," she now moaned in a voice that had grown surprisingly faint all of a sudden, for it had seemed quite firm and strong when she had entered the room. "If the *migraine* were contagious I could almost believe that I had caught it from the Princess just now, for my own head begins to ache badly."

"We have a bottle of smelling-salts in our room," said Chrissy, rising to go in quest of the restorative in question, when arrested by a hopeless gesture from the Baroness.

"It is of no use," she explained, "for my headache is by an empty stomach only caused. I breakfasted at seven o'clock, and not shall feel right again until my dinner I have had. I had here looked in for the purpose of offering to show you the Salzburg museum, which a visit is well worth, and that would have been an excellent way of spending this rainy afternoon. But I see, alas! that I have my strength overtaxed, and it would take too long

to go back home and dine and then return here to fetch you. Perhaps another time we may be able to arrange about the museum," she concluded, rising from her chair, without, however, any particular appearance of hurry, "only remember that the museum is only open to strangers three times weekly."

An invitation to join their luncheon party was of course unavoidable under the circumstances, and the proposition was made with all the greater warmth because of the chance thus afforded of a visit to the museum that very afternoon.

"I am sorry to offer you such poor fare," said Mr Dalrymple, as he placed the only two remaining cutlets on Baroness Gabelstein's plate; "but the people here seem to have no sort of idea of preparing a plain chop. I never saw such wretched mutton in my life."

"That is because we do not the mutton much eat here in our land," returned the Baroness. "You should have asked for Nature *Schnitzel*—that is of the calf—and you would much more content have been. Here, Kellner," she continued in German, addressing a passing waiter, "order at once a dish of Nature *Schnitzel* to show these Herrschaften that we too have our *cuisine* here, and let them be served with *Mehl Nockerl* and lemon slices."

Phemie and Chrissy protested feebly, saying that they were no longer hungry, and that a rice pudding had been ordered for the second course; but the energetic widow was determined to have her own way, and so the *Schnitzel* were ordered, and in a very short time had made both their appearance and disappearance, though it cannot be asserted that the three Dalrymples were mainly responsible for this latter result.

The rice pudding which followed

was no greater success than the mutton-chops had been: it was a frail puffy sort of compound, accompanied by a sickly pink syrup, and utterly devoid of the solid virtues, the firm reliable character, which distinguish the genuine British rice pudding.

After a very brief trial both Phemie and Chrissy laid down their spoons, declaring that it was not fit to eat.

"One never knows what to order in these foreign hotels," said Mr Dalrymple, plaintively. "Yesterday I asked for an apple tart, and they gave us a vile sort of cake reeking of cinnamon, and bristling all over with almonds."

Here again Baroness Gabelstein came to the rescue by explaining that *Apfel Strudel* or *Aepfel im Schlafrock* would probably have been more satisfactory than tarts, which are here unknown.

"When you are at Rome you must do as the Romans," she added playfully, "and it is surely better to eat good German dishes than bad English ones? I see that you will my poor assistance require your food to select, so I shall just step round *en passant* every day to make out the *carte de menu* for your luncheon and dinner."

The girls thanked Baroness Gabelstein effusively for her kind offer, while Mr Dalrymple expressed his gratitude with somewhat less ardour, and with a faint suspicion of constraint which imparted itself to his tone as he said—

"You are too good, Baroness, but we should never think of troubling you to that extent."

"No trouble at all," returned the lady, lightly; "and besides," she continued, laying her large brown hand impressively on the gentleman's sleeve, "I should at any case have come to fetch your charming demoiselles for walk every day when you are indisposed—now see

to-day—you love not museums—not true? Just so I quite comprehend. A man who has traversed the world so widely can find little to admire in our poor city. But we are not so *blasées* these demoiselles and I, and so we are going to visit the museum this very afternoon. So go, my dears, and your hats put on.”

The slight shadow which had begun to gather on Mr Dalrymple's brow had now disappeared, and he

began to perceive the wisdom of accepting the lady's services.

“But your headache, Baroness?” put in Chrissy. “Are you quite sure that you feel able to go with us?”

“Quite sure—your excellent luncheon has my forces entirely restored: it was only a passing faintness, which to me sometimes comes when the pleasure I have to serve my friends makes me the demands of poor nature forget.”

CHAPTER XI.—UMBRELLAS.

Baroness Gabelstein, accompanied by Phemie and Chrissy, and all three armed with stout umbrellas, had hardly begun to pick their way over the flooded pavement when, turning the angle of the Residenz Platz, they came face to face with Comtesse Riki Giffingen, followed by a dingy-looking attendant who was supposed to act as duenna to the high-born damsel; for Austrian etiquette is stern and inflexible on this point, and the idea of permitting an able-bodied young woman of twenty-six, who, moreover, had lived all her life in the place, to step across the breadth of the street unattended in order to purchase a yard of ribbon or a packet of pins, would have been an irregularity sufficient to set all the gossiping Salzburg tongues—and their name is legion—a-wagging. In order, therefore, to defend her slightly faded charms from any possible breath of scandal, Comtesse Riki had been compelled to take with her in tow the fat, red-cheeked, stolid-faced Stubenmädchen—a sort of cross-breed between lady's-maid and housemaid—who answered to the name of Mali,—when she made the discovery that four yards more of lace would be required for trimming up the blue foulard dress which she intended

to wear next week at the Archduke's garden-party, and she was returning home with her purchase when she stumbled upon Baroness Gabelstein and the two Dalrymple girls. It was only natural, of course, that both parties should stand still and exchange a few words of conversation; and, as an equally natural consequence of this meeting, Comtesse Riki announced her intention of turning back on her footsteps and accompanying the Dalrymples to the museum.

“It is ages since I have been inside the museum, and I hear that it has all been rearranged lately,” she said, by way of excuse to Baroness Gabelstein, who required no explanation of the sort. “It is always the natives of the place that are most ignorant of the sights that strangers run to see.”

This meeting was in truth particularly welcome to Comtesse Riki, for although in the abstract she cared as little for the Salzburg museum as she did for the Königssee, yet the prospect of wasting an hour or so in its over-familiar precincts was decidedly preferable to a long afternoon spent in company of her invalid mother,—her two younger sisters, Rudi and Resi, having that very morning departed on a visit to some friends in Bohemia. The

invitation in question had included all three sisters, but Comtesse Riki had at once decisively announced her intention of letting Rudi and Resi go alone, and remaining at Salzburg to take care of her mother, whom a stroke of paralysis had kept chained prisoner to her arm-chair for the last half-dozen years.

No one believed very much in the entire veracity of this excuse, least of all Baroness Gabelstein, who, knowing to a T the motives by which the actions of her friends were mostly regulated, was accustomed to gauge their value with the unerring eye of an expert. Comtesse Riki's conquest of Poldi Wolfsberg, which some ten days ago had seemed all but complete, now appeared to have grown again rather problematical; for, ever since that expedition to the Obersee, when he had been so nearly putting his foot into it, as he said to himself, Poldi had been studiously careful in his avoidance of Comtesse Riki. He felt that he had gone quite as far in his handling of edged tools as prudence permitted—perhaps even a little further—and that the only course that remained to him now was to withdraw from the situation as gracefully as possible. Matrimony did not at all enter into the programme of his life, least of all would it have suited his views to marry a poor Comtesse, who, moreover, had lost the first freshness of youth; but though thoughtless and superficial, he was neither cool nor heartless enough to remain untouched at sight of an affection so evidently genuine, and displayed in such unequivocal fashion. There were moments, too, when Gold Riki was still dangerously fascinating, and justice to her as well as prudence to himself demanded that he should see as little as possible of the magnet that was threatening to overthrow all his prudential calculations. To avoid any one at Salz-

burg is, however, no such very easy matter as may at first sight appear, for it is one of the advantages, or, as some consider it to be, one of the disadvantages of the place, that you cannot go out for half-an-hour's walk at any hour or in any weather without inevitably meeting full three-fourths of your acquaintances, not once or twice merely, but often half-a-dozen times, in the course of one short forenoon—a state of things apt to be peculiarly trying even to the most genial and sociable of mortals; for after having exhausted your whole varied *répertoire* of nods and smiles and ejaculatory salutations in reiterated meetings with your dearest friend, what other course remains open to you but devoutly to consign him to the bottom of the Red Sea, when, hurrying home by some unfrequented by-street, you stumble upon him for the tenth or eleventh time?

When, therefore, a whole week had gone by without any further meeting having taken place between Poldi and Comtesse Riki, the young man felt that he had accomplished somewhat of a *tour de force*, and was pleased with himself accordingly; but Riki in equal measure was beginning to feel anxious and distressed when it began to dawn upon her mind that this avoidance was not accidental but premeditated. He had not come to a coffee-party, where he would have been sure to meet her; and on two different occasions when they had met in the street he had passed her by with a simple salute. "But Salzburg is small!" reflected Riki, "and he cannot go on playing hide-and-seek with me for ever. Sooner or later we must meet again; and then—oh then I shall show him as plainly as I dare how completely he has it in his power to make me happy or miserable! Who knows? perhaps this very afternoon we may come across him, and in Baroness

Gabelstein's company he cannot well avoid speaking to me."

"Just so, my dear; I understand perfectly," that lady was saying, quite as much in answer to Riki's unspoken thoughts as to her ostensible explanation. "You are quite right to want to see the museum again. I hear that Schiffmann has rearranged it most beautifully, and it well deserves a visit. So, Mali," she continued, turning to the strapping attendant, "you can go home now, and tell the Frau Gräfin with my compliments that I will myself bring back Comtesse Riki in time for the afternoon *Jause*."

The matter having been thus arranged to the satisfaction of all parties, Baroness Gabelstein resumed the walk in high good-humour at having, besides the excellent luncheon she had just enjoyed, and which for her was to do duty for dinner, secured her afternoon coffee gratis at Countess Giffingen's house.

Their way led over the Ludwig Victor Place, where stands the principal coffee-house, Tomaselli, the usual lounge of the cavalry officers on a rainy day; where, ensconced behind yesterday's papers and puffing their long Virginia cigars, they endeavour to extract some mild diversion from the sight of the passers-by, and the occasional glimpses afforded of too freely displayed feet and ankles belonging to some fair dripping damsel.

There were three or four hussars seated there just now, and Riki from under her drenched umbrella could not forbear casting a hopeful glance in their direction. In the next moment, however, she had turned away her head with a short quick sigh of disappointment, for that glance had sufficed to show her that Poldi Wolfsberg was not among them.

Another figure had, however, meanwhile risen, and detaching it-

self from the group at the coffee-house, was making its way towards them. It was Colonel Farkas, who, having caught sight of Gold Riki, had eagerly grasped at this welcome opportunity of greeting his idol, and who, leaving his cup of *café noir* untasted, was hurrying after the party as fast as his heavy-cloth mantle and cumbersome cavalry sword would permit of.

The noise made by the clanking spurs ringing over the pavement caused the Baroness to stop again and welcome this new addition to their party.

"We are just on our way to the museum, Colonel," she explained. "Perhaps you would care to come with us?"

The Colonel, requiring no second invitation, promptly expressed the most enthusiastic interest on the subject of museums in general and of the Salzburg museum in particular.

"I was just thinking of going there this very afternoon," he concluded mendaciously, blushing like a schoolboy of sixteen, "only — only I did not know the way."

Colonel Farkas was a small stout man, aged about forty-six, on whom nature, perhaps by way of compensation for the premature baldness by which cavalry soldiers are so often afflicted, had bestowed a luxuriant supply of hair upon other more unusual parts of the person. Thus the full dark beard slightly mixed with grey, covering both jaws and chin, and rising up to meet the long sweeping moustache, was dense and close-grown as the coat of a water-spaniel; and his hands and wrists, whenever seen divested of the white military gloves which he mostly wore, were dark and hairy almost as a gorilla's paw. Heavy bristling brows overshadowed his eyes, and gave to his face when in repose a singularly stern and almost forbidding expres-

sion ; and even the ears, which, like the rest of his complexion, had been tanned by long years of exposure to wind and weather to a uniform tint of deep red bronze, were likewise adorned by occasional hairy tufts nestling within the ear-curves like the undergrowth of weeds in the furrows of a stubble-field which have escaped the reaper's sickle. But the eyes which looked out from under those heavy brows were steady and remarkably open in expression, and there was in his whole mien and gait a certain dignified self-reliance and innate authority, which effectually counteracted any sense of absurdity which might otherwise have been conveyed by his physical peculiarities.

They had now turned into the narrow Getreide Gasse, and Riki, leading the way with her swarthy admirer, was listening rather languidly to his ponderous conversation, when of a sudden her heart gave a great leap of joy at sight of a figure on the opposite side of the street. Poldi Wolfsberg, with the collar of his military cloak drawn up high above the ears, and a parcel of papers under his arm, was advancing in their direction, looking neither to the right nor the left, and walking with a certain appearance of haste. Would he go by this time as well without a word of greeting ? she asked herself anxiously.

Such apparently had been Baron Wolfsberg's original intention, and he was about to pass on with only a brief salute, when the sight of his colonel walking alongside of Comtesse Riki, and almost screened from view by her large umbrella, caused him to change his mind abruptly. In the next moment he had crossed the street.

"I was just on my way to you, Colonel," he said, accosting that officer and pointing to the papers he carried under his arm. "The

midday post brought me an urgent letter from my cousin Leo along with these papers, regarding his admittance into the Teutonic Order. The application will require to be signed and countersigned by the regiment before it can be formally presented at headquarters."

The Colonel, thus interrupted at the very outset of conversation with the object of his admiration, turned round in some annoyance.

"Bring the papers with you to Rapport to-morrow morning," he replied shortly, glancing with marked disfavour at his handsome young adjutant. "You know that I do not transact regimental business in the afternoon."

"Excuse me, *Herr Oberst*," pleaded the young man, "but this is a case of special urgency, Leo writes. There are so many applications for the place in question that a day or two may make all the difference of success or of failure. If these papers are signed this afternoon they can be in Vienna by to-morrow morning."

"Very well," conceded the Colonel half grudgingly, "you can drop the papers at my room in passing, and call again at five o'clock. I shall be at home by that time."

He had already made a movement as though to pass on, but his desire to get rid of the young man was so evident as to arouse within the latter that innate spirit of rivalry which slumbers in each male breast wherever a woman is concerned. A minute ago he had been telling himself that his only course henceforth as a man of honour was to avoid Comtesse Riki so far as lay in his power ; yet now that he found himself standing between her and another man who was professedly her admirer, this did not seem so easy as it had been in theory. Moreover, the day was wet and gloomy, and the prospect of any diversion, be it never so

slight, was to him as welcome as bread to a hungry man; so that when Riki Giffingen, who up to this moment had stood a little apart on the sloppy pavement, with eloquent eyes but silent lips, now unclosed

them to say in a timid pleading tone of voice, "Will you not come with us, Baron Wolfsberg, if you have nothing better to do?" his assent was an almost foregone conclusion.

CHAPTER XII.—PLAYING WITH EDGED TOOLS.

To average mortals who can lay no claim to scientific knowledge or profound erudition, a visit to a museum is mostly fraught with weariness unspeakable, to mind and body. It is a species of civilised penance, a sort of homage due to science which each of us is called upon to render from time to time, and as a mendacious external protest against the genuine internal frivolity which each of us would gladly mask from the eyes of our fellow-creatures. We feel it to be incumbent on us on certain given occasions to feign an absorbing interest in the night-caps and boot-jacks employed by our ancestors, or in the cooking utensils of long-vanished nations; while in reality, if we would only be candid with ourselves, it is a matter of profoundest indifference to us whether our forefathers in the middle ages possessed either boots, or boot-jacks wherewith to pull them off, or if the ancient Etruscans prepared their food within stone or iron vessels. We are not all born archæologists whose hearts leap up at sight of a rusty kitchen-spit or a broken candlestick; and, humiliating as it is to confess, there are yet many of us who can gaze absolutely unmoved upon the most complete assortment of lachrymaries or funeral urns.

Our pitiful lack of imagination is no doubt to blame for this callous indifference on a subject so replete with interest; our dormant fancy fails to supply any vivifying link

between the dead piece of stone or iron we see before us, and an actual living past when the men or women to whom it once belonged thought and spoke, laughed or wept, as we are doing to-day. Dull-eyed we gaze on a funeral urn numbered 524, and no picture rises up before us of a fair young Roman widow, attired in flowing peplum and jewelled cestus, following to their last resting-place the mortal remains of her hero. The long rows of barbed arrows enclosed within glass cases suggest to us no thoughts of the deadly wounds they have inflicted; no dark fiery eyes seem to peep out at us from the closed visor of yonder steel helmet; and even scores upon scores of ancient harps and spinnets are incapable of conveying to our ear the faintest echo of the music of bygone days. Bewildered by the amount of curiosities we are called upon to admire, and stupefied by the scientific pedantry of all the arrangements, we wander apathetically through rooms and galleries, glancing at our watches surreptitiously, secretly wishing that the ordeal were at an end, but not daring to curtail it for very shame, lest we should be debased in the opinion of our companions.

The deceased director of the Salzburg Museum, a Swiss painter of the name of Schiffmann, must surely have been endowed with extraordinary knowledge of human nature, for of the many such collections which it has been our misfortune to be obliged to view, this

one alone had the gift of rousing our dormant imagination, and of appealing to our dullard intellect in clear comprehensive fashion. Disdaining the conventional pedantry of his many predecessors, Herr Schiffmann has given us here a series of little pictures of old German interiors which, combining archaeological accuracy with true artistic feeling, serve better to make us realise the life of other days than pages of printed description. Thus we are first shown into the medieval hunting-chamber of a German knight, where everything breathes the very spirit of chivalry and chase: cunningly wrought fire-locks of obsolete shape and make hang grouped upon the wainscoted walls, along with silver-hilted cutlasses and quaintly inlaid ivory powder-flasks, while huge branching antlers of elk or stag peep out at us from shady corners; and as we gaze around us upon these tokens of a vanished period, the room seems to grow alive with the phantom figures of a Sintram or a Siegfried, while outside the crisp autumn air is reverberating with the deep-toned bay of large mottled hounds, and the joyous fanfare of a hunting-horn. Other chambers suggest to us the presence of stately German dames whose deft fingers have wrought the curious embroideries which adorn table-covers and pillow-slips, or of rosy-cheeked maidens with tresses as fair as the flax they are spinning, plying the distaff under the eye of their vigilant mistress.

Here, near the large four-poster canopy bed, stands a carved ebony cradle complete in every detail, and which seems to have been prepared but now to receive a quaintly swaddled new-born infant; while yonder we stray into a spacious kitchen whose blue-tiled stove and burnished copper vessels arouse appetising visions of spiced boar's

head and roasted peacock to be presently served in the adjoining dining-room, on whose massive sideboard stand ranged old faïence plates and dishes beside huge pewter flagons inscribed with curious rhymes and mottoes.

Phemie Dalrymple, who had hitherto been shown few sights of any kind, and for whom everything she saw had the attraction of novelty, often lingered behind the others in order more closely to examine some unfamiliar object, some quaint piece of carving or pottery, that had struck her eye. One corner in particular appealed to her fancy; and once, while the rest of the party were congregated in the medieval kitchen laughing and joking over the clumsy shapes of the pots and pans, she stole back again unobserved in order to have a second look at the place.

It was a little bow window, which, raised by a single step above the level of the rest of the room, formed a deep niche in the wall. The whole furniture of this little nook consisted of a high-backed tapestry chair and a spinning-wheel, on whose distaff the dangling piece of flaxen thread was apparently waiting to be taken up again by fingers that had long since turned to dust. The small octagonal glass panes set in the casement served to enhance the illusion of the scene by excluding all view from without; while overhead, from a cross-beam in the ceiling, there dangled an eccentric chandelier—the weird figure of a witch, whose body resolved itself into a fish's tail, while in her outstretched arms she held aloft the counterfeits of flaming torches which fulfilled the mission of candlesticks.

Finding herself here alone and undisturbed—for there were no other visitors to the museum that afternoon—Phemie ascended the step and sat down on the tapes-

tried chair. She had never seen a real spinning-wheel before, for in the cottages about Laird's Hill which she had occasionally visited, the modern sewing-machine was already beginning to assert its supremacy over more obsolete forms of the workwoman's craft. The temptation to try her fingers upon this fascinating implement was too great to be resisted; so hastily removing her hat and gloves, Phemie drew the spinning-wheel towards her, and as she did so all sorts of fantastically coloured thoughts began to flit through her brain. Which had been the last hands that had set this wheel in motion? she wondered, when with some little difficulty she had at last succeeded in getting the wheel to turn. Some German maiden, presumably called Elfrida or Hildegard, who had lived in a room just like this one, and who had been loved by some stalwart knight like those whose portraits hung on the wall. What had been her fate? she mused on. Had she been a happy bride—a blissful wife and mother? or else had her life been as beset with difficulties and obstacles as the knotted uneven thread which, despite Phemie's utmost efforts, was all she could succeed in producing? Perhaps Elfrida's—for by this time the imaginary German damsel had already assumed a distinct personality in Phemie's brain—perhaps Elfrida's lover had been a knight who had gone to the Crusades, and had there learnt to forget his poor sweetheart for some dark-eyed Turkish maiden like Gulema in Sir Walter Scott's ballad of the "Fire King"; while meanwhile poor Elfrida was sitting at home spinning away from morning to night at the thread for her bridal clothes, gazing out of the atticed casement with sad longing eyes in hopes of spying on the horizon the figure of her recreant

lover—waiting, ever waiting, for something that never came. Then one day, perhaps, when hope was long since dead, poor Elfrida's wasted form would be found cold and stiff by the window, with her lifeless fingers still holding the piece of thread that had broken off simultaneously with her life. It was Phemie's own unskilled fingers that had given this last turn to her day-dream by snapping in twain the thin flaxen filament; and as she now repaired the damage and began to spin again, a new train of thought accompanied the revolving wheel. No, Elfrida must not die: that would be too sad a termination of the story. Her lover would come back to her from the wars, faithful and true, and covered with glory. He would appear before her some day quite unexpectedly, and would clasp her in his mailed arms, and tell her that those reports of his faithlessness had been false. What would he be like? she wondered. Would he resemble any of those grim old knights whose portraits hung on the walls? She passed them all successively in review, but none of them seemed precisely to hit off her preconceived notion of what the fair Elfrida's lover should have resembled; and groping about for a suitable figure, some trick of fancy suddenly conjured up the features of Mr Hamilton before her mental vision.

"Oh no—not he!" she exclaimed half aloud, startled out of her dream on realising the direction her thoughts had taken unawares, while a flood of guilty colour spread over cheek and brow, just as though she had been secretly identifying herself with the fictitious German maiden whose story she was weaving. "Not at all like Mr Hamilton, of course," she repeated to herself more composedly, as she resumed her spinning, "for he is

not a German. Elfrida's lover must have blue eyes and fair hair, and be slim and graceful—like—like Baron Wolfsberg, for instance, —only he doesn't quite look the right thing either, for he is always laughing and joking, and never seems to be serious for a moment. I wonder if he will marry Comtesse Riki, and if they will be happy? She seems to love him very much. I can see it in her face, for whenever she looks at him her eyes light up like a pair of forget-me-nots on fire. I wonder what she can see in him to be so much in love? He is very handsome, to be sure; but that would not be sufficient for me. A man must be something more than merely handsome."

Meanwhile Phemie's absence was beginning to be remarked by the rest of the party.

"Where can she have strayed to, I wonder?" said Baroness Gabelstein, looking at her watch, and calculating that she would just have time to reconduct Phemie and Chrissy to the hotel of the Golden Ship before the afternoon coffee would be served at Countess Giffingen's. "We must make haste, for we have still the hall of armoury to inspect."

"Phemie is so terribly absent-minded," explained Chrissy, apologetically, "that she has probably forgotten all about our existence, and has gone off into one of her usual day-dreams. She will sometimes sit for hours and hours in broad daylight, with her eyes fixed upon vacancy, and fancying all sorts of ridiculous things that never come into other people's heads. I should not wonder if she had got into one of those large inlaid oak chests, like the girl in the 'Mistle-toe Bough,' just to see what it felt like."

"Dear me!" said Riki Giffingen, with a well-assumed appearance of concern, and perceiving here a

favourable opportunity of continuing the *tête-à-tête* conversation into which she had skilfully contrived to draw Baron Wolfsberg, much to the Colonel's annoyance, who, finding himself thus relegated to the unenviable position of Baroness Gabelstein's companion, was regarding a row of old German saucepans with as heavy a frown as though they had been as many ill-disciplined recruits. "You don't say so! Why, then, we must look for her directly, in case she has been beguiled into any such pitfall. Come, Baron Wolfsberg, you must help me to raise the lid of every one of those heavy coffers till we find the vanished princess."

"Or perhaps she has gone to sleep, like Dornröschen in the fairy tale," suggested Baron Wolfsberg, as he followed Riki into the next apartment. "The little Engländerin never looks more than half-awake at any rate, and we shall probably find her reposing on one of those old embroidered couches with her limbs bound fast by spider-webs and the dust of a hundred years settled round her."

"In which case you might possibly care to act the part of the fairy prince in awakening her," suggested Riki, coquettishly, as she glanced up at her companion.

They were bending together over a carved oak-chest, whose lid Poldi Wolfsberg was cautiously raising with a look of mock terror on his face, just as though he expected to see a young dragon, or at the very least a boa-constrictor, issue from within. Their heads happened to be in very close proximity at this moment, and as Riki—accidentally perhaps—put up her hand to assist in steadying the heavy lid, her fingers came in contact with those of the young man.

"You know quite well that there is only one person whom I would care to waken in that fashion," he

murmured very low into her ear; and then in the next moment, he hardly knew how, for it seemed to have come without any premeditation on his part, their lips had met, and having once met, were in no great haste to part again.

It was the man who first recovered his presence of mind sufficiently to cast an anxious—almost a scared—glance round the room, to see whether any indiscreet eye had been witness of the little episode; for Riki, whose heart was throbbing with a blissful consciousness of victory, was still lost to all prudential considerations.

“Good gracious!” now whispered Poldi Wolfsberg in accents of serious alarm, “we are not alone. I wonder if she has seen us?”

Following the direction of his glance, Riki looked up and saw “*die kleine Engländerin*,” as Poldi half contemptuously had been calling her just now, sitting at the spinning-wheel, her delicate figure clearly defined against the latticed window, and framed in becomingly by the rich brown hue of the surrounding beams. Her head was turned towards them, but the clear hazel eyes that were fixed so immovably in their direction looked blank and unseeing.

Poldi Wolfsberg now let fall the lid of the heavy coffer with a loud thud, which caused Phemie to start to her feet, confusedly asking herself where the dream had ended and the reality begun.

“Gretchen at the spinning-wheel!” exclaimed Poldi, advancing to meet her, and gladly grasping at the diversion thus suggested; for when you have just been accidentally beguiled into surreptitiously kissing a young lady whom you do not intend to marry, what to do next becomes a matter for the very nicest consideration.

“I—I was only trying to make the wheel go,” stammered Phemie,

hastily resuming her hat and gloves, and feeling far more confused and embarrassed by what she had seen or fancied than the principal actors in the drama, “but I cannot manage it rightly. See how broken and uneven my thread has got!”

“It is my opinion that all young ladies should be made to learn spinning,” said Poldi, looking at Phemie more attentively than he had hitherto done. “You have no notion what a tremendously becoming occupation it is. You looked just now as if you belonged to the museum, and had always been intended by nature to live in an old-fashioned German Erker-chamber. It is exactly the frame that suits you.”

Phemie, who had but imperfectly understood the words, coloured up nevertheless under the manifest compliment, which was more distinctly conveyed by tone and glance than by language; but Riki, conscious of a slight jarring note which had already crept into her new-found happiness, now hastily put in with a rather artificial laugh—

“What a dreadful notion, Baron Wolfsberg! Fancy sitting all one’s life on one of those uncomfortable high-backed chairs! It makes one’s back positively ache merely to think of it! Come, let us join the others. It is nearly time for *Jause*, and good Baroness Gabelstein will of course be getting into a fidget for fear of missing her cup of coffee.”

They found the rest of the party waiting for them in the large vaulted hall, hung round with arms of all descriptions—curiously shaped Turkish scimitars and ponderous battleaxes, obsolete matchlocks, rusty halberds, and suchlike. Colonel Farkas had just taken down a formidable-looking glaive from the wall, and was testing the sharpness of its blade with the air of a connoisseur.

"This is the old executioner's sword," he explained to the others, with somewhat pompous pedantry. "The last occasion on which it was used was in 1817, as the catalogue informs us."

"A real executioner's sword!" exclaimed Chrissy, eagerly, putting up her hand to touch the steel. "Oh, how interesting! Just look, Phemie; isn't it too delightfully horrible?"

"There are some words engraved on the blade," said Phemie, drawing nearer.

"Wer findet eh's verloren wird,
Und kauft eh's feil wird,
Der stirbt eh er kranck wird,"

read Baroness Gabelstein aloud.

"And what does that mean?"

"He that finds what is not lost, and buys what is not sold, shall die without being ill," translated Riki Giffingen.

"What a pity it is that Herr Schiffmann has not had the inspiration to arrange this room in the same realistic fashion as the other apartments," said Baron Wolfsberg, reflectively. "There would have been a splendid field here for artistic composition. Only fancy what an effective scene it would have made if, for instance, a gory block had been placed in the centre of the room, and the victim's head, freshly detached from the trunk, were to be seen gracefully reposing in the sawdust alongside."

The ladies all protested in horror; but Colonel Farkas, apparently relishing the suggestion, took up the idea with a sort of grim humour.

"I am willing to play the part of executioner if you can produce a victim," he said, wielding the heavy blade with one arm as easily as though he had been handling a light paper-cutter.

"Here I am at your service, *Herr Oberst*," said Poldi, stepping forward readily, and looking round at

the audience with a bewitching expression of mock resignation in his laughing blue eyes. "But if I am to be executed, you must first invent a crime for me, or I cannot else feel properly penetrated with my rôle of penitent sinner."

"We leave the choice of crimes to your own fertile imagination," said Baroness Gabelstein, magnanimously. "You have the whole ten commandments to choose from; only be quick about it, and make up your mind rapidly as to whether it be your neighbour's ass or ox, his house or his wife, that you have appropriated."

"His wife, then!" exclaimed Poldi, dropping gracefully on one knee before his impromptu executioner. "If I am to part with my life, let it be for the sake of a lady, by all means."

Every one laughed while Colonel Farkas, swinging the heavy weapon aloft, executed a series of flourishes in the air, perilously near to the pretended victim's head, with truly ghastly dexterity; but Riki Giffingen turned suddenly very pale, and clutched hold of a neighbouring pillar as though to keep herself from falling. Somehow this vision of her lover's head in such close proximity to the awful blade was too realistic for her taste, and Colonel Farkas, with his heavy brows drawn together in a portentous frown, and a concentrated expression of cruel determination on his dark and hairy face, might well have stood model for a medieval executioner.

If Poldi Wolfsberg had chanced to glance in her direction, he might at that moment have realised that what was play to him was no less than death to her; but, all-absorbed in the part he was acting, he saw nothing, and Phemie Dalrymple alone, who required no such further enlightenment, had happened to notice Comtesse Riki's emotion.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE EDGE OF THE WHIRLPOOL.

A few days after that visit to the museum the three Dalrymples were thrown into a considerable flutter by a startling suggestion made to them by Baroness Gabelstein, who had as usual dropped in obligingly to luncheon, just in order to see, as she expressed herself, whether the *Paprika Huhn* which she had suggested as a suitable luncheon-dish was rightly prepared, and if the second course of *Salzburger Nockerl* were not over-sweet to suit an English palate.

The proposition with which she had arrived primed on this occasion, as a sort of equivalent for her share in the meal, and which effectually banished Phemie's appetite by its audacity, was in fact nothing more nor less than a query as to whether Mr Dalrymple, along with his eldest daughter, would be inclined to attend the Archduke's garden-party on the following Thursday.

"But I have not even been presented to his Imperial Highness, so how on earth does he happen to wish to invite me?" exclaimed Mr Dalrymple, regarding the lady with blank stupefaction.

"And I have never been to a party in my life!" protested Phemie, who, on realising that Baroness Gabelstein was indeed speaking in sober earnest, had promptly laid down her knife and fork, and pushed away her plateful of *Paprika Huhn* untasted.

"Oh, that is nothing," said Baroness Gabelstein, airily. "Only leave me to manage, and I will arrange everything for you. Of course the Archduke does not know of your existence at the present moment, but the day after tomorrow he will graciously desire to receive you *en audience*, and before Thursday next there shall come a printed invitation-card to

say that his pleasure it is you should with your daughter the garden-party attend."

These garden-parties at Klesheim, the summer residence of his Imperial Highness, were one of the principal features of Salzburg society at the time of which I write, and usually took place on alternate Thursdays throughout the summer season. To these receptions, which in fine weather were held in the Klesheim gardens, but on rainy days inside the castle, the Salzburg *habitués* used to receive a general invitation, including the whole series of entertainments; but likewise passing travellers who were staying at Salzburg on a flying visit had sometimes a chance of enjoying the Archduke's hospitality, if they were lucky enough to claim acquaintance with any member of his little Court.

Baroness Gabelstein now went on to explain that a grand charity concert was to be held at the Cursalon next day, at which, as she happened to be informed, Count Schimpffen, the Archduke's chamberlain, was to be present along with his wife and daughter. Nothing, therefore, could be simpler and more appropriate than for Mr Dalrymple to take tickets for himself and his girls, and during some pause in the music it would be quite easy to effect his introduction to Count and Countess Schimpffen through some competent mutual acquaintance. The audience with the Archduke would therefore follow as a natural sequence of the concert, and the invitation to the garden-party would be the crowning link in the chain of events.

Mr Dalrymple, having once recovered from the first stupefaction into which Baroness Gabelstein's suggestion had thrown him, felt,

strange to say, decidedly fascinated by the idea. To be sure, the prospect of an *audience* with an Imperial Highness, who might possibly insist on speaking French to him, was rather appalling; but then, again, the chance of an invitation to an Austrian Archducal party was not a thing likely to come in his way a second time in life, and it might be a pity to refuse. How he wished Lady Lauriston were here to advise him what to do! What would she say? he wondered; and then suddenly he recollected her once having said to him, when the journey to Bavaria had first been proposed, that to have been abroad was a great advantage to a girl, as it gave her something to talk about when she went into society. Why, if only looked upon in that light, what more brilliant topic of conversation could be found for any girl than the description of an Archducal party at which she had had the honour to assist? Yes, decidedly he would be a fool to refuse to take advantage of Baroness Gabelstein's obliging proposition.

"But I have never been to a real party before," said Phemie, reverting to her original objection to the scheme, and looking seriously dismayed as she saw that her father was on the point of signifying his consent. "I have not been to a single party yet in my life."

"But you nearly went to the yeomanry ball," said Chrissy, sagely, "and of course you will have to go to your first party some time or other, seeing that you cannot well begin by your second one. If it had not been for that stupid attack of measles, you would have been a come-out young lady nearly two months ago."

"But to go to a real live Archduke makes it seem so much worse! I should not at all know what to say or do."

"You will nothing need to do but to look sweet and pretty as you are looking just now, and to make your finest reverence to his Imperial Highness when you are to him presented. They are rather short of young ladies this time, as Countess Schimpffen was telling me, for they expect a good many officers to come from Linz and other places, as this is to be the last garden-party at Klesheim this season, so any pretty demoiselle will be welcomed gladly," said Baroness Gabelstein, reassuringly, as she drew on her gloves and prepared to sally forth and secure the concert tickets that were to pave the way to the Klesheim party. "I shall just drop in again this evening about your dinner-hour, the tickets to give over and my poor advice to offer about Mees Fimi's toilet for next Thursday."

Everything took place exactly as had been predicted by the energetic Baroness, except that, to Mr Dalrymple's considerable relief, he contrived to evade the dreaded ordeal of a previous personal presentation to the Archduke, —for as his Imperial Highness happened to be absent from Salzburg during the week that preceded the party, it had on this occasion sufficed, for the requirements of etiquette, simply for the gentleman to drive out to Klesheim one forenoon and there inscribe his name in the visitors' register kept at the castle lodge.

"Now you are in for it with a vengeance!" said Chrissy, as two days later a printed invitation-card for *Monsieur Dalrymple et Mademoiselle sa fille* was delivered at the Hotel Schiff by a servant in the Archducal livery.

"Chrissy, this is terrible," said Phemie, regarding the large square card with an expression of concentrated despair on her countenance. "Of course there is no pos-

sibility of escape now; but why did we ever come here at all? Why did papa ever make that sketch of the Obersee? But for that he would never have met Baroness Gabelstein again, and all this would not have happened. It feels just as if I had got into a whirlpool, and were being dragged by the current I know not where."

"It always feels like that," returned Chrissy, with an old-fashioned shake of the head. "When one begins a thing, one never knows how it will end."

"I almost wish we had gone to the Rhine instead of to Berchtesgaden. There are no archdukes at the Rhine."

"How do you know that you might not have come across worse things than archdukes at the Rhine? Robbers or cut-throats perhaps, or else something else might have happened. Perhaps you would have taken smallpox for a change, or else papa might have broken his leg: you never can tell what misfortunes you have escaped by coming here."

"It is quite misfortune enough to have to go to this party, where I shall not know a soul except Baroness Gabelstein and the Giftings," sighed Phemie.

"And Baron Wolfsberg."

"And Baron Wolfsberg, of course," said Phemie, indifferently; "but then he hardly counts, you see, for he doesn't speak English or French, and I have not yet screwed up my courage to speak to him in German, though I can understand him pretty well. And then, what on earth shall I talk about to all these people? and who knows whether my dress will be right?"

"How lucky it is, to be sure, that Russell had the inspiration to bring your ball dress: none of your other muslins would have been fresh enough for wearing. Let us have

another look at it, Phemie, and see if it requires any alteration."

The white crape dress was accordingly produced, and submitted to a critical revision on the part of both sisters, assisted by Baroness Gabelstein, who decided that, with merely the addition of a white lace fichu and sleeves to match, it would be the very thing,—for the invitation being for half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, the ladies were, of course, expected to appear in high dress.

"And those lovely *châtaigne* flowers!" exclaimed the Baroness, pouncing upon the hat-box containing the red horse-chestnut blossoms, and dragging one of the sprigs to the light of day. "Why, there are just of them sufficient a hat to garnish *à la Flora*, as they wear them in Vienna just now. Stay a little, and I will you show how fine it looks," and taking up Phemie's straw hat that was lying on the bed, she proceeded to arrange the flowers into a sort of large loose garland round the brim.

There were only five horse-chestnut sprigs contained in the hat-box, and when they had all been placed on the white straw hat, there still remained a little space where a sixth spray might advantageously have been placed.

"What pity!" exclaimed the Baroness, holding up her construction to be admired,—"what pity that you not one more flower have got, just to complete the garland!"

"But there must be another flower somewhere," said Phemie, diving her hand into the box, "for I remember quite well that there were six sprays charged for in the bill."

"So there were," said Chrissy; "but, dear me, did I never tell you that you dropped one of them on the staircase when you ran away in such a hurry? It was the day when

you were first taken ill, don't you know? just as Archie Lauriston and Mr Hamilton had arrived to luncheon."

"Yes, I remember—at least I remember running away when I saw the visitors, but I didn't know that I had dropped a flower. It has not been crushed, I hope? Did no—one pick it up?"

"Yes, some one picked it up."

"Well, then, if it was picked up it isn't lost," said Phemie. "Where did you put it? and why wasn't it packed along with the other flowers?"

"Some one picked it up," said Chrissy, mysteriously; "but then, you see, he didn't give it back."

"He? Who?"

"Mr Hamilton."

"Mr Hamilton picked up my flower?"

"Yes, and he refused to give it back to me when I asked him. He said that he would yield it up to no one but yourself."

"And you allowed him to take it away with him?—to steal my flower?"

"How could I prevent it? I couldn't exactly wrestle with him for it, you know. He meant to restore it to you at the Yeomanry ball, and said that he intended to keep it till then as a pledge of the three round-dances you had promised to give him."

"He took a most unwarrantable liberty," said Phemie, turning away to hide the blush which she could not entirely suppress.

CHAPTER XIV.—DAMENWAHL.

The capricious nature of the Salzburg climate was apt to cause a veil of gentle uncertainty, somewhat trying to those concerned, ever to hover about the Klesheim receptions, for as the ladies invited were given to understand that in fine weather they were to appear at five o'clock in *demie toilette*, whereas in case of rain they would not be expected till half-past eight in ball dress, it sometimes became a matter for the nicest discrimination to decide whether an afternoon upon which there had been only two showers and one thunderstorm was to be ranked as fine or the reverse.

On the particular day in question upon which it was decreed that Phemie was to make her formal entry into the world, the weather had been more than usually erratic and unaccountable. As there had been a slight half-hearted attempt at thunder in the night, succeeded by a showery morning, Russell had been ordered to unpick the white lace sleeves from out

the *crêpe* body; but towards three o'clock it unexpectedly cleared up again, and though there was still a heavy bank of clouds to be seen brooding over the Untersberg, and the air felt close and sultry, yet all further danger of rain seemed to be over for the day.

"Everybody is going at five o'clock," said Baroness Gabelstein, entering the girls' room like a whirlwind; "so make haste, my dear, and the sleeves in your dress replace. I shall be back again in an hour with the carriage to fetch you."

When Phemie, following closely in the wake of her chaperon, walked up the broad gravel-path, bordered by tall hollyhocks and flaunting dahlias, leading to the open space where the assembled guests were awaiting the Archduke's appearance amongst them, it seemed to her bewildered brain and short-sighted vision as though thousands upon thousands of gaily dressed

persons were crowded together here. Scarcely arrived on the spot, she was presented to various ladies, old and young, and called upon to bow or curtsy repeatedly; but everything was swimming before her eyes, and for some minutes she was absolutely incapable of distinguishing between dresses and uniforms and the masses of autumn flowers whose brilliancy they rivalled. Thus the pale pink dahlias rocking gently on their stalks looked almost like a row of fresh young girls nodding a smiling welcome to their newly arrived companion. Mauve ostrich feathers bore a curious resemblance to the many purple phloxes of precisely the same hue; it was almost impossible to discriminate orange nasturtiums or marigolds from the gold embroidery upon numerous uniforms; and once when about to curtsy to a particularly majestic-looking dowager attired in crimson brocade, Phemie checked herself just in time on realising that she was standing before a plant of dark-red hollyhock.

"The Archduke!" whispered Riki Giffingen, giving a warning tug to Phemie's gown; and then in the next moment, scarcely knowing what she was about, she had dropped a profound curtsy to what seemed to be a branch of pale-blue larkspur, which, detaching itself from a clump at the farther end of the gravel-walk, was advancing rapidly towards them, bowing suavely to right and left. She remembered nothing further but that the blue larkspur had come to a standstill just in front of her, and she had then heard Countess Schimpffen's voice saying, "Permit me to present Mademoiselle Dalrymple to your Imperial Highness;" and as she had looked up in bewilderment, the larkspur had resolved itself into a tall slender figure, with the high-bred features and world-weary look peculiar to

the Hapsburg family, attired in the blue uniform coat of an Austrian general.

The Archduke had said a few courteous words to her in French, to which she had stammered some sort of incoherent answer, and then he had passed on, leaving Phemie plunged in confusion, and feeling as if she had made a complete fool of herself.

As she looked up again, still blushing at her previous awkwardness, she met the eyes of Baron Wolfsberg, standing a few paces off amongst a group of officers, and regarding her—so at least it seemed to Phemie—with a certain grave, almost scrutinising, attention, very different from his usual expression of careless gaiety. His look was so peculiar that she could not help staring back in return, and then instinctively she bowed in English fashion, forgetting for the moment that in Austria it is the gentleman's place to salute the lady first. Instantaneously she recalled her mistake, and then coloured up again more deeply than before, as Baron Wolfsberg returned the salutation in a grave ceremonious fashion, almost as if he had failed to recognise her.

"I suppose it is my hat that makes me look different," said Phemie to herself; "but I wonder what is the matter with him to-day? I have never seen him look so serious before, nor—so—so handsome. Now I think I can understand what it is that Riki Giffingen sees in his face, and how very like he is to that picture of St George which hangs in the library at Laird's Hill. I wonder that the resemblance did not strike me before."

The sun, which had been shooting pale fitful gleams across the scene, was now suddenly obscured by a heavy cloud, and a loud thunder-peal close at hand broke in upon Phemie's reflections. In

the next minute a few large drops of rain came pattering down, striking consternation among the wearers of delicate gossamer fabrics and flower-trimmed hats. Instantaneously there was a general *sauve qui peut* in the direction of the castle, which was not reached a moment too soon, as could be seen by the large unsightly blotches already disfiguring more than one pale pink or lilac gown.

Coffee and cakes were now handed round, while the elders of the party settled down to gossip or scandal, and the younger ones to flirtation, of which there was no lack to-day, for almost all the officers from the smaller country stations of the cavalry regiment whose staff was quartered at Salzburg had come in for the day, and many there were who had travelled even greater distances in order to assist at the Archduke's last party.

Meanwhile the thunderstorm ran its course: flash upon flash of forked lightning was succeeded by peal upon peal of thunder, shaking the castle to the very foundations, and re-echoing in awful majesty from the adjacent mountains.

To the Salzburg natives such storms are a common experience, too habitual to excite much genuine emotion of any sort, although some few ladies endeavoured to make capital out of the present situation by a graceful and rather transparent assumption of nervousness. Thus it was considered to be interesting and becoming to utter a melodious little shriek from time to time, or to stop one's ears with a pretty gesture, whenever a flash had been particularly vivid or a thunder-peal abnormally loud.

To Phemie, however, who had never witnessed any thunderstorm whose violence at all resembled this one, the experience was novel and terrific. She sat quite still in the corner of the sofa where chance

had placed her, with face devoid of colour, twining her fingers in and out of each other with a convulsive gesture, and feeling inclined to cry but for the still greater fear of attracting attention and appearing ridiculous.

At last the storm abated, the lightning-flashes began to get rarer and fainter, and the thunder died away into a distant grumbling in the direction of the mountains; yet the rain continued to pour with steady persistence, precluding all further prospect of a return to the open air. The programme of the afternoon was therefore abruptly changed, and a band striking up in the gallery overhead announced to the guests that the garden-party was to wind up with an impromptu ball. Tables and chairs were removed as if by magic, hats and cloaks were laid aside with all possible speed, while each of the fair guests endeavoured to infuse some touch of additional elegance into her costume. All the mammas present were bustling about their offspring with fussy solicitude, smoothing rebellious locks, or adjusting loose knots of ribbon in more becoming fashion. Phemie alone stood a little apart from the others, feeling lonely and helpless, and wishing with all her heart that she was back again in her room at the hotel, till Baroness Gabelstein, catching sight of her isolated position, came up and assisted her in removing the white lace hat, whose flowers had already been somewhat damaged by the rain, and in settling the folds of the transparent fichu with fingers as deft as those of a trained lady's-maid.

"How you do look pale, my dear!" said the Baroness, regarding Phemie with a rather dissatisfied expression,—for, thus divested of the flower-trimmed hat, and without a single touch of colour to relieve the dead whiteness of her gown, she appeared

even slighter and more insignificant than she had previously done.

"It is that dreadful thunder," said Phemie, shuddering again at the mere recollection. "How can they all go on talking and laughing as if nothing had happened?"

The music now struck up one of those exquisite valse of Strauss which for vivacity and *verve* stand unrivalled in the world, and the Archduke leading the way with Princess Regenbach, a tall hectic-looking brunette, who appeared to consist chiefly of black eyes and coffee-coloured lace, opened the dance. Other couples followed in quick succession, and soon the ball was in full swing.

Baron Wolfsberg, at a sign from Baroness Gabelstein, now came up to Phemie and requested the honour of a tour; and as she laid her hand upon his arm with a little inward trepidation, she noticed that he again wore his usual expression of careless gaiety, and did not look at all like the picture of St George at Laird's Hill. What a very strange man he was, to be able to change his face like a chameleon, she thought to herself confusedly, as she was being whirled along by his skilful arm.

Other gentlemen were successively introduced to Phemie, and she danced again repeatedly, feeling grateful to the Austrian system of taking single tours, which obviated the necessity of much conversation between the parties. A few of the gentlemen could speak French more or less fluently, and for the impromptu cotillon which was rapidly organised Phemie found herself engaged to Prince Regenbach, a somewhat pompous elderly gentleman, who danced in a leisurely dignified fashion, and talked English in tolerably correct but somewhat Byronic style.

Phemie had not recovered her colour again since the thunderstorm,

and there was still a scared look in her eyes. She danced listlessly and apathetically, and altogether did not appear to advantage beside her more lively and experienced companions. The other girls looked at her compassionately or disdainfully, according as they happened to be good-natured or the reverse; the dowagers put up their eyeglasses and criticised her dress or her dancing, while the gentlemen merely danced with her from a sense of politeness and duty to their Imperial host. No, decidedly "*die kleine Engländerin*" was not a success, as Baroness Gabelstein felt with considerable mortification, for she had hoped to reap some reflected glory as the virtual chaperon of a pretty English girl. She felt almost angry with Phemie for the disappointment she was causing.

The cotillon was now approaching its termination, and after the usual figures had been gone through, a large basket of purple autumn crocuses, plucked from the meadows round the castle, was brought into the room. From this basket each gentleman now selected several little nosegays, which he hastened to offer to those ladies whom he desired specially to distinguish by his attention.

Many of the young ladies present received so many of these purple bunches that they were unable to clasp them in both hands, while Phemie received only two nosegays—one from her partner and one from Baron Wolfsberg, the latter of whom, she noted with some surprise, appeared to avoid Riki Giffingen that evening, dancing with her but at rare intervals, and dividing his attentions with scrupulous impartiality between the other young ladies of the party.

After the bouquets, a cushion stuck over with coloured bows was next carried round. These cockades, adorned with the Archduke's

monogram surmounted by the Imperial crown, were the favours with which the ladies were to reward those cavaliers from whom they had received nosegays. Some of the girls took half-a-dozen or even more of these cockades from off the cushion; but Phemie, who but imperfectly understood the meaning of the figure about to be executed, contented herself with a single knot of blue ribbon, and would gladly have been altogether excused from whatever ordeal might be impending.

"*Damenwahl!*" shouted the gentleman who acted as *arrangeur*, and instantaneously the ball-room was transformed into a scene of animated confusion. Like brilliant butterflies, white, pink, and blue, the girls shot to and fro, dispensing their favours with arch coquetry or playful badinage; while Phemie, who had risen to her feet as she saw the other ladies doing, stood hesitating with the blue cockade between her fingers, uncertain what she was expected to do with it.

Gilda Schimpffen, a good-natured brunette of twenty, dressed in a rather showy combination of scarlet foulard and fluttering black ribbons, who happened to be passing that way with her hands full of a second supply of coloured cockades, paused for a moment to exchange a few words with the shy-looking English girl who seemed to be deriving such small enjoyment from the party.

"You have not yet given away all your bows?" she said, addressing Phemie. "Make haste, for the valse will soon be coming to an end."

"But I don't know how to do it," replied Phemie, rather helplessly; "I have never danced a cotillon before. What am I to do with this piece of ribbon?"

"You are to give it to whichever of the gentlemen you like best, and

ask him to dance with you," returned Gilda, playfully.

"I—I am to ask a gentleman to dance with me?" said Phemie, opening her eyes very wide in horror at the idea.

"Of course—that is what we are all doing, don't you see?" and at that moment catching sight of a tenth or a twelfth gentleman to whom she owed a favour, Gilda was off like a flash of scarlet lightning to another part of the ball-room.

Phemie, peering shortsightedly into the crowd of strangers around her, in hopes of discovering some half-familiar face to whom she might offer her blue cockade, suddenly caught sight of Baron Wolfsberg leaning in a doorway at the other side of the room, not taking part in the dance, but regarding the scene with the same expression of grave attention which had struck her so strangely an hour or two previously in the garden. Yes, she would give him her blue cockade and ask him to dance with her, thought Phemie, with a feeling akin to relief, for she now remembered that he had given her one of the two purple nosegays which she had stuck into the waistband of her white dress; and of all the gentlemen with whom she had danced that evening, his face was the least unfamiliar.

Mustering, therefore, all her courage with a supreme effort, and repeating to herself the words of the German phrase she had carefully rehearsed for the occasion, Phemie crossed the room till she had reached the doorway where Baron Wolfsberg was standing among a group of other hussar officers; and then, holding out the knot of blue ribbon for the young man's acceptance, and with her clear hazel eyes raised full to his, she said to him—

"*Willst Du mit mir tanzen?*"

A HAKKA MAIDEN'S LOVE-DITTY.

LONG, my love, I followed, to the fifth milestone ;
 Followed to the tenth mile, " Leave me not alone,
 Leave me not lonely, thine am I only,—
 How canst thou sever from me, Long, mine own ! "

LONG, my love, I followed, to the green grass hill,
 By went one who mocked me, laughing, laughing shrill,
 " Jack is a lover, the wide world over,
 But here is a Jack that is woo'd by his Jill ! "

LONG, my love, I followed. 'Neath the city gate
 Kissed his cheek, and pressed his hand, and struggled with my fate ;
 Prayed that the Tái-fung, swept across the offing,
 Winter-through might keep thee, Long, beside thy mate.

LONG, my love, I followed. On the bridge of Chau Chu Fu
 The railing shook beneath me, as thy boat passed through ;
 Sadly the river whispereth that never,
 Never shall I see thy face, Long, my love, anew.

The following is a specimen stanza (the second) of the original :—

Sung Long, sung tau, tsyang tshau po,
 Lu shong hang nyen, syau ho ho !
 " Chit yu a ko sung lai moi,
 Na ya moi tz sung tshin ko ! "

E. A. IRVING.

KA-YIN-CHU,
 11th November 1894.

THE NAVAL WAR IN THE EAST.

THERE is no doubt that very early in 1894, if not previously, Japan had deliberately decided—unless, indeed, China should make the most unexpected and even unheard-of concessions—to settle her long-standing disputes with that Power by means of the sword. It seems to have been felt at Tokio, as it was felt at Florence in 1855, that no reconstructed nation can hope to mount to its just place among the peoples of the world by peaceful steps alone, and that, to make itself fully respected by its compeers, it must also distinguish itself in war. A feeling of this kind is regrettable, and may be quite unfounded; but it is certainly a natural feeling. The ambition would, nevertheless, have been a foolish one for Japan to entertain if her marvellous new civilisation of barely thirty years' growth had not been of a character much more perfect and more deep than the West suspected. China, though rotten, was immense. The war would be necessarily to a large extent a naval one, and China possessed a fleet which, at least on paper, looked nearly as powerful as that of Japan, and which, moreover, had the advantages of having been long trained by Europeans,¹ and of still counting a certain number of Europeans among its officers. But, although the world in general may have mistrusted Japan's ability to make good her pretensions by force, particularly at sea, Japan herself was under no sort of misapprehension. She knew her power exactly, and when, without the smallest fuss or confusion, she began to

develop it, she surprised even her greatest admirers,—among whom I may include myself. I had witnessed the discipline, cleanliness, and good order of a modern Japanese man-of-war; but not many of those who knew much more than I could know of the Japanese navy and of its organisation quite suspected the truth of which Japan was proudly conscious. For some years I have been in correspondence with naval officers of all ranks and of many nationalities serving upon the station. Most of them, I admit, when war seemed probable, praised the condition of the Japanese fleet and the ability of its officers, yet nearly all of them added a number of significant "buts." "The Japanese are brilliant," said one, "but their brilliancy will burn out quickly. They are no stayers." "The Japanese are brave," wrote another, "but they lack experience." "The Japanese have done wonders," declared a third, "but they cannot yet do without European officers." "The men and the younger officers," asserted a fourth, "are excellent, but their admirals are not of the right stuff." The greatest believer in the Japanese seems—and it is only fair to confess it—to have been Captain John Ingles, R.N., who, as their late naval adviser, had enjoyed unrivalled opportunities for estimating their true worth.

As soon, however, as the Japanese began to take action—war being still undeclared—most of the competent observers on the spot perceived pretty clearly what was about to happen. Commander

¹ Japan had for some little time ceased to employ any but native officers.

Graf von Baudissin, of the German corvette *Iltis*, writing from Chemulpo in the early days of July, when hostilities had not commenced, reported to his Government:—

"How and when these questions will be solved, and in whose favour, cannot at present be prognosticated; but I suspect that China will bitterly repent having so long and so completely neglected to receive the culture of the West, seeing that little modernised Japan, thanks to her numerous railways and her well-commanded fast steamers, is in a position to assemble in the shortest time and in sufficient strength a well-organised and thoroughly well-trained mass of troops, and to despatch it to the theatre of war with such celerity that China, the sleeping giant, as she is rightly termed, will stand almost unarmed before her. The troops in camp here at Chemulpo and at Seoul, and their equipments, guns, horses, &c., convey a very favourable and warlike impression. The men arriving in steam-transports were quickly and quietly disembarked in the most admirable way by means of boats and hired *prahms*. . . . The troops bring with them from Japan the modest provisions which they need: from time to time other ships regularly arrive to replenish these stores of provisions and the coal for the squadron of war-vessels; and thus the occupied territory is in no manner oppressed by the Japanese, nor is there a single known case of the people having in any way whatsoever been ill-treated by the soldiers. Whether Japan be right or wrong upon the Korean question, her energetic motions, and the astonishing development of her fighting machinery, as shown in this occupation of Korea, must certainly do much to attract to her side the sympathies of the unprejudiced."

War was not declared until August 1; but before that date, ashore as well as afloat, hostile actions were committed by both sides. I shall not concern myself

with the operations on land. Much more interesting have been the operations at sea—firstly, because the naval material of both combatants in the present strife is tolerably modern; and secondly, because the naval events of the past few months have thrown a great flood of light upon numerous questions which, if previously they were not in entire darkness, were at least in so much vagueness of gloom that there was no consensus of opinion concerning them.

The most important event before the formal outbreak of war took place on July 25, when at Chemulpo heavy firing was heard to seaward. Three Japanese war-vessels, which had been anchored in the roads, weighed, and steamed in the supposed direction of the engagement. Neither on that day, nor on the following one, did they return, and not until the 27th, when a little steamer arrived from Wei-hai-wei, was anything known at Chemulpo as to what had occurred. Even then it was only known that on the forenoon of the 25th, about fifty miles south-west of Chemulpo there had been a naval engagement, and that a steamer bearing the British flag had been sunk by Japanese gun-fire. The rumour went that seven Europeans, including Herr von Hanneken, formerly a Prussian officer, had perished.

On the following day the commander of the Russian cruiser *Koreetz* announced his intention of sending to Asan, close to the scene of hostilities, one of his large boats in order to ascertain what had happened. He kindly invited the commanders of each of the other war-ships present to send an officer with his expedition: and at once Commander Rogers, of H.M.S. *Archer*, and Commander Graf von Baudissin, of the *Iltis*, gladly ac-

cepted the opportunity. Scarcely had the boat departed ere Herr von Hanneken, who had been reported dead, together with six Chinese survivors of the sunken vessel, arrived in a Korean sailing-boat. Herr von Hanneken's account, subsequently sworn to before the British Consul, was substantially as follows:—

The steamer *Kow Shing* left Taku on July 23, with 1220 men and twelve guns, as well as small-arms and ammunition, on board, and, on the morning of July 25, sighted the islands of the Korean Archipelago lying off Prince Jerome Gulf. At that time, on the port side, was seen a large war-ship, steaming rapidly westward in the general direction of Port Arthur, and apparently resembling the Chinese battle-ship *Chen Yuen*. She passed, and was not again sighted. At about 7 A.M., on the starboard side, was seen a vessel under sail, heading towards Chemulpo in such a manner that, if she kept on her course, she must cross that of the *Kow Shing* as the latter steered for Asan. At about 8 A.M., a large man-of-war was discovered coming out from behind the island of Hsutan, and ten minutes later a second was seen, then a third, and then a fourth. So far as could be judged from the *Kow Shing*, all were big ironclads. Towards 9 A.M. it could be distinguished that the nearest vessel flew the Japanese ensign, with a white flag above it. She rapidly approached the *Kow Shing*, and, passing, saluted her by dipping her ensign. At that moment the four Japanese vessels, heading almost west, were nearly in line abreast, and the *Kow*

Shing, heading in the opposite direction, was in line with them, between the most northerly one (the one with the white flag) and her next abeam. The vessel which had been previously observed under sail, and which was later known to be the Chinese despatch-boat *Tsen Chieng*,¹ had turned, and was farther to the westward, heading for Wei-hai-wei. It looked as if the Japanese meant no harm to the *Kow Shing*, but were in chase of the despatch-boat. The Japanese, in fact, continued their course, tailing out somewhat, until suddenly the vessel (she was the *Naniwa*) which had passed the *Kow Shing* on the latter's starboard hand hoisted a signal and fired two blank shots at the British steamer as an injunction to stop and drop anchor. This injunction was obeyed. The next signal was, "Remain where you are or take the consequences." The war-ship in question then went round to port, and approached in turn the two war-ships, which, in the first instant, had been in line with her on her port hand. The three vessels appeared to hold converse by means of the semaphore. Presently the *Naniwa* circled, and, with all her guns cleared, loaded, and aimed, steamed to within about a quarter of a mile from the *Kow Shing*, and lowered a boat. In the meantime the commanders of the Chinese troops in the transport begged Herr von Hanneken to inform the captain that they would rather go down where they were than be taken prisoners. They were greatly excited, and Herr von Hanneken with difficulty calmed them, and made them understand how important it was to

¹ The German version of Herr von Hanneken's account spells the name thus, but it is given by the Hong-Kong correspondent of the 'Times' as Tsao Kiang. I cannot with certainty identify her.

maintain order. He then communicated to Captain Galsworthy, of the *Kow Shing*, what he had heard. The Japanese boat having come alongside, several officers from her boarded the *Kow Shing*. The men on the thwarts had rifles and cutlasses. The officers proceeded to the captain's cabin, looked at his papers, and saw the proofs that his was a British ship. They then politely asked him to follow the Japanese man-of-war. Captain Galsworthy and Herr von Hanneken had previously agreed to press that the ship should be allowed to return to Taku, whence she had sailed conscious of no declaration of war; but the Japanese seem to have given the captain no time or opportunity for discussion. In the meantime Herr von Hanneken, on deck, was doing his best to pacify the Chinese, and he only learnt the result of the conversation after the Japanese officers had quitted the ship. As soon as the news was conveyed to the Chinese commanders, they and their troops became violently excited, and with sword and rifle threatened the captain, the crew, and all the Europeans on board in case any one should dare to order the anchor to be weighed. Again Herr von Hanneken had to intervene. He suggested to the captain to signal requesting the boat to return. This signal was made, the boat came back, and Herr von Hanneken, who feared the consequences of the Japanese coming on board while the Chinese were so furious, himself went to the gangway. He explained that the captain's hands were tied, and that he was not in a position to obey the order, seeing that the troops on board would not permit him to do so. He therefore proposed to

return to the port whence he had come while yet there was no declaration of war. When Herr von Hanneken had convinced himself that the Japanese officer understood him, the officer departed, saying that he would report the matter to his superior. Some time elapsed. The next signal hoisted was, "Quit the ship as quickly as possible." This could apply only to the Europeans and the ship's company; but it could not be obeyed, the Chinese soldiers swarming at the davits. Captain Galsworthy signalled, "We cannot." The Japanese intimated that they had understood. Thereupon the *Naniwa* began to move and to circle round the *Kow Shing*. At a distance from her of about 500 feet, and when broad on her port-beam, the *Naniwa* stopped, discharged a torpedo, and at once opened fire from all the six¹ guns that would bear. They were discharged twice before the torpedo reached its mark. It hit the *Kow Shing* amidships, apparently over a coal-bunker. "The day became night: pieces of coal, splinters, water filled the air: then, I believe, all of us leapt overboard and swam." The ship was sinking stern first, but the firing continued, and was courageously answered by the Chinese. Captain von Hanneken saw a heavily armed Japanese boat lowered. The people in it fired more rapidly than ever upon the defenders of the sinking *Kow Shing*. Both the Chinese and the people in the Japanese ship fired also upon those struggling in the water. Half an hour after the *Kow Shing* had been torpedoed she went down. In the opinion of Herr von Hanneken, the vessel might have been saved had the original command to remain been

¹ Five heavy guns only would really bear. This seems to be a slip.

disobeyed, or had the anchor been weighed, and some ruse been employed to assist the escape of the ship among the islands. But the captain and his officers had unbounded faith in the protection of the British flag.

Such was Herr von Hanneken's story. In no important points has it been contradicted, although, as regards certain details, there were, as will presently be seen, some differences of opinion among his fellow-survivors. After four or five hours' swimming, he reached the island of Shopajul, whence, by means of a fishing-boat, he made his way to the island of Tak Shan, and so to Chemulpo. At Tak Shan he found 220 Chinese who had managed to save themselves. Graf von Baudissin went thither in the *Iltis*, halting on the way to pick up his lieutenant from the boat of the *Koreetz*, and took off as many of them, including several wounded, as he could conveniently find room for. Numbers were almost entirely naked. The injured men, when operated upon, bore their sufferings without showing any symptoms of pain. All the wounds were single ones: all were full of coal-dust and dirt, and the smell of them was terrible. Those from whom any particles of projectiles were extracted by the surgeon expressed their rejoicings with loud cries and with grins. Some, while being operated upon, liked to have a cork between their teeth to bite upon. Few even needed holding down. One man asserted that, after the *Kow Shing* had sunk, he and ten or fifteen others got into a boat left floating in the water, and that the group was then fired at, especially from the tops of the Japanese ship, until all in the boat were either killed or wounded. The witness, who had received a shot in the

breast, saved himself by swimming when the boat at length foundered. The firing upon the men in the water has been, nevertheless, denied by the Japanese.

Mr L. H. Tamplin, chief officer of the *Kow Shing*, is of opinion that the torpedo from the *Naniwa* missed, and that the British steamer was sunk by gun-fire. He says that, while he was swimming,

"Bullets began to strike the water on every side, and turning to see whence they came, I saw that the Chinese herding round the only part of the *Kow Shing* that was then out of water were firing at us. . . . I swam," he continues, "straight for the *Naniwa*. I had been in the water nearly an hour when I was picked up by one of the *Naniwa*'s boats. . . . There were two lifeboats crowded with soldiers. The Japanese officer informed me that he had been ordered by signal from the *Naniwa* to sink these boats. I remonstrated; but he fired two volleys from the cutter, turned back, and steamed for the *Naniwa*. No attempt was made to rescue the Chinese. . . . The *Naniwa* steamed about until 8 P.M., but did not pick up any other Europeans. A shell had entered the *Naniwa*, and had remained unexploded in her ward-room."

Why the *Naniwa* had a shell in her ward-room when the *Kow Shing* had not been in a position to fire anything heavier than rifle-bullets at her has to be explained. I ought, perhaps, to have begun with that story, for it preceded, though only by an hour or so, the affair that has just been described. As a matter of fact, the *Naniwa* and two of her consorts, when they met the *Kow Shing*, had but just come out of action, if, indeed, I be not mistaken in the very precarious collocation of the names, dates, and facts with which I have been furnished from various, and often conflicting, sources, all of which, nevertheless, owing to the charac-

ter and training of my informants, ought to be equally trustworthy. There was never, surely, more difficulty in getting at the exact truth than there has been on the present occasion. Yet I am bound to say that, as a rule, and making all allowance for divergences of spelling, mistakes in translation, and telegraphic errors, the Japanese official reports, as published in London, have proved to be singularly correct. Taking one of them, therefore, as a basis whereon to work, I assume, in spite of some lingering doubts and of the curious circumstance that the Kow Shing does not seem to have heard and been warned off by the firing, that a little earlier on the same day the Naniwa, Akitsushima, and Yoshino, with perhaps another ship not far off, had fought three Chinese vessels, one of them being the despatch-boat which had been seen by Herr von Hanneken.

Graf von Baudissin, writing on August 12, although he had in the meantime seen and obtained photographs, copies of which are before me, of one of the Chinese ships that had been thus engaged, confessed that he was not able to give very full details of the combat. He did not then appear to be at all certain what ships, besides the Tsi-Yuen and the Yoshino, had been engaged; and even about the personality of the Yoshino he was in some slight doubt. From a German officer in the Chinese service I learn, however, that the second Chinese war-ship was the "Kong Yi, a small cruiser built in China." Another correspondent on the spot speaks of her as the "Kwong Chei." I give up any attempt to supply her proper name, contenting myself

with saying that she was what 'Lloyd's Register' calls the Kwang Kai;¹ and, premising only that she was quite small, I will go on to tell what I believe to be the substance of the story.

It seems that, early on the morning of July 25, the Chinese flotilla, which had been at anchor off Asan, at the head of Prince Jerome Gulf, weighed and proceeded seaward, and that not long afterwards the Japanese squadron fell in with it, and at once opened fire. As the Chinese were not cleared for action, they could not at once reply, and ere they were able to make an effectual answer they had received considerable damage. At the moment of the commencement of the action, the captain, the first lieutenant, and a sub-lieutenant of the Tsi-Yuen were in the forward conning-tower. The enemy's first broadside struck the conning-tower, destroyed both engine-room telegraphs, the steam-steering wheel, and the voice-tubes leading below, and killed the first officer and the sub-lieutenant, leaving the head of the former hanging on the end of one of the voice-pipes. Not until this had happened did the captain, leaving the tower, order the ship to be cleared. He went to the hand-steering wheel. A second broadside struck the ship on the port side, smashing the steam-pipe of the steering engine, so that the vessel became for a time unmanageable. The captain endeavoured to make temporary provision; but the necessary tackles were among the boatswain's stores, and could not be got at without much delay. Exactly what happened during this period can never be known, for no officer who was on deck at the

¹ She carried three 4.7-inch quick-firing guns, and had a speed of only twelve knots.

time remains alive; but the men had in the interval gone to quarters, the gunnery lieutenant being in the forward turret and the torpedo lieutenant in the torpedo-room. Soon afterwards the forward turret received a shell which, glancing upwards from below, went out through the turret wall without bursting. This shot practically deprived the turret of half its usefulness, as it damaged the deck in such a manner as to prevent one shot-hoist from being worked. It is true that projectiles might have been brought to the breech of the right gun by hand, but this did not suggest itself to the Chinese, and that gun was fired no more. Not long afterwards another projectile entered the turret from the port side. This shell burst, and killed the gunnery officer and four men, but did no damage to the guns. Indeed, the left gun was subsequently fired eleven times. During all this period the ship was suffering terribly, especially on the port side. A single shell tore an immense hole in the plating and wrecked three officers' cabins, and presently another shell, of 6-inch calibre, came in through the same hole, and, passing into some clothes-presses on the starboard side, happily did not burst. Later a Chinese officer found the projectile and unloaded it. But many of the steel projectiles, even when they hit armour, seem not to have exploded. Yet another shell pierced the lower part of the funnel, did much damage, and killed several stokers. All the boats were knocked to pieces. Several were also burnt. For this reason the Chinese warships afterwards left their boats behind, or threw them overboard, retaining only a gig each. The fighting mast was hit in many

places by projectiles big and little; but neither the belt armour nor the armoured deck of the ship was injured. The torpedo officer at one moment in the action discharged a torpedo, but he was incapable, when questioned, of saying when, why, or at what vessel. All the torpedoes, six in number, were, by oversight, above the armoured deck during the engagement. The range varied from 2000 to 4000 yards. At last the Tsi-Yuen was enabled to steer again, and she at once steamed at her best speed for Wei-hai-wei, chased by the Yoshino. Thenceforward the Chinese ship chiefly used the single 6-inch gun in her after-turret, and as the gear, &c., on the deck aft had not been properly cleared away, the firing of this gun did some little damage to the vessel, besides destroying the awning, which was still spread. The gun, however, did good work, for the Yoshino was apparently struck more than once, and at last, in spite of her much superior speed, relinquished the pursuit. Next morning at six o'clock the sorely damaged Tsi-Yuen reached Wei-hai-wei, whence she proceeded to Port Arthur to be docked, and to take on board two new quick-firing guns. On August 7 she was undocked, and again ready for sea. She had lost in the fight three officers and thirteen men killed, and nineteen people badly wounded.

An officer who saw the ship upon her arrival at Wei-hai-wei writes:—

"The vessel presented the appearance of an old wreck. The mast was shot through half-way up, the gear was torn to pieces, ropes hung loose and tattered. . . . On deck the sight was cruel: it beggars description. Woodwork, cordage, bits of iron, and dead bodies all lay in confusion. Between decks things were as bad."

Another officer writes :—

"The slaughter had been awful, blood and human remains being scattered over the decks and guns. . . . Huge fragments of armour and backing had been torn from their fastenings and carried inboard, crushing a number of poor wretches into shapeless masses, even the upper part of the funnels being splashed with blood."

The despatch-boat was taken. The third vessel, the *Kong Yi*,¹ as the correspondent who gives me the fullest account of her fate calls her, had no fewer than thirty-seven people killed. She received a shot below the water-line, and her commander ran her ashore, where the survivors saved themselves. Soon afterwards a Japanese vessel fired into and destroyed the hull of the ship.

It appears to me to be difficult to resist the conclusion that of the two Chinese men-of-war sighted by the *Kow Shing* on that unfortunate morning, the first was the *Tsi-Yuen*, steaming for Wei-hai-wei, and the second the despatch-boat, which had not then been beached. In all probability, if the *Kow Shing* had been under Chinese instead of under British colours, or if the nature of her freight had been known to the warships, they would have warned her of the enemy from whom they were fleeing, and she could have easily escaped her fate. On the same morning a Chinese storeship laden with ammunition, &c., and having also on board 200,000 taels, seems to have been taken by the Japanese, and towed into Chemulpo.

It is strange that at about this period even the European and American officers in the Chinese service quite failed to realise how incapable that service was of successfully struggling against the

sea-power of Japan. On July 21, Staff-Commander Mc'Giffen, of the *Chen Yuen*, then flag-ship of Admiral Ting, wrote from Wei-hai-wei :—

"We are reinforcing our turrets in all the ironclads by bags of coal piled around them eight to ten feet thick. This is my own idea. Don't believe the sneers you may see at the Chinese sailors. They are plucky, well-trained, full of zeal, and will fight better against the Japs, their lifelong enemies, than any one. All our swords and cutlasses are ground to a razor-edge. The Japs outnumber us in ships, and have better ships, save one or two, and a great many more, but we won't growl at that. We'll make up for it by firing faster and better."

On July 26, after the arrival of the *Tsi-Yuen*, the whole of the seaworthy Chinese ships at Wei-hai-wei put to sea to look for the enemy, and remained out for three days, when they returned, as the weather greatly tried the crews of the torpedo-boats. Soon afterwards the fleet went out again, six ships strong, and, writing on August 2, at sea off the south-west coast of Korea, the same officer says :

"We are now on our way with six good ships to meet the enemy to-morrow morning, and I hope we will sink the dogs. . . . Admiral Ting and I wished to go to Chemulpo and open fire on the Jap fleet, but at the last moment we got a direct cable from the *Toung li Yamen* not to do so. It would have been splendid, for we should have destroyed their navy almost, I think. . . . Our crews are full of enthusiasm. It is very pleasing to see them. We have had several alarms at night and by day from strange vessels, and the way we go into action is splendid. We are all clear for action,—everything that could possibly cause splinters left ashore or thrown overboard. We have left all our boats behind. We will not need them, for, if we sink,

¹ The 'Times' Tientsin correspondent calls her *Kwangyi*.

the Japs will give no quarter; and we shall give none either. The admiral is in the Ting Yuen. I am here in the Chen Yuen, with Rear-Admiral¹ Liu Tai Tsan. My post is in the conning-tower by his side to fight the ship. Admiral Ting made two general signals to-day at noon. One, 'If the enemy shows the white flag, or hoists the Chinese ensign, give no quarter, but continue firing at her until she is sunk.' The other: 'Each officer and man do his best for his country to-morrow. I expect to congratulate you on a victory over the enemy to-morrow afternoon.' He is a fine old fellow with a good war record: a pity he doesn't know a word of anything but Chinese."

And here it may, perhaps, be incidentally suggested that if indeed the Japanese did fire upon the Kow Shing's people, neither Admiral Ting nor certain of his civilised officers appear to be the right men to complain of the barbarity. As for the battle expected to take place on August 3, no meeting between the hostile fleets then occurred. The Chinese steamed back, and, in consequence of the representations of Li Hung Chang, was ordered thenceforward to remain on the defensive, especially for the protection of the Gulf of Pe-chi-li. Thus it did remain, leaving the unchallenged command of the sea to the Japanese, until the middle of September, when the chance action, foreseen by neither side, was fought with such decisive results off Hai-yun-Tau.

I need not here attempt to follow in detail the movements of the Japanese war-ships during that period.² They cruised freely not only along the coast of Korea, but also along that of Shantung; and on August 10, in presence of

the British flag-ship *Centurion*, some of them made a demonstration and fired a few shots at Wei-hai-wei, as if by way of challenge to the Chinese fleet. However, the Chinese, restrained by orders from the shore, were not to be tempted out; but early in September, when the Council at Tientsin realised that it was impossible to send the badly needed reinforcements overland to Korea in time to be of the slightest possible use, it was decided that the fleet should be used to convoy the troops by sea. In pursuance of this resolution, the fleet escorted the requisite transports—five or six in number—to Talien Bay, and when they had been loaded with men, to the mouth of the river Yalu, whither the expedition arrived on September 16. The Chinese men-of-war engaged in this operation were the Stettin-built barbette ironclads *Ting Yuen* (flag) and *Chen Yuen*, the Stettin-built armoured cruisers *King Yuen* and *Lai Yuen*, the Stettin-built turret-ship *Tsi-Yuen* (some of whose exploits have been already related), the Elswick-built deck-protected cruisers *Chih Yuen* and *Ching Yuen*, the Foochow-built coast-defence ironclad *Ping Yuen*, the old Elswick-built unprotected cruisers *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei*, the Foochow-built composite cruiser *Kwang Chia*, and the Foochow-built steel cruiser *Kwang Ping* (a sister ship to the vessel which was run ashore after the action of July 25), together with two torpedo-boats. No British ship was, it is true, present on the occasion, and the British intelligence-officers have therefore been

¹ Elsewhere called commodore. After the battle of September 17, he committed suicide.

² Concerning a reported encounter between the *Hiyei* and the *Chen Yuen*, all of my correspondents are mute.

obliged to draw their information at second-hand ; but I believe that I am right in saying that those upon the station who are the best able to judge are quite convinced that only two torpedo-boats were on the spot, and not either four or six, as all the telegrams and newspaper accounts have had it. The Ping Yuen, the Kwang Ping, and the torpedo-boats seem to have gone into the mouth of the Yalu with the transports, while the other ten men-of-war remained well away in the offing. Admiral Ting did not know where the Japanese were, or in what force ; nor had Admiral Ito that information concerning the Chinese. What followed, therefore, was literally a chance encounter.

The Japanese fleet, which was at the time coming up the Korean coast under Admiral Ito, consisted of the La Seyne-built protected barquette cruisers Matsushima (flag) and Itsukushima, the Yokosuka-built sister ship Hasidate, the old Poplar-built central battery ironclad Fuso, the Elswick-built protected cruiser Takachiho, the Milford Haven-built belted cruiser Hiyei, the Yokosuka-built protected cruiser Akitsushima, the Elswick-built protected cruisers Yoshino and Naniwa, the Glasgow-built protected cruiser Chiyoda, the Onohama-built gun-vessel Akagi, and the armed hired merchantman Saikio. The last-named was not formally attached to the fleet, but having on board Vice-Admiral Kabayama, who was on a tour of inspection, was temporarily in company with Admiral Ito, in hopes of seeing something of the fighting. Not only in this did Admiral Kabayama display a spirit which has since made him a hero in his own country. He subsequently caused the Saikio to take a very active part in the

battle, during the whole of which he sat on the bridge enjoying the scene with wonderful composure. All the Japanese ships were painted white ; all the Chinese black.

The Japanese, coming from Ping Yang, were watching for some movement of the Chinese, but had been eluded, for the Chinese, unobserved, had got between them and the land. The fleets sighted one another at about 10 A.M. : by noon each could make out the ships of the other. The Chinese were then about thirty-five miles north-east of Hai-yun-Tau, steaming in the general direction of the enemy, yet keeping away a little to the northward, and moving at seven knots. The ten ships with the flag were disposed in the form of a rather blunt wedge, with the ironclads at and near the apex. The Japanese, moving at much greater speed, altered course a little to port, so as to head off the enemy. Concerning the exact order of the Chinese ships no two accounts agree, although I have before me at this moment one that comes from a European who was with the Chinese fleet, and another certified to be correct by a British officer who saw Admiral Ting some weeks after the action. I conclude that the vessels did not all assume the positions which the Chinese commander-in-chief had assigned to them. It would seem, however, that the Yang Wei and Chao Yung were near the starboard, and the Tsi-Yuen and Kwang Chia near the port end of the line as it advanced, and, in any event, that all these four dropped a good deal behind their stations.

The Japanese approached across the face of the advancing Chinese in two divisions, each forming line ahead, and the second following the first. The first division con-

sisted of the fast protected cruisers Yoshino, Takachiho, Akitsushima, and Naniwa. The second and heavier one consisted of the Matsushima, Chiyoda, Itsukushima, Hasidate, and Fuso. The Hiyei, Akagi, and Saikio were ordered to keep in the rear, and advised, if not ordered, not to imperil themselves, the two former being very slow, and the last not built for fighting. The speed of the first squadron as it went into action was probably nearly sixteen knots; that of the second, somewhat less than twelve. Half an hour after noon the Ting Yuen, at a range of nearly 6000 yards, fired the first shot from one of her 12-inch guns, and was quickly followed by her consorts. The Japanese did not open until they were within 4000 yards. At a quarter to one the action was general. By this time the Akagi had borne away somewhat, so as to keep at a tolerably prudent distance, but the Hiyei and Saikio, steaming their best, were astern of the Fuso, determined to take a full share in what was going forward. When his van-ships had overlapped the Chinese right, Admiral Ito ordered them to circle to starboard round the Chinese right flank and rear, and himself followed in the wake of the first division. As the first division began to circle, flames broke out in the Yang Wei, and she dropped far astern. She was subsequently run ashore. Ere the first division had completed much more than half its circle, the Ping Yuen, Kwang Ping, and torpedo-boats, which had been inshore with the Chinese transports, were observed to be coming out, and Admiral Ito at once signalled his van ships to keep away to port so as to intercept the strangers, of whose character he was, of course, ignorant. When, however he realised,

after a time, what vessels they were, he recalled his van. While it had kept away, it had lost its place at the head of the line. Upon returning, it fell into the column astern of the Fuso, but, apparently discovering that the relative slowness of that ship obstructed its own usefulness, soon took a larger circle, so that the two Japanese divisions thenceforward, for a space, circled independently around the main body of the enemy. I say the main body; for, in addition to the Yang Wei, the Chao Yung, and two other ships, besides those on their way out, were separated from their consorts, and were outside the terrible circles of fire and flame.

The Hiyei, in the meantime, was following slowly. She was dropping farther and farther in rear of her friends, and the whole body of the Chinese now lay between her and her consorts. Her gallant captain at once made up his mind to run right through the enemy in order to gain a position immediately astern of the circling second division, and through he went. He came out on the other side, but his ship was in flames. The Akagi, which had until then been safe, steamed to her assistance, and the two were hard pressed. Once more the first division was ordered out of the circle, and, turning to port, it quickly relieved the distressed ships, and afterwards circled with helm to starboard instead of to port. As for the Saikio, she, as she had neared the Chinese line, had had her steam-steering gear disabled, and thus, nearly helpless, she was attacked by the vessels coming out of Takushan Bay. One of the boats fired two torpedoes at her, and missed her by a miracle, for the second was discharged at a distance of only 150 yards. Badly damaged,

but, curiously enough, not having lost a life, she at length got clear.

By this time, and indeed long before, the Chinese centre was in hopeless confusion. The men fought doggedly, but they were from the beginning very ill supplied with ammunition, and they suffered terribly. Gradually those vessels which remained in a collision to steam edged away to the north-west at their best speed, the Japanese accompanying them on a parallel but not very close course, until the fugitives were lost sight of in the gathering darkness. In the height of the action, which was practically decided by four, though the last shots were not fired until 5 P.M., the captain of the Chih Yuen, after having more than once disobeyed orders, deliberately left the Chinese line, and made a wild attempt, either to rush through or to rush at the enemy. He did no harm whatsoever to the Japanese, but, by his mismanagement, he rammed¹ his burning consort the Yang Wei, which in consequence had to be beached, and he was then himself sunk by Japanese gun-fire. In addition to the Yang Wei and Chih Yuen, the Chinese lost the Chao Yung, the King Yuen, and the Kwang Chia. The last, it is true, fairly ran away, but, owing to bad navigation, she went ashore in Talien Bay, where, on the 23d, she was found by the Naniwa and Akitsushima, and by them destroyed. The Yang Wei, while lying beached, was torpedoed by the Japanese. Thus five Chinese men-of-war were lost, or in consequence of, the battle of Hai-yun-Tau, out of a fleet of twelve.

It will be recollected that for a

couple of months after the action it was actually a subject of dispute in Europe whether the advantage lay with Japan or with China. If the Japanese official reports, which, so far as their general tenor is concerned, are absolutely correct, had been at once credited, and if all the reports of Chinese origin, every one of which was more or less false, had been flung aside, no such disputes would have arisen. The Japanese claimed to have destroyed five ships out of twelve, and to have lost none; and they claimed truthfully. The Chinese claimed to have destroyed from one to four Japanese ships, to have driven off the rest, and to have landed their expedition at the mouth of the Yalu in spite of all Admiral Ito's efforts to prevent them. In all this there was not a grain of verity. No Japanese ship was destroyed, the Japanese fleet pursued until dusk, and if Admiral Ito had known that transports were in the river he would certainly have taken or sunk them. As a fact, he saw no transports, nor had he any idea, until afterwards, that transports had been anywhere near him. Even now, I think, the completeness of the Japanese victory is not fully recognised. Here, by way of illustration, is a statement of the percentage of enemy's ships taken, burnt, or destroyed by the victors in some fleet actions which have hitherto been regarded as tolerably decisive: Hawke's victory in Quiberon Bay, 1759, 28.57 per cent; Rodney's defeat of De Grasse, 1782, 16.66 per cent; Howe's victory on the Glorious First of June 1794, 25.92 per cent; Jervis's victory off St Vincent, 1797, 14.81 per cent. Yet the percentage in

¹ I have a letter from Tientsin which assures me that the ramming ship was the Chen Yuen, but this seems to be a clerical error.

the case of Ito's victory over Ting was as high as 41.66. There were still higher percentages at the Nile and at Trafalgar, as well as in a few other battles; but we may, I think, justly regard the battle of Hai-yun-Tau as a victory rising, in point of completeness, to all but the very first class in history. Strategically, indeed, it was almost as decisive as any on record.

On the Japanese side the only vessels that received serious damage were the flag-ship *Matsushima*, the little *Akagi*, and the *Saikio*. The first-named, indeed, was in urgent need of docking. The *Hiyei*, *Itsukushima*, and *Yoshino* suffered in a less degree; but no vessels of the line except the *Matsushima* were in any way unfit for further action. Fires were occasioned in the *Matsushima*, *Yoshino*, *Hiyei*, *Itsukushima*, and *Naniwa*, but were without much difficulty extinguished. The losses in killed were: *Matsushima* 35, *Itsukushima* 13, *Hasidate* 3, *Yoshino* 2, *Takachiho* 1, *Akitsu* 5, *Fuso* 4, *Hiyei* 20, and *Akagi* 11, the rest losing none. Of the 94 thus killed, 10 were officers. The total number of wounded was about 160, about 85 of these casualties occurring in the flag-ship. A loss in killed and wounded of only about 260 is, in the circumstances, very moderate. At Trafalgar the *Colossus* alone lost 200, and at the Nile the *Monarch* alone lost 210.

The Chinese loss, in men as well as in material, was naturally much more severe, although many of the people belonging to the ships destroyed managed to save themselves. The killed have been estimated at 600; the wounded

who survived to reach the shore at about 200. Of the state of affairs prevailing in the Chinese vessels some idea may be formed from passages in a letter from Staff-Commander M'Giffen, of the *Chen Yuen*, which was by no means the most damaged of the vessels that escaped to port. This officer, who was wounded, writes:

"I was conning the ship from the bridge, and managed to take several photos with a kodak. . . . A spent piece of shell knocked the camera out of my hand, but I picked it up undamaged, and got another photo, by which time the position had become too exposed, and my duties in the conning-tower too engrossing. . . . Meanwhile we were being battered with a tornado of projectiles of all sorts. Our superstructure was riddled, but the sandbags which had been piled inside proved of great service, and stopped any amount of splinters and fragments. . . . Fire . . . was constantly breaking out—eight times in all during the day: and it was in helping to put out one of these outbreaks that I got wounded. . . . Even through the ward-room a Hotchkiss shell or other projectile occasionally tore its way, smashing up the furniture, and filling the room with acrid fumes."

There were fires also in the *Ting Yuen*, *Lai Yuen*, *Ping Yuen*, and *Ching Yuen*. All the woodwork in the flagship was burnt, and she had 200 shot-holes in her sides. The *Chen Yuen*¹ had 120 shot-holes, and, owing to leaks, was 3 feet down by the head when she reached port. The *Lai Yuen* was in parts burnt to a shell, and the heat cracked her plates and warped her beams and frames. But space would fail me were I to attempt to describe the injuries to the individual ships, of several of which

¹ Some weeks later the *Chen Yuen* ran ashore at Wei-hai-wei, and was with difficulty got off again and repaired by Shanghai divers and artificers. She was not ready for service again until the second week in January.

I have been favoured with photographs: nor is it necessary here to endeavour to insist upon the numerous and most valuable lessons of this important action. Suffice it to say that the remains of the beaten fleet fled to Port Arthur, towards which, in fact, it had been moving during the four and a half hours for which the engagement lasted.

Between the 17th of September, the day of the battle of Hai-yun-Tau, and the 21st of November, the day of the capture of Port Arthur by the Japanese, no very important naval events occurred. At first, not only the Japanese fleet but also single Japanese ships cruised freely in and about the Gulf of Pe-chi-li, frequently showing themselves off Wei-hai-wei and Port Arthur, which latter port was for a time blockaded. About October 20, the Chinese fleet, having been refitted, put to sea. The Japanese main fleet was then concentrated at Ping-Yang. Admiral Ting went to Wei-hai-wei, where, on October 27, he was visited by Sir Edmund Fremantle. The Japanese occasionally watched that port, often in some force, but detached vessels were continually engaged in escorting the numerous transports and store-ships coming from Japan; and, as the movement towards Port Arthur developed, the Japanese naval strength was to a large extent drawn nearer to the coasts of Korea and Shing-king. At the end of October, therefore, Admiral Ting was again able to put to sea. Admiral Ito does not seem to have taken any special pains to look for him, but to have confined himself rather to guarding the flank of the land operations against Port Arthur. On November 3 he was off the Elliot Isles, and presently Admiral Ting's squadron was recalled. On

the following days Admiral Ito was co-operating with the army of Marshal Oyama. Then, as the day neared for the attack on Port Arthur, the Japanese crossed the bay in force to look at Wei-hai-wei once more. The Chinese Pei-Yang squadron lay there safely under the forts; and when Admiral Ito had watched it for a couple of days, and had seen that it had no mind to stir, he, with most of his fleet, returned to Talienwan, leaving only a few vessels to observe Admiral Ting.

Moving from Talienwan, the Japanese ships and torpedo-boats accompanied, and, whenever possible, assisted the advance of the land forces on November 20 and 21. On the latter day the fleet rendered great help—first by shelling the defences from Pigeon Bay, then by landing a party on the north side of the peninsula; next by bombarding, and holding the attention of the seaward forts; and finally by sending, close under the defences, ten torpedo-boats, which, partly protected by the fire of a couple of cruisers, wrought havoc with their machine-guns upon the troops on shore, while other boats ran into the harbour and assisted in the destruction of such Chinese shipping as still lay there. The Chinese reply was not accurate or long continued enough to do any damage of importance to the assailants; but the manner in which the torpedo-boats were manœuvred, the perfect way in which they were kept in hand and obeyed signals, and the great value of these craft for work of the kind, greatly impressed all the foreign officers who witnessed the operations. Since then the navy has found little to do beyond convoying and watching; and so complete has been for some time the break-up of Chinese organisa-

tion and power afloat, that even convoy has often been dispensed with by the Japanese transports. If the negotiations for peace do not speedily produce results, we may expect to see Wei-hai-wei attacked by land and sea as Port Arthur was. The fall of the latter place has deprived China of her only serviceable dockyard; the fall of the former would probably deprive her of the last fragments of her fighting fleet, which in any case, for lack of docking, must now go steadily from bad to worse.

I may fitly conclude with a couple of extracts from letters received, while I am writing, from British officers on the China station. One says:—

“I have always had a liking for the Chinese, and now I am heartily sorry for them; but I give them up. They are so utterly inept and corrupt, nor have they ever prepared for, or seriously thought of, war. There was much good show in their ships, their forts, and even in their drilled men: in the hands of decent troops Port Arthur should have been impregnable. But no one in China seems to have looked at ships, forts, and men as

things to be utilised in earnest. As for the Japanese, one cannot help admiring their energy, gallantry, and forethought. Our interests and theirs ought to coincide in this part of the world; but those of us who know them and admire them best are the most afraid that they will not know where to stop.”

The other says:—

“China is for the present finished; but, if Japan be not now very judicious, she will lay up for herself a tremendous rod in pickle. It will not perhaps be taken out and used in our time; but you will, I think, see that after this lesson China will wake up and begin to bestir herself: and, having known China off and on for over twenty years, I can assure you that China, ruled throughout as Sir Robert Hart rules one department of it, and properly led, is capable of polishing off half-a-dozen Japans, and of then asking for more. Hitherto Japan has not met China at all. She has only met the corruption which battens on and which covers China. I don't want to disparage the gallant little Japs, but I strongly advise them to be discreet in time.”

W. LAIRD CLOWES.

January 17, 1895.

GENERAL BOULANGER :

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN FRENCH POLITICS.

NOTORIETY needs usually time to grow ; it is only in rare cases that it sprouts abruptly. Even General Boulanger, who acquired a prodigious quantity of it, did not rush upon the world between night and morning. It is true that, when his moment came, he burst out eruptively, but he had to pass previously through a period of preparation : several months elapsed, after he was first heard of in Paris, before he became a personage. In 1885 the papers began to mention an unknown general called Boulanger, who held a command at Tunis, and who had made himself conspicuous there by a noisy quarrel with somebody. No notice was taken, however, of the name, until it was announced, additionally, that this same general had so ingratiated himself with the Radical party that he was certain to be taken up and pushed on by them. Even then most people continued to be unaware of his existence. But it ceased to be possible to go on ignoring it, for he was thrust forward so determinedly by the Left—who at that time imagined they had found in him a man after their own heart—that, at the beginning of 1886, M. de Freycinet, chief of the Cabinet of the day, was forced to appoint him Minister of War.

A "legend" began instantly to form ; rumours, assertions, fables filled the air with strange rapidity ; within a week of the nomination everybody professed to know everything about the new-comer ; every mouth was crammed with news ; the town buzzed and blazed with fantastic details. Notoriety deton-

ated at last with a deafening roar : its fuse had been burning slowly up for months, but when the explosion came it was tremendous. People stopped each other in the street to add something wonderful to the heap of wild tidings. To quiet French natures (of which there are a good many) the situation became a sudden nuisance ; to the foreign looker-on it brought out, vividly and amusingly, the *gobe-mouche* tendencies of the large minority. This acquaintance whispered to you, with profound conviction, "We have got a man at last." That one murmured, with still deeper earnestness, "I tell you—I know it for a fact, though I cannot mention my authority—that he is capable of everything, will do everything, and will succeed in everything." A third, with mystery, intensity, and awfulness, pointed to the sky and muttered, "The day is coming ! Revenge and victory !" Others, again, a good many others—but they were all, of course, Conservatives—declared that this untried general was simply an additional danger ; that he was choked with ambition, vanity, and presumption ; and that he would lead his country to destruction. So, on one side, it was asserted that a saviour had arisen for France (I wonder if I could count up the various "saviours" I have heard of there) ; and, on the other, it was alleged, with equal infallibility, that a fresh and vast peril was looming in the sky. And these two absolutely opposite affirmations were expressed about the same man by a quantity of people, not one of whom knew any-

thing whatever about him, excepting what they read in the papers or heard from each other, and not one of whom had ever seen him.

The question of getting a sight of him, of perceiving him in his real person, and otherwise than by his photograph (which was in every shop-window), was discussed widely, but uselessly. Everybody, in each of the two camps, was excitedly curious to behold him; but the curiosity remained unsatisfied, for the general hid himself behind the walls of his Ministry. Excepting at the Chamber, where, occasionally, he made red-hot Republican speeches which were cheered delightedly by the Left, he was not to be discovered. He was said to be working so overwhelmingly at the entire reorganisation of the army and the War Office, and at gigantic projects for reconstituting France and Europe, that he had neither time nor patience for mere worldly gatherings. Even in the Bois in the morning he was not amongst the riders.

Naturally, this invisibility stimulated still further the gaping eagerness of the public, and if it was adopted for the purpose (as very probably it was) it succeeded admirably. The "legend" that had leaped up round the name of Boulanger was swollen daily by reports (usually in the minutest detail) of what the unperceivable general was doing, of the universal changes he was effecting, and by vague but prodigious hopes aroused by the action that was attributed to him. A French army at Berlin, the Koenigsplatz column of victory transported to Paris and set up as a trophy in front of the Madeleine, were talked of by the most enthusiastic as possibilities of an early future. Imagination rioted. The

supposed artificer of all these dreams was sought everywhere and found nowhere; but the crowd grew more and more convinced that he was nurturing astonishments and hatching history in his laborious seclusion. If, by accident or obligation, he did go anywhere, it was solely to official houses, for, in consequence of the rupture between society and the Republic, functionaries are rarely seen in private drawing-rooms. Now, as official houses mean only those of French Ministers and of foreign diplomatists, it was in the latter alone that people of society (who never set their feet in the former) could hope to satisfy their inquisitiveness about the new man. It was amusing to hear them put earnest questions about the chance of meeting him at this embassy or that legation, and to observe what a gathering there was at any place where it was imagined he might appear. This excitement contributed most fertilisingly to the growth of the earlier constituents of his ephemeral reputation.

Like the people round me, I grew curious too. It was indeed scarcely possible to remain indifferent on a question which, in some shape or degree, was agitating everybody. But though I went about expressly to look for the new general, I never happened to encounter him indoors until he had been for more than three months in office. I had, it is true, perceived him in the Chamber, and had heard him speak there; but that view of him was of no use, for as French Ministers, when sitting in their places in Parliament, turn their backs to the public, and as, when in the Tribune, they are acting a special part, I could not base any opinion on such insufficient evidence.

At last I received an invitation

to meet him at dinner, and commenced on that occasion the slight and superficial personal acquaintance I had with him. When he was announced, a quiet man came in at the door, with eyes that, at a distance, looked mild, without a symptom of either the vaunting arrogance which I had heard imputed to him by his enemies, or of the commanding superiority which was attributed to him by his friends. He showed no vulgarity and no forwardness, no energy and no signs of character. His manner, watched from five yards off, seemed quiet and unpretending. He looked so thoroughly nobody that, if I had not known who he was, I should have turned my eyes away from him with indifference. My first impression, at a distance, was that there was absolutely nothing in him.

Oddly enough, I chanced at last to sit next to a lady who belonged to a family of soldiers, who was thoroughly acquainted with the history of General Bugeaud, and who told me more intimate details about him than I had heard before. After describing to me many circumstances of his career and conduct, she went on to say that he was known in the army as a *metteur en scène*; that he could do nothing simply; that he had always an extraordinary faculty of getting himself remarked and of compelling notice; that he succeeded in giving an appearance of studied effect to his most insignificant proceedings, so much so that it was said of him by his comrades, "Oh, that fellow! he has a way of his own for doing everything: even if he gets founded in action, he manages it so as to attract attention." This description was not only much more analytical and psychological than anything I had heard before,

but it seemed also far more likely to be exactly true.

In the evening I was introduced to the General, had some talk with him, and examined him attentively, with the result that I had to alter my first impression about him. The mouth, which in vainglorious faces is the most tell-tale feature, was concealed by the moustache and beard; but its divulging action was performed for it by a peculiar and singularly self-conscious movement of the muscles of the upper part of the cheeks, which corresponded, necessarily, to analogous workings of the invisible lips. The eyes, which had seemed to me so placid—almost dreamy, indeed—at a distant view, were filled to overflowing, when seen close, with a contented but transcendent conceit, which at moments became positively glaring. He was evidently not at his ease; the shield of indifference behind which he tried to shelter himself concealed nothing; the need of self-assertion pushed it aside continually, and the real man stood visible. The physiognomy, the ways, the movements, fitted thoroughly to the bad side of his reputation, and I had to recognise that I had judged him far too favourably on his arrival. Seen from far, and seen from near, there were two different persons in him. The eyes, above all, at that moment of his career when, around him, all was clamorous popularity, and when, before him, all was hope, were astonishingly suggestive of aggressive vanity; and yet, notwithstanding this, the expression, on the whole, was weak—indeed its feebleness was as clearly indicated as its conceit. It is true that the two usually go together.

Still, though I regarded him after dinner far less favourably

than before, I could not help making excuses for him. He had jumped with violent abruptness, unprepared by character or by previous contact with the political or social world, to the highest position open to a French soldier; he had become master of the army, and a figure before Europe; his situation and his reputed power as a statesman were boiling higher every day; the destinies of his country were supposed to lie in his hands, and a portion of the nation was looking up to him as a heaven-sent leader to the glorious unknown. In all this there was enough, and a good deal more than enough, to spur on a vain nature, and to turn a feeble head. He had been taken up as a tool by others, and had committed the not unnatural mistake of imagining that he was capable of working for his own hand. He had extenuating circumstances in his favour, supplied by the folly of many of his own countrymen, whose adulation he was impotent to resist. The mixture in his face of shallowness and self-sufficiency explained the man. From that first meeting with him I had a strong suspicion that his ambition, whatever might be its extent, would be neutralised by the indecision of his character.

After that dinner I met him from time to time, and had occasional short talks with him. He touched on many subjects, but he did not seem solidly acquainted with any of them, and had no brilliancy of conversation. He inspired me, more and more, with the conviction that his dominating need was to show off, without any accompanying consciousness that he would be found out if he went beyond his depth. I watched him with amusement, but with little real interest, and saw, in almost

each of his words and acts, unceasing preoccupation about the effect he was producing. He was almost always surrounded, at the evening receptions where I met him, by a circle of flatterers and starers. He had ample opportunities for satisfying his longing to be remarked; and I used to wonder, while I watched him, what there could be in him to explain his success. The more he struggled to conceal his vanity and to appear indifferent, the more did he show his innate self-assertion; at least, that was the impression which grew stronger in me each time I saw him. He was irritable, too, and especially could not support the semblance of a contradiction: he was convinced, apparently, that it was everybody's duty to agree humbly with so great a personage as he had become. He did try, I think, to behave with a certain bonhomie, but it was not natural. It seemed that a voice was always coming out of him, proclaiming, "I am the future!" And yet, with all this, he was at moments almost sympathetic: he did not possess charm, but he could be what the French call *calin*, and when occasionally he took the trouble to be so, he became agreeable.

He was not liked by women, many of whom professed to be afraid of him and avoided him; indeed, at that period of his career, I rarely saw him talk to women,—it was only later that a few of them began to offer him attentions. His main object then appeared to be to influence men, and, on the whole, he succeeded amazingly in doing so.

One night, at the Elysée (where almost anybody with a tail-coat can go in), the General was, as usual, in the middle of a gazing

group. Suddenly he grew tired of being stared at and commended, turned sharp round, and walked rapidly into another room. I happened to come up just at the moment, and found myself for an instant next to a middle-aged man, who, from his appearance, was probably a small provincial functionary or trader, brought there by the deputy of his arrondissement to see the show. The man followed Boulanger with his eyes, as he vanished in the crowd, and said aloud, just as I passed by, with the aggrieved air of a sight-seer robbed of his spectacle, "Well, a fellow who runs away like that won't lead others when the time comes." Those words came back to me afterwards when the General had not only failed to lead others, but had run away again himself.

On another occasion, elsewhere, a friend to whom I was talking said to me, as we looked across the room at Boulanger, "We modern French have become a nation of idolaters. It is absurd to go on calling us Christians. We are always eager to worship a new earthly god, provided he shines, and only so long as he shines. When he grows dim we smash him." At that instant some one at my side said "Bon soir" to me. I turned and saw M. de Lesseps. For him, too, I had sad reason to remember, later on, the words, "When our god grows dim we smash him." It was a strange coincidence that he should have appeared that night just as they were spoken.

So things marched on until the 4th July, the great day of Boulanger's life, so far as popular admiration and exterior manifestations were concerned. It was the date of the appearance of the black horse, the horse that became, for the time, a party symbol, a

political finger-post, a feature in the history of France. He was a prodigiously showy horse, as gorgeous as he was famous; he was composed principally of a brandishing tail, a new-moon neck, a looking-glass skin, and the action of Demosthenes. He seemed to possess two paces only, a fretting walk and a windmill canter. He was a thorough specimen of what the Spaniards call "an arrogant horse": he was gaudy, yet solemn; strutting, yet stately; flaunting, yet majestic; magniloquent, yet eloquent. He was drilled with the most admirable skill; his manners were so superlative that, with all his firework display, he could not have been either difficult to handle or tiring to sit. Never was a horse so emphatically suited to his rider: the two were identical in their ways; each was as gilded as the other. As the horse bounded, the General (who had a weak grip) rocked on him; at every stride he swung harmoniously in the saddle, and bent right and left alternately, like a stage sovereign bowing to his assembled people. The entire pageant was wonderfully got up for its purpose, with the rarest perfection of both preparation and execution. The man, the horse, the ribbons and stars, the white feathers, the plunging and the swinging, were all exactly what they ought to have been to delight and fascinate the mob. The means were so triumphantly appropriated to the end, that two hundred thousand spectators screamed themselves sore with rabid enthusiasm. They flamed with frantic raving. That soldier and that horse incarnated so livingly the popular idea of glory, that every soul in the long lines of crowd grew utterly demented. The yelling became, from minute to minute, more and more furiously mad. And the

General, feeling that his work was good, rocked, swung, and smiled, and then smiled, swung, and rocked.

Around me, in the tribune where I sat, the feeling was of another nature. I was in a group of widely experienced people, who were all particularly competent to form and express opinions about conduct, to judge of the fitness of means, and to appreciate the value of results; and their impressions were, almost unanimously, strongly hostile to the performance we were beholding. Two or three of us argued against the others, that we had before us a pretender, who was appearing for the first time in official splendour before the population he desired to subjugate; that, knowing unmistakably how to strike the imagination of that population, he adopted processes consummately adapted to that purpose; that being intimately aware of the peculiar appetites of the fish he wanted to catch, he threw to it the very fly it longed to swallow; and that, in consequence of all this, his flashy meretricious acting, though in the most deplorable taste in the eyes of men and women of the world, was entirely in situation towards the mass. We urged that we were looking at a play, which must be measured as a play, and that we were outside real life, the rules of which had no application to the extravaganza represented before us. The exhibition in itself was of course mere vulgar ostentation, like a Court procession in the theatre of a fair; but the political effect which was manifestly produced by it seemed to us to constitute, under the special circumstances of the case, some excuse for the tawdry details of the display. The majority, however, would not listen to us; the mummery was too offensive to

them,—they could see in it nothing but its bedizened swagger.

When the last regiment had marched past, another act of the piece commenced. The General turned his horse round, and, alone, came plunging and rocking across the few hundred yards of turf which stretched between him and the tribunes. He increased his speed as he got near, dashed through the opening in the rails, and pulled up sharp, all foam and feathers, in front of M. Grévy, saluting as he halted.

This beat the crowd, and broke them; it was more than they could stand. Wildly they rushed in everywhere, disregarding sentries and policemen, and came tearing towards us, waving hats and handkerchiefs, cheering, shrieking, roaring, as if Boulanger were the one joy of their lives. Howling thousands filled, in half a minute, the whole space in front of the Presidential tribune; in the midst of them the General rocked softly, and did his best (though very unsuccessfully) to look indifferent. As I was in the next tribune, and watched him with a glass, I was able to follow all the movements of his expression: he tried to hide his delight, but it was too much for him, and became distinctly visible. He really might be pardoned for being unable to conceal it, for the moment was full of throbbing triumph for him. People round me called him hard names—"buffoon," "circus-rider," "charlatan," "impostor"—but, though the epithets were justified superficially, the personal side of all this swaggering almost disappeared for me, as I have already said, behind the wonderful management of its public effects. It was impossible not to blame the man; it was equally impossible, according to my view, not to recognise

that the pretender was doing well.

The scene lasted for five minutes, and then the President of the Republic—who was utterly obliterated, and looked intensely sulky—took his place gloomily in his carriage. The General put the black horse at its side, and, under pretext of respectfully escorting M. Grévy, supplied the people with an opportunity of yelling, "Vive Boulanger; c'est Boulanger qu'il nous faut!" from Longchamp to the Elysée. Such frenzied bravos, such outcries of enthusiasm, had not been heard in Paris since the army came back from Italy in 1859.

As the procession started, some one near me exclaimed bitterly, "And that man is to be the master of France!"

About the origin of the black horse I was told five different stories—all, I presume, equally false, but of each of which, I was assured by the teller, that it alone was true. The first was that he was bought out of a circus in Roumania; the second, that a Paris dealer discovered him at a sale in Yorkshire; the third, that he was the charger of a very big lieutenant of cuirassiers, and was not up to the weight; the fourth, that he was a cast-off from a racing stable; the fifth, that he was the pick of the riding-master's horses in the cavalry school at Saumur. In each case it was added that he had been brought to Paris three months before, had been ridden regularly with troops, and had had his paces finished in one of the regimental *manéges* in Paris, where Boulanger had mounted him daily for the preceding fortnight, to get accustomed to him. I repeat these tales to show the curiosity that was felt about the horse: he was regarded for a time as a national institu-

tion, and a portion of the community felt proud of him.

A few days after the review I left Paris for some months, and did not see the General again until the winter, when I met him at the German Embassy. I thought him changed. He seemed grave; responsibility and struggle had begun to mark him. But, all the same, the double look of weakness and conceit was in his eyes, as evident as before. When I caught sight of him he was leaning against the piano, Count Münster towering over him as they chatted together; a thick ring of gazers was around them. The General put on, as usual, unconsciousness under the staring; but it was evident that he felt it, probably because, on that occasion, the starers were of a class to which he was not accustomed: many of them were, of course, of other nationalities. The curiosity about him had become almost more ardent than at first, in consequence of the still growing belief that he had a destiny before him; but amongst those whose business it was to watch him and to form a reasoned judgment on him, an increasing minority was convinced that he was a bag of wind.

Of the political motives and processes of General Boulanger I say nothing. The gossip of Paris was full of them, and, like others, I heard a good deal—true or false—about them; but they, like the circumstances of his private life, lie outside the present subject. At the time it was, of course, impossible to separate the man from his political intentions and acts, for the good reason that he became what he was precisely because of the intentions and acts attributed to him. They enabled him to place himself obtrusively in front of every one else of his time in

France, and yet nobody could explain why he got there, otherwise than because he thrust himself forward, and because, for the moment, nobody pulled him back. Never did self-assertion produce more abundant or more immediate effects. Each time I looked at him, during that winter, there came into my head the two famous lines in the 'Biglow Papers':—

"I do believe in humbug general-ly,
Because I find it is a thing that has
a solid vally."

In his case humbug had indeed a "solid vally." Humbug lifted him so near to personal power, that if he had had the pluck to snatch at it when it seemed ripe to his hand, he would, in all probability, have seized it. Whether he would have held it is a different matter.

But his humbug, enormous as it was, appeared to me to be unconscious: it guided him, I fancy, in everything; yet, according to my impression of him, he was unaware of it. Here is an example to explain my meaning. Talking one night of Napoleon, he said: "A great mind, yes; a great man, no. A soldier, a lawgiver, an administrator, in the very highest meanings of the terms; but nullified by impetuosity and vanity. No man can be truly great unless he knows when to stop." Thereon he glanced round, as if he expected one of the listeners to answer, "As you would, General." It happened, however, that everybody remained silent. So he went on: "Alexander the Great stopped at the Hyphasis, and turned his back on India. It was for that act of prodigious self-control that posterity confirmed his epithet of Great, which it has not accorded to Napoleon. I tell you, gentlemen, real greatness con-

sists in self-restraint." And he looked round again.

If he, of all men, could express such opinions, it was, I fully believe, because he honestly thought that they applied truthfully to himself. I never suspected him of being a wilful dissembler, for I never saw in him a sign of intentional deception. He was too blindly vain to be able to imagine that he needed to employ deception. He was intensely content to be what he was; was convinced that he was great; and did not conceive that he had to prove it. That is what I want to convey in saying that his humbug was unconscious. Others may have judged him otherwise,—I am only saying what I thought myself.

In the spring of 1887 I met him for the last time, at a gathering at the Spanish Embassy; and there three or four French ladies gathered round him, sat with him, and talked to him intimately. The rest kept off and disapproved; but it was a commencement, and the General was palpably pleased by the feminine attentions of which he was beginning to be the object. Flattery in a social form was supposed to be new to him, and to have, for that reason, all the more attraction for him. If only he had lasted long enough, a little Court would, I doubt not, have formed itself around him, in hopes of what he might some day become.

But neither the flatterers nor the flattered were destined to continue their respective parts, for, in May, the Cabinet was upset, and the General, after sixteen months of office, had to give up the Ministry of War. From that moment his official position in Paris was at an end, he ceased to be invited anywhere, and I had no more opportunities of meeting

him, or even of looking at him, excepting at the Chamber and in the street.

In July 1887 he was appointed to the command of the 7th Corps, at Clermont. The scene at the Gare de Lyon, on the night of his departure for his post (when, very possibly, he might, if he had dared, have made himself master of France); his indiscipline and disobedience; his condemnation to thirty days' arrest in his quarters; his deprivation of his command in 1888; his career as a Deputy; the fierce opposition commenced against him; his flight; his exile; and his miserable death,—all lie outside my bounds. I limit myself to the little I personally saw of him. The rest is public history.

I add only a story from the 'Figaro,' about the arrest, as an example of the manner in which everything serves to make a *mot* in France. The railway trains stop at Clermont for five minutes, and passengers are informed of the halt by the usual cry of "Clermont, Clermont; cinq minutes d'arrêt!" The 'Figaro' pretended, while the General was in confinement, that the guards and porters were so affected by his misfortune that, in their emotion, they shouted instinctively and unconsciously, "Clermont, Clermont; trente jours d'arrêt!"

General Boulanger began explosively, and finished shatteredly: it may indeed be said of him that he was "hoist with his own petard." He knew how to dazzle a mob, but not how to win power. As my neighbour at the dinner when I first met him told me, he was essentially a *metteur en scène*, but when he had produced the *scène* his faculties were exhausted. He was aspiring and personally

brave; but, as developments of his vanity, he was nervous, bad-tempered, mutinous, seditious, infirm of purpose, and without moral daring. He commenced so brilliantly and ended so deplorably that, out of pity for his fall, much may be forgiven him. I have the liveliest recollection of his faults (especially of those which I saw him commit); but I cannot help regretting his fate.

There was not in him the stuff that commands success; but, nevertheless, he got, apparently, very close to success, for the reason that he gave superficial satisfaction to a need which is almost permanent amongst a portion of the French—the need of a leader. The events which have just occurred in Paris, like those which enabled General Boulanger to assume the position of a pretender, signify undeniably that there is no fundamental solidity in the political organisation of the country, and that a "saviour" would be accepted to-day by many, and will perhaps be sought for to-morrow by many more. As, however, the probable rarely happens in France, no practical calculations about the future can be based on the circumstances which have just led to the resignation of M. Casimir Perier. But, without attempting to deduce any issues from those circumstances, there is no denying that the circumstances themselves exist, and that they seem to indicate the possibility of the very dangers which bring "saviours" to the front. No new pretender is in sight for the moment, but one may spring up to-morrow. If he should appear, it will be interesting to compare his doings with those of General Boulanger. To win the fight, he will have to be made of very different material.

A CHANGE OF TSARS.

"Le roi est mort, vive le roi!"

A hackneyed phrase indeed, continually repeated and received, without criticism of its ordinarily accepted signification. And yet the implied idea, that the decease of a monarch and the accession of his successor are circumstances of small importance to the interests of the general public, must have been particularly incorrect in the times when the phrase was invented, and when the personality of a semi-despotic ruler was a most important factor in shaping the destinies of his country. Is the idea more correct to-day? This is a question we have frequently asked ourselves, when noting the thoughtless manner in which it was expressed by the modern journalist in speaking of the death of Alexander III., and the accession of Nicholas II. to the throne of the Autocrats of All the Russias. We hold that, as regards Russia, it is certainly incorrect, and we propose to give our views on this subject, and to consider some of the more important results to be anticipated from the recent "Change of Tsars."

Under no circumstances in life is the difference between the heir and his predecessor likely to be more strikingly shown than when the son succeeds his father on the throne of an autocratic country. Many things combine not only to establish and confirm wide differences between the character and ideas of father and son, but also to conceal both those differences and the real character of the son, until the day arrives when, emancipated in a single moment alike from the authority of the sovereign and the parent, the

son stands before the world, himself the undisputed Autocrat.

Nicholas II. had not, before the death of his father, reached an age at which the relations between father and son were likely to attract public notice; but apart from what was previously known of his character, his public actions and utterances since his accession have afforded sufficient evidence of the great difference of temperament, and perhaps of principle, which seems likely to lead the present Tsar into somewhat different paths from those followed by his predecessor.

In Russia the character and temperament of the irresponsible autocratic ruler, unfettered either by constitutional obligations or by an organised and expressed public opinion, are of the highest importance,—particularly if the Tsar is a man of strong character and convictions. We do not contend that the domestic or even the foreign policy of Russia depends solely on the will of the Autocrat; but the absolute submission to his authority, which is the tradition of the peasantry, and the servile anxiety of the official classes to meet and humour his ideas and fancies, render his personal disposition the most important factor in determining the conduct of his government.

In spite, however, of this exceptionally strong position, there are certain undefined traditions and usages which the Tsar has to take into account in forming his resolutions; and although never organised or expressed according to Western habits, there is also, on some questions, a well-ascertained public opinion,

which the boldest ruler would hesitate to resist. As an instance of our meaning, we would mention that, until the eyes of the peasant army were opened by the experiences of the last Turkish war, there was throughout Russia a genuine and sincere sympathy for the orthodox Slavs who remained under Turkish rule. This feeling of sympathy, combined with the traditional hatred of the ancient Mohammedan foe, produced the war fever which led Alexander II., against his will, to enter on a struggle from which Russia has not yet fully recovered. To take another instance: fully as the educated classes recognise the necessity of curtailing the excessive number of holidays, strictly observed in remembrance of the very numerous Russian saints, no Tsar would dare to abolish one of them, until the spread of education may have secured the approval of the superstitious peasantry. Such are the checks and limitations on the absolute power of the Tsar, and their existence must not be forgotten when considering the influence of his personality on the affairs of his country.

To arrive at a fair appreciation of the probable effect in Russia, and on the relations of Russia with the rest of the world, which may be anticipated from the recent change of Tsars, we will in the first place consider the more prominent features of the character of Alexander III., and then endeavour to trace the extent and limits of his personal influence, in a brief retrospect of the history of his reign.

In spite of the secluded life led by the late Tsar, enough is known of his character, temperament, and tastes to enable us, on reflection, to account for some of the most glaring inconsistencies between

his professions and his conduct. And these inconsistencies were many and striking. The most kind-hearted of men was the cruellest persecutor of many thousands of his subjects, of different races and creeds. The great lover of peace spent millions on a Black Sea fleet, which could serve no purpose but as an instrument of aggression; and he permitted the constant wilful provocations of a friendly Power, which so nearly led to war at the time of the Penjdeh incident, and which, without the exaggerated forbearance of the British Foreign Office, must have long since provoked a serious crisis on the Pamir question. The man of honour countenanced the ruffians who abducted Alexander of Bulgaria, and sought to assassinate his Ministers; and the autocrat who prided himself on being the great conservative force in Europe, broke with the family tradition of friendship with the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, and exchanged congratulatory telegrams with a President of a French Republic in one of its wildest moods; whilst the population of his capital cheered the strains of the *Marseillaise*, played by his express permission.

The first clue towards an explanation of the inconsistencies of Alexander III. is to be found in the extraordinary chauvinism which held the chief place in a singularly narrow mind. In a retiring reticent man this remarkable chauvinism found little or no expression in public utterances, and its exaggeration was therefore not readily apparent; but it is certain that no chauvinistic Frenchman ever equalled the late Tsar in profound faith in the surpassing pre-eminence of everything connected with his own na-

tion. His belief in Russia and the Russians amounted to fanaticism, and was complicated and exaggerated by a deep conviction that he was the divinely appointed ruler of a chosen people, and, in virtue of his office, the sacred instrument of Providence. Without quite arriving at a doctrine of infallibility concerning his own person, the Tsar certainly regarded an Imperial *oukaze* as invested with all the sanctity attached by devout Roman Catholics to a Papal bull. He was a truly religious man; but one of the first tenets of his faith was the sacredness of the office which combined his temporal power as Autocrat with his spiritual distinction as head of the orthodox Church. His religion was rather that of the Old Testament than that of the New. In his mind, the world was divided into those who implicitly accepted the Russian official version of the Greek faith and those who did not so accept it. The former were the elect, and the latter were doomed to perdition; and if their heresy gave rise to any question, no mercy should be shown to them. He was a devoted husband and father, but he would have dealt in the most unsparing manner with any member of his family who might have appeared to question his spiritual authority; and it is probable that, even in his own mind, he never attempted to draw the line between his spiritual and his temporal authority.

And yet, strange to say, all Alexander's exalted ideas as to his divine mission were accompanied by the greatest humility with regard to his personal qualities and capacities as an individual man. An authentic and very instructive story is told, which gives the clearest evidence of this

great personal humility. On the death of Admiral Shestakoff, the late Minister of Marine, his papers were, according to custom, sealed up for inspection by the proper authority. Amongst these papers was found a letter from the much-hated Minister, M. Pobiedonostsoff, formerly the Tsar's tutor, and of late years his most trusted adviser. In this letter, referring to some proposal of the Admiral's, Pobiedonostsoff wrote, "You are quite right, but the Tsar is too stupid to understand it." Great was the triumph of the Minister's enemies when it was found that this letter would be brought to the Emperor's notice, and the disgrace of the hated favourite was confidently anticipated. Alexander, however, on reading the letter, merely remarked, "I know Pobiedonostsoff thinks me stupid: he always told me so when he was my teacher." The Tsar never again alluded to the subject, and the ex-teacher retained his master's confidence to the last.

This story recalls the fact that Alexander III. enjoyed the considerable advantage of receiving his early education not in the character of heir-apparent, but whilst his elder brother, the Tsarevitch Nicholas, was still alive. Had he himself been the presumptive heir to the throne, his tutor might have been more reserved in his remarks, and the general character of the pupil might have suffered from a variety of temptations which he was fortunately spared. Under the actual circumstances of his youth, personal vanity was probably not unduly encouraged, and a natural inclination to a humble estimate of his own capacity was unchecked.

Humility was, however, by no means the only virtue which re-

deemed the failings in the character of the late Tsar. Alexander III. was above all things a constant friend and a reliable master. He had noted, and been disgusted by, the eternal intrigues in his father's time, and he consistently declined to listen to the voice of secret slander. This trait sometimes resulted in prolonged deception regarding the character of notoriously untrustworthy officials; but it also certainly tended, on the whole, to give much required stability to the administrative machine of which he was the head. The praiseworthy determination not to allow himself to be lightly influenced in his appreciations of men and things, sometimes gave indeed to the Tsar's conduct an appearance of stupid obstinacy. But we do not think that foolish obstinacy was really one of his faults, for, as we shall have occasion to show, he proved, at least on one occasion, that under the influence of a trusted adviser he could with extraordinary rapidity completely change his mind on the gravest subject.

In endeavouring to describe the character of Alexander III., we must call attention to one specially noble feature, namely, his strict sense of duty. This sense of duty was superior to all other impulses influencing his mind. A lethargic, if not a lazy man, he hated detail and office work, yet, from the day of his accession, the Tsar was constantly a slave at his desk; and he most earnestly endeavoured to understand the details of all the numerous complex subjects which came before him. Though wanting in quickness, his patient attention enabled him to learn much from any competent instructor; and, as an instance, it may be mentioned that, having once understood the paramount importance of proper

finance, and having the advantage of so able a teacher as M. Wishnegradsky, he really arrived at a good understanding, not only of general principles, but also of the special needs of Russia, in this important department. And it was not finance alone to which Alexander devoted his attention with useful results. Whatever opinion may be entertained as to the general progress of his empire during his reign, it must be acknowledged that the improvements effected in both the army and the navy were most remarkable. With the loyal support of his master, uniformly continued during a period of some twelve years, General Vannovsky, an honest hardworking mediocrity, succeeded in completely revolutionising the entire system of the army. Nepotism, if not abolished, was held in check; a proper value was attached to technical education; the commissariat and supply services became fairly honest; and an organisation was introduced which did not exist on paper only. In the navy, the large sums expended were probably as well applied as in any other country; and the Russian fleet, which in 1881 was insignificant, is in 1895 the third most important naval force in Europe.

We have already alluded to the family affection displayed by the late Tsar, but cursory mention would not do justice to this strong and excellent trait in his character. Surrounded by his family, he was seen to the greatest advantage; and, as is well known, he nowhere so thoroughly enjoyed himself as at Copenhagen, where, free from the unavoidable and detested restraints and ceremonies of his own Court, he was able to follow his natural simple tastes. He joined heartily in the amusements of his wife's younger relations, who were

all sincerely devoted to him ; and whether playing with the children in the schoolroom, boating with the young men, or taking country walks with the Princess of Wales's daughters, the Tsar was the constant companion and centre of attraction to his juvenile friends. He was essentially a family man, and his household was ordered on the simplest scale which his position permitted, thus presenting a great contrast to that of his father. During the dreary years when, as Tsarevitch, he found the character and conduct of his father's Court so utterly uncongenial to his tastes and principles, he remained in strict seclusion in his own palace, devoting himself to his wife and children, and seldom passing its gates, unless in fulfilment of some unavoidable duty. In those days it was a touching and remarkable sight to see this enormous man riding slowly round and round the confined enclosure of his garden, following the little pony-chaise in which his wife would drive her children. The death of such a man was an irreparable loss to his family, and no expression of grief on their part can have been in the least exaggerated.

We have said enough to give a general idea of the character of the late Emperor : we will now endeavour to trace the influence of his temperament and sentiments on his conduct of public affairs.

We have stated that he was a kind-hearted man, and we have also noted the stern and unforgiving spirit which could be easily aroused by certain classes of offences. Within a few hours of his father's death he gave public evidence of both these characteristics. Opposed as he had always been to his father's

alliance with hismorganatic wife, the sight of the unfortunate widow's terrible grief at the death-bed of Alexander II. at once called into play the kindly sentiments of his successor, and in the most sympathetic manner he endeavoured to console the heartbroken woman, and promised her his protection. For years this lady had been the source of the greatest annoyance and grief to him ; but Alexander III. was a man of his word, and in spite of much provocation, which he subsequently endured from her extraordinary want of tact, he never failed in the promises made by the side of his father's corpse. On the other hand, he had been particularly incensed by his cousin (the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovitch), who was said to have been guilty of the crime of stealing the jewels from his mother's holy pictures ; and when this young man, hoping for forgiveness, telegraphed his deep feeling of sorrow at the catastrophe which had befallen the Imperial family, and humbly asked to be allowed to come and join the mourners, the new Tsar replied by a telegram *en clair*, forbidding his cousin ever again to address him, and ordering him to remain in perpetual banishment.

The moment when Alexander III. ascended the throne was, as regards the internal condition of Russia, one of special anxiety and perplexity. The war with Turkey had exhausted the country, without any appreciable result calculated to satisfy and tranquillise the public mind. The peace sanctioned by the Berlin Conference was a bitter disappointment to the chauvinistic aspirations of the restless Panslavonic party ; and from special causes the cessation of hostilities was followed

by a violent outburst of that militant nihilism which culminated in the death of Alexander II.

The Panslavist societies had been very active during the latter years of the reign of Alexander II., particularly during the Servian war, and the period immediately preceding the outbreak of the war with Turkey; and their agitation had been a source of considerable anxiety to the Tsar, who took their vapourings too seriously. As Tsarevitch, Alexander III. formed very intimate relations with many of the leading Panslavists, and was considered as a warm sympathiser with their views. It would seem, however, that the close insight which he obtained into their affairs enlightened him as to the shallowness of the movement and its leaders. He probably remained favourable to the Panslavonic idea as a theory; but he knew that the movement had no root among the enormous mass of the people, and on coming to the throne he let it be understood that he would brook no agitation in Russia independent of his immediate sanction and control. Once the notoriety-seeking Panslavist intriguers realised the new situation, they assumed a very quiescent attitude, and the movement languished. It was easy to deal with the Panslavist movement when properly faced, but nihilist activity was more difficult to meet.

Before the Turkish war, hatred of the hereditary Mohammedan enemy, and wild stories of the sufferings of their Bulgarian co-religionists, made the Russian peasantry enthusiastic in the cause of their deliverance; but when, in the course of the war, the peasant soldiers had the opportunity of comparing the substantial homesteads of the Bulgarians

with the wretched squalor of their own hovels, they realised with indignation that they had been duped by the stories spread abroad by the Panslavists. The congregation of large bodies of men in the Russian camps gave special opportunities for comparing notes, and for the growth of a sort of public opinion, the formation of which many circumstances render impossible in Russia itself. In the army, and especially in the hospitals, active intelligent nihilists took every opportunity of fomenting the discontent of the soldiery; and the results were remarkable, and must still be reckoned with. It is certain that, for at least one generation, the Russian peasant army cannot again be led to war, beyond the frontiers of Russia, without discontent and distrust of the motives of the Government in calling them from their homes.

It was the widespread discontent resulting from the circumstances of the Turkish war, and the exceptional opportunities then offered for nihilistic teaching, which gave such extraordinary force to the nihilist movement when the Russian army returned home. Alexander II., under the influence of Loris Melikoff, was seeking to remove the evil of nihilism by remedial measures, when he met his untimely end. Alexander III. determined to crush it with a strong hand.

The first duty which presented itself to the new monarch on his accession, was to secure and punish the murderers of his father. This was promptly done, and in his dealings with the nihilists, Alexander III. gave many indications of the peculiarities of his character. A special tribunal, in which the official element was conspicuous by its absence, was created

for the trial of those accused of Tsaricide. Every effort was made to convince the world that the prisoners had a fair trial,—the foreign diplomatic representatives, and even several foreign journalists, being included among the privileged persons admitted to watch the proceedings in court. Justice without mercy was, however, the measure meted out to all who appeared to be in any way connected with the crime against the sacred person of a Tsar. No distinction was made between the educated student who threw one of the fatal bombs and the ignorant peasant who, though acknowledging his intimate relations with the other prisoners, maintained his innocence as regarded the special accusation, and whom no evidence connected with the final fatal deed. Alexander's sense of justice was fully satisfied, though the probably innocent peasant died on the same scaffold as the criminals who avowed and gloried in their crime. Throughout the lifelong deadly struggle with nihilism, no sentiment of clemency ever arrested the arm of the executioner; no consideration of age, or sex, or of the misguided follies of youth, ever stayed the knout of the jailer; no flicker of hope ever lightened the agony of the living death of the convict, permanently chained to the barrow in the tomb of the Siberian mines.

Crushing severity and the multitudinous arrests, rendered easy by the clues unavoidably given in connection with the principal crime, had certainly a powerful effect in breaking up the nihilist organisation, and in procuring temporary tranquillity. But nihilism was scotched, not killed. Not only was the removal of the principal conspirators, at a given time, an insufficient measure, when unac-

companied by any attempt to reach the root from which disaffection sprang, but the case was rendered still more hopeless by complete misconception as to the real origin of the movement. Encouraged in error by his own curious bigotry, and by the suggestions of Count Ignatieff, one of his early advisers, Alexander cherished the idea that all nihilistic plots were due to the evil tendencies of the Jews and Poles, or other unorthodox Russian subjects. The numerous orthodox Russians, whose guilt was clearly proved, were assumed by him to be the disciples of the very insignificant number of Jews and Poles who were incriminated with them. For a time this was a comforting delusion, and every sentiment of religious bigotry was gratified by the assumed political necessity of severe measures against the unorthodox. Of the character of these measures we shall hereafter have to speak more specially: here it will suffice to note them, and to recall that, in spite of their rigour, it was but few years after the fictitious calm established by the first dragonnades that the activity of fresh groups of nihilists gave new cause for alarm, and that nihilistic conspiracies steadily multiplied, until the circumstances and character of the plot discovered last spring on the Smolensk railway once more distracted and stunned the central authority.

The surgeons who made the post-mortem examination of the remains of Alexander III. informed the world as to the immediate physical causes of his death. It was not within their province to speak of the moral causes, of which, indeed, they were probably ignorant. To those, however, who had the opportunity of observing the Tsar during the last year of his

life, it was evident that he was suffering acutely from some heavy moral affliction. There can be no hesitation in attributing this moral suffering to the very painful disillusionment which ensued as the result of the discovery of the Smolensk plot, and of the circumstances connected with that nearly successful conspiracy.

Among the numerous measures decreed against the unorthodox, one which entailed special hardship on a large number of respectable families was the decision not to permit the employment of any but orthodox Russians in positions of responsibility on the railways. By their superior education, a considerable percentage of Poles and Baltic Province Germans had, particularly in the western provinces, secured a large proportion of such posts, as those of station-masters, guards, inspectors, engine-drivers, &c.; and for some years past, as the Government control of the railways had become closer, these semi-aliens had been dismissed to make room for orthodox Russians. One of the last railways where this change had been effected was precisely that Smolensk railway where the plot was discovered to blow up the Tsar's train. The discovery of the mine was a mere accident; but the inquiries which followed laid bare a deep-laid, carefully elaborated plot, in which the numerous conspirators were, without exception, orthodox Russian officials—the very men who owed their posts to the removal of the mistrusted Poles and Germans. The evidence of this fact was too clear to admit of doubt, and in one moment all the Tsar's fondest illusions were suddenly dispelled, and the utter utility of the entire policy of his reign became manifest.

It was a death-blow to the

moral nature of the man. In the first anger and excitement a manifesto was issued, in which the Tsar declared his intention to adopt a still more rigorous policy of repression, and to still further concentrate all authority in his own hands; and he quoted his grandfather Nicholas as the model he intended to closely follow in the future. Reflection must have speedily brought home the conviction that such a policy had already been proved worse than useless; but Alexander lacked the moral elasticity to accept a crushing reverse, and to seek new hope in other directions. All his most cherished ideas and convictions were confuted and irrevocably shattered by the irresistible logic of facts; and he felt himself left, a stranded, storm-beaten wreck, helpless and condemned. No moral recovery was possible. Nicholas I. died of moral mortification; Alexander III. shared the fate of his grandfather and model.

In the foregoing pages we have noted the inflexibility of character of Alexander III., as specially evidenced in connection with the assumed peculiar virtues of the orthodox Russian people and their appointed ruler. We had, however, previously stated that on other subjects, even of the gravest nature, the Tsar's mind was open to conviction, under the influence of the one or two advisers whom he really trusted.

A remarkable instance of this quality was given during the first few months of his reign. As Tsarevitch, Alexander had shown considerable leanings towards the liberal party, whose organ in the Russian press, the 'Golos,' conducted with much independence and ability, was the leading journal in St Petersburg, and whose ideas

were predominant in Russian society at the time of the death of Alexander II. The curious revolution which had placed Loris Melikoff at the head of internal affairs, practically as the Tsar's delegate, and with the most extended powers, had been greeted as the dawn of a new political era; and the word "Constitution" was audibly whispered in the drawing-rooms of the Russian capital. It is certain that at the date of the murder of Alexander II. a plan of constitution was being seriously considered; and, had that tragedy been postponed, there is little doubt that some form of constitution would have been granted—though from all we have learned on the subject, we consider it very improbable that it would have been founded on the broadly liberal basis anticipated by the leading, irresponsible, would-be reformers.

In spite of the disheartening circumstances under which Alexander III. came to the throne, it was generally expected that his liberal tendencies would assure and hasten the promulgation of the anticipated constitution. The fact that Loris Melikoff and his liberal associates in the Ministry retained their places, notwithstanding the catastrophe which had just marked their administration, was naturally interpreted as a guarantee of the continuance of a policy of liberal reform. It is now matter of history that, with the Tsar's fullest approval, a project of constitution was considered and elaborated by a special committee, under the presidency of the Grand Duke Vladimir; and that, within two months of the death of the late Emperor, it was completed, and only required the Tsar's definite confirmation for its promulgation. That confirmation was, however,

never given. At the very moment when it was hourly expected, the Tsar held the annual May review of the St Petersburg garrison. In accordance with custom, at the end of the review he called around him the principal officers, among whom were General Loris Melikoff and General Miliutin, the liberal Minister of War, and he startled the assembly by a speech in which he propounded the most conservative views, leaving no doubt in the minds of his hearers that he had finally resolved on a retrograde policy of strict repression.

This was indeed a bolt from the blue. It was immediately followed by Loris Melikoff's resignation, tendered simultaneously with that of his colleagues, General Miliutin, M. Abasa, Minister of Finance, and M. Nabokoff, Minister of Justice, who expressed their regret that the Tsar had evidently lost confidence in their liberal policy. It is related that Alexander was furious at the combined action of his Ministers, which he correctly interpreted as the first attempt in Russian history to establish the solidarity of a Ministry, and thus to impose a check on the autocratic power of the sovereign. It is certain that the audacious Ministers were severely rated, and reminded that it was not within their competence to resign—that they were merely the Tsar's servants during his good-pleasure, bound to remain at their posts, and to fulfil his behests, until he should think fit to dismiss them. Resistance to the Imperial will, thus sternly expressed, was impossible, and the Ministers were forced to withdraw their resignations and to continue their duties. Very shortly, however, they were one by one dismissed, and replaced by more subservient instruments. The dream of liberal reforms vanished

with their disappearance from the scene.

The explanation of this startling event was simple. The ideal of the liberal leaders was a Russian people guiding themselves in the path of progress and reform; the Tsar, though feeling the necessity of reforms, was inclined to contemplate their introduction under the direct guidance and control of the Autocrat. Both Tsar and reformers were agreed in their strong chauvinistic faith in Russia and the Russian people; but here their full agreement ended. At the critical moment, the arguments of M. Pobiedonostsoff confirmed the Tsar in his autocratic instincts; and under the same influence these instincts were carefully fostered, all the special virtue of the autocracy became an article of bigoted faith.

Loris Melikoff was succeeded by Count Ignatieff, who, ever ready to trim his sails to the wind, effected the most complete agreement with the ideas of the Tsar and M. Pobiedonostsoff. This dangerous and unscrupulous Minister assisted M. Pobiedonostsoff in implanting in the Tsar's mind that distrust of all his unorthodox subjects which soon began to have the saddest results, and which, commencing with the persecution of the Jews, developed into a regular system of persecution of Polish Roman Catholics, German and Finnish Protestants, Armenian Gregorians, and finally, in a milder degree, of all classes of dissidents from the strict tenets of the official orthodox faith.

After the bright hopes entertained during the first few months of the year 1881, it was a sad disappointment to all well-wishers of Russia to note the character of the men whom the Tsar gathered round him after the incident of

the May review. The most conspicuous of these was Count Ignatieff, Loris Melikoff's successor as Minister of the Interior. The character of Ignatieff is well known throughout Europe, and his talents as a *raconteur* have never been exaggerated. His claim on the Tsar's sympathy and attention was his activity as an exponent of Panslavism, which he made a platform for expatiating on the virtues of all orthodox Slavs, and of the Russian Slav above all others, and where he sought notoriety in furtherance of his personal aims and ambitions.

But more remarkable than the appointment of Ignatieff to a high position of responsibility, was the nomination of General Baranoff as Prefect of St Petersburg. The appointment of such a man as Baranoff deserves special notice, as affording remarkable evidence of the curious chauvinistic faith of Alexander III. During the Turkish war, Baranoff, who was a naval officer, obtained command of the *Vesta*, a ship of the Black Sea mercantile fleet, which was fitted out as a cruiser to watch the movements of the Turks. On returning from one of his cruises, Baranoff reported having been in action with a powerful Turkish ship, which he declared that he had driven off in a battered condition. His report was most circumstantial, and the Russians were so elated at any success on the sea, of which at that time the Turks were the masters, that Baranoff and his officers received many rewards and immediate promotion. Some time after, one of the said officers, being dissatisfied with his share of the rewards, stated publicly that the whole story of the action was a myth, and that on sight of the Turkish man-of-war Baranoff promptly showed his heels.

The public in Odessa, where Baranoff's character was well known, gave ready credence to this officer's statements, and the scandal became so great that Baranoff and his officers were tried by court-martial for making false reports. The court-martial sentenced Baranoff to be cashiered, and the Grand Duke Constantine, the head of the navy, confirmed the sentence. Disgrace could not have been more public, or apparently more complete. Such was the position of the man whom Alexander III. hastened, on his accession, first to reinstate in the public service as colonel of artillery, then to name Governor of Wilna, and then to bring to St Petersburg as Prefect, charged with the safety of the capital, and of the Imperial family, at the critical moment when the startling activity of the nihilists was the principal preoccupation of the Government. There is only one explanation of this extraordinary incident: the blind chauvinism of the Tsar did not permit him either to accept public opinion as to the merits of Baranoff, or to give credence to the formal evidence on which he was condemned by the court-martial.

But with all the Tsar's predilections in favour of Baranoff and Ignatieff, the triumph of such men, when placed in responsible positions, was necessarily short. Baranoff's head was so completely turned by his unexpected elevation, that he immediately began to make himself ridiculous, and Alexander was soon sickened by his swaggering pretensions. Ignatieff was more clever, but the gravest interests could not enable him to control his imagination. He forgot that the memory of a Tsar was not a subject to be trifled with before his Imperial master; and when he gave vent to his

humorous imagination in a detailed description of the rapid progress of the building of the memorial church to Alexander II., whilst his master happened to be aware that extraordinary difficulties had delayed even the laying of the foundations, he soon found that he had committed an unpardonable mistake, and he was called upon to resign in favour of Count Tolstoi.

Count Tolstoi, one of the most important figures in the reign of Alexander III., was a real statesman, and a man of integrity and firmness of purpose. He was, however, a conservative of the old school, who sought the welfare of his country in a retrograde system of centralisation and repression. He remained Minister of the Interior till his death in 1889. Tolstoi's opinions were in full accord with those of Pobiedonostsoff: his successor, M. Dournovo, a man of inferior capacity, made no attempt to develop a policy of his own, and consequently the spirit of Tolstoi and Pobiedonostsoff continued to direct the conduct of internal affairs till the close of Alexander's reign. Tolstoi will be long remembered for the great changes he introduced in the matter of local government. His chief aim was to minimise the importance of the local institutions established under the more liberal *régime* of the previous reign, without unduly exciting public opinion by openly abolishing them; and he displayed wonderful astuteness in the methods by which he accomplished his ends.

The institution of Justices of the Peace, intended to stand between the peasants and the formerly all-powerful landed proprietors, was one of the most important measures of the reforming period at the commencement of the reign

of Alexander II.; and the powers given to the Semstvos, in which the peasant representatives met the proprietors on nominally equal terms, was a great step in the direction of liberal local self-government. Both Justices of the Peace and Semstvos were condemned by Tolstoi, though neither were formally abolished. The powers of the Semstvos were reduced in all directions by strict definition and limitation of their competence; the powers of the Justices of the Peace were seriously curtailed by extending, at their expense, the competence of the ancient informal village tribunals, and by the creation of the new office of Semski Natchalnik. The Semski Natchalniki, appointed by, and directly responsible to, the Minister of the Interior, are subject only to the moral control of the provincial marshals of nobility, which, though real enough where the marshal happens to be a strong active man influential with the central authority, is nugatory in many districts where such is not the case. The extension of the competence of the village tribunals was in reality a curtailment of their powers. When less extended, these had, within their assigned limits, been exercised without any special control, whereas under the new system their decisions required the sanction of the Semski Natchalniki; and to any one who knows the interior of Russia and the character of the Russian peasantry, it is immediately apparent that the village tribunals at once became the mere instruments of the new officials. Corporal punishment (except in prisons) has long been formally abolished by law, and cannot be inflicted by the sentence of any regular tribunal. The village tribunals have, however, always con-

tinued to exercise the right of flogging; and under the new system this form of punishment has been encouraged, rather than the imposition of fines or imprisonment. Under the direction of the Semski Natchalniki the Russian peasant is renewing his acquaintance with the lash of the knout, which now plays as important a part in local justice (or injustice) as in the halcyon days before the emancipation of the serfs.

Centralisation and repression were not the only objects sought in the policy which the Tsar adopted under the influence of Pobiedonostsoff and Tolstoi. These statesmen realised, what foreign writers on Russia, such as Sir Charles Dilke, have hitherto failed to note, that the great weakness of Russia, and of the autocratic system, lies in the want of homogeneity of the population, and in the superior education and intelligence of the numerous non-Russian races inhabiting the empire. They were therefore determined to bring all classes of the population to the same level, and to force orthodoxy on the unorthodox. They were quite right in believing that the surest way of forcing the nationalist spirit into the breast of the unorthodox non-Russian was to compel him to adopt orthodoxy for himself and his children; and as they could not level up the civilisation and culture of the orthodox Russian, they determined to level down the unorthodox alien. They were unscrupulous in the methods they employed to reach what they honestly believed to be a praiseworthy end; and by skilfully playing on the religious bigotry and blind chauvinism of the Tsar, they carried him with them in all the iniquities and cruelties of their proceedings.

It is impossible in the present

article to give a complete picture of the internal condition of Russia under the system of forced proselytism and levelling down; but we will endeavour to sketch the more salient features of the proceedings adopted, in the fierce pursuit of the one great political aim.

The Jewish persecution, begun under Ignatieff in a clumsy and brutal form, as shocking to European sensibilities as Bulgarian or Armenian atrocities, was systematically continued in a much more scientific and cruel manner. Common corporal violence was no longer the order of the day; but by the revival and stringent enforcement of obsolete laws, the Jew was deprived of all honest means of livelihood, and then held up to opprobrium, and still further ill-treated, as a useless and obnoxious citizen.

The industries of Poland, guided by superior intelligence, were a thorn in the side of the Moscow manufacturers; consequently it was found advisable to handicap them, first by a peremptory order that all foreign employees should be suddenly dismissed, and then by establishing differential railway freights for the carriage of Polish manufactures to the markets of central Russia. It proved impossible by ordinary means to turn Polish and Lithuanian Roman Catholics from the religion of their forefathers, so, among other measures, it was determined to deprive them of their places of worship. Their religious zeal had always maintained their churches in excellent repair. The State now undertook the maintenance of all religious buildings, and sequestered the funds collected for that purpose. The next step was to carefully neglect the most necessary repairs, and as by degrees the buildings showed signs of be-

coming unsafe, to condemn and close them. An incident in the fulfilment of this cynical programme led to the massacre in the government of Kovno some twelve months ago. A village church which the villagers had not been allowed to repair, was declared unsafe, and ordered to be closed. The poor villagers attempted a sort of passive resistance. They took it in turns to be continually present in the church in considerable numbers. Finally a military force was ordered to clear the building; and on the peasants demurring to leave, they were promptly fired upon and driven out at the point of the bayonet. It is true that this brutal massacre of helpless men and women created some stir when the story was bruited abroad: but though special inquiry was directed, the only result was the recent condemnation to various terms of imprisonment of those recalcitrants who had escaped massacre; and the Governor of Wilna, who had authorised the proceedings, still retains his post.

In the Baltic Provinces every effort was made to sow discord between the peasants and the German barons, their landlords; and the common Protestant religion and the language of both were attacked. In all schools the use of the Russian language was made obligatory, and as the great majority of the teachers were unable to teach in Russian, they were dismissed to starve, and to make room for their ignorant Russian successors. At one moment there were no less than forty-eight Protestant clergymen of the Baltic Provinces awaiting sentence for deeds which had become legal crimes under the new system. In most cases their crime consisted in having performed some rite of

their Church for old parishioners, where the head of the family had, under extreme pressure or by some ill-understood formality, accepted the orthodox faith. Here, at least, the measures were too violent to attain their ends, and the peasants, who had welcomed the encouragement of Russian officials in making themselves disagreeable to their landlords, have since been enraged at the interference with their faith and their language.

The autonomy of the Finns, and their successful self-government and admirable finance, naturally aroused the jealousy and mistrust of the Russians, and it was determined to destroy their independence and prosperity. To ruin their finances, they were forced to build a useless system of railways along the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia, where they have excellent communication by steamers in summer and by sledge-roads in winter, and where the traffic is at no season important. Then, as it was observed that they flourished under a system of free trade, their Customs administration was taken out of their hands, and arrangements made for rapidly assimilating it with the protective system of Russia. Employees on the railways, and in all post and telegraph offices, were required to know Russian, and the majority, who were ignorant of that language, were dismissed. It is impossible to describe in detail all the wrongs which the Finns have suffered during the last five years; but the result is apparent to the most unobservant traveller in Finland. The Finns, who a few short years ago were a prosperous people, and heartily loyal to their Grand Duke, in the full confidence that he would respect their constitution, are now, as a nation, sadly impoverished, and they would certainly have re-

volted if they could have seen the slightest chance of success.

The Armenians in the Caucasus have fared little better than their fellow-subjects in the north. We will not weary our readers with details, but as evidence of their condition we will quote from the Russian newspapers a single recent incident. In the month of May 1892, forty-three Armenians were tried before the district court at Kars, accused of forming an association for resistance to the authorities, murder, &c. Koukouniantz, the head of the association, was condemned to hard labour for twenty years, and twenty-five others were sentenced to the same punishment for periods varying from fifteen to eight years. This incident speaks for itself: we think we need say no more about the condition of the Armenians.

As the Russian Government refuses its exequatur to consuls in the interior of the Caucasus, and as no missionaries are allowed to cross the Russian frontier, the sufferings of the Russian Armenians are never made public, as are those of their brethren in Turkey. In Turkey the first sign of trouble is eagerly reported, and fills columns of the foreign press. The Russian Government understands how to keep out inquisitive intruders; the Turkish Government is not strong enough to pursue the same daring policy.

Our brief sketch of the condition of those classes of the Tsar's subjects whom the policy of his reign marked out for attack, would be incomplete without some reference to the sufferings of those whom persistence in their principles led to unhappy acquaintance with the interior of Russian jails and with Siberian exile. The condition of Russian jails has often been discussed, but we be-

lieve that only one opinion has been expressed by competent observers—that is, by those who, knowing the Russian language, have been content to gain their information by familiar intercourse with the Russian people, and without the misleading guidance of officials, who received their secret instructions simultaneously with the warm letters of recommendation so readily granted to such inquirers as Dr Lansdell and Mr de Windt. We have made our personal observations without such deceptive guidance, but for the moment we prefer to notice only such incidents as have obtained publicity even through the severely censored columns of the Russian daily press.

The story of the lady, a political prisoner, who was beaten to death some three years ago at Nertchinsk in Siberia, is particularly instructive from our point of view. The sufferings of the convicts under the brutality of their guardians had been such, that a number of them determined to seek the release of death by refusing all food. The prison authorities met this terrible resolution by ordering the artificial administration of nourishment. The lady in question, in weak and nervous condition, resented the indignity of the treatment to which she was subjected in pursuance of this order, and in her passion she struck the presiding official with her hand. The punishment ordained by law for assault on the authorities is flogging. The head of the convict establishment hesitated, however, in this instance to comply with the law, being apprehensive that in the prisoner's condition of health the punishment might have fatal consequences. He referred for special instructions to Baron Korff, Governor-General of Eastern Si-

beria, and received the telegraphic reply, "You know the law; comply with it." The unfortunate lady died under the lash of her tormentors; and though, in consequence of the public scandal, the whole affair was brought to the Tsar's notice, Korff retained his post, and presumably his master's confidence, till his death. Alexander III. had no mercy for political offenders, and he doubtless saw nothing but simple justice in the fate of this victim of his system.

The foregoing was, we trust, a rare instance of such extreme suffering under the direct sanction of the most responsible authorities; but the sufferings continually inflicted without such sanction, and simply by the brutality of the ordinary jailer, are quite as terrible, and of only too frequent occurrence. We may take again the Russian press as our authority, and quote from it the account of an incident of very recent date. In the central prison of Rostoff on Don, four female prisoners were accused by a fellow-prisoner of having stolen some money from her. They were taken into a separate room to be searched by the three prison inspectors, who ordered them to strip naked. On their objecting to take off their chemises before these men, they were all four severely beaten, and subjected, under the pretence of searching, to such nameless brutality as cannot be described in detail. Nothing having been found, they were once more beaten with cruel severity, and then confined in the black-hole of the jail. During the night the unfortunate women were four separate times put through the same special torture of searching, followed by beating, and the following morning they received a final terrible beating, and were then sent direct to their

work. One of the number died in hospital within a few days. The prison doctor returned her death as from natural causes. Through the indignation of the other prisoners, the story, however, got abroad, and an inquiry was instituted. After some months the body of the murdered woman was exhumed, and the causes of her death were even then only too fully apparent. The doctor and the inspectors were tried last December before the local court, and the account of the trial appeared in the newspapers. The senior inspector and the doctor were condemned to sixteen months' imprisonment, and the junior inspector to ten months and twenty days; but in virtue of the amnesty at the beginning of the new reign, these sentences became non-effective. When such barbarity can escape severe punishment, it is the system which is responsible, and must be condemned, even more than the particular brutalities of the cruel and ignorant savages whom it fails to control.

There are many other points of interest in the system of government under Alexander III. which space will not allow us to dwell on, but some of which we must at least mention. Among these the policy of putting obstacles in the way of higher education may certainly be defended, on the ground that the universities were the hotbeds of nihilism, and that the cheap education given to those whose mental culture did not rise above the standard of the parrot, had too frequently the result of rendering the recipients not only useless but dangerous citizens. But it was not only the higher instruction of the universities which was impeded; the spread of education of the most rudimentary kind was equally de-

liberately arrested, and this for the sole purpose of maintaining that blind reverence for the autocracy which could only be preserved among a grossly ignorant peasantry.

A more reasonable support for the autocracy was sought in the endeavour to arrest the decay of the class of large landed proprietors. On the emancipation of the serfs, the accompanying financial arrangements for transferring to the peasants a portion of the land of the proprietors gave the latter the means of converting these lands into cash, whilst at the same time their changed relations with their former serfs made life on their estates distasteful. As a natural result of these circumstances, and of improved communications, the proprietors gave up residing on their estates, except perhaps for a few short weeks in summer; and the majority promptly spent their realised capital, and have since been consummating their ruin by extravagant living in St Petersburg and the fashionable resorts of Western Europe. This process of ruin was directly assisted by the mistaken measures taken in the late reign to benefit the landed interest. The demand of the prodigal proprietors was naturally for some further means of procuring cash to help them in their immediate pecuniary embarrassments; and, to their permanent detriment, this cash was found for them by various land banks, and more especially by the Bank of the Nobility, an institution expressly founded for the purpose of making advances under conditions which could not be admitted in sound business transactions. The money thus lightly obtained was equally lightly parted with, and the day of reckoning has now been hastened by the serious fall in the price of cereals,

the only source of income to meet the charges on estates mortgaged to within dangerously near limits of their total value. It must be added that this is not the view taken of the situation by the proprietors themselves, who, like most insolvent debtors, insist that their embarrassments are merely temporary, and clamour louder than ever for fresh assistance from the resources of the State. Such assistance may be again forthcoming within certain limits; but nothing can now save the vast majority of the proprietors, who as a class are as surely doomed as were the French aristocracy proscribed by the First Republic. The autocracy has secured no permanent advantage; the proprietors are permanently ruined. The policy of Alexander III. was as unsuccessful in preserving the aristocracy as in crushing the nihilists; but it was his own, and throughout it bore the impress of the character of the man, and of the bigoted prejudices which ever prevented the realisation of his most laudable intentions.

We may now pass to the consideration of the foreign policy of Russia during the reign of the late Tsar, and we will endeavour to note in this direction also the influence of his character and temperament.

"The manifesto issued by Alexander III. on his accession affords the most convincing evidence of his Majesty's satisfactory and peaceful intentions, and I am glad to inform the House that one of the first acts of the Tsar has been to recall General Skobelev." We regret not being able to quote the exact words, but such was the substance of the announcement made by Sir Charles Dilke (then Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) to a House of Commons at the time anxiously discussing

the import of Russia's first serious advance in Trans-Caspia, and the probability of its leading to the still more serious step of the occupation of Merv. Sir Charles Dilke was able by his assurances to relieve the anxiety of Parliament, and to stifle the warning voice of foolish "Mervous" patriots. This was but fourteen years ago, and to-day Russian soldiers are tranquilly patrolling the whole frontier of Afghan Turkestan, with communications securely established by rail across the desert, and by steamer on the Amoor Daria; and Russian Cossacks are raiding into the Pamirs, whilst Indian finance has been crippled by the expenditure of millions for the defence of the threatened frontier, and our home military resources are taxed to the utmost to provide the necessary increase of the English garrison. These results of the Asiatic policy of Alexander III. are the answer to the assurances of the well-informed ex-Under-Secretary of State, who still poses as a guide to his countrymen in foreign affairs.

The first step in the policy which entailed such serious consequences to England, was precisely that recall of Skobelev from which Sir C. Dilke predicted such contrary results. As every one paying attention to Russian affairs well knew, the Emperor Alexander II. had been much disturbed by the excitement caused in England by the definite establishment of Russian dominion on the north-eastern frontier of Khorassan. Further, his advisers were not without anxiety as to the possible results, at such a critical moment in the internal affairs of Russia, of permitting the return of the restless and ambitious Skobelev, the idol of the army. Such considerations had for months kept Skobelev chafing in idleness in the Turco-

man desert, when the accession of Alexander III. immediately secured the cordial acknowledgment of his important services, and the granting of his request to be allowed to return to Russia to celebrate his triumph. The natural result of such encouragement was the renewed activity of the Russian commander in Central Asia, and the speedy occupation of Merv. For this, and for all subsequent proceedings in the same regions, Alexander III. was directly responsible. If he did not furnish the initiative, he at least gave the approval, without the assurance of which his officers in Asia would never have dared to move.

We are fully prepared to admit that the Russians have quite as much business in Central Asia as we have. Once they had established themselves across the Caspian, their farther advance to the fertile countries south and east was certain to follow, unless we liked to forestall them. We did not choose to push forward our dominion to Central Asia to meet them, and therefore we should not complain of their advance, unless it be proved to be of a character distinctly and wilfully threatening to our Indian possessions. We fear that this aggressive character has been, however, only too clearly discernible in the proceedings of Russian officers in Central Asia. Once a frontier line between Afghanistan and the Russian conquests was agreed upon, nothing could excuse the incursions of Russian officers across that line; yet such incursions have been of frequent occurrence, without the Russian Government having ever offered a serious apology or punished a single offender. Among recent raiders into Afghan territory was Captain Vannovsky, the son of the Minister of War.

When complaint was made in St Petersburg about this officer, the Russian Government thought fit to profess absolute ignorance of his proceedings, and to feign doubt as to the correctness of the reports received by the Indian Government. When, finally, the gravity of the irregularities committed had to be acknowledged, the Russians affected to treat the matter as the foolish indiscretion of a youthful officer, from which no permanent harm could result, and which should not be allowed to be a cause of misunderstanding between two nations. Captain Vannovsky remains, however, unpunished for his "youthful indiscretions," and it may be expected that his example will find numerous followers.

But though grave principles were involved in such comparatively trifling incidents on the frontier of Afghan Turkestan, the questions raised by the appearance of the Russians in the Pamirs are still more important. As we have readily admitted, the advance of the Russians in territories where they necessarily came in contact with successive tribes of the unsettled and restless population was natural and inevitable; but we would most seriously ask any believer in the peaceful intentions of Russia, What necessity led Russian Cossacks into the Pamirs? Here there was no question of unavoidable contact, and possibly unavoidable differences, with intractable populations. The Roof of the World is an almost inaccessible region, to penetrate into which involved great preparations. The sparse inhabitants of this inhospitable land certainly never left their mountain homes to trouble the Russians, of whose existence they were probably unaware until the Cossacks appeared amongst them. We ask again, What ob-

ject brought the Russians into the Pamirs? There can be only one answer to this question,—The Russians penetrated the Pamirs solely with the aggressive object of finding a weak point in the defences of our Indian empire; and it was with the express sanction of the great Peacemaker that their aggressive expeditions were organised and despatched.

But it is not only the intrusions of the Russians in the Pamirs with which we have the right to find fault,—we have equal cause of complaint with the nature of their proceedings, since their advance in these regions forced the attention of our Government. It was impossible for us to sit quietly by whilst the Russians overran territories over which our Afghan allies claimed, and at times exercised, sovereign rights, and through which our frontier in the direction of Cashmere was distinctly threatened. Our diplomatic representations as to the necessity of defining a frontier in this No-man's Land were politely listened to, and our request for the maintenance of the *status quo*, until a frontier should be defined by mutual agreement, was accepted. After its acceptance, we were, however, treated to an almost exact repetition of the policy pursued at the time of Sir Peter Lumsden's ill-fated mission. The actual work of delimitation was constantly postponed, and meanwhile, and notwithstanding the most solemn promises of the Russian Government, the Cossacks repeated their raids, with the object of establishing themselves, and leaving us in face of *faits accomplis*. The last expedition of the famous Colonel Yonoff, who repeated the rôle of the once famous Alikhanoff, was, it is true, disavowed in St Petersburg; but we have yet to learn that Colonel Yonoff suffered for

his conduct, and we are more likely to learn at some future date that he has been handsomely rewarded.

We maintain that Alexander III. was responsible for all the doings of his lieutenants in Central Asia, and for their constant aggressive tendency as regards England. The Asiatic policy of the Peacemaker affords a striking example of that apparent inconsistency, which we hold can only be explained by accepting our estimate of the overwhelming influence of that chauvinistic fanaticism to which we must constantly refer. We do not think that the Tsar had any personal ambition to extend his dominions in Asia, and we are sure that he had no wish to provoke England; but he believed in the holy mission of Russia, and that mission he recognised even in her extension in Asia. If in the course of that extension provocation was given to England, so much the worse for England. If his plighted word was disregarded by his officers, he may have experienced a momentary feeling of regret, but it was only momentary. In his mind such incidents were ordained by Providence, and could not hinder his ready acquiescence in the fulfilment of Russia's sacred mission. The fanatical Mohammedan, even though a just and kind-hearted man, will always condone the worst action of a co-religionist, if a question arise where the interests of a Mohammedan and a Christian happen to be antagonistic. Similarly, where the interests of another nationality were concerned, Alexander could not admit that the Russian who successfully opposed them was deserving of censure. His agents, however, were not as blind as himself, and they deliberately profited by the strange bent of his mind. The motives which guided their master's

conduct were immaterial to his commanders in Central Asia. It was sufficient for them that successful aggression was never the cause of disgrace: resolute and generally aggressive action best forwarded their personal interests, and they were supported by statesmen in St Petersburg who persistently sought to secure Russia's traditional inheritance in India and Turkey.

To turn to another quarter of the globe: how, otherwise than as the natural outcome of the medieval fanaticism of Alexander III., are we to account for his conduct towards Bulgaria, and especially towards Prince Alexander? Why was the Russian Legation at Bucharest allowed for many years to be the centre of conspiracies, in which contemplated assassinations were the most important features? How was it, again, that whilst Russia expressed indignation at the shelter given to nihilists in other countries, the famous Bulgarian conspirator, Rizoff, who openly gloried in the important part he had taken in introducing dynamite and bombs as weapons of political warfare in Bulgaria, found shelter and hospitality in Odessa, when no country in Europe except Russia would tolerate his presence? To all these, and to similar questions, there is only one possible answer: Alexander's fanatical prejudices entirely obscured his moral vision. From pure goodwill, the Bulgarians had been offered the inestimable privilege of becoming the dependents of Holy Russia: they had rejected the way of salvation, and must therefore be smitten hip and thigh. The sentence of the Autocrat had gone forth against the backsliders, and the means or instruments employed for their chastisement were matters of small concern.

When we come to consider the

Tsar's attitude towards the Powers of the Triple Alliance and towards France, we must take into account the personality of M. de Giers. Foreign Ambassadors, and foreign journalists in St Petersburg, have generally reported that Alexander III. was his own Foreign Minister; and they have represented M. de Giers as a servile clerk, whose only function was to faithfully register the decrees of his master. Such a picture of the situation was incomplete and misleading. M. de Giers is a timorous man, and one who would never risk unpleasantness by an appearance of insistence on his own views; but he is a most intelligent politician and diplomatist. He served a long and useful apprenticeship under the able guidance of the late Prince Gortchakoff, and he has never lost sight of the careful, far-seeing policy of that statesman.

Gortchakoff and his predecessors had always cultivated the friendship of Prussia. They realised both the strength of their military neighbour and the comparative weakness of Russia in her north-western frontier provinces, where the population is separated from Russia by race and creed. When we reflect how great would have been the difficulties of Russia if the Poles had been supported by Prussia in their last insurrection, we can realise how correct was the view of the importance of Prussian friendship. And what was true of Prussia became doubly true of Germany, united under the leadership of Prussia.

Austria has long since ceased to cause Russia any anxiety. Her divided nationalities are a permanent source of weakness, from which Russia, through her influence with the Slavs, can readily profit. But though Austria cannot injure Russia by direct attack, she can on occasion interfere with Russian

projects in the Balkan Peninsula. No Russian general would have dared to undertake such a campaign as that of the last Turkish war, with its long line of communications exposed to attack, if intimate relations had not facilitated the previous negotiations, by which Austria accepted Bosnia and Herzegovina as the price of her acquiescence in the Russian advance. Friendship with Austria had always been included in Gortchakoff's policy, and when Prussia obtained control of the resources of a resuscitated German empire, that friendship acquired fresh value, as providing a counterpoise to the overwhelmingly preponderating power of Prussia in Central Europe.

France, Prince Gortchakoff never trusted, and never encouraged. As an enemy, Russia could have nothing to fear from an isolated France; and in the eyes of so cautious a statesman as Gortchakoff, her value as an ally was effectually discredited by the restlessness and incapacity for self-government continuously displayed since the close of the last century. Italy was treated by the great Russian Chancellor as a *quantité négligeable*; and Denmark was encouraged and flattered by a matrimonial alliance, intended to secure to Russia the control of the key of the Baltic.

But whatever other considerations may have affected the policy of Prince Gortchakoff, the one ever-present and supreme influence was the desire to secure for Russia a free hand in Asia and in Turkey, and to find the means of checking England, the only serious and persistent opponent of Russian aggressive ambition. When occasion offered, England might be bullied; but it was generally simpler and more profitable to cajole her. If a sudden advance excited the anxiety of the British public, it was easy

to order a halt, to give conciliatory explanations, and to make reassuring promises, until the whole question was lost sight of in England, and time had been afforded for Russia to consolidate her position in a newly acquired possession, and to complete preparations for a still further advance. This was the intelligent and perfectly successful policy pursued by Gortchakoff in his dealings with England; and, as far as the idiosyncrasies of his master permitted, it was closely followed by his disciple, M. de Giers.

It is popularly supposed that Alexander III. had some personal preference for an alliance with France, rather than for the traditional alliance with Prussia. This is a mistake. Alexander certainly shared the strong prejudice against Germans existing among all classes of Russians, and due to the successful economical competition of a neighbouring people, distinguished for their persevering, pushing activity. Germans and Frenchmen were, however, in the mind of the late Tsar, equally outside the pale, within which he only included orthodox Russians, and such other Slav races as accepted the Russian Autocrat as their natural head. No prejudice against Germany could have brought a man of his temperament to look with favour on a nation exhibiting the special characteristics of Frenchmen, and it is certain that the French form of republicanism was particularly obnoxious to him. We must seek other causes, in addition to Alexander's anti-German prejudices, to account for the Franco-Russian *rapprochement*, which Frenchmen spoke of as the Franco-Russian Alliance. We think that these causes were to be found, first, in the policy of Prince Bismarck, antagonistic to Russia; and subsequently, and in

lesser degree, in the dislike which the Tsar conceived for the young Emperor William, when the latter, fresh from his father's funeral, rushed to St Petersburg, eager to force the impression of his personality on the mind of his powerful neighbour and relative. The young Kaiser certainly created a strong impression, but it was the reverse of that which he desired or anticipated.

It must be recognised by all who take the trouble to remember recent historical facts, that Alexander III. found the relations between Russia and Germany already somewhat strained when he ascended the throne. We do not believe that such a position of affairs was in any way calculated to disturb his mind; but it was much regretted by M. de Giers, and by all the more thoughtful and prudent of his advisers. It would have been useless to attempt to induce the Tsar to adopt a conciliatory policy towards Germany, and the only chance of effecting a change was to convince Germany that her policy was a mistaken one. The best means of forcing such a conviction was to trust to the disintegrating influence of time upon an inactive alliance, such as that of the three Central European Powers, to make things as disagreeable as possible for Germany; and meanwhile to offer a cheek to be kissed by France, with the well-calculated assurance that in the end she would disgust the stolid Alexander by the violence of her osculation.

This deeply-considered policy was perfectly successful. Its success was not, however, due to skilful guidance of foreign affairs by the late Tsar, but to the quiet persistence and consummate tact of M. de Giers, fortuitously aided by the raging jealousy of Prince Bismarck, who, to embarrass his suc-

cessor, raised public opinion in Germany against that very anti-Russian policy which he himself had inaugurated, and which the Emperor William and Count Caprivi were cautiously striving to follow. We could say much on this subject, but we fear wearying our readers by dwelling too long on the details of what is both recent and past history; and it will probably be more profitable to consider at once the results of M. de Giers' policy, rather than to devote space to tracing the successive steps of its development.

The first sign of the success of M. de Giers' policy was the negotiation of the Russo-German commercial convention. The German Government was driven to accept this convention by the pressure of the hostile Russian Customs tariff, and by the serious discontent arising from the economic crisis, maliciously attributed by Prince Bismarck to Caprivi's mistaken foreign policy. On the other hand, Alexander III. had been so seriously disquieted by the wild hopes entertained in France as to the results to be obtained from the *entente* with Russia, that it is no secret, to those who had an opportunity of seeing something behind the scenes in St Petersburg, that the successful conclusion of the convention with Germany was hailed with great satisfaction. No important economical advantage was gained for Russia, but the door was opened for a better understanding with Germany, and a clear intimation was given to France that Russia declined to dance to the tune of the French fiddler. The betrothal of the present Emperor to a German Princess, though not really influenced by political considerations, was naturally interpreted in France as a further rebuff; and finally the death of Alexander III., and the

accession to the throne of a young Tsar, about to marry his German *fiancée*, and known to have English proclivities, could not fail to enlighten the most sanguine Frenchman as to the real value of the vaunted Franco-Russian alliance.

The accession of Nicholas II. coincides with what would, in any case, have been marked as a distinct turning-point in the contemporary history of Russia. It is impossible to say what Alexander III. might have done had he lived; but it was noted that during his last illness in the Crimea he received and conversed with General Miliutin, his first Minister of War, whom he had dismissed at the beginning of his reign, together with the other Liberal members of Loris Melikoff's Government; and many anticipations were founded on this unexpected interview. After the sad disillusionments of the last few months of his life, and the conviction, which must have been forced upon him, that his policy had proved a failure, it seems fairly certain that the late Tsar would have made some change in the system of administration of internal affairs. In external affairs, too, a change was clearly marked on the horizon: the hollowness of the so-called Russo-French alliance had been made manifest; the relations with Germany had been restored to a normal footing, by the removal of the last cause of irritation, with the promulgation of the Emperor William's decree authorising the Reichs Bank to again accept Russian securities; and the vitality of the Triple Alliance was visibly declining. The curtain was ready to rise on a change of scene when the principal actor was removed from the stage, and Nicholas II. was suddenly called upon to assume the leading rôle.

The marriage of the young Tsar immediately after his accession is certainly the most important event since his father's death. It is not often that the consort of a reigning sovereign exercises any important influence over the conduct of political affairs; but the special circumstances attending the betrothal and marriage of Nicholas II., and the character of his bride, seem likely to give the young Empress a more than ordinary influence in her husband's counsels. It was generally understood in St Petersburg that when the Tsar Alexander decided that it was time for his heir to marry, the latter was anything but pleased at the decision. It is certain that he had always liked the Hessian Princess, his second-cousin; but liking, and even admiring, a charming young cousin, do not necessarily lead to a desire for marriage. The fact is that, to use a colloquial expression, "the young Tsarevitch had never had his fling." He had always been kept in leading-strings by his mother, who, though without influence over the late Emperor in political matters, exercised an absolute and by no means light authority in domestic concerns; and he chafed at a want of personal liberty, which he anticipated might be confirmed by matrimony, particularly with a bride of his mother's selection, and presumably likely to remain under her influence. It was probably with no light heart that the Russian heir-apparent went to Darmstadt to seek the hand of the Princess Alix; but the personal charms of the Princess, her dignified conduct, and the firmness with which she showed her determination to consult her conscience only in the matter of the changes she could accept in the form of her religion, are believed to have produced a powerful impression on the mind

of her suitor, and to have rendered him really solicitous for the arrangement of the marriage.

The betrothal of the Tsarevitch took place at Darmstadt, and it was understood to be conditional on the final acceptance by the Princess Alix of the orthodox faith. The next phase in the marriage arrangements was the summoning of the Princess to the bedside of the dying Alexander. It must have been, from every point of view, a most trying situation for the bride-elect, who, anxious to fulfil the wishes of the relations to whom she owed most, and moved by every feeling of sympathy to satisfy the desire of the dying Tsar, was nevertheless dubious as to the possibility of conscientiously accepting some of the points demanded in connection with the change of the form of her religion. Rarely has a conscientious mind been subjected to so cruel an ordeal. It would be unprofitable and indiscreet for us to gratify curiosity by endeavouring to ascertain and point out the various points conceded or maintained in this struggle between sympathy and conscience. It is sufficient to know that the Princess won the admiration of all around her by a right-minded firmness, which never passed the limits of conscientious duty, and which was throughout accompanied by such evidence of a loving sympathetic nature as smoothed many difficulties and soothed many sorrows. The marriage has now taken place, and there is little wonder that the Tsar and all the Russian Imperial family have become devotedly attached to the bride, whose virtues and strength of character have assured her influence in the position which she was so suddenly called upon to fill under such exceptionally trying circumstances.

We have spoken of the charac-

ter of the young Empress; we should also say something of her training, and of the surroundings under which she was brought up. The youngest surviving child of the much-lamented Princess Alice of England, she lost her mother when only six years old. From the date of that sad event, the motherless children of the Hessian family became the special charge of their grandmother, her Majesty our Queen, who has always shown a very particular interest in their welfare, so that their education has been as much English as German. Until the death of their grand-uncle, the old Grand Duke of Hesse, the household of their father was maintained on the most modest scale, with no greater luxury than could be obtained in England with an income of some £3000 a-year. Visits to England were included among the special pleasures in the lives of the young Princesses,—with the general result, that the new Empress has even stronger associations with England than with Germany; and with the incidental result, that English is her common language with the Tsar, her husband. Finally, as regards the German origin of the Empress, it should be noted that the Hessian Grand-Ducal family suffered much from the results of the war of 1866, when the Hessians sided with Austria against Prussia; and that for many years all the Hessian people entertained very bitter feelings against Prussia.

We have said enough to show what are likely to be the tendencies of such influence as the young Empress of Russia may exert with her husband. Little is known for certain of the particularities of the character of Nicholas II., though the general impressions gathered by those who have had the opportunity of

observing him are probably sufficiently accurate to serve as indications of the line he is likely to follow. The Tsar has certainly inherited his father's distaste for shows and ceremonies, together with his modest retiring nature, and also his disinclination for office work. His Court is sure to be ordered with all the simplicity to which both he and his Empress have been accustomed in their youth, and his personality as Tsar is likely to be as little forced on the public as was that of his father. Whether Nicholas will be governed by the same strong sense of duty which forced his father's anxious attention to all the details of State affairs, and impaired his health by overwork, time will show; but it is certain that he has none of the restlessness of temperament of his relative the German Emperor, and whether in home or in foreign policy, he will be disinclined to take any strong measures, the necessity of which may not appear to have been fully proved. He has seen enough of life, and has doubtless heard enough from his father, to teach him that but few of those around him can be trusted in his counsels; but it is probable that he will be more easily influenced by those whom he may trust, and among those few the young Empress will certainly be counted. One negative point in his character, but of cardinal importance, is the complete absence of that fanatical bigotry concerning the orthodox faith and the sacred nature of the autocracy, which, as we have shown, gave the key-note to his father's policy in all classes of State affairs. If there were no other differences between the characters of Alexander II. and his successor, this difference on the question of a fanatical belief in

the all-sufficing virtues of the autocratic system, and of the orthodox faith, would by itself render the "Change of Tsars" a most important event, as regards the conduct of Russian affairs both at home and abroad.

Although we do not expect any startling revolution in Russian affairs, Nicholas II. has shown clearly, even in the first few weeks of his reign, that he can and will exercise marked independence of judgment in dealing with the questions which come before him. Both in the matter of the framing of the usual manifesto, issued immediately on his accession, and still more strikingly with regard to the special proclamation to the Finnish nation, the young Tsar followed the independent promptings of his own mind, which were not in accord with the ideas of those who had been his father's advisers. It was quite a startling revelation of the dawn of a liberal era when, the first proclamation issued in Finland having produced a bad impression among the people, it was promptly withdrawn, and a new document prepared, in which Finnish sentiment was more carefully considered. From all that was known beforehand of Nicholas II., from the fact that he received his education, in chief part, from a highly educated, large-minded Englishman, from his sympathy with English ideas, and from the natural gentleness of his disposition, it might have been safely prophesied that he would, as far as possible, introduce a more liberal spirit in the conduct of internal affairs; and now some of the very first acts of his reign have already given distinct proofs of the change of tendency in that direction.

Already the Tsar has earned the thanks of the Finns, of the Poles, and of the Jews, by the promise

of more considerate treatment, which they have had occasion to note, and it may be hoped that this promise will be fulfilled in such a manner as to promote the welfare of all classes of the subjects of the Autocrat of All the Russias. It is absurd to think of introducing such a form of government as is generally understood by the word "constitutional" for a people of whom fully eighty per cent are illiterate; but there are many useful reforms to be accomplished, and much liberty can judiciously be granted without changing the essential form of government. Above all, there is urgent need of decentralisation; and though many of those to whom it would be necessary to delegate authority would certainly prove unfit for the responsibility of their positions, a beginning must be made. In our opinion, the system of decentralisation introduced by Boris Melikoff, when he divided Russia into five or six large territories, and appointed as many Governor-Generals with very extensive powers, is the most suitable immediate remedy for the present unsatisfactory condition of Russia.

In conclusion, we may say a few words concerning the probability of any changes in the foreign policy of Russia likely to result from the "Change of Tsars." We have already said that we do not believe that the policy of the late Tsar was seriously influenced by his predilections in favour of one foreign nation rather than another. It is not likely that such predilection will seriously influence his successor; but the fact that Nicholas II. is favourably disposed towards England is certainly an advantage, as favouring the arrangement of pending questions in Central Asia. These questions have only been

kept open by the wilful perversity and ambition of a handful of soldiers, who took advantage of the idiosyncrasies of their late master to perpetuate a state of tension by their outrageous proceedings in the neighbourhood of our Indian frontiers.

As regards Germany, it is not known that the Tsar has any prejudices one way or the other, and now that all causes for soreness have been removed, there is no reason why he should not maintain the most friendly relations with his immediate neighbour. As regards Austria, it is known that, while Tsarevitch, he formed the most friendly relations with the Austrian Court, and this friendship with the Hapsburg family will certainly assist the renewal of the intimate political relations formerly existing between Vienna and St Petersburg. With regard to France, the Tsar will doubtless be glad to cultivate French sympathy, as far as this can be done without entailing on Russia any obligations or responsibilities for the dangerous ebullitions of French chauvinism. With all his reserve and caution, the late Tsar was led further than he desired by the excitability of his French admirers, and the lesson of the difficulties arising from the situation thus created has not been lost in St Petersburg. Nicholas II. has a free hand in this question, and the Franco-Russian *entente*, as understood by sanguine French chauvinists, may already be considered as a past dream.

But though the relations of Russia with the European Powers are of the first importance, the political interest of the moment, as far as England is concerned, is centred on the attitude of Russia with reference to the conflict between China and Japan, and in

the matter of the resuscitated Armenian question.

The Russian public and the Russian press appear to understand wonderfully little about the general political interests involved in the issue of the war in the far East; but the St Petersburg Foreign Office, the Russian military staff, and probably the Tsar himself, have a very keen appreciation of the manner in which Russian projects in the East are likely to be affected by the result of the war.

It must be remembered that the Tsar, ever since he returned, *via* Siberia, from his tour in the East, has been president of the committee charged with the superintendence of the construction of the Siberian railway. The import of this railway is not understood outside the limited circle of the Tsar's confidential advisers. The world at large is led to look upon the enterprise as similar to the construction of the trans-continental railways across the great American continent. As a matter of fact, there is not, and there cannot be, any resemblance between the great American highways and that now being pushed across Siberia. The former were built with the reasonable assurance of the rapid development of the country through which they passed. There is no such assurance for the Siberian railway; on the contrary, its promoters know well that it cannot produce any economical development at all commensurate with the vast cost of the undertaking.

We could discuss this question at length: we will endeavour to express our views in a few sentences. In the first place, the idea of the potential resources of Siberia is grossly exaggerated. There are rich plains in Siberia; but the proportion of unfertile country is very large, and the

severity of the climate unequalled. Even the richest lands, however, are unprofitable until there is a population to cultivate them, and cheap means of communication to enable them to exchange their produce in the markets of the world. There is no population in Siberia; there is not, and there will not be, any flow of immigrants from other over-populated countries; and the means of communication to be provided by the railway will be of the most expensive kind. The sole products of Siberia are bulky raw material; and if the peasants on the Volga are to-day suffering because the cost of carriage of their produce is too heavy to admit of its being profitably exported, it is manifestly absurd to suppose that similar produce can be profitably carried across the vast Siberian wastes. No foreign population will settle in Siberia to establish local markets and promote local development by their industry; and even if Russians themselves had the necessary capacities for successful colonisation, the sparse population of the empire cannot provide the numbers required to produce any appreciable effect in so vast a region.

The sole object of the construction of the Siberian railway is political and strategical. Since the Kuldja difficulty, in which China so effectually bested Russia, the Russians have felt great anxiety for the safety of Eastern Siberia. For thousands of miles the Russian provinces are conterminous with the Chinese frontier, and it seemed that, without railway communication to bring the resources of Russia to bear on the scene of a possible conflict, the Chinese were masters of the situation. But this was not all: Russia has long since disclosed her hand sufficiently to show that she considers the ac-

quisition of a Pacific port, which remains open in winter, as an absolute necessity for the consolidation and security of her Pacific provinces. The required port she had marked down in the Corea, and there is little doubt that, had the Corea remained dependent on China, the completion of the Siberian railway would have been speedily followed by the transfer to Russia of either Port Lazareff or Port Shestakoff. The Corea is, however, now occupied by the Japanese, and even when the great railway is completed Russia will find much, and perhaps insuperable, difficulty in coercing Japan, which, as a powerful, maritime, insular power, need fear no invasion, and which has better communication by sea with the threatened Korean coast than Russia can ever have by the Siberian railway.

During the last few months, Russian policy on the Pacific has apparently suffered an irretrievable reverse. What steps will she take to recover her position? and how far will the Tsar's personal interest in the Siberian railway influence his view of the situation, and his desire to snatch from Japan the fruits of her victories? It seems to us that the interests of England and Russia are too divergent in this question to admit of any possibility of joint action. If Japan is only fairly reasonable in her demands, the interests of England would be best served by Russia being forced to accept *faits accomplis*, and to abandon her hopes of extension on the Korean coast.

It will be of special interest to observe the attitude which Russia may finally adopt in the Armenian question. Without waiting for the result of the official inquiry, it may fairly be assumed as proved that the Armenians have recently suffered cruelly, if not directly

at the hands of regular Turkish troops, certainly from the brutalities of the irregular Kurdish cavalry, who form a part of the Turkish army, and for whose conduct the Turkish Government must accept the direct responsibility. Undoubtedly the first humane impulses of the Tsar led him to desire to support England in a serious endeavour to obtain some permanent amelioration of the condition of the Armenians under Turkish rule. But in yielding to the natural sentiments of humanity the Tsar forgot, for the time, both the traditional policy of the St Petersburg Foreign Office as regards Turkey and the feelings of his own people towards the Armenian race. He has since been rudely reminded of both these elements in the situation, and he must make his account with them.

The policy of the Russian Foreign Office has always been to weaken Turkey by promoting the discontent of her Christian subjects, and when the moment might seem favourable—that is, when, for some reason, the European Powers seemed unlikely to interfere—to make the sufferings of the Christians an excuse for aggression and further acquisitions of territory at the expense of the Ottoman empire.

The far-seeing policy of Lord Beaconsfield sought to meet Russian intrigues in Asia Minor by the conditions of the Cyprus Convention, and the arrangements in connection with that agreement. The Turkish frontier in Asia Minor was guaranteed by England on the express condition that proper reforms should be introduced in the administration of the Turkish provinces; and steps were taken to ensure the carrying out of such reforms, by the appointment of a special and numerous body of consuls under Sir Charles

Wilson, whose duty was to report on the conduct of the Turkish officials. The moral effect of the presence and activity of these specially selected consular officers was excellent, and would doubtless, in time, have produced the desired results; but long before it was reasonable to expect that any permanent improvement could have been effected, the special consuls were withdrawn; and though we retained Cyprus, and thereby remained under the moral obligation to defend the Turkish frontier, we ceased to interest ourselves in the question of the reform of Turkish administration. This appears to us to have been most unfair to Turkey; and it would be interesting to inquire into the motives which induced our Government to adopt such a line of conduct, and to trace the responsibility for the abandonment of Lord Beaconsfield's policy. In this article we must, however, confine our attention to the consideration of the present situation as created by the supineness, or worse, of the British Government.

The moment has arrived when it is impossible for our Foreign Office to follow their traditional and dearly loved policy of "masterly inactivity." The British public have demanded action. If Russia would act cordially with us, there would be no difficulty in securing for the future the comparative well-being of the Turkish Armenians. The successful arrangements made for the better government of the Lebanon have furnished a useful

example of what may be done for the protection of the Christian subjects of the Porte without detriment to the solidity of the Ottoman empire. But will Russia support England in forcing any such arrangement on Turkey? We think not.

The conduct of Russia with regard to this Armenian question will test in the most interesting manner the strength of will of the young Tsar, and will afford a most useful occasion for noting how far the foreign policy of Russia is likely to be affected by the "Change of Tsars." The Russian people care nothing for the sufferings of the Armenians. They have always, with greater or less virulence, persecuted the foreign races who have the misfortune to be settled in their own country; and, as we have previously shown, their conduct towards the Russian Armenians has been no exception to this rule. The Russian press has stated, with the most cynical frankness, that to assist the Turkish Armenians is to assist England, by removing one of the sources of Turkish weakness in that part of the Ottoman empire which is now the only one readily open to Russian attack. Which will prevail?—the savage aggressive instincts of the mass of the Russian people, or the humane inspirations of Nicholas II.?

On the answer to this question depends the practical import to England of the "Change of Tsars."

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THE SCOTTISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING.

THE exhibition of Scottish portraits, and of pictures by Thomson of Duddingston, at the Grafton Gallery, and the quickened interest aroused by it in Scottish art, make this an opportune moment to consider the history and characteristics of the Scottish school. While the Grafton collection offers an admirable opportunity for arriving at a true estimate of Raeburn's genius, and serves to introduce to the English public the work of other old Scottish portrait-painters, it also, as Thomson was the first great landscape artist in Scotland, makes an excellent starting-point for a study of the development of that branch of art. As was the case in England, it was late ere art took root in Scotland. Previous to the Union there was no native art of note, and nothing to set beside the visits Holbein, Sir Antonio More, and Hornebolt paid the sister country; while after that event, the Court having moved to

London, where many of the Scots nobles followed it, the inducements Scotland could offer artists were even fewer than before. Thus shut out from artistic influences, it is strange indeed that she should have been the first to produce a native artist of worth. The atmosphere into which he was born was hardly fitted to stimulate an artistic nature, but earlier or later would have been worse. The troubled days of Queen Mary's reign were hardly over when George Jamesone first saw the light in Aberdeen, and he died just as his country became involved in the civil wars of Charles I.'s time. By some fortunate chance Jamesone, after painting for a while at home, went to Antwerp, where he entered the studio of Rubens, and found himself working alongside Van Dyck. There, under the influence of his great master and still greater fellow-pupil, he acquired a style and breadth of

handling which make his work of very considerable art value, while in the severity and sobriety of his portraits we catch a reflex of the sombre spirit of his age. Like some faint ray of light heralding a cloudy morning, Jamesone came alone. The clouds gathering round the national history at his death soon burst, one political or religious trouble followed another, and it was not until the Stewart cause was lost for ever on Culloden Moor that Scotland enjoyed the blessings of internal peace. In troublous times such as these art could not flourish; but in happier days, when years had mellowed and hallowed the tragedy of the "Killing time," and woven a halo of romance round the misfortunes and crimes of the old line of kings, they were destined to be the source and inspiration of much Scottish art.

During the century and a half between Jamesone and Raeburn there were but a few Scottish painters of note, and they practised in London or abroad. Scougal, Sanders, and others, who remained at home, are now almost forgotten; but the work which survives, although little worth as art, possesses great interest as a contemporary record of the men and women of that period; and much the same may be said of the portraits by Sir John Medina and other foreigners who found their way to Scotland. It is this element of personal witness which gives so unique a value to national collections of portraits, and makes one very much regret that such a man as Jamesone, who painted so well many of the actors in the stirring events which culminated in the Covenant and all it implies, should be represented in the Scottish Gallery by but one. Most people, unlike the light-hearted

hero of Sheridan's immortal comedy, are unwilling to part with their ancestors; but when a man has spent his life in serving his country, and his fame has become part of the national glory, it is greatly to be desired that his countrymen should own his portrait, and be able to see what manner of man he looked to contemporary eyes.

From very early times it was no uncommon thing for Scots to send their sons abroad to be educated, and as long ago as 1325 the Scots College had been founded in Paris. Perhaps it was the influence of this habit that induced George Jamesone to go to Antwerp; and following the precedent made by him, Aikman and Allan Ramsay studied abroad. In art the practice went on, whenever a man could afford it, until Scott Lauder became master of the Trustees' Academy, and under his *régime* it was neither necessary nor desirable. Unfortunately the same cannot now be said, yet we are constantly being assured that it is artistic death to work in a Parisian atelier, as if the language of art were not still universal and nationality were dead. National feeling will always colour art—from that there is no escape, even though we would; but the language in which it is expressed being universal, should be learned where it is best taught. Protection of a national habit of thought is highly desirable—it is the base on which the peculiar character of a school is built—and to imitate a foreign school servilely is to forfeit the advantages of one's own nationality without gaining those of another; but to protect the method, which at the outset was not native, from change, because that change has originated abroad, is to reject what the gods send us,

and deny the possibility of progress.

Aikman, although a notable enough man in his day, was no great painter, and is now best remembered as the friend of Swift, Pope, and Gay. It was his good fortune, however, on the death of Sir Godfrey Kneller, to succeed to a large portion of that painter's practice, and his name is therefore associated with those of some of the most conspicuous figures of George I.'s time. Like Aikman, Allan Ramsay owes much of his reputation to greater men than himself; for although his portraits possess a certain elegance, his drawing was over-precise, his handling tight, and his colour as a rule cold, thin, and unsympathetic. His appointment as Court painter in the time of Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, and Hoppner is as damning a certificate of bad taste as king ever gave.

From Ramsay to Raeburn marks an immense advance for Scottish art, yet little more than forty years separated the dates of their births. From a conception of art largely cold and lifeless, and wholly conventional, we pass at once into the atmosphere of rich maturity and masterly expression. Raeburn's view of life is splendidly manly. True, he painted at a time when a galaxy of talented people dwelt in Edinburgh, and nearly every prominent man in the Scotland of his day sat to him; but when one thinks of the records others have left of the same people, Raeburn's stands out as that of a man more highly gifted than his fellows, who through keen intellect and insight read the riddle of men's minds. His portraits are splendidly convincing—they capture at the first glance: one feels that that must be *the* man. His somewhat summary

manner, and a slight want of graciousness in his touch, splendid though it was, render his portraits of women less successful, though now and then, in such pictures as that of Mrs Scott-Moncreiff, or the "Girl sketching," belonging to Mr George Holt, he produced works of haunting grace and beauty. Technically he was a giant: his handling was broad and incisive, full of grip and character, his drawing marked by a splendid sense of construction, his colour rich and golden: in subtilty alone does he fail, and that only when contrasted with the very greatest. Biography is an art in which Scotsmen have excelled. Boswell's 'Johnson,' Lockhart's 'Scott,' Carlyle's 'John Sterling,' are models of what such works should be; and turned to painting, the same qualities of insight, shrewdness, and wit have succeeded almost as well. The work of Jamesone and the earlier painters does not lack characterisation; it is very marked in that of Raeburn and Watson Gordon, evident in the portraits of Macnee and Graham Gilbert, and it pervades the best portraiture of to-day. In many ways Sir John Watson Gordon's art is worthy to be placed beside that of Sir Henry Raeburn. Less gifted as a craftsman, and less certain in draughtsmanship, there is yet in all his work such strength and charm of presentment, such lovely colour, so great an appreciation of the national character, that it falls little short of his illustrious predecessor's. His portraits were highly appreciated in his lifetime; and when the friends and admirers of that great water-colourist, David Cox, determined to honour him, Gordon was the man chosen to do the work. It was a great success, and ranks, with the splendid head of Mr Smith of Jordan-

hill, and the portraits of Christopher North and the Ettrick Shepherd (now in the Grafton Gallery), among the finest and most interesting things he did. In the hands of Lawrence, accessories, as if to compensate for decline in more important qualities, had assumed a prominent place, but Watson Gordon's portraits were ever simple and beautiful. The older tradition is also evident in the portraits and fancy heads of Geddes; but in those of their successors, although character was still regarded as an essential, the influence of the English decadence is visible, and even such men as Gilbert and Macnee are not free from the taint. Did time permit, it would be interesting to trace the connection between the relative importance of figure and accessories, and its bearing on the vitality of art; but here it must suffice to point out the coincidence, merely adding that all great portraiture is simple and dignified.

As a whole, Scottish painting has been little influenced by changes in method and style which have occurred across the Border: even the pre-Raphaelite movement, with its far-reaching effects, hardly affected its character and tendencies, although here and there in the work of individual men it may be traced. Thus the early work of M'Taggart and Archer shows it, while in that of Sir Noël Paton its influence still remains. Until a few years ago, for five-and-twenty or thirty years the best influence in Scottish art was that of Scott Lauder. An able artist himself, his power as a teacher did not consist in impressing his style on his pupils, but in stimulating the development of their individual talents; and he was eminently successful, as the work

of such different men as Orchardson, M'Taggart, and Chalmers testifies. In technique, however, they are closely related not only to one another, but to the traditional method of the old masters, which had been lovingly studied by Scott Lauder during a three years' sojourn in Italy. The contribution this group of artists has made to portraiture is not only considerable in quantity, it is rich in art merit. Finer portraits than Orchardson's are not being produced at the present moment; for if in charm of brush-work, subtilty of colour, and harmony of effect some surpass him, in characterisation and distinguished drawing he is unexcelled. In most pictures the former qualities are the more important, but in portraiture the latter are essential; and in the work of such painters as Velasquez, Titian, and Rembrandt, where they are combined, the result is the finest portraits in the world. While Orchardson, Pettie, and Chalmers have succeeded best in portraits of men, M'Taggart and Herdman are most charming when a woman or a child is subject. For an expression of the charm and gaiety of childhood equal to M'Taggart's, one has to go back to Gainsborough: the spontaneity of handling and sympathetic attitude of mind which render the portraits of the one so fascinating are present also in those of the other.

More recent in time than the Scott Lauder group, Sir George Reid next demands notice. The strongest influence in his art—and it is most evident in landscape—is that of the modern Dutchmen, particularly of Mollinger, under whom the President of the Royal Scottish Academy studied for some time. Sir George is essentially a painter of men, and his portraits,

remarkable for vivid likeness and biographical power, are of the kind which command attention. In Raeburn, Gordon, and Orchardson we have the personality of the subject as apprehended by the painter; Reid makes little personal comment, and thus his portraits have the value of authentic documents. He has painted almost every celebrated Scotsman of the last three decades; and whatever the judgment of time may be on his work as art, posterity is certain to value it highly as a record of the men of to-day.

Of late years the most vital art movement in Scotland has been in the West. Although the coterie of painters known as the "Glasgow School" does not include all the artistic talent in that city, the name, in virtue of combination and unity of purpose amongst the members, and because they have so often exhibited together, has become a convenient descriptive term. The influences which have called it into being are complex; but the most powerful are undoubtedly Whistler's exquisite art (which blends so subtly the great traditions of the past and the wonderful decorative arts of the Far East) and the training several Glasgow men received in Paris, though from the pictures alone it is impossible to say who these have been. Desire for form as the basis of art, appreciation of the value of true tone and of the charm of decorative effect, increased regard for unity of effect—these are directions in which the new impulses have made themselves felt, and they are such as make for the purely artistic motive and the pictorial expression of thought. Some of these are not exactly characteristic of Scottish art as a whole; and it is not strange that, in trying to profit

by the discoveries of French art, they should have adapted—not adopted—French methods to their own ends. But behind all this there has been that personal contact with nature without which vital art is impossible. The school excels in portraiture and landscape, and in the former the outstanding names are Guthrie, Walton, and Lavery. The talent of these men is incontestable: they possess great technical power, and fine feeling for beauty and character. James Guthrie has always painted exceedingly well; and as the inclination to thick impasto, evident in his earlier work, has given place to a more fluent and easy manner, his art has gained in charm: and if in pursuit of the subtler qualities of technique he has sometimes been content to sacrifice other things, his best and most characteristic work is always informed by a strong grasp on reality. His future would seem to lie in work where this searching and somewhat stern view of things will be combined with the splendid power of expression he now enjoys. The spirit of E. A. Walton's art is less austere and grave than that of Guthrie's; and in portraiture, while never losing touch with nature, he seems as much preoccupied with beauty of colour, tone, and arrangement as with character. On the other hand, this acute sensibility to beauty makes his girl pictures very fascinating. Elegance of arrangement and style, and a fine appreciation of the charm and grace of women, are characteristic of John Lavery's work. In some of his portraits the face holds you, and you look no farther; in others it is the artistic motive he has found in costume or accessory which delights. Apart from the

Glasgow school, by place of birth and an Edinburgh training, Arthur Melville's art is yet closely connected with it by æsthetic motive; and it is but fair to add that he was perhaps the first to appreciate the value of the new impulse. His portraits are often very fine in colour and handling, while his magnificently vivid and vital work in water-colour occupies a quite unique position in contemporary art. The movement originated in Glasgow seems, for the present at least, to have ceased to produce new men there, but elsewhere in Scotland the same influences are bearing fruit. W. J. Yule's pictures show an individuality of perception, and an uncommon combination of distinguished drawing and fine colour, which promise splendid things; and in the portraits of Burns, Brough, and Muirhead there is much good work and artistic feeling.

In Scotland genre painting was later in origin than portraiture, and as the latter blossomed into maturity in the hands of Raeburn, the former awoke to life at the touch of Wilkie. The life of the common people was the theme to which the great "little masters" of Holland dedicated their consummate art, and it was to similar scenes and incidents that Scottish subject-painters first turned. In the pictures of David Allan's later years, and more particularly, perhaps, in the illustrations he executed for Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," we have the beginning of the Scottish domestic picture; but if his work revealed to Wilkie the field in which his talents could best be employed, to Wilkie alone belongs the honour of raising the new material to the level of art. It is doubtful where Wilkie saw the Dutch pictures under the influence of which he painted in

the earlier part of his career, but it is quite certain that his method was founded on theirs, and in a certain way the spirit in which he looked on life was theirs also. Wilkie is all fun and frolic. The shrewdness and greed of gain, the boisterous humour and dry wit of the Scottish peasantry, are admirably expressed in his pictures; but one looks in vain for that austere sense of duty and responsibility which, if somewhat repellent on first acquaintance, is yet the noblest part of the national character. But if he was no moralist, he was an admirable painter. His technique was well adapted to what he had to say, and keen appreciation of character did not prevent his considering the pictorial effect of his work. If his colour lacks truth and variety, it is agreeable; and while his pictures do not possess atmosphere as we understand it—the atmosphere of Millet, Israels, and M^cTaggart—they have the unity which comes of harmony. The chords touched by Wilkie found a ready response among his countrymen, and soon a school was painting the subjects he had introduced. There were good men among his followers, and the work of such as Fraser and Lizars is worthy of praise; but gradually the artistic envelope in which he had expressed his ideas was lost. The proportion of art to story has decreased, until to-day story is often all that is left; and at the same time the spirit in too many cases has become vulgar, or, in an attempt to be idyllic, descended to the depths of sheer inanity and insufferable prettiness. We do not depreciate incident in art, it is all story—of line and colour; but the point of view involved in looking at pictures as so much subject and nothing else, is sadly at fault. To use

incident in its fitness for pictorial purposes, and not as an opportunity for narrative, marks the difference between painting and literature. Painting is that branch of art which appeals to the intellect through the eye. Drawing, colour, light and shade, are the means at her command, and all she has to tell must be expressed in terms of these. The natural bent of a man's mind is certain to colour his work, and although the greatest art is not done from conscious purpose, it is impregnated with this atmosphere of thought. Interest in life is not always, even with those who embody their feelings in paint, accompanied by the power of artistic expression. Thomas Faed has charming sentiment, and a genuine interest in character; Erskine Nicol is a genial humourist: yet to call either an artist in the sense that Terburg and Wilkie were, is to misapply the word.

We can have exquisite art without interest in life, but that this also has its drawbacks may be illustrated by reference to Sir W. Fettes Douglas. He was an admirable and at times a charming draughtsman, a fine colourist, and a wonderful painter of still life. His skill in the last respect was extraordinary; and of nineteenth century artists, he and not Meissonier is best entitled to be compared with the great Dutchmen. But while he was in his own way technically strong, his choice of subject demanded more. Treating dramatic incident, he yet lacked the spark of vital passion necessary to make such scenes tell, and the actors in his tragedies are as cold and lifeless as the accessories amid which they are placed. It was only when he touched earth, the bountiful mother of beauty, that his artistic perceptions fully as-

serted themselves; and then, freed from the load of learning which bound him in his other subjects, he gave us delightful transcripts of country or seashore.

The wedding of the intellectual and the sensuous in Scottish art was consummated by Scott Lauder's pupils; but before considering their work, we must turn aside to speak of one or two men whose pictures lie between Wilkie's time and theirs. The brothers Alexander and John Runciman painted history, but the subjects of their choice were usually drawn from classic story or Shakespearian play, and it was not until Sir William Allan's influence through his pictures, and as master of the Trustees' Academy, made itself felt, that Scottish history became a common theme in art. Thomas Duncan was the most gifted painter of historical genre who studied under Allan, and his death at the age of thirty-eight was a decided loss to Scottish art. He often painted incidents from the national history, but perhaps his most charming picture has Slender's meeting with sweet Mistress Anne Page for theme. While Duncan may have chosen such subjects for their own sake, and always told his story well, his conception of picture-making was pictorial—that is to say, his pictures are pleasant to look at, without consideration of what they express: the composition is well considered, the drawing graceful, the painting fluent, and the colour often charming. Drummond used similar material; but he was no painter, and if he be remembered at all, it will be as an authority on ancient weapons, and as the author of an excellent book on the sculptured stones of the West Highlands.

While Duncan and Drummond dealt with the obviously picturesque

periods and incidents of Scottish history, Sir George Harvey found his inspiration

“In records left

Of persecution and the Covenant—times
Whose echo rings through Scotland to
this hour !”

These pictures are imbued with the austere and grave spirit of the age they depict, while his “Leaving the Manse” sums up in one pregnant situation all the intense feeling aroused by the Disruption. In this and in others, such as “The Curlers,” dealing with the life and events of his own day, Harvey has left pictures of true historic value, for in them are embodied the feelings of a contemporary and the veracity of an eyewitness.

Of all the painters influenced by Wilkie, none achieves so high a place as John Phillip; but it is not upon the work executed in that style that his fame now rests. Like Sir David, he visited Spain, but with very different result. As Mr Henley has put it, “Wilkie the painter saw Spain and died: if Phillip the painter had left Spain unseen, he would never have lived at all.” From that time until the end, the dominant qualities of Phillip’s art were on a higher plane: a true sense of the possibilities of pictorial expression, of the fascination inherent in breadth of conception and technique, and a strong and brilliant use of colour, were evident in everything he did.

At the time Scott Lauder was appointed to the mastership of the Edinburgh School, the predominant character of Scottish genre painting was founded on Wilkie; and if the productions of his pupils have failed to stem the tide of painted story, they have at least helped to modify its deadening influence. For these men were artists, and saw in incident, not occasion for

coloured illustration, but opportunity for picture-making. We have remarked on the inevitableness of a man’s mind colouring his conceptions, even though his first concern be pictorial beauty; and this is obviously so in the work of Orchardson, M’Taggart, Pettie, and Chalmers. Orchardson is as keen a moralist as Hogarth, but his satire bites deeper, because he is a better craftsman: his are sword-cuts clean and sharp, not bludgeon-blows. He does execution on the sins and follies of mankind with the consummate art of a perfect swordsman. There is ever a well-bred air about his work: the people in his pictures are gentle-folk, and do even their mean deeds in a distinguished way. But he is an unsparing analyst, and, principally in virtue of fine draughtsmanship, reveals the springs of action. While in colour Orchardson is strictly conventional, and his convention very limited, it is used with such unfailing tact and taste that one is never wearied. Orchardson delights in drama, and, like the late Mr Pettie, is master of that art. They have recognised, that to secure success, the moment chosen must be that in which the action culminates in a self-explanatory situation—which, while complete in itself, will yet suggest the past and the future, the action which has led to it and its result. Brilliant is the most suitable word to use in describing John Pettie’s work: it is brilliant in colour, handling, and subject. He possessed the historical imagination which makes the people and incidents of the past to live again, and he turned to such subjects not only for the halo of romance that hangs round them, but for the opportunity they offer for colour. With Pettie the situation alone

counted—he had little or nothing to tell of the motives in action; and if one may compare the Orchardson picture to an analytical novel, he might parallel the Pettie with a historical story. Sometimes it seems to some of us that, in striving for dramatic force, he strained pictorial effect and exaggerated light and colour; that he struck a note more suited to the stage than a canvas, and preferred interest of situation to subtilty of expression: but his fine colour, clever composition, and immense verve, almost justify the place his pictures hold in popular esteem.

George Paul Chalmers's talent as a painter and fascination as a man gave him peculiar influence over the younger artists of his time, and made his position in Scottish art of the immediate past somewhat unique. His gift was that of colour; and although his work, especially in portrait or fancy heads and landscape, possesses admirable expression and feeling, it may be said to stand or fall by colour alone. There was something sumptuous and splendid in his colour; yet, despite opulence and glow, it was often hectic and unhealthy, and really lacked subtilty and charm. Towards the close of his short and tragically ended career, however, it began to mature and fuse; the separate colour-chords of red, brown, and yellow, which he loved, were beginning to blend in one harmony. Previously he had painted like a musician who conceives expression to reside in the prominence of each note; now he painted as one who saw that beauty lay in the blending of all to make one melody. Had Chalmers lived, there is reason to believe that the mastery he so earnestly toiled for could have come. As it is, he did enough to prove himself a true

artist. When speaking of the untimely lost, mention should certainly be made of George Manson and P. W. Nicolson, whose work, both in character and promise, stands closely related to Fred. Walker's. The influence Chalmers exerted on many of his fellow-craftsmen cannot, on the whole, be considered salutary: what was natural to him has become mannerism with them, and while they echo the faults of his colour and style, they too seldom reflect his merits.

It is seldom given to a pioneer in art—to one experimenting with new material and forging for its expression an appropriate manner—to produce complete and satisfying art. Constable is a rare example of triumph in this difficult venture, and in our own time William M'Taggart has achieved a similar success. What Constable did for landscape and Millet for peasant people, M'Taggart is doing for the sea and fisher-folk. He stands with Millet and Israels—a poet of the everyday and of the common people. But while they all deal with man's struggle with nature, and his wresting from it with exceeding toil the means of sustenance, his attitude towards life is different from theirs. They seem to see in life nothing save the toil and hopelessness of it all: he is not insensible to its sadness, but he feels its joy and gladness too. In his pictures the wind blows lustily across the sea, and the waves dash themselves upon the rocks or weave a fringe of white along the sands: the possibility of disaster is there. But from the sea comes the spoil by which the fisher lives, and on the shore there await him a quiet haven and a happy home: the emigrant leaves his native land with tears and sighs, but through the rain-squalls which sweep the sound gleams the

how in the cloud. His conception is full of the compensation of circumstance and the solace of nature. Most beautiful of all are the pictures in which, with rare insight and sympathy, he has recorded the unconscious happiness of children—their laughter, quaintness, and roguish glee. M'Taggart realises the emotion of an incident wonderfully, because his technique is perfectly fitted to what he has to express. He is a colourist of peculiar charm and variety; while his drawing, if sometimes loose and inaccurate, is always suggestive and full of the eloquence of gesture.

Of the other men of that period and school, Herdman, Cameron, and Tom Graham painted or paint genre; and in the work of each there is interest of idea, sentiment, or colour.

Since Lauder's day, the Edinburgh-trained men who have painted the figure successfully and with artistic motive have been comparatively few. John R. Reid, who is an able craftsman and a brilliant colourist, and R. W. Macbeth, excel in ability to seize and render the peculiar local characteristics of the people they paint. But Robert M'Gregor misses this; and although his art is quite personal in some ways, it recalls Israels and Blommers. In his own manner, John H. Lorimer is an accomplished painter, and his pictures of domestic and social incidents are full of thought and fine intention. It is, however, in flower-pieces and dainty little water-colours of architectural detail that he is most satisfying artistically. T. Austen Brown has a finer sense of colour, and more of the true painter's gift than most men; but, lacking conviction and originality, his pictures are often destitute of vital interest.

Story has been excused for so much that is mean and paltry in

art that it is natural, and perhaps healthy, to find the young painters in the West holding it in wholesome dread. But if story, for its own sake, be anathema to them, subject, in its proper place, has their warm appreciation. Alexander Roche's pictures exhibit in rare measure an innate sense of the relation of subject and style; for he has something definite to say, and the means he uses to express it are beautiful and appropriate. One feels that the exquisite surface, expressive handling, and fine drawing which delight one's æsthetic sense, are only used to convey the artist's thought—that joy in the beauty of nature and the wonder of life has called the picture into being. Whatever the subject—girl's head, landscape, or group of figures—Roche is equally personal and fascinating. Guthrie has touched the graver issues of life profoundly in some of his pictures; and in others, principally in pastel (of which he is a master), he has displayed excellent taste in handling its lighter and more trivial moods. While the true English love of sport vivifies Lavery's rendering of national pastimes, he has achieved success in the very different field of history—finding in the disaster of Langside, and the long, weary flight of the fair Queen, whose misfortunes almost atoned for her faults, subjects for two fine pictures. He has also painted some charming things, such as "Ariadne," in which a decorative motive predominates. D. Y. Cameron's girl pictures, into some of which a certain mystic beauty has crept; Millie Dow's semi-decorative panels of symbolic figures and flowery landscapes; and the admirably designed figure- and cattle-pieces by David Gauld,—are all admirable examples of art in which pictorial

beauty and subjective interest are happily united.

Although Scotsmen have been largely dowered with imaginative insight, there have been few in whom the purely imaginative faculty has predominated. John Runciman was perhaps the first to evince decided talent in this direction, but he died young, and left little on which to base a solid criticism; while Dyce, who had ambitions toward high art, is now best known by the questionable distinction of having originated the South Kensington system for the promotion of art by grant and examination. David Scott, who was born in the same year as Dyce, was as unsuccessful as Dyce was prosperous; yet the value of their art was in inverse ratio to their popularity, and Scott alone of Scottish painters may be said to have struck the epic note. In power of coherent expression he was inferior to a man like Delacroix; but the painter of "The Spirit of the Storm" and "The Vater-Gate of Calais" was kindred in spirit to the artist who created "Dante and Virgil," and the other great pictures in the Louvre. There is nothing more weird in British art, except it be the poem itself, than the designs with which Scott illustrated "The Ancient Mariner." The author is likely to be the most exacting of critics, but Scott satisfied Coleridge in much the same way as Delacroix delighted Goethe with the famous lithograph designs for "Faust." It is so rarely that author and artist conceive in the same spirit, that one wonders at the present craze for illustrated editions. The fact that one can turn the pages of "Romeo and Juliet" and find Shakespeare's passionate words and Mr Dicksee's petty details interleaved, or take up Sir

Walter to find Mr Martin Hardie, is surely proof enough that successful illustration demands a certain equality of talent. If Sir Noël Paton lacks the splendour and fire of imagination and the dramatic genius of Scott, his pictures, making less demand on the beholder, are more intelligible to the ordinary person. Sense of form is more evident in his work than love of colour; and from the prodigality of his ideas and desire to enrich his painted allegory, the central thought on which it is based becomes shrouded in a cloud of symbols. Sir Noël's ideas are too abstract and abstruse, in a word too literary, for expression in the medium which, above all others except sculpture, demands concentration and the subordination of everything to unity of effect; but, on the other hand, his thought, sometimes fanciful and sometimes grave, is always worthy of respect and praise.

Animal-painting in Scotland has no history: it is the work of a few men, most of whom are still alive. Gourlay Steell had no rivals in the early part of his career, and so came by the appointment of Animal-painter to the Queen. He died last year, and the post, like the Laureateship, is still vacant; but although the possible candidates are few and the opportunity tempting, this is not the place to discuss the succession. The artistic qualities missed by Steell are present in Robert Alexander's pictures; for while neither his colour nor handling is exceptionally strong, the one is harmonious in its quiet way, and the other sufficient,—his drawing is good, and his sense of character excellent. His themes are mostly taken from the aristocrats of the animal world—sporting and pedigree dogs, high-bred horses, and lordly deer—

and he invariably succeeds in investing his work with pictorial charm. Denovan Adam's pictures of Highland cattle possess interest and certain good qualities, but he never makes the most of the possibilities of his subject or of paint. From such material as these magnificent animals, Troyon would have created something monumental in design, dignified in handling, and splendid in colour; but the Scotsman mistakes rudeness for strength, and a volcano of fiery pigment for colour, and when he intends to be idyllic becomes sentimental. The finest painting of cattle in Scottish art is to be found not on the canvases of a professed *animalier*, but in the landscape of E. A. Walton. Quite a number of the younger men are turning their attention to this phase of art; and Pirrie and Smith in oils, and the younger Alexander in water-colour, are doing excellent work.

The credit of the beginning of Scottish landscape art is usually given to Alexander Nasmyth; and in so far as he was the first to paint the scenery of Scotland in anything like an adequate manner, he deserves it. But as the dominant qualities of the Scottish school of landscape and realism, and love of vivid natural effect, and Nasmyth's work, were based on the Dutch convention, its true origin is of later date. To Nasmyth, however, several painters whose work holds an important place in Scottish art owed much, and of these the Rev. John Thomson of Duddingston and Patrick Nasmyth are chief. Of Patrick Nasmyth, the son of Alexander Nasmyth above-mentioned, it is perhaps sufficient to say that the name, "The English Hobbema," which is sometimes applied to him, gives a fair enough indication of the character of his work, although,

like most similar analogies, it is forced by national pride to the advantage of the home article.

The artist-minister was the greatest Scottish landscape painter of his day, and in his work Scottish scenery first assumed its true character of ruggedness and strength. Thomson's personality declares itself in interest in the beauty of unrest and storm; but as the convention he used always imposed itself upon his thought, except for local association and the nature of the scenery he depicted, his work belongs to the school of Claude and the Poussins. The great men who made the convention Thomson adopted, in his treatment of the landscape of his own land, were wont to introduce incident from classic history or mythology into their pictures; and Thomson, while eschewing, for the most part, the interest of figure, used ruined kirk or castle to enrich his. Thus he struck at once the chords of natural beauty and historic association. Now, however, that Constable and the Barbizon men have breathed new life into landscape, and re-created man's relation to nature on a higher plane, the old convention has ceased to possess real and vital interest. The charm and beauty, the distinction which comes of discipleship to a great school, Thomson's pictures will ever have; but the ideal they embody being now no longer active in men's minds, they must fail in appeal to the senses and the intellect. In so far as Thomson's drawing is weak and formal, and his handling inexpressive, he may be accounted an amateur; but in everything else—in colour, which, if limited in range and wanting in truth, is always agreeable, feeling for beauty of line and mass, and in unity of effect—he approves himself an artist indeed. The great attraction of his

work at the present moment resides in oneness of impression, for, in that, spirits in revolt against the tyranny of detail recognise an attitude toward art and nature with which they are in complete accord. Although Thomson's influence is visible in the art of Simson, E. T. Crawford, and others of his contemporaries, it was not long destined to survive his death.

David Roberts, who treated architectural subjects with distinction and greater charm than any other British painter before or since his time, was born eighteen years after Thomson, and survived him twenty-four years. He had not the poetic appreciation of true atmosphere, and the perfect painter's craft, which makes the simple plainness of a Dutch village church by Bosboom a delight; but his colour, though thin and artificial, possesses harmony, and in interiors, particularly of Gothic buildings, he managed light and shade with skill, and in his happiest moments subordinated the rich detail to the general effect.

During the early years of this century the dominant influence in Scottish literature, and through it on Scottish art, was that of Scott. In painting it revealed itself in the prominence assumed in genre by incidents from the national history and the Waverley novels, and in landscape by the rush to the Highlands. Thomson felt the impulse, but Horatio M'Culloch was the man destined to give landscape painting in Scotland its decided bent, and even to-day his pictures are typical of its aims. To a certain extent M'Culloch and his able followers retained the power of composition which had marked Thomson, but it was more in line than mass, and more scenic than truly pictorial. Thomson's colour was conventional, and while M'Cul-

loch made a nearer approach to nature, it was some time later before Scottish painters awoke to the charm of local colour, and only recently that the beauty of true tone and relation became at all widely appreciated. Curiously enough, although this section of the Scottish school has usually chosen expansive views, it is devoted to the beauty of the small parts. In the work of the earlier men the detail of foreground foliage and flower was conventional, but in that of such loving observers as MacWhirter and Murray it is true and often beautiful. But if this way of looking at nature has its charm, the whole remains greater than a part, and in a picture *ensemble* is all-important. The writer in the 'Quarterly Review' who discovered that "the analogy between poetry and painting was strikingly exemplified in the writings of Mr Scott," did not discriminate between the function of words and paint; for while poetry possesses the power of narrative, and can record a sequence of effects, painting is confined to a particular moment. The same critic's remark that "Scott's descriptions are portraits," contrary to his intention, marks the precise point wherein the weakness of both Sir Walter's verse and the M'Culloch type of picture lies. Art is not description or imitation of actual things, it is the expression of the essence of being which resides in them; and impersonality in art being impossible, the value of the result depends on individual impression. Judged in this way, a M'Culloch falls as short of a Constable as Sir Walter's nature poetry does of Wordsworth's. Without selection, concentration, and arrangement, really fine landscape is impossible, and they are but rarely present in the work of

these men. Those who stand out from the general body do so, not from any profounder knowledge of nature's secrets, but in virtue of colour, or of more assured command of their material. Bough's touch was easy and animated compared with Perigal's or D. O. Hill's. David Murray handles paint dexterously when contrasted with John Smart or Beattie Brown. MacWhirter and Murray are fine colourists; but in relation to nature and beauty, the spirit which underlies their work, although differing in degree, is similar in kind. All of them are more interested in the vivid and spectacular effects of nature than in her subtler and more poetic moods, and deal with the obvious and easily apprehended interest of landscape rather than its profound and delicate beauty. But if the sentiment in the pictures of M'Culloch and Bough, of Milne Donald and Docharty, of MacWhirter and Murray, is not subtle or profound, it breathes of the open air, and is full of love of nature.

An exalted and poetic feeling for nature being an individual possession, it were idle to expect that it should ever be the dominant note in a nation's art. The revelation of this feeling has invariably been in the work of one man, or of a small group of men, and Scottish art has been fortunate enough to possess several of these "poetic moments in paint." Of Thomson of Duddingston's delight in wild nature, and the stirring story of his nation, mention has already been made, and it only remains to add that he is now accepted as a master of classic landscape. In the work of J. C. Wintour the old ideal of abstract beauty was mingled with that intimate personal feeling which is the characteristic of modern landscape sentiment. His colour, although retaining

large bituminous passages, and only approximating to that of nature, has a range and variety undreamt of by Thomson, and his method, if slightly flimsy, is wonderfully expressive. He had an unfailing sense of what makes for beauty in composition; his slightest sketch shows it, and his more important pictures, such as the "Gloaming on the Eye," delight by their perfect balance of mass, graceful arabesque, and profound harmony of colour. In sensuous beauty and richness of colour, Wintour is the Keats of Scottish painting. Much the same conception of landscape pervades the pictures of G. P. Chalmers. This was the phase of art in which he most excelled, and in his smaller and more spontaneous works he often attained fresh and charming colour, and very beautiful sentiment. Alexander Fraser's pictures may not be highly poetic, but in his best he seems to unite the excellences of the main body of Scottish landscapists with something which is his alone. Delight in rich and varied local colour is visible in everything he has done, but it is always kept subordinate to pictorial effect; and that his idea of picture-making is admirable, such drawings as that of a highway and the "Norham Castle" (in which all manipulative power is gone and the sense of placing alone remains), shown in last year's Royal Scottish Academy, abundantly prove.

The most poetic manifestation in Scottish landscape is not, however, to be found in the art of the past, but in that of the present.

The end of art is the pictorial expression of thought and emotion: the beauty inherent in nature awaits the illumining vision and skill of the artist to reveal it. In pursuit of this, he will respect

nature and her external form the more; for to convey his novel insight he must use the symbols nature has made common to us all. But he must also mingle with her material forms the leaven of his thought. It is because these twin qualities of form and spirit are combined in a truly remarkable degree in the work of several contemporary painters, that we have called this present the most poetic moment in the history of Scottish art.

It is difficult to separate human interest from landscape sentiment in M'Taggart's art, for they have been conceived as a unity; but in a few pictures, principally of the sea, he has been content to leave nature in undisturbed possession. While M'Taggart has painted the beautiful fitful face of the sea with a passion and insight, a profound knowledge of nature, and an assured mastery of expression, which make him incomparable as a painter of the sea, his rendering of light and movement exceeds in vividness and beauty that of the talented Frenchmen who have made it the sole object of their art. His sea pictures linger in the memory like the haunting and evanescent beauty of the wild west coast which inspires them, and his landscape seems to breathe the vital breath of nature. The impress of inevitableness is upon his art; his pictures are not laboriously fashioned piece by piece, but blossom like flowers.

Lawton Wingate's chosen hour is that between the gloamin' and the mirk, when slowly and silently the visiting spirit of twilight falls upon the fields, and shrouds the glory of the sunset in her enveloping robes of gauzy grey. Although somewhat imperfectly equipped technically, and deficient in feeling for the perfect balance of parts

which constitute composition, exquisite feeling illumines everything he does, and from the commonest things of nature he distils a potion more thrilling in emotional result than that extracted from sublime material by mere ambition.

The subjective interest of E. A. Walton's landscape is of the slightest, but the fervid glow of passion which animates it is wonderful. There is more than the visible beauty of nature in his pictures; they are imbued with that informing spirit which makes nature more to us than mere inert matter. His imagination is deep rooted in the earth: the sap and substance of growth and life seem to run through every landscape he paints. In a world-weary age joy in lusty life is peculiarly refreshing, and Walton's is so fresh and spontaneous that it carries us out of ourselves. Beside his work most contemporary landscape looks poor and lifeless, for Walton is more than a good, he is a great, landscape painter. Roche's feeling for beauty is rare and exquisite. The material from which he gathers so much loveliness is not obviously attractive, and possesses little charm for the ordinary eye. And what higher tribute could one pay an artist than in saying that he had revealed beauty where we saw it not. The romantic spirit, the quaint and charming composition, the sumptuous colour in which he clothes his thought, render his pictures memorable to all who really love nature and beauty. He strikes anew the May-day morning note beloved of the old Scots poets, and under his touch it takes a richer, fuller meaning. *Æsthetically* Hope Mac-lachlan's art has much in common with that of the two Glasgow men, but he delights in wild and deso-

late places rather than in the more fertile fields and leafy woodlands that they love; and a minor but no less genuine vein of poetry underlies the work of James Paterson, W. Y. MacGregor, P. W. Adam, and A. K. Brown.

The magic of poetic realism which Constable revealed to the Frenchmen of 1830 travelled thence to Holland, and now again crossing the seas, it has found a nesting-place in Scottish hearts. The thought of these poet-painters is not more beautiful than the expression, the adjustment of means to end in their pictures is excellent, and in the higher qualities of landscape theirs surpasses that of any similar group of painters in Europe. They appreciate the decorative aspect of paint; and while the Scottish love of colour is evident in their work, it is mellowed and harmonised in fine tone, apart from which the most beautiful colour cannot exist. Isolated passages of rich colour may be beautiful in themselves, but, like purple patches of writing, they are destructive of that harmony of atmosphere the creation of which is the object of art.

The most recent phase in Scottish painting has been the appearance within the Glasgow school of a group of men, whose intention would seem to be to divorce colour and form from thought, and appeal to the visual sense alone. Their work, however, lacks the firm basis in form and the clarity of conception and simplicity of statement essential to fine decoration, and it is too far removed from reality to be fully expressive and pictorial. What they may ultimately achieve is still doubtful, but at present their art is too self-conscious to be natural, and too affected to convince; and yet, despite defects and exaggerations, the

coloured revelry and playful fancy of much they have done is charming, and full of the interest inherent in novelty.

Of the able and personal art of sea-painters like Colin Hunter, Joseph Henderson, or Hamilton Macallum, or of landscapists of the stamp of W. D. Mackay or R. B. Nisbet, there is not room to write here. Their pictures are too diverse in kind to treat *en masse*, and, notwithstanding their real merit, of insufficient importance to deal with in detail in an essay intended to indicate the characteristics of the principal phases of Scottish painting.

That a small country like Scotland should have produced so much art in little more than a hundred years is remarkable enough, but that so much of it should be of excellent quality is indeed wonderful. And, best of all, painting in Scotland was never in so good and hopeful a state as at the present time. Scottish pictures occupy a prominent position in every great exhibition in Europe, and to the Glasgow contingent much of the credit for the present quickening in German art is due. The Scottish school is more than a mere branch of English art—it has merits and defects of its own. While as a whole it has a somewhat hesitating grasp on form, is deficient in style, and commonplace in sentiment,—qualities which will in the long-run sink the work in which they predominate,—it possesses at its best a masculine quality of handling, a grim hard sense of fact and character, a passion for colour, which, if exaggerated, is yet very real, a profound love of nature, and a touch of poetic glamour, mayhap of Celtic origin, which assure it a distinct and honourable place in the art of the nineteenth century.

SIR BARTLE FRERE.

MR MARTINEAU has had a very laborious task, and has completed it in two interesting volumes, written, on the whole, in a fair and discriminating spirit. His hero filled a much larger space in the public eye than falls to the lot of most Indian statesmen. Our Indian empire is so vast, and the details of its administration usually so unattractive to the public, that its leading men, though of the highest character and achievements, frequently find their fame at home not in proportion to their deserts. Sir Bartle Frere had an unusually successful career in the East, which extended over thirty-three years (1834-67), comprising all the best years of his life. But his name only became a household word in Great Britain when his administration of affairs in South Africa, not by any means the most distinguished portion of a great career, became the subject of exasperated party controversy on the eve of a decisive general election. Owing possibly to his having all his life been detached from party politics, and still more to the singleness of mind and honesty of purpose which he threw into his work, he so managed matters that in the fierce combat for power one of the great parties in the State pursued him with merciless invective, while the other accorded to him a somewhat grudging and half-hearted support. A great career ended in outward disgrace, which he endured with dignity and patience—a proof of greatness which most public men are glad to be spared the oppor-

tunity of affording. Baron Hübnér, who knew him well, said to a friend shortly after his death, "He died of a broken heart." His biographer remarks that the iron had entered into his soul, but that no word of complaint concerning his own treatment ever passed his lips, even to his most intimate friends. Frere's own view is expressed in a letter to Sir Harry Verney, that he had always felt that of those who had written and spoken most strongly against his South African policy, "some did so in blind reliance on party leaders, and all from very imperfect knowledge of facts; and I felt sure that in time, though perhaps not in my time, my countrymen here would do me the same justice as they who live in South Africa have done from the first." Party passion has now subsided, and this book appears at a time when we can all judge his career more dispassionately than we could fifteen years ago; and this generally fair and complete statement of his case is very welcome, as affording materials for so doing.

His Indian career—that portion of it, at all events, during which he played a leading part—was cast in eventful times, including the reigns of Lord Dalhousie and Lord Canning, the period of annexation and mutiny. The policy of Lord Dalhousie's annexations has been the subject of controversy in the past. Probably its best defence is that it was inevitable. We could not nurse and dandle native governments for ever,—in other

words, maintain them in power so long as they followed the advice of an English Resident. Over and over again it has been proved that those who accept responsibility must proclaim their authority, and drop the fictions by which they desire to conceal it. As the English power grew and spread over the land, the pretences of native independence were one by one thrown away, and the British empire was eventually consolidated under the Queen in 1858, though not until a sanguinary rebellion had avenged the policy of wholesale annexation.

Having regard to the vexed question of the annexation of the Transvaal in later times, it is interesting to note that Frere was officially mixed up with the first of Lord Dalhousie's annexations, that of Sattara; and also that he disapproved the policy. He was one of a minority who objected to it from the first. He thought, for instance, that the treatment of Sattara was a breach of good faith. His ideal of empire, says his biographer, "was a pervading influence rather than a system of administration,"—a view directly opposed to that of Lord Dalhousie. Notwithstanding his known disapproval of the transaction, Sattara on its annexation was intrusted to him as Commissioner. Afterwards he was appointed Commissioner in Scinde, which had been annexed by Lord Ellenborough, and held that office when the Mutiny broke out, and when all the consequences which he attributed to reckless annexation had to be faced.

His part during those four summer months of 1857, when the Mutiny was spreading unchecked, was to preserve Scinde as a base of operations, and establish communications with the Punjab and

the North-West *via* Kurrachee and the Indus valley, after the Punjab had been cut off from Calcutta and the seat of Government. He defeated the attempt of the mutineers to seize Hyderabad and make it a rallying-place like Delhi. His reputation for courage was sustained during all the horrors and panic of that time. Mr Martineau says that he carried on as nearly as he could the ordinary routine of his daily life, maintaining throughout unruffled temper and courtesy with unvarying cheerfulness. "I always prepare," he said in a letter to his wife in England, "to the best of my power, and then make up my mind by the blessing of God we shall succeed, and I have found it so hitherto." As might have been expected, a man so capable of maintaining his equanimity in emergency, however trying,—who knew that, placed as we were, a forward and unshrinking policy was the only safety,—regarded the proposal to abandon the Punjab to the Affghans as a suicidal expedient, not to be resorted to even in the utmost extremity. He was as strongly opposed to a policy of scuttle, even *in extremis*, as he was to a policy of annexation. He courageously denuded his own province of troops to assist in the taking of Delhi and in the preservation of the Punjab, and awaited the result with calmness and confidence. Sir John Lawrence himself placed little reliance on Herbert Edwardes' treaty with Dost Mahomed, which was, however, loyally maintained, with the result that an Affghan invasion was withheld. Lord Canning, it was, who eventually decided against the surrender. There were those, including the Sikhs, who attached more importance, as far as the stability of British empire was

concerned, to the retention of Peshawar than even to the fall of Delhi. In this as well as in all other critical emergencies, including the arduous work of resettling the empire after the suppression of the Mutiny, Sir Bartle Frere's decisions were always animated by a resolute belief in British destiny and duties of empire, and by a steady resolve to resist any tendency to shrink from our almost superhuman task as one beyond the resources of Great Britain.

Mr Martineau adduces evidence to show that Frere as far back as 1858 was urging on his official superiors the vital importance of establishing friendly relations with, and keeping a sharp look-out in the direction of, Afghanistan and Persia, and of the great value of Quetta as a means to that end. In 1867 the British Government peremptorily refused to establish Quetta as an outpost of the empire; but after the expedition of Lord Lytton, Quetta was occupied in force, fortified, and connected by railway with the port of Kurachee. One of the last events brought to Frere's notice before his death was the eventual completion of that railway by Mr Gladstone's Government, notwithstanding the fierce opposition which had been made to it as a part of Lord Beaconsfield's frontier policy. At the present moment Quetta is one of the most important military stations in all India, with the consent of both parties in the State, thus justifying in the end the precedence of Sir Bartle Frere.

The rest of Frere's Indian career may be passed over briefly. He was the first Bombay civilian who was ever appointed to the Supreme Council—*i.e.*, the Council of the Governor-General; and he held that post while most of the prob-

lems of reorganisation were being worked out. But in a very short time the Governorship of Bombay fell vacant, and Frere concluded his Indian career by a five years' tenure of that important post. Mr Martineau discusses his claims to the highest office of all, and insists that had he gone to India as Viceroy in 1876 instead of Lord Lytton, his tact and faculty for commanding the confidence and respect of semi-barbarous chieftains, and the enthusiasm with which he could inspire the foremost British officers, would in all probability have enabled him, without recourse to arms, to have convinced Shere Ali that his best course lay in a return to the policy of Dost Mahomed, and a cordial alliance with the British Government. In support of that theory, he cites the authority of the head missionary at Peshawar, as a sort of witness to character, who disparages both Lord Lytton and Cavagnari, and draws a glowing picture of what might have been under Frere as Viceroy. It is useless to speculate on what might have been. Lord Lytton went to Calcutta and Sir Bartle Frere to the Cape, and each forced on a war in his respective dominions, at a most inopportune moment for the British Government, which was weighted with the task of completing the execution of the Berlin Treaty. The result was most disastrous to the fortunes of Lord Beaconsfield's Ministry at the general election.

It was Lord Carnarvon as Colonial Secretary who selected Frere to be High Commissioner of South Africa, "as the statesman who seems to me most capable of carrying my scheme of confederation into effect." Lord Carnarvon had, by the British North America Act, 1867, successfully carried out a policy of confederation in Canada;

and for two years had been steadily labouring for the union of the South African colonies and states, —a policy which he considered to have been ripened by the recent war between the Transvaal republic and the natives. Previous to the appointment of Frere, Sir Theophilus Shepstone had been sent to the Transvaal on a special commission, to confer with its President on the subject of confederation, and in the result the annexation of that country was proclaimed a few days after Frere's arrival. The latter does not seem to have had the slightest responsibility for either the policy or the manner of its execution. He had merely to accept an accomplished fact, although at the time public opinion was considerably mistaken as to the part which he had played. There is no room for doubt, however, that he approved the policy of the transaction, for in a letter a few years afterwards (vol. ii. p. 183) he says that if England had declined to interfere, Germany would have stepped in, which would have added infinitely to our troubles. Lord Carnarvon ratified the annexation, and the Boers accepted it at the time with satisfaction.

The work of confederation, however, did not progress. A bill to enable the South African colonies to confederate with the consent of the Crown was passed by the English Parliament, but public opinion at the Cape was very languid on the subject. Security and peace amongst the frontier natives was the first condition for bringing the older and more settled provinces to agree to any plan of confederation which would cause the expense of guarding the frontier to be shared by all. Those removed from the frontiers regarded the native tribes as peaceful and Kaffir wars as things of the past: those close to

the frontier believed that the natives were growing in strength and restlessness, and stirred by a general movement against the white population. Frere went to the frontier, and the first things that happened were a Kaffir outbreak and a native war. Difficulties arose with the Cape Government as to the conduct of military measures, and eventually Frere asserted the prerogative of the Crown, and dismissed a Colonial Ministry which possessed the confidence of the Assembly, and appointed Mr Gordon Sprigg Prime Minister. Eventually the Kaffirs were beaten; and just at this point Lord Carnarvon, who was at variance with his colleagues in the Beaconsfield Ministry on matters of European foreign policy, resigned his office, and with his disappearance the policy of confederation was no longer so earnestly insisted upon by statesmen at home. Frere, as the special exponent of that policy in the colony, found his position considerably weakened. Still the native war had ended successfully, and Mr Sprigg's new Ministry co-operated with him cordially.

The year 1878 was not merely an eventful year for Europe, where the termination of the war with Turkey, the conclusion of the peace at San Stefano, the resolute enforcement of Great Britain's claim to have that treaty revised by a conference, and the eventual substitution of the Treaty of Berlin, exhausted the energies of statesmen. At the Cape it was considered that the native outbreaks resulted from a general conviction that the English power could be overthrown, and that a spirit similar to that which pervaded the natives of India before the Mutiny was abroad. Sir Bartle Frere slowly adopted this view,

forced on him, he said, by a hundred little bits of evidence from different quarters. The Zulus were by far the most powerful of the native tribes. They and their king, Cetewayo, were regarded as the leaders in the contest, and to them Sir Bartle Frere directed his attention. Not merely were horrible barbarities and massacres perpetrated on our borders; but a serious dispute arose between the Boers whom we had recently annexed and the Zulus as to a belt of territory which the Boers claimed as purchasers, but which the Zulus declared had been leased for a limited term. The Boers had to fly for their lives from the disputed territory. English arbitrators investigated the question and reported in favour of the Zulus. The report was adverse, in substance and in language, to the Boers: and Frere in accepting it, as he was bound to do, introduced stipulations that when the Boers handed over the disputed territory the Boer farmers should be either compensated or protected, according as they elected to leave or to remain; and that a British Resident with Cetewayo should be specially charged with this duty. Differences with the Zulus grew apace. Cetewayo pursued a policy of menace and violence, and maintained a military system which, now that the Boers were British subjects, was considered to be intended exclusively against the British power. An ultimatum was sent to him early in December, demanding that it should be abolished. Frere in the exercise of his judgment believed that the future of South Africa depended on the firmness and consistency of his own policy, and it may fairly be said that so far from shrinking from responsibility he was forward to assume it. The Boers, on the

other hand, were indignant beyond measure that we had failed to give them that protection against the Zulus to gain which was their object in consenting to annexation. It became doubtful what part they would take in the impending war. In September 1878, Frere was writing home for reinforcements. But Sir Michael Hicks Beach, the new Colonial Secretary, received the application coldly; and in October and November made and repeated his refusal, deprecating a Zulu war in addition to other greater and too possible troubles. The position in Europe and the policy towards Afghanistan made the Cabinet regard with dismay the further prospect of war in South Africa, and prescribe forbearance and reasonable compromise. In November and December came renewed letters, urging a postponement of warlike operations owing to the danger of war in Europe.

The ultimatum was delivered on the 11th December, after telegrams and despatches had been received from the Colonial Office, deprecating war. They were dated from October 12 to November 7—the last of which, however, only reached Frere two days after the ultimatum was sent. On the 10th January 1879, English troops entered Zululand, and in less than a fortnight the rout at Isandhlwana occurred, in which the British force was cut to pieces; and a week afterwards there arrived another forcible protest from the Colonial Secretary against a policy of war. To Frere the shock of the disaster was, his biographer says, the most terrible he had ever experienced: in Natal there was panic such as Frere had not witnessed even at the most critical time of the Indian Mutiny; to the Cabinet of the Queen the disaster was a

heavy blow and discouragement in the midst of European complications and in the face of a general election. Fortunately, the Zulus in Natal did not rise against us; Cetewayo did not attempt a raid; some, though not many, of the Boers co-operated with us. Sir Garnet Wolseley, preceded by reinforcements, arrived at Cape Town on the 28th June; but before he could assume command of the army, Lord Chelmsford had won the battle of Ulundi (July 5), and the Zulus confessed themselves beaten. The Boers, however, began to insist on regaining their independence, and Sir Bartle Frere had to explain to them at a critical interview that the annexation should not be undone, though local government would be conceded.

The Cabinet at home were divided in opinion as to the course to be pursued. The majority wished to recall Frere. Lord Beaconsfield supported him; and probably the Queen, who had sent a prompt and gracious message of encouragement (vol. ii. p. 281) on the news of the disaster, disapproved his recall. In the result a despatch was sent censuring him, with a general expression of continued confidence. The censure was to the effect that he ought not, without first obtaining the sanction of the British Government, to have insisted in an ultimatum on the disbandment of Cetewayo's army, on his receiving a Resident, or on the fulfilment of his promises of better government. The despatch pointed out that no evidence had been produced of urgent necessity for immediate action, "which alone could justify you in taking, without their full knowledge and sanction, a course almost certain to result in war, which, as I had previously impressed upon you, every effort

should have been made to avoid." The Cabinet pointed out that, under the circumstances, even if war could not ultimately be avoided, it was their business to decide as to the time and manner of coming to an issue, and that meanwhile "the forces at your disposal were adequate to protect Natal from any serious Zulu inroad, and to provide for any other emergency that could have arisen" during the reference home. When we remember that, even after the disaster of Isandhlwana, no Zulu inroad, serious or otherwise, was undertaken by Cetewayo, it is impossible not to agree that this remonstrance was justified.

This remarkable proceeding is the determining incident in Sir Bartle Frere's career,—the one which arrests the attention of all who are interested in it. It is not surprising, therefore, that his biographer should have done his utmost to justify it. The case which he makes is that, up to the time of Lord Carnarvon's resignation, Frere's action and policy had been cordially accepted and indorsed by him; that after Sir M. Hicks Beach's accession to office there had not been a hint or a word from him to indicate any new departure; that up to October 2, the letters of the new Secretary approved his conduct, sanctioned the boundary award notwithstanding its encouragement to Cetewayo, and added that of course Cetewayo must be kept in order, and compelled to give up those Zulus who violate, as lately, Natal or Transvaal territory. Mr Martineau insists that the later despatches, which refused reinforcements and deprecated war, were like those of a man from whose memory had suddenly been obliterated all prior correspondence, including letters which he himself had written. Reading

that prior correspondence by the light of what subsequently passed, it may no doubt be open to the criticism that a too sanguine Colonial governor would be apt to find in it more encouragement than was intended. The Colonial Secretary probably never contemplated that a policy of war and actual hostilities and invasion would be undertaken without specific approval from home. The moment that a demand for reinforcements and the tone of Frere's letters showed what he was aiming at, there was no uncertainty about Sir M. Hicks Beach's telegrams and letters. That of October 12 showed that the Home Government regarded the Cape hostilities at an end, and that war was no longer in prospect. Frere went on in spite of the Colonial Office, and his defence must rest upon this, that, as his biographer puts it, it was as impossible at this eleventh hour to reverse his policy and withdraw from the position he had taken, as it would have been for Wellington to decline a battle on the eve of Waterloo. It fails because the ultimatum was not delivered till after it was known that the Secretary of State counselled prudence, compromise, and the avoidance of war.

Sir Bartle Frere had, no doubt, decided in his own mind that a forward and determined policy was the only way to deal with the barbarous army which hung like a black cloud on his frontiers. His mind was so constituted that he could not displace his conviction and act on that of an official superior whom he believed to be mistaken. As in the Indian Mutiny he felt that to retire from Peshawar meant the rolling out of the Punjab in the flames of rebellion, so to show reluctance to encounter the Zulu power was the

very way to invite its aggression, and to make territories inhabited by British subjects the seat of warlike operations. The mistake lay in assuming that a supreme Colonial governor may detach his mind from all other interests and concentrate it exclusively on those in his immediate locality, in the way that a subordinate provincial ruler in India may do. As the representative of the Crown, he, as well as the Colonial Office, had to consider not merely the immediate needs of the colony, but the general position of the empire, and ought not to have involved his country in a distant war without the smallest reference to the exigencies of the empire nearer home. There is no trace that Frere ever gave the smallest attention to what was passing in Europe at the time, and to the extreme inconvenience his policy would occasion to the Government at home. Even if his invasion of Zululand had been as successful as it was in the first instance disastrous, the Cabinet at home would not at that conjuncture have approved it. But when events proved that the invasion had been badly planned and unsuccessfully executed, and that the very motive for it, the necessity of anticipating attack, was founded on a mistaken view of the surroundings, every one must feel that Frere encountered a responsibility which it is for the public interest should not be minimised or concealed. It ought to be regarded as a sacred and elementary rule of colonial administration, that except in cases of extreme urgency a colonial governor is altogether exceeding his duty who places his relations to his neighbours on the inclined plane which leads to war without a clear understanding beforehand with the authorities at home, so that they

may not merely understand and approve the issue of peace or war being raised, but may also themselves decide as to the time and mode of conducting hostilities. This vast colonial empire would be a source of infinite embarrassment to the Home Government, if every colonial governor deemed it within his power and duty to act as Sir Bartle Frere did in 1878. There is or ought to be the strongest disinclination to give a grudging support to an absent colonial governor struggling against overwhelming difficulties. It is felt that even criticism should be lenient. But there is a correlative duty on his part to observe perfect loyalty and frankness to the Government at home, and not to avail himself of any of the opportunities which an official on the spot possesses of forcing the hand of his superiors by presenting to them a state of circumstances in which it is no longer possible to exercise a free judgment, and from which option is excluded.

Of course there was nothing left but urgently to press the home Government for reinforcements. His own position was weakened by what had occurred; but resignation of his office, in spite of appeals from home and in the colony, was out of the question. Sir Garnet Wolseley was sent in the summer of 1879 to supersede Lord Chelmsford in the command of the army, and Frere, "for the time," as High Commissioner, so far as the Transvaal, Natal, and other portions of the territory subject to him were concerned. This division of authority was not a move in the direction of union and confederation, but rather of separation and disintegration, and seems to us to point a convenient opportunity for Sir Bartle Frere to resign. He decided, how-

ever, to remain, and his relations with Sir Garnet do not appear to have been very satisfactory, nor even with the Home Government, which was desirous of transferring to Sir Garnet part of the emoluments of Frere's office. In the following year Sir Garnet was succeeded in his portion of the High Commissionership by Sir George Colley.

It is interesting to note that Frere never wavered as to the soundness of his policy. In September 1879 we find him writing that the more the facts were considered, the more clearly it would appear that the war was inevitable and righteous, the only way of preventing bloody Zulu inroads into British territory, and a simultaneous Boer rebellion in the Transvaal; and that an overwhelming majority of the colonists, of whatever race or origin, declared that he had gained their warmest approbation.

There does not seem to be any proof that the war was necessary to prevent Zulu inroads; while the Boer rebellion broke out in spite of it, and terminated, after a series of events most disastrous to British reputation, in their regaining independence. It is not the least to the discredit of Sir Bartle Frere that the actual course of events was entirely excluded from his contemplation. But a statesman more experienced than an ex-Indian official in the mode in which English party warfare is conducted, and less habituated to decide on his course from purely local considerations, might possibly have appreciated that the state of affairs in England, as well as political complications in Europe and Asia, rendered a South African war most imprudent at that particular moment, even in the interests of the colonists themselves.

For no sooner was it undertaken, with its first-fruits of failure, than the whole force of the Opposition at home, exasperated by its exclusion from office, and by the growing authority and reputation of Lord Beaconsfield, spent itself in a chorus of condemnation. No moderation was observed. Not merely was the war denounced as wrongful and unnecessary, and its disasters imputed to gross inefficiency, but sympathy with the Boers was loudly proclaimed, and a demand put forward in the name of sound Liberal policy and justice that the annexation of the Transvaal should be reversed.

Mr Gladstone sounded no note of opposition to that annexation when it was first proclaimed. The leading Boers had themselves acquiesced in its necessity, and encouraged and consented to it—urged thereto by their Zulu and financial difficulties. But no sooner did South African difficulties provide an opportunity for making party capital than Mr Gladstone discovered it to have resulted from “the invasion of a free people.” The Transvaal was described as a country where we had insanely placed ourselves in the strange predicament of the free subjects of a monarchy going to coerce the free subjects of a republic, and to compel them to accept a citizenship which they decline and refuse. The Boers took up their cue, and begged that the injustice done to the Transvaal might find redress.” When the Mid-Lothian orator came into office he very soon discovered that it was easier to kindle a flame than to quench a fire. His Colonial Secretary, Lord Kimberley, might announce at his leisure, and after Cabinet consideration, that the sovereignty of the Queen over the Transvaal could not be

relinquished; that he hoped for the speedy accomplishment of confederation, which would enable free institutions to be given to the Transvaal and Natal as already proposed.” But the Boers had been encouraged to very different views, and being dissatisfied with the results of the annexation to which they had consented, moved heaven and earth to repeal it. They sent their emissaries to Cape Town to hinder confederation, and rekindle animosity between Dutch and English. The Aborigines Protection Society was started in London, which interfered between natives and whites in South Africa with the confidence of ignorance and partisanship. A Basuto war was stirred up, in which the Government at home evaded responsibility, while Radical Members of Parliament were said to be encouraging Boer leaders and the Cape Town opposition. Even as regards the Zulus themselves, our recent opponents in a sanguinary war, Mr Gladstone had shown his hostility to his countrymen and colonists (who had no votes to give him) by speaking of that war as “the record of ten thousand Zulus slain for no other offence than their attempt to defend against your artillery with their naked bodies their hearths and homes, their wives and families.” An influential memorial was presented to the same statesman as Prime Minister, to the effect that the recall of Sir Bartle Frere would conduce to the unity of the party and redeem their pledges to constituents. It certainly seems a very extraordinary thing that Frere should have persisted in retaining his office under such circumstances, and in waiting till he was formally recalled in August 1880, on the ground of divergence between his views and those of the

new Government at home, and that no prospect remained of his being able to forward the policy of confederation. The Cape Parliament, it seems, had recently refused to take even the preliminary step of a conference with a view to that policy, and accordingly Lord Carnarvon's project was indefinitely postponed. Frere accordingly quitted South Africa, and had at least the satisfaction of carrying with him the cordial approbation and gratitude of all the European colonists.

It cannot be denied that his career ended in failure. The policy of confederation which he was specially appointed to promote was eliminated from the field of practical politics. The Boers were on the eve of cancelling the Transvaal annexation. The affairs of the Cape were in confusion, and he himself was overwhelmed by the sequence of events which had been ushered in by a war which he had undertaken without authority from home. It was a terrible retribution for the one blunder of his life, and it ought to be remembered in his favour that he was a man of unblemished integrity, who had vindicated during a long career a character for courage and capacity. He was a man of high aims and unyielding will, keen to maintain the imperial authority, and to enforce justice as between races. Anglo-Indians at all events have no reason to doubt but that in his view the dominant race had its rights and privileges as well as its responsibilities.

After Sir Bartle Frere left the Cape, events quickly developed themselves. Their origin may be traced to the invasion of Zululand and the contemporaneous dissatisfaction occasioned to the Boers by their own cession of their territory in expectation of favours which

they never obtained. For Boer grievances Frere was not responsible, nor for the consequences of the policy pursued towards the Transvaal and Zululand after Sir Garnet Wolseley arrived to supersede him in July 1879. The Boer leaders began to prepare for armed rebellion before Frere's recall. Sir George Colley, on his arrival, declined to see them, and treated their projected resistance as a matter of small importance. On the 16th December 1880, they issued a proclamation declaring the re-establishment of their republic. Hostilities ensued, the insurrection drawing its forces from the Orange Free State and elsewhere, as well as from the Transvaal. Sir George Colley entered upon the campaign with forces so inadequate that the British troops were repulsed on three separate occasions, on the last of which—viz., at Majuba Hill—he lost his life, and a complete surrender was made by the Crown to successful rebels of British territory and British good faith.

Frere always believed the outbreak in the Transvaal to be of Irish origin. He had found the real wirepullers of the Boer Committee to be foreigners of various nationalities, together with an Irishman of the name of Aylward, an ex-Fenian who had been pardoned for turning Queen's evidence against the murderers of the Manchester policeman, and was now an acknowledged leader of the Boers. Money to stir up the insurrection came in from the Irish rebel societies, according to Le Caron's evidence before the Parnell Commission. The Transvaal was one of the points of attack, says Mr Martineau, of the anarchical plots which had their headquarters in Ireland and America. The foes of England, those of her own household,

no doubt looked on with exultation while British Commissioners yielded to the demands of the Boers, without even securing satisfaction from those who had murdered their countrymen or otherwise violated the usages of war. The Transvaal was given back, in spite of repeated pledges by the British Crown that it should be retained, on the faith of which hundreds of Europeans had settled in the country and staked their all, and 700,000 natives relied for protection. The pledge had been given, it is said, by three Secretaries of State, three High Commissioners, and two Houses of Commons. "Thank God," said a loyal native, "my children are Afrikaners, and need not be ashamed of their country!"

These transactions, as well as the desertion of Gordon, when he was "hemmed in but not surrounded" at Khartoum, form a melancholy page of English history, and must for ever brand with disgrace the Gladstone Government of 1880-85. Their leader had the satisfaction of pointing to speeches in which, long after the event, and at a favourable moment for party purposes, he had denounced the acquisition of the Transvaal as valueless and dishonourable. But that sentiment, even if justified, did not excuse the subsequent surrender, regardless of all the engagements and liabilities which had grown up during its retention. Accordingly, the phrase that "it was a question of saving the country from sheer bloodguiltiness" was invented to cover the disgrace of the whole transaction, and closed a chapter in our history in which Great Britain was found treating with armed rebels to its authority on terms of almost unconditional surrender to them. The only excuse

put forward over and above the escape from "bloodguiltiness" was that we thereby redressed the wrong of the original annexation. It was considered to be no objection that we at the same time wilfully violated all the engagements which that temporary annexation had involved, and abandoned numbers of innocent people who had trusted to our pledges.

It was an unfortunate thing for Sir Bartle Frere's reputation, and we cannot help feeling extremely sorry for him, that he should have been mixed up in such a responsible manner with a tangle of events so deplorable and humiliating. His past history did not deserve it. Amongst the great heroes of the Indian Mutiny he deservedly holds a foremost place. He exhibited, during the whole of that arduous time, courage, capacity, and resource in no ordinary degree. While danger was at its thickest, and difficulties seemed to be overwhelming, he, like so many of our countrymen, so far from showing the least tendency to shrink, was prompt and forward to meet them, recognising that the only policy was to dare all, and that by daring all we should win all. No other spirit than that could have coped successfully with the appalling dimensions of that struggle on the part of a small island to retain empire over a huge continent separated by a distance of thousands of miles. Even after the suppression of actual military operations, the rude shake which our power had received, the new light which had burst on the minds both of conquerors and conquered as to the difficulty of a handful of whites holding down two hundred millions of people capable of producing competent soldiers, might well have inspired misgivings as to the possibility of reorganising such

an empire on a durable basis. All that is known of Sir Bartle Frere is to the effect that he was one of those whose minds never misgave them for an instant, during or after the crisis. "Forward" was the word which characterised both the man and his policy, whether the overwhelming dangers in front of him were military or political. Such is the stuff of which real heroes are made. Sir Bartle Frere was one of those men who never despair of the republic, for they are constitutionally incapable of doing so; whose conviction that the sure and certain method of grappling with difficulty is to spring forward to meet it is so deep-seated, that they ignore the restraints of calculation; whose faith in the imperial destiny of their country never deserts them for a moment. Much may be said in favour of his policy of giving battle promptly to Cetewayo; and the disaster of Isandhlwana is not decisive against it, especially as the battle of Ulundi in a few months entirely retrieved that disaster and reduced the Zulus to subjection. The objections to it in our minds are, that it was unauthorised and even contrary to orders, and offended against prudential considerations on a wider scale than the immediate difficulty in hand. Sir Bartle Frere had the misfortune at the most critical and decisive moment of his life to be placed in the uncongenial position of being in duty bound to forego decisive measures which he believed

to be indispensable, in deference to higher exigencies which he imperfectly appreciated. The obligation to go forward was, from his point of view, imperative, and he could not bring himself to believe that others would fail to share that view. The disaster which ensued was magnified for party purposes, till, in the furious exaggeration of contemporary passion, he was denounced as the destroyer of Dutch freedom, the sanguinary exterminator of Zulus, the reckless partisan of a foolish and dangerous policy. The effect of Mr Martineau's biography is to restore him to the position which he occupied before the Zulu troubles,—that of a man who had rendered signal services to India for more than a generation, who had displayed during momentous events qualities which justified Lord Carnarvon in singling him out as the statesman best fitted to forward a great scheme of Imperial confederation, who continued to display similar qualities during his colonial administration, but fell a victim to one error of judgment which at once plunged him into the abyss of English party passions stimulated to a white-heat by the progress of a general election. While we recognise the error, we feel that the measure dealt out to him was hard beyond all fit proportion, and we welcome this vindication of his career as that of a man who deserved well of his country, and of whom England may be proud.

A FOREIGNER.

CHAPTER XV.—GERMAN PRONOUNS.

BARON LEO WOLFSBERG, first cousin to that same Poldi Wolfsberg upon whom Riki Giffingen had fixed her affections, though serving in the same hussar regiment, where the latter occupied the post of adjutant, was quartered at one of the outlying stations, which he left but rarely in order to come in to the town. The striking resemblance between the two cousins (their fathers had been brothers and their mothers twin sisters), which had given rise to numerous mistakes as to the identity of each, was not, however, borne out by any corresponding analogy of disposition; and although both had been christened by the name of Leopold after their common grandfather, their dissimilarities of character seemed to be emphasised and described by the manner in which each name had been curtailed for its owner. Thus the more sober and dignified appellation of Leo suited the one cousin, as well as the playful designation of Poldi was adapted to the other; for Leo, the elder of the two by some five years, was as silent as his cousin was talkative, and as grave as Poldi was gay. Of a naturally serious and thoughtful disposition, these qualities had been yet further accentuated by an early disappointment which had the effect of causing him to forswear matrimony, and to apply for admittance into the Order of Teutonic Knights, whose members enjoy certain rights and privileges on condition of remaining single. It was not his custom to frequent public entertainments of any sort, nor was he in any sense what is understood by the designation of "a lady's man," but having

on the present occasion been obliged to come up to Salzburg for a few days, upon some business connected with his admittance into the Teutonic Order, he had not been able to absent himself from the Archduke's garden-party, which happened to take place just at this time.

Leo Wolfsberg had not danced for long—not since Melitta's death, and that was now full seven years ago. It was a completely understood thing amongst all his friends and acquaintances that he would never more take part in such frivolous amusements, and that whenever he by chance put in an appearance at a ball or party, he did so merely in the character of a simple looker-on, who was no more to be counted upon as a dancer than the three bald-headed old gentlemen who were playing whist just now with Mr Dalrymple in the card-room.

Leo Wolfsberg had been experiencing a sort of mild chastened sense of gratification from the contemplation of the frivolous scene in front of him. It was pleasant to lean here in the doorway and watch the revolving mazes of those foolish creatures who had no other thought but the enjoyment of the present moment: he felt his own youth to be a thing that lay so far, far behind him, hidden away behind a heavy black pall which he had neither the power nor the will to push aside—so at least he had thought but a few minutes ago; and now all at once here he was startled out of all his self-composure by a curious accident—something utterly unforeseen and unprecedented, which threatened ab-

ruptly to overthrow all his painfully acquired philosophy.

A young girl, unknown to him even by name, was standing before him and holding out a knot of blue ribbon for his acceptance. She was very slight and pale, and, except for the bunch of purple crocuses stuck in her waistband, was dressed all in white.

"*Willst Du mit mir tanzen?*" she said to him, pronouncing the words with a strange foreign accent but in a clear childish voice, which sent a curious thrill through his veins. It was long since any female voice so young and so fresh had addressed him with the familiar *Du* ("thou"), which is the privilege of relationship or legitimate affection; for Leo Wolfsberg had no sister, and since Melitta's death there was no other young woman who had the right to address him in this way.

As Phemie made this extraordinary, though nevertheless not wholly unnatural, error of mistaking one cousin for the other, and then following up her first blunder by the substitution of the personal pronoun second person singular, instead of the third person plural, there was an ill-suppressed titter of amusement from all bystanders. Gentlemen turned aside to conceal their broad grins; ladies held up their fans before their faces for the same purpose; while some of the young girls laughed openly and undisguisedly.

Leo Wolfsberg alone betrayed no sign of surprise or amusement, but taking the proffered knot of ribbon with a low bow, replied with perfect gravity—

"*Es wird mir eine grosse Ehre sein, mein Fräulein*"—"It will be a great honour to me, my Fräulein."

At sound of his voice Phemie started slightly, and a look of bewilderment came into her face. A

vague sense of something being wrong began to shoot through her mind, for Leo's voice was fuller and deeper than that of his cousin Poldi. She had no time, however, to pursue her reflections, for Baron Wolfsberg had rapidly unbuckled his sword, which in his character of non-dancer he had not previously laid aside, and passing his arm round Phemie's waist, had launched with her into the whirling vortex.

Leo Wolfsberg's dancing was not to be compared to that of his cousin; he had not studied it as a fine art, nor improved it by years of steady practice: but every Austrian is a born dancer, and as he now swept round the spacious ball-room with Phemie on his arm, he felt himself grow young again, with a strange dreamlike sensation that he had never thought again to experience.

They danced twice round the room, and then, instead of leading back his partner to her former place in the cotillon circle, he offered her his arm and conducted her to a little adjoining room where tea and other refreshments were being served.

"May I serve you with an ice or a cup of tea?" he now said to her in tolerably correct English, but with a strong German accent.

She looked up at him in complete bewilderment, still failing to grasp the exact meaning of the situation.

"You speak English?" she stammered. "But I thought you said yourself that day at the Obersee that you didn't know the language."

"That was my cousin Poldi, probably," he replied, very gently. "We are very much alike, and are often mistaken by strangers."

"Then you are not he?" cried Phemie, somewhat illogically, while a burning blush mounted to her brow. "Ah! now I understand why you look so different. But

what have I done! I have made a terrible mistake!"

"There is nothing so very terrible about it that I can see," he returned, smiling a little at her evident distress. "You have only a bad dancer got instead of a good one, that is all."

"But I don't even know you!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together with a tragic gesture.

"My name is Leopold Wolfsberg, at your service, Ober-lieutenant in the — Hussars, and first cousin to Poldi, whom you already know," he said, accompanying his introduction with a low ceremonious bow, but with a slight humorous twinkle in his grey-blue eyes, which, now that Phemie looked at them attentively, she discovered to be a shade darker than those of his cousin. "There now, it all is right, is it not? and I am no longer a stranger to you."

Still Phemie looked distressed.

"You are very good not to mind," she said, confusedly; "but I cannot help feeling as if I had done something terribly wrong. I could see it in the faces of the people who were standing near. Why did they all begin to laugh when I gave you the cockade?"

Leo smiled again slightly, as if with a pleasant recollection, but there was now some little confusion in his own manner as he hastily replied: "Oh, you must not that mind. People are very foolish, and will laugh for no real cause. Of course it was not to expect that you would speak the German like a native, just as I myself assuredly make mistakes in the English."

"I learned German at school," said Phemie, rather dolefully, "and got the second prize for German recital last term; but what is the use of it all if it has only served to make me ridiculous?"

"You can never be ridiculous!" said Leo, with some warmth.

"But what was there wrong about my phrase?" persisted Phemie. "Will you not tell me my mistake?"

Before answering, the young man bent down very low over the chair where she was sitting.

"Repeat it again," he said, almost in a whisper. "Repeat the phrase you to me said just now."

"*Willst Du mit mir tanzen?*" said Phemie, slowly and distinctly, like a child repeating a lesson.

"And you know what that means?"

"Of course. It means, 'Will you dance with me?' But I cannot see anything funny about that."

"Neither can I," said Leo dreamily, more to himself than to her.

"Then why did the people laugh?"

"Why did they laugh? You want me to tell you that?"

"Yes, please do," said Phemie, earnestly; "for you see, if I am not told of my mistakes, I shall never be able to correct them, and I shall go on saying '*Willst Du mit mir tanzen?*' to every one I meet."

"Of course you must not do that!" exclaimed Leo, with great decision, while something like a frown passed over his brow. "You must never say that again to any one—else—— You see," he went on, seating himself on a vacant chair by Phemie's side, "our German language is not like your English one. With you it is all one if you speak to the Emperor or to your own brother — you will say 'you' to both of them, will you not?"

"Certainly," acquiesced Phemie. "What else should we say but 'you'?"

"But with us that is different: we use the third person plural *Sie* for addressing those ones that are above us in rank, or to whom we are not related."

"Then *Du* does not mean exactly the same as our English 'you'?"

"Not quite. Our *Du* resembles the English 'thou,' and it is customary to employ it only towards those who are our relations or very intimate friends."

"I think I understand," said Phemie. "Then of course it is wrong for a lady to say *Du* to a gentleman?"

"Not always. She can say *Du* to him if he is her father, or her brother—or—or——"

"Or what?"

"Or her bridegroom—for instance," said Leo, very low and with a little hesitation.

"Ah!" said Phemie, with a short quick catching of the breath, while a bright flush of colour mounted to her cheek. "Now I see how terribly stupid I have been; and I said it twice over, which makes it ever so much worse. But that is all your fault," she continued, almost angrily. "Why did you make me repeat it again if you knew it to be wrong all the time? That was not fair—you know it wasn't."

It was now Leo's turn to colour slightly.

"Forgive me," he said, very earnestly. "I would not have done it if I had thought it would have been so—so—unpleasant to you. And we are quite alone, you see, and there is no one to hear it: you may say *Du* to me a dozen times over, and there will no one be to laugh at you."

"No, thank you," said Phemie, turning away her head to avoid the direct gaze of his eyes, that were troubling her strangely. "I have made quite enough mistakes for to-day—more than sufficient."

At this moment the music came to an end, and there was a general rush in the direction of the tea-

room. The young people came trooping in arm-in-arm, and presently the room was filled with the sound of laughter and of chattering voices. Leo Wolfsberg had risen in order to fetch a glass of lemonade for his partner, while Phemie, shrinking back a little within a window embrasure, was partly shrouded from view, and remained for some little time unnoticed. Presently, however, Riki Giffingen, moving about restlessly in the abortive hope of luring away Poldi Wolfsberg from the side of Princess Regenbach, to whom he had been paying assiduous court for the last half-hour, caught sight of Phemie's white dress peeping out from behind the blue-and-white curtain draping the window-niche.

"So here you are!" she exclaimed, accosting Phemie with loud and rather forced gaiety. "We have been looking for you everywhere, and couldn't at all imagine where you had hidden yourself away. And what have you done with Baron Leo Wolfsberg, now that you have accomplished the unheard-of miracle of making him forget all his vows of allegiance to his fair cousin Melitta?"

"His vows of allegiance?" said Phemie, uncomprehending. "Is he bound by vows? And how has he broken them?"

"You dear little innocent thing!" exclaimed Riki, playfully. "You are positively bewitching with your childlike simplicity. Why, don't you know that Leo Wolfsberg never dances? He has not danced a step since he lost his bride, Melitta Kronenfels, who died exactly a week before the day that was to have been their wedding, and that is now seven years ago. Since that time he has been more like a hermit than a cavalry officer—avoiding all society, and never by any chance

going to a ball or party, and now still more than ever, since he has made up his mind to join the Deutscher Ritter Orden. He only came here to-day because he could not well absent himself from the Archduke's party; but you can see in his face that he feels like a fish out of the water, and that he utterly despises such frivolous amusements. Why, I should as soon have thought of asking the Archbishop of Salzburg to dance with me as Leo Wolfsberg!"

Phemie, though not understanding what was meant by the Deutscher Ritter Orden, had experienced a curious and wholly inexplicable sensation of disappointment on hearing these details.

"I mistook him for his cousin," she said, rather blankly. "I know it was very stupid of me; but I am so shortsighted, and they are really very much alike at first sight, you know, and then no one had ever told me that there were two Barons Wolfsberg, and the other one—the one I knew first, I mean—danced with me several times, so how could I tell the difference?"

"The other one!" said Riki, with a touch of involuntary bitterness; "yes, the other one dances, of course, with any one and every one, and he would never be likely to wear the willow as Leo is doing or any Melitta dead or alive."

She bit her lip, and turned away to conceal the tears that had started unbidden to her eyes; but Phemie had seen them, and looked at the other girl with a sort of puzzled compassion, sympathising with the evident emotion she saw without understanding its cause. After what she had seen, or thought to have seen, at the museum that day, Phemie had imagined that no further doubt could be entertained as to the tender rela-

tions existing between Riki Giffingen and Poldi Wolfsberg, and of course she could not know that the Archducal party to which Gold Riki had been looking forward with tender impatience, as destined to cancel the last barrier existing between herself and her lover, had turned out to be a woful disappointment; for when Riki, becomingly attired in the pale-blue foulard costume whose colour set off her bright auburn hair to the fullest advantage, and with an airy little construction of forget-me-nots and blush roses stuck at the back of her aristocratic little head, had entered the Klesheim gardens that afternoon, she had been chilled and surprised by her lover's behaviour. He had greeted her hastily and with some appearance of embarrassment, and had then moved off in another direction, as though to preclude the possibility of any private conversation between them; and then throughout the thunderstorm he had sat beside Princess Regenbach, toying with her flask of smelling-salts, and playfully holding up her large lace-fan, in order, as he pretended, to screen her eyes from the vivid lightning-flashes. He had, it is true, danced with Riki once or twice during the first round-dances, but it had not been until much later in the evening that she had had a chance of exchanging a few words in private with him, when he had happened to be her *vis-à-vis* in the quadrille.

"I hear there is to be a cotillon," she had said to him in a whisper; "shall I keep it for you?"

"That would be scarcely prudent, I fear," he had replied in the same low undertone. "We danced the last cotillon here together, don't you remember? and people are such gossips. I should be sorry to expose you to their ill-natured remarks."

And then he had passed on, avoiding her eye, and leaving Riki with a great blank feeling of disappointment in her heart.

Meanwhile the story of Phemie's ridiculous mistake had been widely circulated throughout the company, with various joking comments and exaggerations. Slightly embellished, it had even reached the ear of his Imperial Highness, who had laughed heartily at the anecdote, and had graciously pronounced Phemie to be "*eine göttliche kleine Gans*" (a divine little goose).

It needed no more than this Archducal verdict to exalt the hitherto insignificant English girl into the heroine of the evening. All at once people began to discover that her features were wonderfully delicate and refined, and that what had previously appeared to them as awkward *gaucherie* and want of *chic* was in reality but the exquisite skinking grace of early youth. Every one was anxious to be introduced to her, and when the last breathless galop that was to close the entertainment struck up, Phemie was positively besieged by applications for the favour of a *tour*, which were sometimes accompanied by covert allusions to her previous blunder.

Poldi Wolfsberg had also drawn near in order playfully to challenge his cousin to yield up the blue satin favour, which, as he declared, belonged to himself by right, since it had only been given to Leo under a misapprehension of identity; but the elder cousin had shaken his head, and, with rather more gravity than the occasion seemed to warrant, had defended his legitimate rights.

"You are positively insatiable, Poldi," he had said, reprovingly, pointing to his cousin's uniform-coat resplendent with bows of all colours, red, yellow, and blue. "Are you not already decorated more than

sufficiently without seeking to take mine away? The blue cockade belongs to me, and no living man shall deprive me of my rights."

"Very well," replied Poldi, with a slight shrug of the shoulders; "keep your blue ribbon, if you set such store upon it, but at least I claim my right to redeem the *tour* which should have been mine;" and turning to Phemie, he said to her, with playful audacity—

"*Willst Du mit mir tanzen?*"

Leo frowned and looked annoyed, but Phemie rose to her feet and exclaimed impetuously in English—

"No, I will not dance with *Du*, nor with *Er*, *Ihr*, *Wir*, or *Sie*, nor with any of you others who are making fun of me, but only with *him*. He is the only one who did not laugh at me because I am not able to speak your terrible language."

She checked herself, a little ashamed of her violence, but feeling nevertheless considerably relieved by the discharge of this cataract of pronouns which had escaped her unawares. Her eyes were shining as they only did in rare moments of excitement, and the bright flush of colour that had mounted to her cheek effectually redeemed her appearance from any charge of insipidity.

It was now Poldi's turn to look annoyed; but as Leo, gravely triumphant, led off Phemie again on his arm, a loud buzz of surprised admiration followed in their wake.

"*Schau, schau—die kleine Engländerin* is not as stupid as she looks, after all," one dowager was saying to another, in semi-aggravated astonishment, for the incident had somewhat disturbed all her preconceived notions on the subject of British torpor and impassibility; while some of the cavalry officers gave vent to their sentiments in the more forcible but somewhat equivocal vernacular of their class,

by pronouncing Phemie to be a "*Blitz-Mädel*" and a "*fescher Kerl*" — delicately turned compliments

which, even had she heard them, would have conveyed but small meaning to her untutored ear.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE WHITE MARBLE CROSS.

Next day Phemie had a headache, which was only natural after the unusual fatigue and emotions of the previous day. She did not feel inclined for society, and excused herself under the plea of fatigue when Resi and Rudi Giffingen appeared at the hotel about mid-day in order to invite her to join them in a drive to Glanegg, where several of their friends had arranged to spend the afternoon, accompanied by some officers on horseback.

Chrissy, to whom the prospect of gaiety in any shape whatsoever was unmixed rapture, was only too delighted to take Phemie's place in the proposed expedition, and, attired in the borrowed plumes of Phemie's best straw hat and London jacket, suffered herself to be carried off by Resi and Rudi in high good-humour.

Phemie spent most of that day upon the sofa. Towards four o'clock, however, when she had had enough of the sofa and of her thoughts, she came to the conclusion that a little fresh air would do her good, and therefore proposed to accompany her father when he announced his intention of walking out to Aigen in order to wash in the colours of a new sketch of the mountain-range as seen from this point.

The little village church of Aigen, whose slender white spire may be seen from afar rising out of the surrounding green, lies at the foot of the Gaisberg, some two miles south of Salzburg. To the left a rural hostelry, with wooden tables and benches placed for the accommodation of visitors beneath massive horse-chestnut trees; to the right a handsome castle belonging to the

Schwarzenberg family, with spacious pleasure-grounds, whose shady walks and cool green waters would seem to be as many exquisite gems stolen from the canvas of a Poussin or a Boucher; in the centre, between castle and hostelry, a square enclosure, formed by the cemetery walls, screening off the sanctuary from the profane outer world; and in front a majestic panorama of grand old mountain-peaks, crowned here and there with a dazzling diadem of eternal snow.

Mr Dalrymple took some little time before he could settle upon the exact point for his sketch. It was rather difficult to hit upon a place whence the two peaks of the Walzman mountain would appear to the fullest advantage, combined with an appropriate foreground; but after fidgeting about for some ten minutes, he contrived to find what he wanted, and established himself with his camp-stool and sketching umbrella on a piece of rising ground just above the little inn.

"How long do you intend to sketch, papa?" asked Phemie, when she had seen her father thus satisfactorily installed, and pulling out her watch, which marked a quarter past five o'clock.

"About an hour and a half, my dear," he replied; then added as an after-thought, "But tell me if you should feel tired and would like to go home sooner."

Mr Dalrymple settled down to his sketch with a pleased sense of virtuous satisfaction at having thus conscientiously fulfilled his paternal duties. He was beginning to get accustomed—so he told himself—

to the idea of having a grown-up daughter under his charge, and felt as though he had performed prodigies of self-abnegation yesterday in playing six rubbers, or, as his partner would insist on calling them, "robbers," of a peculiarly aggravated species of whist, which in so far resembled the tragedy of "Hamlet" with the chief character omitted, in that it was played without the assistance of trumps.

Left to her own devices, Phemie now wandered down towards the church, and opening a little iron gate, penetrated into the cemetery, where she strolled about for some little time admiring the profusion of flowers on certain graves, while there were others that lay neglected and weed-overgrown. One grave in particular struck her fancy—a white marble cross smothered in the embrace of a luxuriant rose-bush, whose branches were twined so tightly round the cross as to render illegible the inscription which adorned its base. A month ago this bush had been burdened with a wealth of white roses, but now the flowers had vanished, leaving in their place a rich harvest of crimson hips which showed like blood-drops against the white marble.

"Who was it that lay buried here?" mused Phemie, idly; and she stretched forth her arm to push aside one of the twining branches, in order to read the inscription which they were hiding. But the thorns caught hold of her wrist and fingers in a vicious grip, almost as though the rose-bush had resented the liberty she was taking with the grave which it had been put there to guard; and Phemie drew back her hand all scratched and bleeding, and made no further attempt to satisfy her curiosity on the subject.

Leaving the cemetery by a second little gate which led out into the open fields at the farther end,

Phemie sat down on the stone steps to examine her wounded hand. It was smarting sharply at one place just below the thumb, and a large drop of blood, as vividly red as the berries upon yonder rose-bush, was trickling down over her wrist on to the light summer dress. It took several minutes to stanch the blood, and then Phemie discovered, by a dark-blue mark beneath the skin, that one of the thorns had entered the flesh and was sticking there. All her efforts to extract it with the assistance of her left hand having proved unavailing, Phemie had to content herself with bandaging up the injured hand as well as she could by means of her pocket-handkerchief. She did not again re-enter the churchyard, finding it pleasanter to remain here seated on the steps enjoying the sunset view, and with her novel to while away the time.

The book which she had brought with her was a new Tauchnitz volume, and its pages were still uncut. Phemie had brought no paper-cutter with her, so perhaps that was the reason why she made no attempt to open the book, but suffered it to lie idly in her lap,—although, as a general rule, young lady novel-readers do not so easily let themselves be vanquished by such puny obstacles, and in default of an orthodox paper-knife, a slip of cardboard or even a common hair-pin has often proved a very efficient auxiliary in such cases. No such solution of the difficulty having, however, apparently occurred to Phemie, she resigned herself to inaction and to her own thoughts, which maybe were quite as absorbing as the fates of the fictitious heroine inside the book, whose acquaintance she had not yet made. Was not the recollection of all that had taken place within the last twenty-four hours more interesting by far than any novel

that had ever been written? and was it her fault if her thoughts would revert persistently towards that incident in the cotillon when she had given the blue cockade to Leo Wolfsberg by mistake? It was only natural, of course, that she should go on musing on the extraordinary resemblance of the two cousins, and upon their yet more extraordinary dissemblance. "How could she ever have mistaken Leo for Poldi?" she questioned herself; "for were they not as different as a diamond of pure water compared with a worthless piece of glass? Poldi would never wear the willow for any Melitta dead or alive as Leo is doing, Riki Giffingen had said;" and unconsciously Phemie began to weave pictures in her fancy of this Melitta, of whom she knew nothing further than that she had been loved by Leo Wolfsberg, and had died a short week before their wedding-day. Had she been dark or fair? blue or black eyed? grave or gay? and had she not been very, very sorry to die, and to leave him all alone with his broken heart?

Her reflections were here cut short by a sharp twinge of pain, for the injured wrist was beginning to swell up at the place where the thorn had entered, and the skin was becoming dark and discoloured round the spot. Replacing the bandage, Phemie rose to her feet with the intention of going to seek her father. Perhaps he would be able to extract the thorn; but when on the point of re-entering the cemetery she paused again on the threshold, for the sound of voices had struck on her ear, and peeping cautiously through the open gate, she saw that three persons—two gentlemen and a lady—were standing before the self-same grave which had previously attracted her own attention. The lady, attired in a shapeless black garment and large poke-bonnet which concealed her

features, was holding a large mortuary wreath composed of white and purple asters in one hand, while with her disengaged right arm she was gesticulating wildly and pointing to the grave with an appearance of considerable excitement. Of the two gentlemen one was old and bent, and seemed to move with some difficulty, for he leant heavily upon the arm of his companion. And this companion, as Phemie recognised with a sudden quickening of her pulses, was no other than he with whom her thoughts had been busy just now—Leo Wolfsberg.

The voices were now hushed, and the lady knelt down at the foot of the grave and prayed for some minutes in silence, her face buried in her pocket-handkerchief and her frame heaving with apparently convulsive sobbing, the two men meanwhile standing by with uncovered heads. When the lady had again risen to her feet, with Leo's assistance she fastened the wreath of asters on to the arms of the cross, and then they each in turn sprinkled holy water over the grave from out a little marble font which stood at the farther end. These ceremonies being accomplished, the trio now moved off in another direction, the old gentleman still leaning heavily upon Leo's arm, while the lady continued to hold up a large white pocket-handkerchief to her eyes.

Deeming herself now secure from observation, Phemie crept back into the cemetery and watched the receding figures as they left the enclosure by the upper gate. There was a slight break in the wall at one place, and thus she was enabled to see that a hired carriage was waiting outside in the horse-chestnut alley. Towards this point the trio now bent their steps, and Leo assisted his two companions to re-enter the carriage.

"He is going away without even

having looked at me!" thought Phemie with an inexplicable sinking of the heart, but in the next moment she ducked down behind the wall for fear of being seen even now. When she looked up again, Leo, still standing in the avenue, was just shutting the carriage-door. Then he raised the lady's hand to his lips in token of farewell, and the carriage rolled off in the direction of Salzburg, while, retracing his steps, the young man came back towards the cemetery, walking fast and decidedly, as if he had a particular object in view.

"Where is the gardener?" she heard him asking in loud peremptory tones of some outsider. "Tell him to come here at once. I desire to speak to him about the disgraceful condition in which he leaves the graves intrusted to his charge."

Presently Baron Wolfsberg entered the cemetery, accompanied this time by the miscreant gardener, and Phemie had barely time to step aside behind a tombstone of red Untersberg marble, of sufficiently large dimensions to screen her from view, while every word of the conversation which ensued was distinctly audible. The gardener, who talked incessantly, was profuse in apologies and plausible explanations of how the Herr Baron had happened to stumble upon precisely the only single month in the year when the grave did not happen to be in spick-and-span order. In April the mound had been covered with a perfect carpet of purple violets, and in May there had been an equally fine show of forget-me-nots, he swore with tremendous oaths, while all throughout June and July the white rose-bush had been a perfect marvel of beauty, and people had come out from Salzburg on purpose to admire it. What a pity it was, to be sure, that the Herr Baron had

not thought of coming out here a month ago! The grave would have been worth looking at then, to be sure, and a month hence he would have found it gorgeous with stocks and phlox. Just this very afternoon he had been intending to seek out the plants for the purpose—might his own grave be unadorned by leaf or flower if he were not speaking the truth! There was a good deal more of such ingenious argumentation, but it was evident from the tone of Leo's voice in answering that he had not suffered himself to be convinced by its plausibility.

"I shall come out here again this week before leaving Salzburg," he had said in conclusion, "and woe to you if I do not find a very different state of things from to-day! All these dead plants must have disappeared, and the rose-bush have been pruned into shape."

The gardener now became even more diffusely eloquent on the subject of all he proposed to do for the adornment of the grave, and drew dazzling pictures of what it would be like on the occasion of Leo's next visit.

"Maybe the Herr Baron would like to have a double row of French stocks, alternately red and white, planted here for a change?" went on the garrulous old man. To be sure, that particular shade of red stock was rather expensive, and by rights all his remaining plants had been promised elsewhere; but perhaps it might be managed, nevertheless, and if the Herr Baron would just take the trouble to step this way, he would let him see some specimens of that particular flower on the grave of the Schindler family.

The resting-place of the Schindlers happened to be at no very great distance from the red-marble slab behind which Phemie was standing—spite of which, however, she

might even now have remained unnoticed had not a fluttering fold of her lilac muslin gown betrayed her, and, actuated by a feeling of curiosity, Leo Wolfsberg peeped round the tombstone in order to see who was hiding there.

"You here, *mein Fräulein!*" he exclaimed, in accents of profoundest astonishment, as Phemie, looking very rosy and confused, came out from her place of concealment.

"Papa is sketching up there, and so I came into the churchyard to look at the graves," she explained, rather lamely, almost as though she had felt bound to excuse herself for being here at all.

"How strange to meet you here, and just to-day of all days in the year!" said Leo, half to himself.

"Why just to-day?" she not unnaturally asked.

"Because this is the anniversary of that day seven years ago when I lost the person I most dearly loved on earth."

"Your bride?" said Phemie, shyly, half afraid of pronouncing the word.

"Yes, my bride. They have told you the story?"

"Only her name, and that she died a week before your wedding-day. How very, very sad for you! No wonder that you do not care to dance any more."

This was the first time in her life that Phemie had found herself, so to say, face to face with a real romantic sorrow—a lover who had lost his bride. What more was wanted to set on fire a youthful imagination and arouse feelings of tender compassion? And yet, if she had herself but known it, the tears of quick sympathy which rose unbidden to her eyes were not solely on behalf of the dead Melitta.

But Leo had seen those tears, and it touched him deeply to think that this fair young English girl, who

but yesterday had been to him a stranger, should be so much affected by his own sorrow, which, curiously enough, seemed just at this particular moment to be further removed than usual, even though this happened precisely to be the anniversary of Melitta's death, and they were standing in the cemetery which contained her mortal remains.

"Thank you," he said, very low, and impulsively he seized hold of Phemie's hand and pressed it to his lips.

"I'm rather thinking that the Herr Baron will not be wanting to look at any of those red French stocks, after all, to-day," muttered to himself the old gardener, who had been standing a little apart, a discreet but shrewd observer of this scene. "And maybe we can afford to wait a little longer before putting this grave in order. There are plenty more pressing customers who cannot be put off. There is young Countess Berleburg, for instance, who has been a widow for scarcely nine months, and whose grief just at present must still be treated to tea-roses and arum lilies. Later on, in six months or so, geraniums and fuchsias will be sufficient solace for her bereavement, and in time we shall no doubt get down to the cheapest sort of pansy and marigold. And then there is Frau von Kindermann, who lost her new-born baby in March, and who makes my life a burden to me because I cannot manage to make snowdrops bloom on her darling's grave throughout the summer: by this time next year she will have another baby to fill up her heart, and common daisies and grass will be considered quite good enough for this one. Such is the way of the world! Oh yes, I shall keep my red stocks for some more urgent case; the Herr Baron is not likely to want them at present."

CHAPTER XVII.—THE BROKEN GLASS.

An involuntary cry of pain had escaped Phemie's lips when Leo had seized hold of her hand, and now for the first time he saw that the hand was bound up, and that there were blood-stains upon the handkerchief.

"You have hurt yourself?" he said, still holding the hand very gently between his own. "You have cut your fingers?"

"It was the briars on yonder bush," she explained, pointing to the grave. "I wanted to read the name on the pedestal, but my wrist was caught by the thorns."

"Melitta's grave! Was it there you hurt yourself?" exclaimed the young man, relinquishing her hand with a sudden movement, almost as though he had been detected in some guilty action; but in the next moment he had taken hold of it again, and had drawn it within his arm.

"Come with me," he said; "I shall cut away the briars and show you the inscription."

Taking a large clasp-knife from his pocket, Leo proceeded to remove some of the long trailing branches that had wound themselves so tightly round the lifeless marble, flinging them aside to perish in the dust, until one by one the words of the following inscription were disclosed to view:—

"Here Lies

THE HIGH-BORN DAMSEL

MELITTA VON KRONENFELS,

WHO DIED AUGUST 17TH, 1880,

IN HER 19TH YEAR."

Underneath were these verses, cut in the marble socket which formed the base of the cross:—

"Melitta,¹ like the bee, whose name she bore,

From every weed could cull a honeyed spoil;

Like it, unwearied, to increase her store
She plied unceasing her domestic toil.

Ah! fatal sweets, that greedy Death would taste,

Cutting her thread of life 'mid beauty's bloom;

As in the busy hive, laid ruthless, waste
Its brimming cells, the motive of its doom."

Phemie secretly thought the verses rather poor stuff, but instantly checked the reflection as indelicate and ungenerous. "Perhaps it is only because I do not know German well enough to appreciate them," she told herself as she said aloud—

"Who composed this epitaph?"

"I did."

"Oh!" said Phemie, and then there was silence between them for nearly a minute, till Leo, perhaps guessing something of what was in her mind, said half apologetically—

"I was very young at the time of Melitta's death—not yet twenty-two. No doubt the verses are very bad, and must appear very ridiculous to you."

"No, not ridiculous," affirmed Phemie, with a guilty consciousness that he had not been wholly mistaken in his surmises—"not ridiculous—but only—only——"

"Only what?"

"It is not the verses," said Phemie, playing rather nervously with a sprig of the rose-bush which she had picked up from the ground. "I mean that it doesn't really matter whether the verses are good or bad, but only I think if I had a great sorrow like that I would rather not let other people see it."

¹ Melitta, Greek for *bee*.

He paused for a moment before answering.

"Perhaps you are right. It is the fault of our nation to be too expansive. We Germans are rather apt to frame our hearts in neat little gold frames, and then we hang them up in public that the world may admire us—that is what you mean, is it not?"

Then seeing that she made no answer, he continued—

"You English are quite other, I know. You put a thick, thick veil over your heart, and shut up the opening with a lock and key, for fear any one should guess its existence."

Phemie could not help laughing at this definition, though inwardly marvelling at the young man's intuition in thus interpreting her own somewhat confused thoughts.

"I like the lock and key best," she said, half jokingly.

Leo shook his head.

"Of course you do—that is because you are English; but the lock also may be inconvenient sometimes, for you often hide away the key so carefully that you cannot again find it; whereas no worse can happen to us than to see our own foolish verses, that would more fittingly have been placed in the paper-basket years ago, engraved in marble and handed down to posterity. It is hard enough anyway," he went on, with a mixture of humour and pathos; "and to look at them now by the broad daylight, and with the experience of after-years, does make my poor verses appear very feeble indeed, but at that time I thought differently, and it only seemed natural to me to put my sorrow into poetry. Now, on the contrary, I should be grateful to those thorns for kindly veiling my poetic effusions. Yes, surely the rose-bush is right, and I shall tell the gardener that he need not cut away any more branches.

But now you must permit me to look at your hand," he went on, as he drew her down beside him on to the stone ledge, which, running round three sides of the grave, offered sufficient sitting accommodation to such persons as were not over-addicted to comfort.

"I think there must be a thorn somewhere in the flesh," said Phemie, abandoning her hand without further ado to the young man's grasp, and accepting his assistance with the same grave simplicity with which it had been offered,—for she was far too unversed in the wiles of coquetry to seek to enhance the value of the situation by any idle affectation of prudery.

"So there is, a gigantic thorn, but we will remove him directly!" exclaimed Leo, bending his face very low over the wounded wrist, which showed a dark and discoloured spot round the place where the thorn had entered; then making use of Phemie's silver brooch-pin as a surgical instrument, he performed the delicate operation with fingers light and deft as those of a woman.

"Does it hurt now?" he asked, still holding her wrist in his left hand, while with his right forefinger he pointed carefully to the spot where the thorn had just been extracted.

"No, not at all. How cleverly you have taken it out! I can hardly believe now that the thorn was ever there, and yet a minute ago the pain was almost unbearable."

"Yes, it is often so. When we have got a great pain, it seems to us at the time impossible that we should ever outlive it, and then all at once there comes a day when we turn round and ask ourselves where the pain has gone to?"

These last words sounded slightly irrelevant; at least Phemie did

not see their application to the present situation, so she attempted no reply.

Leo went on, speaking more to himself than to her,—

"It was so with me. When I lost Melitta to-day seven years ago, it seemed as though life was terminated; as if the sun could never again shine, and as if the world must henceforth for me be shrouded in dark shadows: and now——"

He broke off, almost in alarm at himself. What had he said? Had he been thinking aloud?

"And now——?" said Phemie, in a small stifled voice. She too was agitated without exactly knowing why.

He calmed himself by a strong effort.

"And now," he said, speaking very slowly and steadily, "I have come to see that God is too good to condemn us to everlasting grief—that it is not His will that we should for ever sorrow for that which He chose to take away from us. My eyes are no more blind, and I can see that the sun for me still shines as for other men."

There was silence between them for over a minute after this, while the fast lengthening shadows began to creep around them. A little while ago the quiet churchyard had been full of dancing lights and rosy reflections, which, falling capriciously upon funeral urns and crosses, had here and there bestowed on the chilly marble or granite a transient flush which might have been likened to the glow of health on a living cheek. But now the sunset glory had departed; and the twilight, gradually taking possession of the scene with strict impartiality, was draping everything in a soft grey veil, which shrouded alike the tombstones of long dead and gone persons, as the figures of the couple sitting just now beside Melitta's grave; and in front of them the

grand old mountains, which through centuries had looked down upon so many different scenes of human joy and grief played out on this spot, were contemplating with the self-same impassible gaze those cold grey stones which marked the conclusion of so many a troublesome riddle, as the faces of those two young living creatures who were as yet but half conscious of what was passing in their hearts.

It was Phemie who first caused a diversion by drawing her hand softly out of his. She had all at once made the discovery that he had forgotten to release it from his grasp. But hardly had she done so than it struck her that the action might appear ungracious, and in her anxiety to mitigate any such impression she said, rather shyly—

"Will you not tell me more about it? I should like to know what she—your bride was like."

"I can show you her picture," said Leo, readily drawing out a small morocco case, shaped like a reliquary, which he wore attached to a gold chain beneath his uniform-coat. Touching a spring, the covercle flew open, disclosing the somewhat faded ivory miniature portrait of a rather moon-faced young lady, with smooth shiny flaxen bands of hair, staring expressionless blue eyes, and a conventional simper on her lips—adorned, of course, by the regulation white muslin gown and pink rose-sprig which German brides so greatly affect.

The glass which covered this work of art was shattered in the shape of a star as though from a heavy blow, and as Leo now held out the picture for Phemie's consideration, some of the loose glass splinters detached themselves from the case and fell jingling on her lap.

"Take care," he said, anxiously; "the glass is broken, I see. You

must not hurt your finger again. I wonder how that has happened," he continued, bending over the damaged picture. "Ah! now I recollect. That must have been when I fell with my horse in leaping that tall fence."

"You have had a fall to-day?" asked Phemie quickly, raising her eyes from the picture to his face.

"No, not to-day; that was about a month ago, when we had our gimental manœuvres."

A month ago! Then for a whole month he had not looked at Melitta's picture! thought Phemie, with a strange feeling of exultation in her heart.

"Now you have seen her portrait," said Leo, after a pause, "you can guess how great was my sorrow to lose such an angel. Her face is lovely, is it not?"

Out of politeness Phemie would have wished to be able to endorse his opinion, but either veracity or some more subtle reason would not let the words be spoken.

"She looks very—very fresh—and very—healthy," she said, somewhat lamely, groping about for a suitable epithet. "It seems impossible to believe that she could have died so young. How did it happen? If it does not hurt you so much to speak of it, it would interest me very much to hear."

"There is not much to hear," he replied. "It was all very short and very sad. I had known Melitta all my life, and we had played together with children, for she was my own cousin,—her mother first cousin to my own. It had long been arranged between our mothers that we were to marry, and I was just twenty when our official betrothal was celebrated. Our marriage was only deferred till I should be appointed lieutenant. This happened in May, and the wedding was fixed for August. I can recall it all still as if it had been yesterday. I

arrived here on the Tuesday evening from Bohemia, where the regiment then was stationed. Melitta came to meet me with her usual sweet smile, but I noticed that her voice was not clear like always, and that she wore a little silk handkerchief round her neck. However, I thought but little of this, and we spent some very happy hours in looking at the wedding presents which had been bestowed on my bride. The richest gift was a new pianoforte sent by her godfather, for Melitta was very musically educated, and possessed a remarkably sweet voice. After supper I begged her to try the pianoforte and to sing one of my favourite songs. She chose an air of Schubert's, 'Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen'—perhaps you know it?—but when she reached the high sol note her voice suddenly broke off, just like a cord that has snapped. 'I fear I cannot finish the song, Leo,' she said, looking at me with her soft blue eyes. 'My throat hurts me a little since the morning: I must have caught cold yesterday when I stood in the storeroom helping mamma to arrange the jam-pots.' Of course there was no more singing that evening, and the piano was shut—never again to be opened—though at the moment we none of us thought of taking alarm. But before the next evening she had strong fever, and the doctor told us that she had inflammation of the throat. On Thursday about noon she lost consciousness, and went to sleep on Friday morning, without again knowing her friends. She was laid in the earth on Sunday, the day that was to have been our wedding-day."

Leo paused again for a minute before continuing,—

"Her poor parents were perfectly overwhelmed at the loss of their one only child. The father, who at that time held a high official

position at Salzburg, received a stroke which made it impossible for him to serve any more, and I spent the six weeks' leave which had been granted for my wedding journey, sitting beside his sick-bed. He regained the power to walk after a time, but his memory has always been weak since then."

"Was that the old gentleman and lady I saw with you here just now?" asked Phemie, eagerly, for the first time interrupting his narrative.

"You saw them? Yes, those were Melitta's parents—Hofrath und Frau von Kronenfels. They have lived here at Salzburg ever since, in order to be near their daughter's grave; and every year, if I can get permission, I come here to spend the anniversary of her death with them. They were both much grieved just now to find the tomb in such neglected condition."

"But if they live here themselves, why do they not see that the grave is better cared for?" was Phemie's not unnatural question.

Leo frowned slightly as he answered, "The Hofrath, poor old man, is unable to walk so far; and the mother, she is a good woman, and assuredly means it well, but perhaps her grief hinders her from being quite just, and she thinks that the blame is mine not to have seen about this before."

"She must be an unreasonable woman," said Phemie, with some warmth. "How could you possibly look after the grave if you were living far away?"

"Perhaps I ought to have written about it," said Leo, apologetically. "I had, it is true, asked my cousin Poldi to come out here from time to time, but I suppose he forgot it too. He leads such a gay life that such things as graves and cemeteries are not much in his thoughts.

So it really is my own fault, after all. But this summer my thoughts have been so much occupied with the preparations for my novitiate that I did not think of this——"

"Your novitiate?" asked Phemie, opening her eyes very wide, and with at least three points of interrogation in her voice.

"Yes, my novitiate to the Teutonic Order. I am going to become a German knight: you know what that means, do you not?"

"Not exactly," replied Phemie, to whom the word had conveyed but a very vague impression, arousing, as it did, confused recollections of Froissart's *Chronicles* and the history of the *Crusades*.

He then proceeded to explain to her that the Teutonic Order was an institution founded in the middle ages for the double purpose of defending the Saviour's tomb against the infidels, and for tending the wounded and disabled warriors, and that, although having long since lost its original signification, the Order still existed as a sort of sinecure to which the sons only of noble families who could prove an unblemished descent of sixteen quarterings were qualified to aspire.

The Order was governed by a strict code of rules, and its members were bound to comply with certain formalities in exchange for the privileges they enjoyed. There was a religious ceremony on the installation of each newly knighted member, and certain vows had to be pronounced.

"What sort of vows?" asked Phemie, who had listened attentively to all these details.

"To recount to you the catalogue of all we swear to do and to leave undone would be endless," he returned, somewhat evasively. "And I fear that many of us promise much more than we intend to keep; but we must promise to defend the faith against all enemies

of the Church, and to the Grand-master of the Order we take the oaths of obedience and—and also we take the vow of celibacy. When once we have sworn, we are not permitted to marry.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Phemie, with a little shiver, which perhaps was only caused by the change of temperature; for the evenings at Salzburg are apt to grow rather keen after the middle of August, and it is scarcely prudent to remain sitting after sunset in a damp ceme-

tery, or indeed in any other place in the open air.

“You are cold?” asked Leo, anxiously, having noticed the movement, “and it is my fault for detaining you here at this damp spot. How stupid of me not to have thought of it before!”

“Yes, I am rather cold, and it is late,” she returned, rising from her seat on the stone balustrade. “I wonder why papa has not come to fetch me yet. He must have quite done sketching by this time.”

CHAPTER XVIII.—CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

Accompanied by Leo Wolfsberg, Phemie made her way back to the place where she had left her father sketching, but was surprised to find that he was no longer there. Had she perhaps mistaken the spot? she asked herself in some little bewilderment. But no, it had surely been here, just beside that big beech-tree, that he had placed his camp-stool: she remembered perfectly that he had put down his sketching-flask upon that large flat stone alongside.

“Papa! papa! where have you gone to?” she called aloud into the still evening air, but answer there came none.

“Probably he has gone into the Gasthaus to drink a glass of beer,” said Leo, pouncing upon the explanation which most naturally suggested itself to a German mind.

“Perhaps,” said Phemie, doubtfully; “but I have never known him do such a thing before, and I don’t think papa is very fond of this German beer.”

“Austrian beer,” corrected the young man, gravely.

“Well, Austrian or German—that is all one, is it not?”

“By no means!” exclaimed Leo, with a look almost of horror on his

handsome face. “Take care, *mein Fräulein*, or you will make enemies for yourself in this land. The beer-worshippers—and there many are of them—will not forgive you if you confound our exquisite light Austrian sparkling beer with that heavy stuff they drink in Germany. Why, Austrian beer is as different from German as champagne is from ditch-water, as different as day from night, or as an English heart is from a German one.”

Phemie laughed as she said,—

“Dear me, I had no notion that beer was such an important thing, or that there was any difference between Germany and Austria. I am afraid that, in spite of my school-teaching, I am very ignorant of all that concerns your country.”

“You will soon learn,” said Leo, encouragingly.

“I shall not require to learn,” she returned, shaking her head, “for we shall be leaving the country in about a week, and it is not likely that I shall ever be here again.”

“Already—in a week!”

“Yes. Papa was saying this morning that as he has finished sketching all the available points about Salzburg, there is no further reason for remaining. But let us go and look for him. I wonder

where on earth he can have hidden himself?" she said, reverting to the former question, which had for a minute been lost sight of.

At her request Leo went into the little inn to make inquiries of the waiter as to whether an old gentleman with a sketching-stool and portfolio had not been seen hereabouts? The man thus interrogated replied readily enough that the gentleman in question had indeed been here sketching during part of the afternoon, but had taken his departure fully half an hour ago.

"His departure! Where to?" asked Leo, in some consternation.

"Back to town, of course. Leastway, he had set off in that direction on the Salzburg road, and must be there by this time if he had not stopped on the way."

"You are quite sure that there is no mistake? An old gentleman in a grey checked travelling suit, and carrying a sketching portfolio under his arm?"

"Quite sure," returned the man, with an ironical shoulder-shrug. He had particularly noted the fact of the sketching-stool and portfolio, for he had thought to himself that no one but an Englishman would be crazy enough to carry his own things in that manner, just like any common artist fellow, when for only twenty kreuzers he could have engaged the services of a boy to do so for him.

Leo came out of the little inn with a face so grave and concerned that in the first moment Phemie was alarmed too, thinking that something serious must have occurred.

"What is the matter?" she inquired anxiously. "You look as if you had heard a piece of bad news?"

"So I have, and I hardly like to tell you. Your father——"

"Papa!" she exclaimed, now clasping her hands in real alarm. "Oh, what has happened to him?"

Is he ill, or has he broken his leg? Tell me quickly, what is the matter?"

"No, he is not ill—it is not that sort of thing; but—but he has gone away."

"Gone away?"

"Yes, gone back to Salzburg without waiting for you. I have cross-questioned the people, and I am afraid there is no doubt about it."

Phemie now burst into a clear ringing laugh, which struck very musically on the young man's ear, although he still looked grave.

"Papa has gone back to Salzburg. Is that all? Dear me, what a fright you gave me! I thought that something really serious had happened! Why, it is the commonest thing in the world for papa to forget all about us in this way."

"You mean to say that he has forgotten you?" asked Leo, in absolute stupefaction at the monstrosity of the idea thus suggested, that a father should be capable of forgetting his own daughter.

"Absolutely and entirely. It will probably not have occurred to him to remember my existence until he sits down to dinner this evening at the hotel, when the empty chair opposite him will recall the fact to his mind if I am absent. You see he is not yet accustomed to having girls to take care of, and I am afraid he finds us very troublesome at times. It is the merest chance that he did not go away and leave me yesterday at the Archduke's in this same manner; and that would have been a good deal worse, you know."

"Perhaps," said Leo, doubtfully, not at all comprehending the thoughtless levity with which this charming but decidedly peculiar English girl was regarding what, from a German point of view, was certainly a very grave and compromising situation; for, as he

well knew, the idea of a young lady walking an hour along the highroad, even in broad daylight, unattended, or, worse still, accompanied by a single gentleman, was sufficient to rouse a whole tempest of outraged morality in the hearts of his country-people.

"Perhaps; but if by chance your Herr Papa had had the misfortune to forget you at Klesheim yesterday, you would there have found plenty other ladies who would happy have been to take care of you and safely bring you home — but here there is nobody."

It was now Phemie's turn to look surprised.

"Nobody? But are you not going back to Salzburg yourself?"

Leo hesitated for a moment; but a glance at her clear hazel eyes, so absolutely guileless and unconscious of any embarrassment, made him comprehend that it would be useless, and even cruel, to enlighten her just now on the subject of Austrian etiquette. Still, as he thought it would not be quite fair to take advantage of her ignorance in this respect, he made one more effort to effect a diversion by inquiring,—

"But will not the walk be too long for you? I daresay the landlord here has got some sort of a carriage which could take you back to Salzburg. Shall I go and ask?"

"A carriage! Oh no—what should I want a carriage for? I am not in the least tired, only a little cold with sitting so long in the churchyard, and shall be glad of the walk. But if you are not going back to Salzburg, of course I can find my way quite well alone," he added a little coldly, misunderstanding the cause of his hesitation.

Clearly there was nothing for it now but to accept the situation, and hope for the best, which was what he say that he devoutly trusted

they would not happen to meet all the worst Salzburg gossips that evening. "And, after all, it is not my fault," he said to himself, as though to exonerate his conscience from the sense of uneasy rapture which he could not wholly repress, at thought of the long *tête-à-tête* walk with this girl, who was beginning to interest him so strangely. "It is not my fault. Fate and chance alone have so willed it." Then aloud he said,—

"Of course I am going back to Salzburg as well, and will be your escort if you will permit me."

"Thank you," she returned, simply. "Then we had better start at once, for we dine at half-past seven, and it is now near six o'clock."

The sun had now completely disappeared behind the long range of mountains to the west; only a faint roseate glow yet lingered above the crest of the Hoher Göll. The road to Salzburg lay stretched before them, grey, dusty, and monotonous, a walk of fully an hour—so at least it had seemed to Phemie when she had trod it with her father that same afternoon; but now, unaccountably, the way appeared to have contracted to less than half its proportions, and she was quite taken by surprise on finding that they had reached the outskirts of the town. Leo, on his side, was less at his ease; for, a prey to conflicting sensations, he glanced round nervously whenever he caught the sound of a step behind them, and instinctively lowered his voice when passing the gardens of any of the many villas which bordered the road at intervals.

So far at least fortune had befriended them, he thought with a sigh of relief when they had reached the Carolinen bridge without having encountered any single one of his numerous acquaintances; for

the evening being rather chill, the villa gardens and balconies were mostly deserted, and the occasional carriages which had passed them on the road had contained but harmless tourists—birds of passage who knew nothing, and cared less, about the intricacies of Salzburg society.

The Carolinen bridge, leading over the Salzach at the south side of Salzburg, had been recently reconstructed at the time of which I write, and in order to defray the building expenses, a small tax of one kreuzer per head was levied upon foot-passengers and four kreuzers upon carriages making use of it. Officers only, wearing the Austrian uniform, were exempt; and thus Leo, accustomed to pass to and fro unchallenged whenever he came to Salzburg, had already reached the middle of the bridge with his companion when suddenly arrested by the voice of the man in charge.

"*Gnädiger Herr! Gnädiger Herr Ober-lieutenant!* Excuse me, but you have forgotten to pay the tax."

"The tax? Why, I thought that officers were free!" said Leo, standing still in the centre of the bridge.

"The officers, oh yes—the *Herren Officiere* are free, of course, but only for their own persons; and for the lady, your *Frau Gemahlin*, you must pay me one kreuzer."

"What is he saying?" asked Phemie, who had but imperfectly understood the gist of the conversation.

Leo coloured up at the man's last words, and answered hastily, "Oh, it is merely that we had forgotten to pay the toll for permission to pass the bridge. My uniform makes me free, but you will have to give the gigantic sum of one kreuzer."

Phemie, who had been fumbling

in her pocket, now drew out an empty hand.

"How stupid of me!" she exclaimed. "I have left my purse at home. I never thought of wanting it; and surely papa had not to pay anything in coming to Aigen this afternoon?"

"That is probably because you crossed over by the bridge in the town, which is free," explained Leo.

"Good night, *Herr Ober-lieutenant*; good night, *Gnädige Frau*," said the tollman, as he pocketed the small copper which Leo meanwhile had taken from his purse.

The tollman's little mistake, in taking Phemie for his wife, had considerably disturbed the young officer's composure. Had she remarked anything? he anxiously questioned himself. But no—a glance at her placid, unconscious face served to reassure him on this point at least. After all, of what consequence was the opinion of a solitary rustic? he reflected; and now that it was getting dark, there was small chance of being recognised or accosted by any one further.

But fate, whose greatest delight it is to wreck our hopes within the very port, was preparing a signal disappointment for Leo Wolfsberg. They had just turned into the Mozart Platz, where stands the statue of the great musician: but five minutes more and the Hotel zum goldenen Schiff would have been reached, when a loud rattle of wheels over the pavement struck upon their ears, causing them to shrink a little aside on the narrow trottoir; and before Leo had time to realise what was happening, four carriages, tightly packed with all the cream of Salzburg society, had shot past them. It was some of the picnic party returning from Glanegg; and as the light of an overhanging street-lamp fell upon

them, the features of Prince and Princess Regenbach, Captain Imhausen, Resi and Rudi Giffingen, and several others, were clearly discernible.

Whether recognition had been mutual he could not, however, tell. And there was still room for the hope that such was not the case; for, protected by the kindly shadow of a tall gable roof, it was just possible that they had remained unnoticed. But as ill-luck would have it, the carriages were accompanied by a couple of horsemen, both cavalry officers, and in the next moment he heard his name called out by his cousin's voice.

"Hullo, Leo! What are you doing here playing hide-and-seek in the shadows? and not alone either! You sly fellow! was it for that that you shirked the picnic this afternoon?"

"The Deutscher Herr is making the last use of his liberty," laughed the second officer, a young and particularly frivolous lieutenant of the name of Fogarassy. "And quite right he is, too. Gather the roses while you may, and quaff the cup of pleasure ere it is dashed from your lips. To-day you are still a free man, but soon there will be nothing left for you but sackcloth and ashes."

"Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib, und
Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang,"

quoted Poldi, jokingly. "I am glad to see that you recognise the wisdom of this dictum at last, Leo. Better late than never!"

"Nonsense, Poldi!" said Leo, irritably; "your jokes are here quite out of place. It is a mere accident that I was obliged to accompany this—this lady just now."

But Fogarassy, who had been depending on his charger's neck peer-

ing inquisitively into the shadows, now gave a low whistle.

"*Potztausend!* It is *die kleine Engländerin*, by all that is wonderful!" he exclaimed, in a *sotto voce*, which nevertheless was audible enough to Leo's ear. "Who would have thought it? Still waters run deep, to be sure! The Deutscher Herr is making good use of his last days of liberty with a vengeance. Come away, Wolfsberg, we have nothing to do here. It is my motto never to spoil sport."

"It was an accident——" Leo was again beginning to explain; but he might have spared his breath, for already the other two young men, without waiting to listen, had raised their hands in a playful salute to their comrade, and, spurring their chargers, were clattering down the street to rejoin the carriages; and as they galloped away Leo could hear the sound of their scarcely suppressed laughter, which came mingled with the ring of their horses' hoofs over the rough uneven pavement. There had been five carriages altogether, reflected Leo with growing dismay, as he silently resumed the walk, along with his unconscious companion — five carriages, each containing four inmates at least, and each of these inmates was possessed of an active and flexible tongue, which, with manifold additions and exaggerations, no doubt, would retail the incident for the benefit of whosoever cared to hear it. Twenty tongues set awagging all over the place: it must go hard indeed if by this time to-morrow there remained still a single person in all Salzburg who had not heard the tale of his twilight walk with Miss Euphemia Dalrymple. Decidedly the poor unsuspecting girl had been seriously compromised by this unfortunate combination of circumstances. It was most vexatious

and distressing, he told himself; and yet all the time he was half-conscious that, paradoxically enough, he was not so seriously distressed by the incident as he should have been.

By this time they had reached the door of the hotel.

"Good night," said Phemie, holding out her hand to him as they stood together in the lighted entrance of the hotel, and then half timidly she added, "Will you not come up-stairs and see papa? He will wish to thank you, I am sure, for having taken care of me."

"It is too late, I fear," he re-

plied, somewhat irresolutely, still holding her hand, despite the inquisitive eyes of a couple of waiters who were lounging in the passage. "It is too late for this evening, and would not be suitable, but will to-morrow come forenoon and pay my respects to Mr your father. Will he be at home, do you think?"

"Of course he will remain at home if he knows you are coming."

"That is good. Then I shall to-morrow come at half-past eleven precisely," he repeated, relinquishing her hand at last, and speaking—so at least it seemed to Phemie—with rather more solemnity than the occasion demanded.

CHAPTER XIX.—THE TUNE OF THE "LORELEI."

Phemie's dreams were tangled and confused that night. She was kneeling beside Melitta's grave with Leo, and the briers were closing round her so tightly that she could not escape. Whichever way she turned she was met by long thorny branches, which caught hold of her in their vicious grip and held her fast. They seized upon her wrists and ankles, imprisoning them as with iron fetters, and one long branch had wound itself round her throat, and was threatening to strangle her. Ah! now she is choking—choking, and she cries aloud upon Leo to release her. He has taken out his clasp-knife and is cutting away the branches, which, falling upon the ground, begin to writhe and twist like so many living things. They are not branches now but serpents, and Leo too is changed as well. His eyes and hair have grown dark of a sudden, and his features are no longer his own, but those of Mr Hamilton.

The musical peal of the bells hung in the tower alongside broke in upon her dreams at this point. It was seven o'clock, and the chimes

were playing the air of the "Lorelei," a melody which had grown very familiar to her ears within the last fortnight. These ancient chimes, which are one of the features of Salzburg, are so arranged that each month they play a different melody, and this month it was the quaint old-fashioned air of the "Lorelei" which thrice daily rang forth into the clear mountain air:—

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten

Dass ich so traurig bin,

Ein Märchen aus alten Zeiten

Das kommt mir nicht aus dem Sinn.

Die Luft ist kühl und es dunkelt,

Und ruhig fliesst der Rhein.

Der Gipfel des Berges funkelt

Im Abend Sonnenschein,"—

run the opening verses of the song which goes on to relate how a hapless fisherman had been beguiled to his death by the fair and false siren who, from time immemorial, sits on a rock above the Rhine combing her golden hair.

Phemie sat up in bed as she listened to the chimes, scarcely awake as yet, but dimly conscious of a vague sense of expectation.

"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten
Dass ich so traurig bin,"

she repeated to herself mechanically, recalling the words of the "Lorelei" song, which she had learnt by rote—only the words did not seem to fit in to-day, for the sun was shining brightly, and she did not feel sad at all, but happy and expectant, just as if some great piece of good-luck were going to happen to her; and then all at once she remembered that Leo Wolfsberg was going to call on her father at half-past eleven o'clock.

She got out of bed and began to dress in a great hurry. Then glancing at her yet slumbering sister, she paused to laugh at herself for this needless bustle. Half-past eleven he had said: there was still four hours and a half to wait, she reflected,—time enough to change costume a dozen times if it so pleased her. But she spent a much longer time than usual in making up her mind which of her various gowns would be the most fitting to put on to-day. The blue serge was too shabby, she concluded, and the muslin too cool for this season; for the air was beginning to get sharp and piercing, save just at mid-day. The black silk was perhaps too grand and pompous-looking to put on in the forenoon; besides, black was too sad a colour, and would have seemed of evil omen. An omen of what? she now asked herself suddenly, but failed to find an answer to her question. Finally she fixed upon a certain tussore silk dress of the colour of ripe corn, with a broad blue sash tied at one side, rather to the astonishment of the faithful Russell, who had never known her young mistress to be so hard to please as to-day in the matter of toilet.

When she had finished dressing, and, after several abortive trials, had succeeded in getting her hair

arranged to her own complete satisfaction, she found, rather to her surprise, that it was only a quarter-past eight o'clock. Still a whole hour to breakfast-time—for Mr Dalrymple was not an early riser—and three whole hours and a quarter till half-past eleven.

"My goodness, Phemie, what a swell you are this morning!" exclaimed Chrissy, now sitting up in bed and regarding her sister with very round eyes. "Why on earth are you got up so gorgeously at this unearthly hour of the day?"

"There is nothing so very unearthly about it," said Phemie, rather shortly, and trying to cover whatever embarrassment she may have felt under an assumption of petulance. "All the girls here get up at seven o'clock or even earlier, and it is surely far better to adapt oneself to the habits of the country."

"Adapt yourself to fiddlesticks!" exclaimed the pert younger sister. "Why, what has come over you all at once, Phemie? Is it not rather late in the day to begin adapting yourself to foreign customs, when you know quite well that by this day week we shall have turned our backs on this country?"

"To be sure. This day week?" echoed Phemie, absently.

"And even if you will insist on adapting yourself, as you call it," went on the irrepressible Chrissy, "I don't quite see what your new tussore gown has got to do with it. You have only worn it three or four times, and it is still as good as new."

"That is just the reason why," said Phemie, endeavouring to defend herself from her sister's attack. "My dresses will never be worn out if I don't put them on occasionally; and you know quite well that Russell is always saying that it is a sin and a shame to let one's dresses lie by and get out of fashion.

Besides, it is always safer to be decently dressed in case of visitors."

"Visitors! Why, who is likely to come here to-day? No one but Baron Gabelstein, in all probability."

Phemie now turned away towards the window so that her sister could not see her face, and began to drum the air of the "Lorelei" upon the glass pane.

"Perhaps the Giffingen girls may come again to fetch us for a walk," she remarked presently; "and—and I think Baron Wolfsberg said something about wanting to call upon papa this forenoon."

"Which Baron Wolfsberg?"

"The other one," explained Phemie lucidly, still with her head averted.

"Oh!" exclaimed Chrissy. "How funny of him, to be sure! Why, I thought you hardly knew him at all; and how on earth is papa to talk to him?"

"But this one speaks English, quite well for a foreigner too; and after having brought me home last night, it is only natural that he should wish to make papa's acquaintance. There is nothing odd in that, is there?"

"Why must he just call in the forenoon?" said Chrissy, yawning. "Why, I promised Gilda Schimpffen yesterday that we would join them at Leopoldskron at eleven o'clock to-day. There are several others coming, and we are going to get up a rowing-match on the lake."

"There is nothing to prevent your going by yourself, if you can find any one to take you," returned Phemie.

"Of course there are lots of people who will be only too delighted with my society—Frau von Imhausen, for instance, or else the Giffingens," said Chrissy, with a dignified consciousness of her own social value. "But you—will you really remain at home with

papa to receive this distinguished visitor?"

"Yes. I think—I shall remain at home. I—I am a little tired with the walk yesterday—and could not have rowed, at any rate."

At eleven o'clock the chimes rang out again the "Lorelei" melody, and never before had the music sounded so bright and gay to Phemie's ears. Like a burst of triumphant voices heralding the approach of some particularly joyous event, the music of the little crystal bells floated in through the open window; but when the clock of the cathedral opposite was on the stroke of half-past eleven, a sudden tremor took possession of Phemie. She thought she would go quickly up-stairs to her own bedroom and take off the blue sash while there was yet time. Perhaps, as Chrissy had said, it looked too dressed for this early hour; but hardly had she reached the landing above the little sitting-room when she heard the clank of spurs and of a steel scabbard coming up the staircase. She stood there irresolute and hesitating for a minute, not knowing what to do. It was too late to take off the blue sash now, she thought, for surely her father would be coming up directly to call her? Perhaps she had better go into her bedroom and wait there quietly till summoned, she now thought, as it did not look quite—quite dignified to be seen here waiting in the passage by the housemaids passing to and fro. So she went into her bedroom, taking, however, the precaution of leaving her door ajar, so as to hear the slightest movement on the floor below. Mechanically she took up a comb and began to arrange the little stray curls on her forehead. There now, she was quite ready, why did not papa come to fetch her?

But five minutes, and then tea

passed, and still Mr Dalrymple did not make his appearance.

Perhaps she ought not to have waited, but should have gone at once, she now reflected, and crept down-stairs again to the door of the sitting-room. But there, with her fingers on the handle, she hesitated again, and had not the courage to turn it.

She could hear quite distinctly the two voices speaking within, in deep and what seemed to be earnest conversation, though she could not distinguish their words. Ah! now at last there was a movement as of a chair being pushed aside: evidently her father was coming to fetch her; and fearful of being discovered in the character of an eaves-dropper, Phemie fled precipitately up-stairs and shut herself once more into her own bedroom.

And then, after what seemed to her an eternity, there was a knock at the bedroom-door, but it was only Russell coming to say that Mr Dalrymple requested his daughter to come down-stairs at once.

Phemie found her father alone, and he was pacing the little sitting-room with signs of considerable agitation. Her eyes wandered round the room as though in search of something.

"You have had a visit, papa?" she said at last, seeing that he did not speak.

"Yes, I have had a visit. It is about that I wished to speak to you."

"And he is gone?" asked Phemie again.

"Yes." Then after a pause Mr Dalrymple went on, speaking in a short jerky fashion: "I never was so much surprised in my life, Phemie, my dear, and you will be surprised as well when you hear what was the object of this—this gentleman's visit. You will never guess it, I am sure."

"No, I cannot guess," murmured Phemie, almost inaudibly.

"Why, nothing more nor less than to do me the honour to propose for your hand! Now what do you think of that?" he concluded triumphantly, checking himself in his walk up and down the room in order the better to accentuate his words.

Apparently Phemie had no opinion to offer, for she had turned away to the window and was gazing out at the splashing fountain beyond.

"Why, you might have knocked me down with a feather," her father continued, resuming his walk. "Only fancy a man venturing to propose after scarcely forty-eight hours' acquaintance! In the abstract, the bare idea of such a thing would seem to be almost an impertinence; but there was something in this young man's look and manner that exonerated him from any such imputation, and I suppose that Germans have a different way of doing things from what we are accustomed to in England. And it is certainly a great compliment to you, all the same, Phemie, my dear, to think that you have had a proposal already when you are scarcely seventeen. This will be something to tell Lady Lauriston about when we get home."

"Papa," said Phemie, turning suddenly from the window, and with two bright spots of colour mounting rapidly on her cheeks, "what did you say to him—to Baron Wolfsberg?"

"Say to him? Oh, of course I tried to word my refusal as politely as possible. I should have been sorry to hurt his feelings, for he really is a remarkably nice young fellow, and I took quite a liking to him."

"You refused him!" exclaimed Phemie, with a strange tremulous ring in her voice.

Mr Dalrymple opened his eyes rather wide.

"Of course I refused him. It was the only thing to be done. You could not have married him, you know."

"Why not?" said Phemie, with a sudden touch of audacity, which was new and strange in her.

Mr Dalrymple now came to a sudden halt in his walk, and gazed at his daughter with eyes that were almost aghast.

"Why not? You must be surely joking, my dear, to ask such a question."

"But I thought you said that you liked him?" she said, more timidly.

"So I do. He is one of the nicest young fellows I have seen this long time, handsome and gentlemanlike, and with something particularly winning about his manner; but he is not an Englishman, and that sufficiently settles the matter. Of course you never could think of marrying a foreigner."

"No—I suppose not," assented Phemie, somewhat feebly. Her courage seemed to have melted away as suddenly as it had come, for she attempted no further objection, and seemed content to let the matter drop. Indeed she would scarcely have known what more to say just now, for how was it possible to express to another something that was not wholly clear even to herself? She was only conscious as yet of a dull pain, a chill sense of disappointment, which seemed to overshadow all things as with a leaden cloud.

When six o'clock came round again, and for the third time that day she stood by the window listening to the chimes, Phemie thought that the melody of the "Lorelei" had never appeared so sad and plaintive before. How was it possible that this same tune had sounded so gay to her ears but a few short hours ago?

CHAPTER XX.—POUR PRENDRE CONGÉ.

Baroness Gabelstein, contrary to her wont, had not taken part in the expedition to Glanegg on the morning of the Archduke's garden-party. A violent cold, which took the form of sore throat and complete extinction of voice, had in her case been the result of wet feet incurred while valiantly endeavouring to rescue a certain pink satin parasol belonging to Countess Barco which she had caught sight of lying forgotten on a bench, when the sudden downpour of rain had caused the guests abruptly to disperse in wild flight towards the castle. The pink parasol seemed to offer the very opportunity of which she had been in quest, of performing some trifling service for Countess Barco, which, as she well knew, would certainly be repaid by a prompt invitation to dinner, or at the least a

place in the theatre box at the very earliest opportunity.

The day succeeding the Archduke's garden-party was therefore spent by Baroness Gabelstein in bed, her throat swathed round in flannel folds, and with a cup of *tisane* by her side. She had given orders that no visitors were to be admitted, since she could only talk in a hoarse whisper, and even that not without excruciating pain; and it thus came about that she who had been used to regard herself as the presiding genius and guardian angel of Salzburg society, without whose guidance or assistance not the smallest matter could be arranged, was left for over forty-eight hours in complete ignorance of what was meanwhile happening behind her back.

The Klesheim party had taken

place on a Thursday, and it was not until the following Sunday morning that the patient began to rouse up again to a certain show of interest in her surroundings.

"Anna," she said, sitting up in bed towards eight o'clock, in order to drink the cup of warm *Flieder Thee* (elder-flower tea) which had been prepared by her solitary attendant—a raw peasant lass, who combined the various attributes of cook, washerwoman, charwoman, and housemaid,—“Anna, tell me, has no one been here these last two days while I was ill to call upon me?”

"Comtesse Riki Giffingen was here yesterday morning, but I told her you were too ill to see her," returned Anna.

"That was probably because she wanted me to chaperon her to Joachim's concert in the evening," remarked the Baroness, *sotto voce*.

"And Princess Regenbach sent a parcel, with a note."

"I suppose that is the piece of embroidery whose pattern I promised to arrange for her."

"And then there were cards of the old English gentleman who lives at the Hotel Schiff with his daughters."

"Mistère Dalrimpello!" now exclaimed the patient, with a greater display of interest than she had hitherto shown. "Why on earth should he have left cards, when we are in the habit of meeting every day? What did he say? Did you speak to him yourself?"

Anna now explained that Mr Dalrymple had not been there himself, but had merely sent the cards through a hotel servant.

"How strange!" said the Baroness, musingly. "And are you sure there was no other message?"

Anna expressed her belief that something had been written on the cards, which she accordingly fetched from the other room.

Mr Dalrymple,
Laird's Hill,
N.B.

Miss Dalrymple.

was the sole information afforded by these pasteboard slips, besides the letters *P.P.C.* written in pencil under each name.

"*Pour prendre congé!*" exclaimed the Baroness, with at least three points of exclamation in her voice. "And they were not to have left for ten days at least. What on earth can have happened to make them alter their plans?"

Anna could offer absolutely no conjecture on the subject.

"I must go there at once myself and inquire," said the patient, pushing away the scarce half-finished cup of *tisane*. "Quick, Anna; give me my clothes. Give me the brown cloth mantle that I got from Countess Barco at Christmas, and the black velvet bonnet which Princess Regenbach's maid trimmed up for me last week. Make haste, I tell you; there is not a moment's time to lose."

"But, Baroness," said the maid, aghast, "how can you possibly go out when you are so weak and ill? You are certainly not fit to leave your bed to-day."

"I must," returned the lady, with an air of desperate resolution on her yellow parchment face, just now yellower and more parchment-like than ever; and Anna, well knowing that when her mistress assumed that particular expression it was mere wanton waste of time and words to attempt to gainsay her, had no other course but to obey.

Half an hour later, when Baroness Gabelstein, her throat muffled up in a woollen comforter, reached the entrance of the Hotel zum goldenen Schiff, and in a hoarse whisper inquired for the Dalrymple

family, she was met by the stupefying intelligence that the Englishman, along with his two daughters, had left Salzburg on the previous day by the night express train for Cologne.

"What had happened in order to make them alter their plans thus abruptly?" she inquired over and over again in much consternation, without being able to elicit any satisfactory explanation from the hotel porter, or from any of the waiters. It had been quite a sudden resolution, was all she could gather, for yesterday, after luncheon, Mr Dalrymple had rung the bell, and ordered his hotel bill to be made out, and the whole previous afternoon had been spent in packing the trunks.

"Perhaps some urgent letter or telegram had come to motive this unexpected flight?" further pursued the Baroness. But no. The porter was confident that on the previous day there had been neither letter nor telegram for the English family; he particularly remembered the fact. There had been a visitor in the forenoon for the old gentleman—that was all.

"A visitor?"

"Yes, a hussar officer, who had come between eleven and twelve o'clock, and had stayed about half an hour with Mr Dalrymple." The porter did not know the officer's name, but a better informed waiter expressed his belief that this had been one of the two Barons Wolfsberg, though whether it was the elder or the younger cousin he felt unable to say.

"Baron Wolfsberg," repeated the lady to herself musingly, as she turned away from the hotel. "What can he have been doing there, I wonder?"

The explanation was not long in coming, for hardly had she gone twenty paces in the direction of the

Mozart Platz than she was met by the two younger Giffingen girls, accompanied of course by the inevitable Mali, both evidently in a high state of excitement, and bursting with some piece of news which they were utterly unable to repress.

Had she not heard of what had taken place on Friday evening? Such an unparalleled scandal. Leo Wolfsberg, too, of all people; and who would have thought it of such a quiet, well-behaved-looking girl! And then, with breathless volubility and many interpolated remarks and innuendoes, the tale of Leo Wolfsberg's twilight walk with Phemie Dalrymple, much exaggerated and distorted, was poured boiling hot into Baroness Gabelstein's ears.

"Mamma says that she will never let us go there again," completed Rudi, the fairer and more indignant of the two sisters.

"Your mother may make her mind easy, my dear, for the Dalrymples have already left Salzburg," returned the Baroness, somewhat tartly, for she was in truth feeling considerably provoked at this lamentable fiasco of her own special *protégées* in the eyes of Salzburg society. "But the matter is very unfortunate, to be sure. It is a thousand pities that I was laid up precisely these two last days. I dare say I should have managed to set things right somehow, for I cannot help thinking that the poor girl may have erred merely from want of knowledge of the world. Remember that she has no mother to guide her as you have."

In thus warmly pleading the cause of the erring English girl, Baroness Gabelstein was fully as much actuated by interest as by inherent goodness, for she felt this to be an almost personal matter. Was not the Dalrymple failure to be counted her own failure as well? and did not their disgrace imply some slight

reflection of shame to her own self?

"That is no excuse at all," retorted this pitiless young judge, replying to the Baroness's last words; "mother or no mother, every decent girl knows that it is perfectly improper to walk alone with a gentleman at any hour of the day or night. Why, I should as soon think of going out without my clothes, as I should dream of crossing merely the breadth of this street alone with any of my male acquaintances, even with Mali in attendance," and she cast a glance of conscious well-shielded virtue at the wooden-faced female who, standing in close juxtaposition on the pavement, was waiting patiently till it should please her young mistress to resume their walk.

"Well, well, my dear; of course you are right in theory, but still there may be extenuating circumstances notwithstanding; and after all, it is Leo Wolfsberg who is the greatest culprit, for he should have known better than to beguile a young girl into such a false position. I shall certainly give him a piece of my mind next time I see him."

Fate befriended the Baroness in this laudable intention, for scarcely ten minutes later she came across the two cousins Wolfsberg, walking arm-in-arm on the promenade by the river, in deep and apparently earnest conversation; and having contrived to shake off Poldi under some pretext or other, she went straight to the point without any preamble, for in her present state of irritated dissatisfaction it would have been impossible for her to exercise self-restraint. What did he mean by such behaviour? she asked, indignantly. Did he not know that it was ruin to a girl's reputation to be seen walking alone with a man, more especially in the dusk? And how could he of all others, who was on the point of

becoming a Teutonic knight, have acted with such unpardonable levity towards a stranger? It was of course entirely his fault if the English family had been forced to leave Salzburg in order to escape the effects of this disgraceful incident.

"They have left Salzburg!" exclaimed the young man in a tone of acute disappointment, for out of the lady's voluble speech this last phrase alone seemed to have produced any impression. "They have gone away?"

"Yes. They left last night by the express for Cologne; and it is all your fault, of course. A man has no right to take such liberties with a girl's reputation, unless he means to marry her."

The young man now drew himself up with quiet dignity, as, looking his accuser full in the face, he answered simply,—

"I did mean to marry her."

For a full minute Baroness Gabelstein stared at Leo Wolfsberg in amazement, almost as though she had not grasped the meaning of his words.

"You—you meant to marry her? you, a German knight?"

"I have not yet pronounced my vows. Until I do so, I am free to draw back whenever I please."

"And you would have been ready to marry an English girl whom you scarcely know? Oh, why did you not say so in time? Why did you let them go away without proposing?"

"I did propose," returned Leo, slowly and distinctly. "Yesterday, at half-past eleven o'clock exactly, I went to call on Mr Dalrymple, and then formally proposed for Miss Euphemia's hand."

"You proposed! Well, then—and the father——?"

"He refused me."

This piece of intelligence was almost more startling than the first

had been. How was it possible to conceive that this misguided Englishman had actually refused for his daughter that at which any one of the high-born Salzburg maidens would have jumped with delight? Was not Leo Wolfsberg young, handsome, of ancient nobility, irreproachable character, and not altogether penniless? What more could any man in his senses desire in his son-in-law?

"You are quite sure that he understood you rightly, or that you understood him?" she said at last.

"Quite sure. There was no possible mistake about the matter. Mr Dalrymple was very polite, but very decided in his answer. He gave me distinctly to understand that I would not suit him as a son-in-law."

"But why? What possible motive could he have had for refusing you?"

"Because I am a foreigner," said Leo, with the first touch of bitterness that had escaped him since the beginning of this conversation. "No one but an Englishman, it seems, would be considered worthy to become his daughter's husband."

"Oh why did I happen to fall ill just then!" exclaimed Baroness Gabelstein, wringing her hands in genuine anguish,—for the thought that not only a piece of scandal had been going the round of Salzburg without her knowledge, but that likewise a proposal had been made and refused without her advice, assistance, or connivance, was to her inexpressibly painful. "If I had only known of all this in time, perhaps matters might have been settled differently. You did wrong, Baron Wolfsberg, to act in this impetuous fashion without asking my assistance."

"No assistance could have helped me here, for you cannot

alter the fact that I am not an Englishman; and that was the only objection, Mr Dalrymple informed me. Let us therefore consider that question settled, and say no more about the matter, if you please. In justice, however, to Miss Euphemia, and to stifle any absurd reports injurious to her good name, I shall be obliged to you, Baroness, if you take every opportunity of stating the case exactly as I have told it."

"What! do you really mean to say that I am to tell people all about it?"

"Precisely. You have my full authorisation to tell whosoever cares to hear, that I proposed for Mr Dalrymple's daughter and was refused. I have thought it necessary to give you this explanation, because I understand you to be in some measure the friend of the family concerned; but if any man permits himself to speak to me in similar language on the subject of that walk, which was brought about by the merest accident, I should answer him in very different fashion."

So saying, Leo Wolfsberg raised his hand to his cap with a farewell gesture which, clearer than any words, conveyed to Baroness Gabelstein his resolution of closing all further conversation on the subject; and as she disconsolately turned back to regain her room and her bed, she bitterly reflected that she had been very ill-advised indeed when she had made that imprudent rush back in the rain to rescue Countess Barco's pink parasol from destruction.

"What a fool I have been for my pains!" she murmured—"to have let such a glorious chance escape me! By a little judicious management of affairs, who knows what advantages might not have been derived from the situation!"

THE SALMON-FISHERIES OF NORWAY.

ONLY those enthusiasts who, in pursuit of their favourite amusement, care to face the "norther" as it sweeps up Strath Naver or across the half-frozen "linns" of Thurso, think seriously at this season of the year about salmon-fishing; but a few mornings ago, while engaged in extracting some early violets from among the snow on the lawn, we received at the hands of that worthy official, "Hugh the Post," a document, or rather volume, of somewhat formidable dimensions, the perusal of which has directed our thoughts—prematurely, perhaps—to the wild Scandinavian rivers and the gallant fish which ascend their icy torrents.

The volume in question is entitled 'Fiskeri-Inspektören's Indberetning om Ferskvandsfiskerierne fer Aarene 1887-1890: Christiania, 1894' (which being interpreted means 'The Fishery Inspector's Report upon the Fresh-water Fisheries for the years 1887-1890'), and is a most carefully compiled work relating to the salmon and trout fisheries of Norway.

At the first glance the reader may be disposed to cavil at the dates. In four years a fishery may very easily be made or marred: the whole character of a river may be altered; *fosses* innumerable may be blasted or otherwise rendered surmountable by the migratory fish, and ova hatched out by the milliard,—but although Herr Landmark's statistics are limited for the most part to the years to which the report nominally applies, that document contains reference to many matters of general interest to anglers and of much more recent date. In fact, it is well worth the perusal of those sportsmen whose

Norsk is not restricted to the requirements of travel, and whose interest in the rivers on which they wield the rod is not confined merely to killing a certain number or weight of fish.

The report now before us is the fourth which has been published by the inspector during the last fifteen years; but before attempting to draw any conclusions with regard to the present condition and the prospects of the Norwegian salmon-fisheries from the figures and information contained therein, we would remind the reader that, although the authorities had long recognised the necessity for fresh legislation in order to protect these fisheries from serious injury, it was not until the 1st of January 1892 that the "Salmon-Fisheries Consolidation and Amendment Act" came into force.

Owing to the innumerable complaints put forward by owners of river-fisheries in different parts of the country as to the falling off in the quantity of the ascending salmon, a series of inquiries was instituted in the year 1880 in order to ascertain the true state of matters. The result of these investigations went to show that, on the extensive tract of coast between Stavanger and Romsdal, the take on the great majority of the rivers amounted to about one-fifth or one-sixth only of what it had been some five-and-twenty years before; that many formerly valuable and productive fisheries were in a state of decay; and that the rapid and enormous increase in the numbers of the bag-nets in the fjords was the main cause of injury. Of these there were in 1860 from two to three hundred

only ; in 1870 there were nearly a thousand ; and in 1880 that number had been doubled, while the share of the sea-fishermen in the salmon-harvest of the country had risen to 64 per cent per annum.

Owing to the fact that in former days the river proprietors had a practical monopoly of the salmon-fishing industry, this alteration was the more keenly felt by them, and it became evident that something must be done to adjust the balance between the two interests. Not, however, until the 20th of June 1891, and after the most determined opposition from the sea-fishing interest, was the new Act passed, which it is hoped will place salmon-fishery matters generally throughout the country on a sounder and more satisfactory basis. Of its forty clauses, the following four are perhaps the most important :—

1. It is forbidden to fish for salmon or sea-trout in the sea from August 26 to April 14, or on rivers and lakes from August 26 to April 30 ; but rod-fishing is permitted to September 14—all dates inclusive (§ 1).

2. From six o'clock on Friday evening till six o'clock on Monday evening it is forbidden to use any appliance for catching salmon or sea-trout, or to let any appliance remain in the water so as to catch such fish or to interfere with their free run. But this clause does not apply to rod and line (§ 3).

3. On the petition of county councils (*Amtsformandskaberne*), the Crown may by Royal Ordinance extend the weekly close-time for bag-nets or similar nets in the sea, and for any appliances used for catching salmon or sea-trout on the rivers or lakes, save rod and line (§ 4).

4. Nets for catching salmon or sea-trout must have a width in the mesh of not less than $6\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres (=2.56 inches) from knot to knot when wet (§ 5).

In further proof of the necessity for such legislation, it may be

added that the proportion of salmon and sea-trout taken annually in the rivers has continued to diminish still further, until it is now little more than one-fourth of the entire take throughout the country ; while the number of bag-nets on the coast the year the new law came into force was computed at over 6000.

No more certain means of destroying the salmon-fisheries of a country could be found than permitting the reckless and indiscriminate use of these destructive engines : and instances of the evil effects produced by them in this country are not wanting.

On the Aberdeenshire coast they were first introduced soon after 1820, and in little more than thirty years the take of salmon on the Dee and Don fisheries had diminished in value to the extent of £18,000 a-year. Farther north, owing to the same influences in the Moray Firth, the fisheries on the Beaully declined to one-third and those of the Ness to one-fourth of their former value. Not until 1835 did bag-nets come into use on the Sutherland coast ; but such was the destruction they caused that in sixteen years the Duke forbade their use. Thus where, in 1839, 16,000 salmon were captured, in 1850 the take had fallen to 1300, and that although the number of bag-nets had been nearly doubled ; while the valuable fisheries in the neighbourhood of the Inver and Kirkaig, on the west coast of the same county, were pretty nearly ruined. Between 1847 and 1851 the take had fallen from 42,000 to 1300 fish ; and the year following, when the use of the bag-net was prohibited, some 30 only were captured !

Those and many other such arguments in favour of the new law were addressed by the in-

spector to a general meeting of salmon-fishery owners, held at Bergen in January 1892; but they failed to convince the great majority of the coast fishermen present that their interests were identical with those of the upper proprietors, and much animus was displayed by the former against the latter.

The clause with regard to the extended weekly close-time was especially objected to; but without reference to instances which have occurred in other countries, Norwegians can read for themselves in the present report of their very able fishery inspector as to the success which has attended the application of such measures to at least one large and important water-system.

Owing undoubtedly to the great increase in the number of nets, not only in the river itself, but also on the coast in the neighbourhood of its mouth, the annual take of salmon on the Laagen—in former days one of the most prolific streams in the whole country—fell gradually away, until in 1880 the total yield was 8400 kilogrammes only—a decrease of nearly 10,000 kilogrammes on the annual take from 1865-75.

In 1881, after a great deal of squabbling and litigation between the various interests involved, a close-time of four days a-week was fixed for the river-nets, larger numbers of fish being thus enabled to reach the upper waters and the spawning-beds; and in 1888 a close-time of three days a-week was also applied to the nets at the mouth of the river. Commencing even in 1881, an almost uninterrupted improvement has gone on ever since, until in 1891 the take—irrespective of the coast nets—amounted to 37,000 kilogrammes; in other words, more than four

times the quantity of fish were taken working three days a-week as when the Sunday constituted the only weekly close-time. The Laagen now stands at the head of the list of rivers, and in the improvement which it exhibits offers a remarkable contrast to its neighbour the Mandal, which for many years occupied that position, and which shows a falling off almost as great in proportion.

Amid these somewhat dry details, it is refreshing to recall the magnificent sport obtained with the rod on this river more than fifty years ago, and referred to by Captain Lloyd in his 'Scandinavian Adventures.' Under date August 3, 1838, Sir Hyde Parker wrote: "We made an excursion some days since to a fall four Norwegian miles (= 28 English) up the river, where in three days Colonel Eyres and myself killed 111 fish, some of them 35 lb. and one of 40 lb. . . . Mr Proby went afterwards, and in one day killed 14, and was then stopped by rain, and consequently thick water." And so Captain Petre, under date 29th July: "We are now under way for Russia, having been staying a fortnight at the falls of the Laagen, and have killed 97 salmon, the eight largest from 19 to 20 lb. The remainder 13, 9, 8, down to 4 lb., and we should have killed a good many more, only unfortunately B—— was confined with a bad knee the last six days, and is still completely disabled. I caught the last few days 12, 11, and 9 salmon a-day."

The crack pool on the Laagen is situated immediately below the falls above referred to, and throughout the season it is crammed with fish intent on reaching the upper waters. Towards the tail, the rocks on either side con-

verge to such an extent that when a flood comes down the level of the pool is raised with disproportionate rapidity—frequently as much as 15 or 20 feet. Under such circumstances there is no use in attempting to fish: the salmon will look at nothing until a certain stone makes its appearance, then they will take all over the place, the best cast, however, being along a ledge of rocks at the lower end.

Interesting as a proof of the powers of expansion which some Norwegian salmon-fisheries possess, as well as of the value of an extended weekly close-time, the Suldal, an important stream in the Ryfylke district to the north of Stavanger, claims particular attention. From the lake whence it issues it has a course of about eighteen miles, abounding in excellent angling water and spawning-beds, nearly the whole of which prior to 1884 had been rendered practically inaccessible to the migratory fish. The natural difficulties offered by two falls situated on the lower portion of the river had been augmented by artificial ones in the shape of cruives and traps placed in the rapids, no less than 80 per cent of the fish being captured below or at the first fall. In 1884, the present English lessee acquired the fishing rights on the whole of the river as far as salmon could ascend, and, with two or three exceptions, those on the long narrow fjord into which it flows. The ascent of the falls was then materially facilitated by the removal of the fixed engines and by blasting away the rock; netting was abolished immediately below the falls, and angling only permitted on the non-tidal waters of the river; while the bag-nets in the sea were worked only four days a-week.

The effect upon the fishery of

these radical alterations has been eminently satisfactory, as the following figures show. In the first four years of the new *régime* the average annual take by the bag-nets in the sea had risen from 20,917 lb. to 36,860 lb., and in the second four years to 57,618 lb.; while on more than one occasion the average annual take (by nets and cruives of course) on the river for the four years preceding the transfer by the owners of their privileges has been exceeded by the anglers. In 1892, 3146 and 80,964 lb. were captured in the river and sea respectively; but the most remarkable season was that of 1891, when 5873 lb. were taken with the rod and 94,292 lb. by the nets. Such, indeed, has been the success achieved on the Suldal, that similar measures have recently been adopted with regard to ten other rivers discharging into the same or neighbouring fjords.

In sequence to the above remarks, reference would seem appropriate to the Aaensira, a stream which, after draining an area of 1870 square kilometres, enters the sea on the south-west coast near the Flekkefjord. Here an important problem in connection with salmon would appear to have been definitely solved: the correctness of the principle which encourages the admission to the upper waters of a river of a portion of each run of fish throughout the year has been proved; and it can no longer be maintained that the fish which enter in winter and spring are incapable of developing their eggs without a return to salt water.

On the Aaensira there are two falls within a mile of the sea—one 27, the other 88 feet in height—at both of which passes have been constructed. Owing, however, to legal difficulties, these have not been used for the purpose they

were intended — viz., to admit salmon to the extensive reaches of river and lake above—but the fish are confined in an artificial channel, about 100 yards in length, situated at the head of the pass over the first fall. From this channel they cannot escape, and here, commencing in early June, they accumulate until autumn, when the ova is taken from them to be artificially hatched, and the salmon are liberated in the river. In seven years over 2000 fish have been thus treated, and it has been found that neither the season of the year at which they enter the river nor their then condition has any influence on their spawning capabilities, as, with two exceptions, all yielded ripe ova or milt when the proper season came round.

To recur, however, to a consideration of the fisheries generally.

Out of a total of seventy-eight of the principal rivers throughout Norway, dealt with in the present report and in the one which preceded it (in 1889), no fewer than forty-nine (or 63 per cent) now exhibit a falling off, compared with the period to which the latter document applied (1884-1886), to the extent in fourteen cases of one-half or more of their former yield; nine remain practically *in statu quo*; while the remainder exhibit some improvement. As a whole, the fisheries on the above rivers show a decrease of 34,000 kilogrammes (or 13.5 per cent) on the three preceding years, while on the other hand the take by the netsmen on the coast has increased by 73,000 kilogrammes annually (or 13 per cent).

This cannot be described as a satisfactory state of matters; but it should not be forgotten that one cause which contributes in no small degree to the improvement of the sea-fisheries accounts, partially

at any rate, for the falling off in the yield of the rivers. We refer to the immense and yearly-increasing number of river-fishing rights that are taken up by Englishmen for angling purposes. In former days the lessee of a river or beat used to be satisfied with acquiring the sporting privileges upon the water he actually fished; and when at the end of each season he left, the owners were at liberty to do what they liked. Now things are arranged in an altogether different fashion.

The modern contracts often comprehend not only the (frequently extensive) reaches of inferior or useless water which occur between good casts; but, in order to give the fish a clear run through, they frequently also include the absolute and exclusive rights upon tracts of tidal or semi-tidal water, where no salmon in his most suicidal moments would ever dream of taking a fly. It stands to reason, therefore, that in the innumerable instances where the rod has superseded nets and cruives as a means of capture, the yield must show a great falling off; while the bag and other nets on the coast ultimately get the lion's share of the benefit conferred on the fisheries generally through the protection accorded by the English lessees to the spawning-grounds.

In order to illustrate what a very small proportion of the salmon which it contains are captured on a river fished solely with the rod, the case of the Suldal (previously referred to) may be quoted, where throughout the entire season of 1889 only 1214 kilogrammes were landed, and from which, with four draws of the net shortly after the commencement of the close-time, 100 fish were taken for the purpose of artificial hatching.

That under the circumstances, and having regard to the interests

and proper development of the salmon-fisheries of the country as a whole, those of the rivers have stood for some time in need of further legislative protection, there can be no doubt. It goes without saying—*pace* the coast fishermen, who believe that salmon spawn in salt water, and that they are therefore independent of the river proprietors—that the greater the extent of spawning-ground opened up and tenanted by adequate numbers of fish, the greater will be the resulting salmon-harvest for all concerned. That many of the owners of these river-fisheries had good cause of complaint, too, we are quite ready to admit; for long they did not share in the advantages which increased transport facilities, and the consequent opening up of new markets, conferred upon the coast netmen. But the mischief was not *entirely* due to the increase in the number of bag-nets. Instead of forming associations for mutual protection, the riparian owners in too many instances fought and went to law with one another, while each man harried his own and if possible his neighbour's water to the uttermost. Not content with taking all the clean and full-grown fish they could, they slaughtered the unhappy kelts in shoals as they descended in spring, and by means of small-meshed nets they captured vast numbers of the young fry; while the close season was more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

Time, however, we are inclined to think, has considerably modified the situation for some of those worthy men, and has brought them consolation in the shape of the British angler, who, in return frequently for sport of the most moderate description, pays a sum which fully recompenses his land-

lord for a diminished supply of *lax*.

Never before was there such a demand for salmon-water in Norway, and by consequence never—in spite of the bad times we hear so much about—were such rents paid. It is enough to make the modest sportsman's hair stand on end to learn that the amount paid yearly by the English lessee of the Kvina river is 18,000 kroner, or £1000, in exchange for which substantial sum the weight of fish captured during the period 1887-1890 averaged 1876 kilogrammes annually, or about one-fifth of the quantity taken by means of nets and cruives in each of the three preceding years, when the owners themselves retained and exercised their privileges.

The collective rod-fishing rentals of the Namsen amount to an even larger sum; but the extent of water from the Fiskum Foss to the Namsen Fjord is six times as great as that between the Rafoss on the Kvina and the mouth of that river.

The rent of the little Lyngdal in southern Norway is 4500 kroner, and of the Alten in the far north 6000 kroner, each of these streams being in the hands of a single English lessee, while the sums paid for the fishing rights on many others are correspondingly high.

But it is not for beats on really good rivers only that long prices are paid—that is perfectly legitimate, and merely a question of supply and demand. Speculators—English, be it remembered, as well as Norwegian—take up all kinds of water direct from the riparian owners,—beats on second and third class salmon-rivers, indifferent and bad portions of good rivers, rivers which never did and never will contain salmon, and

rivers whose migratory inhabitants consist of a few sea-trout only.

The prices demanded by these enterprising gentlemen for such luxuries are really extraordinary, and the profits they make must be eminently satisfactory; for—singular as it may seem, and in spite of cautions innumerable—the supply of angling victims would appear to be inexhaustible. Last spring a friend forwarded for our inspection a letter, the writer of which (an Englishman) was kind enough to offer him, for the paltry sum of £100, his angling privileges on a certain river for seven weeks from the 1st of June. Singularly enough our correspondent did not avail himself of the tempting opportunity, as we happened to be enabled to inform him that salmon were hardly ever caught in the stream in question, and that even the sea-trout fishing was indifferent. In his latest report, Herr Landmark calculates the total sum received by the river proprietors by way of sporting rent at from 120,000 to 125,000 kroner per annum; but in view of the instances above cited, this would seem to be an underestimate. In any case it does not represent the full amount paid by Englishmen, as it does not, of course, include the very substantial profits made by the speculators, and received by them in the shape of rent; and we are inclined to think that little less than £10,000 a-year of English money is now annually paid by our countrymen for salmon-angling in Norway.

Taking this into consideration, as well as the substantial benefits accruing to the fisheries generally through the protection afforded to the inland waters and spawning-grounds by the lessees, it is natural enough that the recent legislation should be of a kind encouraging

to, and in favour of, the foreign visitors. Having regard to such cases as the Laagen and the Suldal, it would seem reasonable to expect that a number of other rivers will ere long show marked symptoms of a change for the better; but that the improvement will be general we very much doubt. Never at any time remarkable for a strict observance of the law, the coast netsmen as a body are strongly opposed to some of the provisions of the Act of 1891; and in the face of this opposition the authorities will have the greatest difficulty in enforcing them on such an extensive and intricate coast-line.

Already we learn from different private sources that quantities of salmon are shipped on board certain steamers on Sundays, which must have been captured within the prescribed weekly close-time; of rivers on which every fish caught throughout the season showed evident signs of having been in the nets; of undersized fish being openly offered for sale; and of other circumstances symptomatic of a very general disposition to set the law at defiance. When such transgressions are so numerous as to be patent to the eye of the ordinary traveller, they are apt to bring the law into contempt, and it is to be hoped, in the interest of the fisheries generally, that the fines which they entail will be inflicted summarily and without the long-windedness which so frequently characterises legal proceedings in Norway.

The effect, too, of the clause in the new Act establishing a minimum close-time of three days a-week, from which so much is—very justifiably—expected, must vary greatly; and rivers situated at the head of long inlets cannot benefit to the same extent as those whose mouths are comparatively

near the open sea, as is that of the Laagen. Take, for instance, that magnificent arm of the sea, the Nordfjord: its entrance is simply a labyrinth of narrow passages between islands, in nearly every one of which is a bag-net. Along the whole of the eighty or ninety miles which intervene between this point and the mouths, say, of the rivers Stryn and Olden, there are numbers of bag-nets and *laxevaerp* (another contrivance for the capture of salmon) on both sides of the fjord (where, by the way, ten years ago there were none). It is evident that in order to confer any material benefit upon these streams, the weekly close-time must be of a duration sufficient to enable a run of fish to traverse the entire distance from the open sea outside the islands and to enter the rivers, before it ends. So numerous are the conditions which affect the pace at which fish travel, that on this point we will express no opinion; but at the same time the circumstances are not very difficult to imagine under which many of the rivers of the deeply indented west coast of Norway will be beyond the sphere of a three or even four days a-week close-time, as far as enabling salmon to run right through from the open sea.

To turn, however, to another portion of our subject.

The climatic conditions which prevail in Norway during the winter months militate greatly against the development of the salmon-fisheries, and conduce to the annual destruction of vast quantities of roe. Owing to the prevailing low temperature, not only are all the sources of water-supply frost-bound, but the fall which occurs at that time of the year consists of snow, which remains unavailable until the following spring or summer. As a result, the rivers—more especially in

February and March—are reduced to a level which few of those accustomed only to their aspect during the angling season, and unacquainted with these conditions, would credit. In the northern parts of the country the shrinkage is marvellous, large and important rivers being represented by a volume of water little bigger than a Highland burn. The spawn having been deposited in water which was shallow prior to this shrinkage taking place, is thus exposed to the action of the air and of severe frost for considerable periods of time, and much of it is rendered useless. The *Isgang*, too, is the cause of a great deal of mischief on many rivers, its formation occurring most frequently on the lower reaches near the coast, where the changes of weather are more abrupt and numerous than farther inland, and where the sudden thaws cause violent floods. The masses of surface-ice thus forcibly broken up scrape violently along the spawning-beds, dislodging and crushing the ova; while many full-grown salmon are caught and destroyed in the general *débâcle*.

Ground-ice, too, with which, after a term of severe cold, the bottoms of the shallow streams and spawning-beds become sheeted over, is very destructive: with the thaw which succeeds, it is dislodged in large pieces, and the roe is crushed and carried away among the gravel and stones attached to the ice.

To counteract these evils as much as possible, a number of hatching establishments have been put up of late years in different parts of the country, which turn out from $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions of young fish annually. The extreme severity of the frosts, however, which not infrequently convert the water in the spawning-beds into solid masses of ice; the heavy

falls of snow, which sometimes completely overwhelm and destroy the buildings; and the sudden and tremendous floods, to which at almost any period of the year the rivers are liable,—render the artificial propagation of salmon in Norway a somewhat precarious undertaking. Owing also to an exceptionally high or low state of the river where a hatchery is situated, parent fish are often not obtainable at the proper season, and the beds therefore remain untenanted and useless.

To obviate these difficulties, it has been for some years under the consideration of the authorities to put up a large central breeding establishment, where the possibility of such misfortunes occurring would be reduced to a minimum, and from which rivers throughout the country might be supplied at a reasonable rate. As possessing special advantages for this purpose, Herr Landmark recommended a site on the farm of Boen on the Topdal; but although plans were worked out and negotiations entered into, nothing practical has yet been accomplished in the matter.

The Norwegian term *fos* does not necessarily mean a waterfall, as we understand the word: it is also used to signify a series of heavy rapids. Thus the well-known “Stör Fos” on the Tana in Finmarken consists of a piece of rough water about a mile and a half in length, where the great river, compressed between the walls of a narrow gorge, foams down among boulders and rocks of all sizes; but although the total fall is considerable, it does not at any one point drop perpendicularly more than three or four feet at the most. Such places are of frequent occurrence on Norwegian rivers: of themselves they constitute difficulties—sometimes very considerable

ones—to the ascending fish, but from time immemorial they have been taken advantage of by the inhabitants, who by the insertion of salmon-traps have in many cases turned them into practically insurmountable obstacles. Of late years a number of these obstructed rapids have been cleared and their passage artificially facilitated, considerable tracts of valuable angling and spawning water being thus opened up. The Suldal is a case in point, as is the Birkrem or Tengselselv, which enters a narrow fjord at Egersund in southern Norway, and which possesses many features in common with the former stream. At a distance of little more than one kilometre from the mouth of the river, the “Fotlandsfos,” supplemented by a formidable array of traps, presented until recently a practically insuperable barrier to the migratory fish, few, if any, of which were ever seen above it. In addition to removing the artificial obstacles, the new lessees have constructed a ladder at the *foss*, which from the period of its completion in 1890 would seem to have proved entirely successful. “Already,” writes the inspector, “during the short time it has been in working order, has its efficiency been proved. In 1890, and more especially in 1891 and 1892, large numbers of salmon have been observed during the summer months making their way up the pass, and in the last-named year at any rate the total number of fish which ascended in this manner might be reckoned at considerably over a thousand.” The extensive reaches of river above are now fished with the rod only, and very fair sport has been obtained.

Owing to the proximity to the coast of the mountain-ranges, and the consequently very rapid character of the majority of the streams, falls, sufficiently formidable in

themselves as absolutely to prevent the ascent of any fish, frequently succeed one another at extremely short intervals. In contemplating the construction of a ladder or pass, therefore, at one of these, the most important question generally is, "Does the reach which extends upward to the next impassable fall contain enough good angling or (more important still) spawning water to justify the cost of an undertaking invariably problematical in its results?" Close investigation very often elicits from the expert employed a reply in the negative; but a number of attempts to open up water, previously unavailable, have been recently made. None of these have as yet been attended with any very brilliant results, perhaps the most promising undertaking of the kind being the series of passes in course of construction on the Vefsen. Formerly the bulk of the sport on this grand salmon-river was obtained in the great pool below the fall at Fosjord, 17 kilometres from the mouth, an obstacle which very few fish ever succeeded in overcoming: now they have free access to the supervening stretch of fine angling water, 13 kilometres in length, which extends upwards to the Laxfoss. The latter, a formidable fall, 16 metres high, has also been rendered negotiable; whilst the ascent of yet a third obstacle, the Fellingfoss, some 10 kilometres farther up, is being facilitated. On the successful completion of this series, the Vefsen will be accessible to the migratory fish for over 150 kilometres, a distance greater than that on any other Norwegian river except the Tana.

Innumerable are the endeavours that have been made from time to time in different parts of the world in order to solve the many problems which attach to the salmon's

existence in the interval between his departure from and his return to fresh water. Izaak Walton mentions that before his time fish were marked by tying ribbons to their tails. This somewhat primitive method has no doubt been considerably improved upon, and distinguishing marks—less ornate perhaps, but more adhesive—have been used by the thousand: the amount, however, of knowledge gained is singularly small, and it would seem unlikely that it will be materially increased until a series of experiments on an infinitely larger, more systematic, and altogether more comprehensive scale shall have been carried out.

From one cause or another many of the isolated attempts hitherto made have been abortive; others, again, have produced results which, although by no means conclusive, are exceedingly interesting, and to this category may be said to belong the experiments conducted under the auspices of Herr Landmark from different points on the coast of Norway.

Between 1883 and 1893 some 4000 salmon were marked and released on the following rivers, all in the south-western part of the country: the Suldal in Ryfylke, the Figgen in Jaederen (both in Stavanger Amt), the Aaensira (between Ekersund and Flekkefjord), the Kvina (between Flekkefjord and Farsund), and the Topdal (at Christiansund); and of these fish, 56 have been recaptured and identified beyond doubt.

That this number ought to have been considerably larger, and the deductions therefore of greater value, seems certain: two causes more especially acted very prejudicially—(a) want of knowledge and experience in the first instance regarding the best form of label and mode of attachment; (b) the

difficulty of inducing the sea-fishermen—in spite of a proffered reward—to give notice of the capture of marked fish.

As an instance of the ill success which has attended many attempts of the kind, Mr Russel, in his work 'The Salmon,' mentions that in the spring of 1852, "500 kelts were marked with wire in a pool within a few hundred yards of tide-reach, at the bottom of the river Whitadder, which joins the Tweed immediately above Berwick." Of these, only three were ever heard of again. "One was caught at the mouth of the Tyne, seventy miles to the south; another at Yarmouth, 300 miles to the south; and the third at Eyemouth, ten miles to the north, the last individual being found in the stomach of a cod, with nothing remaining of him but his vertebrate column and the silver wire."

There being thus no satisfactory precedent to follow, a variety of labels and forms of attachment—prior to the adoption of the system now in use—were tried from time to time, which proved inefficient; inasmuch as a number of fish were recaptured which showed unmistakable signs of having been marked, but which could not be identified, owing to the labels having been torn away. Other marked fish, it was proved, were taken by the coast netmen; but, from ignorance or prejudice, they refrained from giving notice to the authorities. This last difficulty will, we fear, apply for a good many years on the Norwegian coast (unless a considerably larger sum than the official 3 kroner is offered as reward), the men being apparently quite unable to appreciate the fact that the experiments are carried on as much for their benefit as for anybody else's.

It would be impossible with the remaining space at our present dis-

posal to attempt to deal otherwise than superficially with the figures, dates, and other details relating to the marked and recaptured salmon; nevertheless there are certain conclusions fairly deducible therefrom, which are worthy of attention.

Of the 56 fish in question, 38 were released in the Suldal, 15 in the Aaensira, 2 in the Topdal, and 1 in the Figgen river; and they were recovered as follows:—

Suldal.

25 in the river itself.

9 in the inner fjords, within 45 kilometres at most of the mouth.

4 at distances which would preclude the likelihood of their returning to the river (90-150 kilometres).

Aaensira.

7 in the river itself.

2 within 35 kilometres.

1 in the Kvina river, 35 kilometres to the east.

5 at distances of from 65 to 800 kilometres.

Figgen.

1 close to mouth.

Topdal.

1 in river itself.

While the above figures disclose a very decided preference on the part of the salmon to return to their respective rivers, the homing instinct is much more marked in the Suldal than in the Aaensira fish. This discrepancy may, it seems probable, be accounted for by the difference in temperature of these two rivers.

The three streams which form the Suldal converge in the Suldalsvand, a lake 33 kilometres long, 3 wide, and 400 metres in depth, from which—at a distance of about 28 kilometres from the fjord—the water issues transparently clear and free from sediment. Not only does the lake act as a storage reservoir, and so prevent the floods from running away too

quickly, but the changes of temperature not easily affecting so great a mass of water, render the upper reaches of the river freer from ice than is usual in most Norwegian streams.

The Aaensira, on the other hand, flows throughout nearly the whole of its course at a decidedly higher level than does the Suldal, or indeed any other river in the neighbourhood; while within a comparatively short distance of the fjord into which it discharges, it passes through two large and deep lakes, the Lundevand and Sirdalsvand (21 and 26 kilometres respectively), the volumes of ice-cold water from which keep the temperature of the outflowing river very low far into summer. There are many streams on the Norwegian coast, largely frequented by salmon, the temperature of which is as low as, or even lower than, that of the Aaensira, as, for instance, the rivers of Finmarken and those which drain the great Justedal Glacier; but the ocean into which the former flow is a very cold one, while the latter discharge into long fjords, where the chill is gradually removed before the actual sea is reached. It is otherwise the case with the Aaensira, which enters a comparatively warm sea without any such intermediary channel, and we fear that the company which has acquired the fishery rights, and gone to very considerable expense in the construction of passes and in artificial breeding, is hardly likely to score a success. With every inclination to return to their native stream, the Aaensira salmon—when, in May and early June, they approach the mouth of the river—are met by an ice-cold torrent: unwilling altogether to give up their natural objective point, they hang about the coast

in the neighbourhood, and are caught in the bag-nets, or they seek less inhospitable waters elsewhere.

With regard to the fish not retaken in the same river or its immediate vicinity, it is worthy of remark that all, with one exception (the Aaensira salmon captured in the Kvina), were recaptured to the north of the river where they were originally marked. This would seem to be due to the fact that in the summer months the fish are in the habit of travelling with and not against the currents in the sea, the prevailing direction of which along the west coast of Norway is from south to north; and should this assumption be correct, it indicates the extreme improbability of fish, taken so far from their native rivers, ever returning thither. This tendency on the part of a section of the salmon community of southern and south-western Norway to wander along the coast northwards may perhaps account in some measure for the exceptional excellence maintained by the fisheries of the great Trondhjem Fjord, in spite of the extraordinary increase of the bag-nets in that neighbourhood. In any case it goes to show that a fishery district is not dependent alone on the conduct of affairs within its own limits, but is materially affected by the regulations controlling the fisheries at a very considerable distance.

In America, on the strength more particularly of the experiments conducted on the Penobscot river, the theory is extensively held that salmon spawn only every other year. Such is evidently not the case in Norway, however, as no fewer than ten of the recaptured fish (seven in the Suldal and three in the Aaensira) were marked the one year either when ready to spawn or having just completed

that operation, and were retaken the next in a similar condition; while four other fish, recaptured in the sea the summer after marking, seemed to have spawned the same year.

Taking into consideration the regularity with which most animals reproduce, together with the positive proof afforded by these experiments that a certain number of salmon spawn at any rate two years in succession, it would seem not improbable that the majority of these fish do so annually.

None of the 56 recaptured salmon exhibited any remarkable increase in weight, the greatest growth in the shortest period being that of a female, which when marked in the Suldal, on the 16th January 1889, weighed $20\frac{1}{2}$ lb. as a kelt; and when retaken in the sea, on the 3d of July of the same year, clean run, turned the scale at $30\frac{3}{4}$ lb. The apparent increase was therefore $10\frac{1}{4}$ lb. in 168 days, but in reality very much less, taking into consideration the difference in condition. In contrast to this, another female fish, in the kelt stage on both occasions of capture, put on no weight whatever during the period of 326 days which intervened.

To attempt to theorise upon this important subject, with materials so slight as those before us, and in the face of discrepancies such as that exhibited in the relative growths of the two fish above referred to, would be a hopeless task. The influences which affect the growth of salmon are numerous and varied, and until, by the acquisition of considerably more data, we obtain a greater knowledge of the habits of those fish, the questions as to when a salmon is full grown and how long he takes to reach maturity must remain unanswered.

In conclusion, we would venture

briefly to refer to the sport which has been obtained of late years with the rod in Norway. A number of good bags have been made on both northern and southern rivers, but the most noteworthy, perhaps, was that on the famous Alten in the season of 1890, when a party of four rods landed 519 salmon and 126 grilse, weighing 5269 kilogrammes, besides a large quantity of sea-trout—in other words, an average of about 3000 lb. a rod. Into one of the lateral branches of the great Sogne Fjord, the Aarö discharges its share of the melted snow and ice of the mighty Justedal Glacier. While the migratory fish of the neighbouring streams—similar in origin and to all appearance in general characteristics—consist almost entirely of bull and sea trout, the reverse is the case, singularly enough, with the Aarö, which is celebrated for the size and magnificent physique of its salmon. The sea and fjord fishermen recognise an Aarö *lax* at a glance, and look upon it as an especially valuable prize; while on no other river in Norway—not even on the Vosse, the Namsen, or the Pasvig—are such heavy fish killed. At Christmas-time, some years ago, a salmon of 27 kilogrammes (= 60 lb.) was found crushed to death among the ice, and on another occasion a fish of the remarkable weight of 45 kilogrammes (= 101 lb.) was killed late in autumn with the spear.

Here, in 1893, the late Mr W. Kennedy landed a salmon of 26 kilogrammes (= 58 lb.), and in August 1894 he beat his own record with a monster of 31 kilogrammes (= 68 lb.), a performance which is not likely to be equalled for many a day to come in Norway or elsewhere.

“SNOWFLY.”

DID JUNIUS COMMIT SUICIDE?

"SIR," said Dr Johnson, "it is the most extraordinary thing that has happened in my day."

The most extraordinary thing that had happened in Dr Johnson's day was the "warning" to the noble peer generally spoken of as "the wicked Lord Lyttelton." The Doctor went on thus: "I heard it with my own ears from his uncle, Lord Westcote. I am so glad to have every evidence of the spiritual world that I am willing to believe it." Dr Adams replied, "You have evidence enough—good evidence, which needs no support." Dr Johnson growled out, "I like to have more!"

Thus the Doctor was willing to believe what it suited him to believe, even though he had the tale at third or fourth hand; for Lord Westcote was not with the wicked Lord Lyttelton at the time of his death, on November 27, 1779. Dr Johnson's observations were made on June 12, 1784.

To Lord Westcote's narrative we shall return.

As a study in Russian scandal, and the growth and development of stories, this anecdote of Lord Lyttelton deserves attention. So first we must glance at the previous history of the hero. Thomas Lord Lyttelton was born, says Croker (in the 'Quarterly Review,' No. 179, p. 111), on January 30, 1744. He was educated at Eton, where Dr Barnard thought his boyish promise even superior to that of Charles James Fox. His sketches of scenery in Scotland reminded Mrs Montagu of the vigour of Salvator Rosa, combined with

the grace of Claude Lorraine! At the age of nineteen, already affianced to Miss Warburton, he went on the Grand Tour, and excelled the ordinary model of young debauchery abroad. Mr James Boswell found a Circe at Siena, Lyttelton found Circes everywhere. He returned to England in 1765; and that learned lady, Mrs Carter, the translator of Epictetus, "admired his talents and elegant manners, as much as she detested his vices." In 1768 he entered the House of Commons, and, in his maiden speech, implored the Assembly to believe that America was more important than Mr Wilkes (and Liberty). Unseated for bribery in January 1769, he vanished from the public view, more or less, for a season; at least he is rarely mentioned in memoirs, and Croker thinks that young Lyttelton was now engaged—in what does the reader suppose? In writing *The Letters of Junius*!¹

He was clever enough; his rank was like that assumed as his own by Junius; his eloquence (as he proved later in the House of Lords) was vituperative enough; he shared some of Junius's hatreds, while he proclaimed, like Junius, that the country was going to the dogs. Just as Junius was ending his Letters, the prodigal, Thomas Lyttelton, returned to his father's house; and Chatham wrote to congratulate the parent (February 15, 1772). On May 12, 1772, Junius published his last letter in 'The Public Advertiser'; and on June 26 Mr Lyttelton married a widow, a Mrs Peach. He

¹ If Lyttelton went to Italy on being ejected from Parliament, as Mr Rigg says he did in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' Croker's theory will be hard to justify.

soon left his wife, and was abroad (with a barmaid) when his father died in 1773. In January 1774 he took his seat in the Lords. Though Fox thought him a bad man, his first speech was in favour of securing to authors a perpetual copyright in their own works. He repeated his arguments some months later; so authors, at least, have reason for judging him charitably. Mr Carlyle would have admired Lyttelton. His politics (at one juncture) were "The Dictatorship for Lord Chatham"! How does this agree with the sentiments of Junius? In 1767-69 Junius had exhausted on Chatham his considerable treasury of insult. He is "a lunatic brandishing a crutch," "so black a villain," "an abandoned profligate," and he exhibits "*the upstart insolence of a dictator*"! This goes not well with Lyttelton's sentiments in 1774. True, but by that date (iii. 305) Junius himself had discovered "that if this country can be saved, it must be saved by Lord Chatham's spirit, by Lord Chatham's abilities." Lyttelton and Junius are assuredly both of them ruffianly, scandal-loving, inconsistent, and patrician in the manner of Catiline. So far, the likeness is close.

About America Lyttelton wavered. On the whole, he recognised the need of fighting; and his main idea was that, as fight we must, we should organise our forces well, and fight with our heads as well as with our hands. He disdained the policy of the ostrich. The Americans were in active rebellion; it could not be blinked. He praised Chatham while he opposed him. He was "fighting for his own hand." Ministers felt the advantage of his aid; they knew his unscrupu-

lous versatility, and in November 1775 bought Lyttelton with a lucrative sinecure,—the post of Chief Justice of Eyre beyond the Trent. Croker calls the place "honourable"; we take another view. Lyttelton was bought and sold, but no one deemed Lyttelton a person of scrupulous conscience.

The public prospects darkened, folly was heaped on folly, blunder on blunder, defeat on defeat. On April 24, 1779, Horace Walpole says that Lord Lyttelton "has again turned against the Court on obtaining the Seals."¹ November 25, 1779, saw Lyttelton go boldly into Opposition. He reviewed the whole state of the empire. He poured out a torrent of invective. As to his sinecure, he said, "Perhaps he might not keep it long." "The noble Lords smile at what I say!"

They need not have smiled. He spoke on Thursday, November 25; on Saturday, November 27, the place in Eyre was vacant, and Lord Lyttelton was a dead man.

The reader will keep in mind these dates. On Thursday, November 25, 1779, the first day of the session, Lyttelton overflows in a volcanic speech against the Court. He announces that his place may soon be vacant. At midnight on the 27th November he is dead.

On all this, and on the story of the ghostly "warning" to Lord Lyttelton, delivered in the night of Wednesday, November 24, Croker builds a political romance. In Croker's view, Lyttelton, expelled from Parliament, lavished his genius and exuded his spleen in the 'Letters of Junius.' Taking his seat in the Lords, he fights for his own hand, is bought and muzzled, wrenches off his muzzle, blazes into a fierce attack on the

¹ Is this a slip, or misprint, for "on not obtaining the Seals"?

wrongs which he is weary of witnessing, the hypocrisy which he is tired of sharing, makes his will, sets his house in order, plays one last practical joke by the story of the ghostly warning, surrounds himself with dissolute company, and at midnight on November 27 deliberately fulfils his own prediction, and dies by his own hand. It is a tale creditable to Croker's fancy. A patrician of genius, a wit, a profligate, in fatigue and despair, closes his career with a fierce harangue, a sacrilegious jest, a debauch, and a draught of poison, leaving to Dr Johnson a proof of "the spiritual world," and to mankind the double mystery of Junius and of the Ghost.

As to Junius, remembering the warning of Lord Beaconsfield, "If you wish to be a bore, take up the 'Letters of Junius,'" we shall drop that enigma; but as to the alleged suicide of Lord Lyttelton, we think we can make that seem extremely improbable. Let us return to the course of events, as stated by Croker, and by contemporaries.

The warning of death in three days, says Croker, occurred (place not given) on the night of November 24, 1779. Croker observes, "It is certain that, on the morning of that very day" (November 25) "Lord Lyttelton had related, not to one person alone, but to several, and all of them people of credit, the particulars of a strange vision which he said had appeared to him the preceding night." On Thursday, the 25th, as we saw, he spoke in the Lords. On Friday, the 26th (apparently), he went down to his house at Epsom, Pitt Place, where his party, says Croker, consisted of Mr (later Lord) Fortescue, Captain (later Admiral) Wolsley, Mrs Flood, and the Misses Amphlett. Now the town had no kind of doubt

concerning the nature of Lord Lyttelton's relations with two, if not three, of the Misses Amphlett. His character was nearly as bad, where women were concerned, as that of Colonel Charteris. But Walpole, writing to Mann on November 28 (the day after Lord Lyttelton's death), says, "Lord Lyttelton is dead suddenly. *Suddenly*, in this country, is always at first construed to mean *by a pistol*. . . . The story given out is, that he looked ill, *and had said he should not live three days*; that, however, he had gone to his house at Epsom . . . with a caravan of nymphs; and on Saturday night had retired before supper to take rhubarb, returned, supped heartily, went into the next room again, and died in an instant."

Nothing here of a dream or ghost. We only hear of a prophecy.

Writing to Mason on Monday, November 29, Walpole avers that Lord Lyttelton was "attended only by four virgins, whom he had picked up in the Strand." Here Horace, though writing from Berkeley Square, within two days of the fatal 27th, is wrong. Lord Lyttelton had the Misses Amphlett, Captain Wolsley, Mr Fortescue, and Mrs Flood with him. According to Walpole, he felt unwell on Saturday night (the 27th), "went to bed, rung his bell in ten minutes, and in one minute after the arrival of his servant expired!" "He had said on Thursday that he should die in three days, *had dreamt so*, and felt that it would be so. On Saturday he said, 'If I outlive to-day, I shall go on'; but enough of him."

Walpole speaks of a *dream*, but he soon has other, if not better, information. Writing to Mason on December 11, he says that ghost-stories from the north will now be welcome. "Lord Lyttel-

ton's vision has revived the taste ; though it seems a little odd that an *apparition* should despair of getting access to his Lordship's bed, in the shape of a young woman, without being forced to use the disguise of a robin-redbreast." What was an apprehension or prophecy has become a dream, and the dream has become an apparition of a robin-redbreast and a young woman.

If this excite suspicion, let us hasten to add that we have undesigned evidence to Lord Lyttelton's belief that he had beheld an *apparition*—evidence a day earlier than the day of his death. Mrs Piozzi (then Mrs Thrale), in her diary of Sunday, November 28, writes : "Yesterday a lady from Wales dropped in and said that she had been at Drury Lane on Friday night. 'How,' I asked, 'were you entertained?' 'Very strangely indeed ! Not with the play, though, but the discourse of a Captain Ascough, who averred that a friend of his, Lord Lyttelton, has *seen a spirit*, who has warned him that he will die in three days. I have thought of nothing else since.'"

Next day, November 29, Mrs Piozzi heard of Lord Lyttelton's death.¹

Unless Mrs Piozzi falsified her diary, here is proof absolute that the story, with apparition, if not with robin, was current the day before Lord Lyttelton's decease.

Of what did Lord Lyttelton die ?

"According to one of the papers," says Croker, vaguely, "the cause of death was disease of the heart." A brief "convulsion" is distinctly mentioned, whence Croker concludes that the disease was *not* cardiac. On December 7, Mason writes to Walpole from York,

"Suppose Lord Lyttelton had recovered the breaking of his blood-vessel !"

Was a broken blood-vessel the cause of death ? or have we here, as is probable, a mere inference of Mason's ?

Croker's account is meant to lead up to his theory of suicide. Lord Lyttelton mentioned his apprehension of death "somewhat ostentatiously, we think." According to Croker, at 10 P.M. on Saturday Lord Lyttelton, looking at his watch, said, "Should I live two hours longer, I shall jockey the ghost." Croker thinks that it would have been "more natural" for him to await the fatal hour of midnight "in gay company" than to go to bed before twelve. He finishes the tale thus : Lord Lyttelton was taking rhubarb in his bedroom ; he sent his valet for a spoon, and the man, returning, found him "on the point of dissolution." "A newspaper" says that disease of the heart was believed to be the cause of death ; but Croker, holding that "a brief convulsion was observed," sets aside the theory of cardiac disease.

"His family maintained a guarded and perhaps judicious silence on the subject," yet Lord Westcote spoke of it, and wrote an account of it, and so did Lord Lyttelton's widow ; while Wraxall, as we shall see, says that the dowager Lady Lyttelton painted a picture of the "warning" in 1780.

Harping on suicide, Croker quotes Scott's statement in 'Letters on Demonology,'—"Of late it has been said, and *published*, that the unfortunate nobleman had determined to take poison." Sir Walter gives no authority, and Croker admits that he knows of none. Gloomy but commonplace reflections in the so-called 'Letters'

¹ Notes and Queries. Series V., vol. ii. p. 508. December 26, 1874.

of Lyttelton do not even raise a presumption in favour of suicide, which, in these very Letters, Lyttelton says that he cannot defend by argument.¹ That Lyttelton made his will "a few weeks before his death," providing for his fair victims, may be accounted for, as we shall see, by the threatening state of his health, without any notion of self-destruction. Walpole, in his three letters, only speaks of "a pistol" as the common construction of "sudden death"; and that remark occurs before he has heard any details. Walpole rises from a mere statement of Lord Lyttelton's, that he is "to die in three days," to a "dream" containing that assurance, and thence to apparitions of a young woman and a robin-redbreast. The appearance of that bird, by the way, is, in the folklore of Surrey, an omen of death. Walpole was in a position to know all current gossip, and so was Mrs Piozzi.

We now turn to a narrative nearly contemporary, that written out by Lord Westcote on February 13, 1780. Lord Westcote examined the eldest Miss Amphlett, Captain (later Admiral) Charles Wolsley, Mrs Flood, Lord Lyttelton's valet, Faulkner, and Stuckey, the servant in whose arms, so to speak, Lord Lyttelton died. Stuckey was questioned (note this) in the presence of Captain Wolsley and of *Mr Fortescue*. The late Lord Lyttelton permitted the Westcote narrative to be published in 'Notes and Queries' (November 21, 1874). The story, which so much pleased Dr Johnson, runs thus:—

On Thursday, November 25, Mrs Flood and the three Misses Amphlett were residing at Lord

Lyttelton's house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square. Who is this Mrs Flood? Frederick Flood (1741-1824) married *Lady* Julia Annesley in 1782. The wife of the more famous Flood suits the case no better: his wife was *Lady* F. M. Flood; she was a Beresford. The 'Dictionary of National Biography' is responsible for these facts. At all events, on November 25, at breakfast, in Hill Street, Lord Lyttelton told the young ladies and their chaperon that he had had an extraordinary *dream*.

He seemed to be in a room which a bird flew into; the bird changed into a woman in white, who told him he should die in three days.

He "did not much regard it, because he could in some measure account for it; for that a few days before he had been with Mrs Dawson, when a robin-redbreast flew into her room." On the morning of Saturday he told the same ladies that he was very well, and believed he should "*bilk the ghost*." The dream has become an apparition! On that day—Saturday—he, with the ladies, Fortescue, and Wolsley, went to Pitt Place; went to bed after eleven, ordered rolls for breakfast, and, in bed, "died without a groan," as his servant was disengaging him from his waistcoat. During dinner he had "a rising in his throat" (a slight sickness), "a thing which had often happened to him before." His physician, Dr Fothergill, vaguely attributed his death to the rupture of some vessel in his side, where he had felt a pain in summer.

From this version we may glean that Lord Lyttelton was not himself very certain whether his vision

¹ Croker's argument requires him to postulate the authenticity of many, at least, of these Letters, which were given to the world by the author of 'Doctor Syntax.'

occurred when he was awake or asleep. He is made to speak of a "dream," and even to account for it in a probable way; but later he talks of "bilking the *ghost*." The editor of 'Notes and Queries' now tries to annihilate this contemporary document by third-hand evidence, seventy years after date. In 1851 or 1852 the late Dowager Lady Lyttelton, Sarah, daughter of the second Earl Spencer, discussed the story with Mr Fortescue, a son of the Mr Fortescue who was at Pitt Place, and who succeeded to the family title six years later, in 1785. Mr Fortescue, in brief, said that he had heard nothing of the dream or prediction till "some days after"; he, therefore, was inclined to disbelieve in it. We have demonstrated, however, that if Mr Fortescue had heard nothing, yet the tale was all over the town before Lord Lyttelton died. Nay, more, we have contemporary, though hitherto unpublished, proof that Mr Fortescue *had* heard of the affair! Lyttelton died at midnight on the Saturday, November 27. In her diary for the following Tuesday (November 30), Lady Mary Coke says that she has just heard the story of the "dream" from Lady Bute, who had it from Mr Ross, *who had it from Mr Fortescue!*¹ Mr Fortescue, then, must have told the tale as early as the Monday after the fatal Saturday night. Yet in old age he seems to have persuaded himself that the tale came later to his knowledge. Some irrelevant, late, and fourth-hand versions will be found in 'Notes and Queries,' but they merely illustrate the badness of such testimony.

One trifle of contemporary evidence may be added: Mrs Delany, on December 9, 1779, wrote an

account of the affair to her niece—here a bird turns into a woman.

In pursuit of evidence, it is a long way from 1780 to 1816. In November of that year, T. J. wrote from Pitt Place, Epsom, in 'The Gentleman's Magazine'; but his letter is dated "Jan. 6." T. J. has bought Pitt Place, and gives "a copy of a document in writing, left in the house" (where Lyttelton died) "as an heirloom, which may be depended on." This document begins, "Lord Lyttelton's Dream and Death (see Admiral Wolsley's account)."

But where is Admiral Wolsley's account? Is it in the archives of Sir Charles Wolsley of Wolsley? Or is *this* (the Pitt Place document) Admiral Wolsley's account? The anonymous author says that he was one of the party at Pitt Place on November 27, 1779, with "Lord Fortescue," "Lady Flood," and the two Misses Amphlett. Consequently this account is written after 1785, when Mr Fortescue succeeded to his title. Lord Lyttelton, not long returned from Ireland, had been suffering from "suffocating fits" in the last month. And *this*, not the purpose of suicide, was probably his reason for executing his will. "While in his house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, he *dreamt* three days before his death he saw a bird fluttering, and afterwards a woman appeared in white apparel, and said, 'Prepare to meet your death in three days.' He was alarmed and called his servant. On the third day, while at breakfast with the above-named persons, he said, 'I have jockeyed the ghost, as this is the third day.'" Croker places this incident at 10 p.m. on Saturday, and makes his lordship say, "In two hours I shall jockey

¹ We are indebted for this fact to Mr David Douglas: the privately printed journal of Lady Mary Coke has not yet seen the light beyond the year 1774.

the ghost." "The whole party set out for Pitt Place," which contradicts Croker's statement that they set out on Friday, but agrees with Lord Westcote's. "They had not long arrived when he was seized with a usual fit. Soon recovered. Dined at five. To bed at eleven." Then we hear how he rebuked his servant for stirring his rhubarb "with a tooth-pick" (a plausible touch), sent him for a spoon, and was "in a fit" on the man's return. "The pillow being high, his chin bore hard on his neck. Instead of relieving him, the man ran for help: on his return found him dead."

This undated and unsigned document, by a person who professes to have been present, is not, perhaps, very accurate in dates. The phrase "dreamt" is to be taken as the common-sense way of stating that Lord Lyttelton had a vision of some sort. His lordship, who spoke of "jockeying the *ghost*," may have believed that he was awake at the time, not dreaming; but no person of self-respect, in these unpsychical days, could admit more than a dream. Perhaps this remark also applies to Walpole's "he dreamed." The species of the bird is left in the vague.

Moving further from the event, to 1828, we find a book styled 'Past Feelings Renovated,' a reply to Dr Hibbert's 'Philosophy of Apparitions.' The anonymous author is "struck with the total inadequacy of Dr Hibbert's theory." Among his stories he quotes Wraxall's 'Memoirs.' In 1783, Wraxall dined at Pitt Place, and visited "the bedroom where the casement windows at which Lord Lyttelton asserted the *dove* appeared to flutter¹ was pointed out to me." Now

the Pitt Place document puts the vision "in Hill Street, Berkeley Square." So does Lord Westcote. Even a bird cannot be in two places at once, and the "Pitt Place Anonymous" does seem to know what he is talking about. Of course Lord Lyttelton *may* have been at Pitt Place on November 24, and had his dream there. He *may* have run up to Hill Street on the 25th and delivered his speech, and *may* have returned to Pitt Place on the Friday or Saturday.² But we have no evidence for this view; and the Pitt Place document places the vision in Hill Street. Wraxall adds that he has frequently seen a painting of bird, ghost, and Lord Lyttelton, which was executed by that nobleman's stepmother in 1780. It was done "after the description given to her by the *valet de chambre* who attended him, to whom his master related all the circumstances."

Our author of 1828 next produces the narrative by Lord Lyttelton's widow, Mrs Peach, who was so soon deserted. In 1828 she is "now alive, and resident in the south-west part of Warwickshire." According to Lady Lyttelton (who, of course, was not present), Lord Lyttelton had gone to bed, whether in Hill Street or Pitt Place we are not told. His candle was extinguished, when he heard "a noise resembling the fluttering of a bird at his chamber window. Looking in the direction of the sound, he saw the figure of an unhappy female, whom he had seduced and deserted, and who, when deserted, had put a violent end to her own existence, standing in the aperture of the window from which the fluttering sound had proceeded. The form approached the foot of the bed: the room was preternaturally

¹ It was a *robin* in 1779.

² Croker says Friday; the Anonymous says Saturday, with Lord Westcote.

light; the objects in the chamber were distinctly visible. The figure pointed to a clock, and announced that Lord Lyttelton would expire *at that very hour* (twelve o'clock) in the third day after the visitation."

We greatly prefer, as a good old-fashioned ghost-story, this version of Lady Lyttelton's. There is no real bird, only a fluttering sound, as in the case of the Cock Lane Ghost, and many other examples. The room is "preternaturally light," as in Greek and Norse belief it should have been, and as it is in the best modern ghost-stories. Moreover, we have the *raison d'être* of the ghost: she had been a victim of the Chief-Justice in Eyre. The touch about the clock is in good taste. We did not know all that before.

But, alas! our author of 1828, after quoting the Pitt Place Anonymous, proceeds to tell, citing no named authority, that the ghost was that of Mrs Amphlett, mother of the two Misses Amphlett, and of a third sister, in no way less distinguished than these by his lordship. Now a ghost cannot be the ghost of two different people. Moreover, Mrs Amphlett lived (it is said) for years after. However, Mrs Amphlett has the preference if she "died of grief at the precise time when the female vision appeared to his lordship," which makes it odd that her daughters should have been revelling at Pitt Place under the chaperonage of Mrs Flood. We are also informed (on no authority) that Lord Lyttelton "acknowledged" the ghost to have been that of the injured mother of the three Misses Amphlett.

Let not the weary reader imagine that the *catena* of evidence ends here! His lordship's own ghost did a separate stroke of business, though only in the commonplace character of a deathbed

wraith, or "veridical hallucination."

Lord Lyttelton had a friend, we learn from 'Past Feelings Renovated' (1828), a friend named Miles Peter Andrews. "One night after Mr Andrews had left Pitt Place and gone to Dartford," where he owned powder-mills, his bed-curtains were pulled open and Lord Lyttelton appeared before him in his *robe de chambre* and night-cap. Mr Andrews reproached him for coming to Dartford Mills in such a guise, at such a time of night, and, "turning to the other side of the bed, rang the bell, when Lord Lyttelton had disappeared." The house and garden were searched in vain; and about four in the afternoon a friend arrived at Dartford with tidings of his lordship's death.

Here the reader, with true common-sense, remarks that this second ghost, Lord Lyttelton's own, does not occur till 1828, fifty years after date, and then in an anonymous book, on no authority. We have permitted to the reader this opportunity of exercising his acuteness, while laying a little trap for him. It is not in 1828 that Mr Andrews's story first appears. We first find it in December 1779 — that is, in the month following the alleged event. Mr Andrews's experience, and the vision of Lord Lyttelton, are both printed in 'The Scots Magazine,' December 1779, p. 650. The account is headed "A Dream," and yet the author avers that Lord Lyttelton was wide awake! This illustrates beautifully the fact on which we insist, that "dream" is eighteenth-century English for ghost, vision, hallucination, or what you will.

"Lord Lyttelton started up from a midnight sleep on perceiving a bird fluttering near the bed-curtains, which vanished suddenly

when a female spirit in white raiment presented herself," and prophesied Lord Lyttelton's death in three days. His death is attributed to convulsions while undressing.

The "dream" of Mr Andrews (according to 'The Scots Magazine' of December 1779) occurred at Dartford in Kent, on the night of November 27. It represented Lord Lyttelton drawing his bed-curtains, and saying, "It is all over," or some such words.

This Mr Andrews had been a drysalter. He made a large fortune, owned the powder-mills at Dartford, sat in Parliament, wrote plays which had some success, and was thought a good fellow in raffish society. Indeed the society was not always raffish. In 'Notes and Queries' (December 26, 1874) H. S. says that his mother, daughter of Sir George Prescott, often met Mr Andrews at their house, Theobald's Park, Herts. He was extremely agreeable, and, if pressed, would tell his little anecdote of November 27, 1779.

This proof that the Andrews tale is contemporary, has led us away from the description of the final scene, given in 'Past Feelings Renovated,' by the person who brought the news to Mr Andrews. His version includes a trick played with the watches and clocks. All were set on half an hour; the valet secretly made the change in Lord Lyttelton's own timepiece. His lordship thus went to bed, as he thought, at 11.30, really at eleven o'clock, as in the Pitt Place document. At about twelve o'clock, midnight, the valet rushed in among the guests, who were discussing the odd circumstances, and said that his master was at the point of death. Lord Lyttelton had kept looking at his watch, and at a quarter past twelve (by his chronometer and his valet's)

he remarked, "This mysterious lady is not a true prophetess, I find." The real hour was then a quarter to twelve. At about half-past twelve, by *his* watch, twelve by the real time, he asked for his physic. The valet went into the dressing-room to prepare it (to fetch a spoon by other versions), when he heard his master "breathing very hard." "I ran to him, and found him in the agonies of death."

There is something rather plausible in this narrative, corresponding, as it does, with the Pitt Place document, in which the valet, finding his master in a fit, leaves him and seeks assistance, instead of lowering his head that he might breathe more easily. Like the other, this tale makes suicide a most improbable explanation of Lord Lyttelton's death. The affair of the watches is dramatic, but not improbable in itself. A correspondent of 'The Gentleman's Magazine' (in 1815) only cites "a London paper" as his authority. The writer of 'Past Feelings Renovated' (1828) adds that Mr Andrews could never again be induced to sleep at Pitt Place, but, when visiting there, always lay at The Spread Eagle, in Epsom.

Let us now tabulate our results.

At	{ Pitt Place, Epsom,	,
or	{ Hill Street, Berkeley Square,	
On November 24,	Lord Lyttelton	
	{ Dreamed of,	
or	{ saw,	
	{ A young woman and a robin.	
	{ A bird which became a woman.	
	{ A dove and a woman.	
	{ Mrs Amphlett (without a dove or robin).	
	{ Some one else unknown.	

In one variant, a clock and a preternatural light are thrown in, with a sermon which it were superfluous to quote. In another we have the derangement of clocks

and watches. Lord Lyttelton's stepmother believed in the dove. Lady Lyttelton did without a dove, but admitted a fluttering sound.

For causes of death we have—heart disease (a newspaper), breaking of a blood-vessel (Mason), suicide (Croker), and "a suffocating fit" (Pitt Place document). The balance is in favour of a suffocating fit, and is against suicide. On the whole, if we follow the Pitt Place Anonymous (writing some time after the event, for he calls Mr Fortescue "Lord Fortescue"), we may conclude that Lord Lyttelton had been ill for some time. The making of his will suggests a natural apprehension on his part, rather than a purpose of suicide. There was a lively impression of coming death on his mind, but how it was made—whether by a dream, a hallucination, or what not—there is no good evidence to show.

There is every reason to believe, on the Pitt Place evidence, combined with the making of his will, that Lord Lyttelton had really, for some time, suffered from alarming attacks of breathlessness, due to what cause physicians may conjecture. Any one of these fits, probably, might cause death, if the obvious precaution of freeing the head and throat from encumbrances were neglected; and the Pitt Place document asserts that the frightened valet *did* neglect it. Again, that persons under the strong conviction of approaching death will actually die, is proved by many examples. Even Dr Hibbert says that "no reasonable doubt can be placed on the authenticity of the narrative" of Miss Lee's death, "as it was drawn up by the Bishop of Gloucester" (Dr William Nicholson) "from the recital of the young lady's father," Sir Charles Lee. Every one knows

the tale. In a preternatural light, in a midnight chamber, Miss Lee saw a woman, who proclaimed herself Miss Lee's dead mother, "and that by twelve o'clock of the day she should be with her." So Miss Lee died in her chair next day, on the stroke of noon, and Dr Hibbert rather heartlessly calls this "a fortunate circumstance."

The Rev. Mr Fison, cited in Mr Brough Smyth's 'Aborigines of Victoria,' gives, from his own experience, similar tales of death following alleged ghostly warnings, among Fijians and Australian blacks. Lord Lyttelton's uneasiness and apprehension are conspicuous in all versions; his dreams had long been troubled, his health had caused him anxiety, the "warning" (whatever it may have been) clinched the matter, and he died a perfectly natural death.

Mr Croker, omitting Walpole's statement that he "looked ill," and never alluding to the Pitt Place description of his very alarming symptoms, but clinging fondly to his theory of Junius, perorates thus: "Not Dante, or Milton, or Shakespeare himself, could have struck forth a finer conception than Junius, in the pride of rank, wealth, and dignities, raised to the Council table of the sovereign he had so foully slandered—yet sick at heart and deeply stained with every profligacy—terminating his career by deliberate self-murder, with every accompaniment of audacious charlatanry that could conceal the crime."

It is magnificent, it is worthy of Dante, or Shakespeare himself,—but the conception is Mr Croker's.

We do not think that we have provided what Dr Johnson "liked," "evidence for the spiritual world." Nor have we any evidence explan-

atory of the precise nature of Lord Lyttelton's hallucination. The problem of the authorship of the "Letters" is a maelström into which we decline to be drawn.

But it is fair to observe that all the discrepancies in the story of the "warning" are not more numerous, nor more at variance with

each other, than remote hearsay reports of any ordinary occurrence are apt to be. And we think it is plain that, if Lord Lyttelton *was* Junius, Mr Croker had no right to allege that Junius went and hanged himself, or, in any other way, was guilty of self-murder.

A. LANG.

THE COURT OF DEMOS.

KING DEMOS was a lusty lad,
His crown was new and bright;
His halls were filled with eager throngs,
Who fawned upon his might;

And rival beauties fiercely strove
His dizzy throne to share;
They praised his wisdom, courage, wit,
His virtues great and rare,—

They owned themselves the willing slaves
Of his resistless sway.
"Sweet mistresses, come teach me how
Your favours to repay!"

Then first there spake a lady proud,
No second place brooked she:
"Sire, banish your old counsellors,
Who look with scorn on me!"

Then down there knelt a wistful dame:
"I pray thee, give to me
The glittering shrines throughout the land
To spend on charity."

A country wench smiled on the king:
"Why waste on wars' alarm
Gold, which can make me great and glad?
Sure, none will do us harm!"

The herald's cry!—Back fell the crowd;
And Wisdom faced her son:
"May God have pity on thy youth,
For these false hearts have none!"

"From venal flatt'ers' fatal sway
May He thy throne defend,
And be Himself, the King of kings,
Thy Counsellor and Friend."

L. E. R.

SHOULD GOLF BE ENCOURAGED AT PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

IT has been our fate within the past few years to be thrown a good deal into the society of members of that large and daily increasing class—golfing cricketers. And we also have at times been more or less intimate with men whom, by way of distinction, we will call cricketing golfers—Scotch, of course, these latter—men who are to be commended on the ground that, though born and bred as golfers, and inheritors of every prejudice in favour of the game, they have so far forborne to ride to death their national hobby-horse, and so far disabused themselves of that characteristic obstinacy which has played so stout a part in the history of Scotland, as to be capable of recognising that there is at one period of the year, or, at any rate, at a short period of certain years, an attractive and manly game to be played elsewhere than on a golf-course; and occasionally their disinterested conduct has been rewarded by their having achieved conspicuous success in the new departure. Such men only on rare occasion wander south of the Tweed, but are well worth meeting in the cricket-field or elsewhere. Their ideas have gradually expanded under the genial influences of our more social game, and they have become at once humanised and tolerant, and do not, like the old-time golfer, briefly divide mankind into two classes—golfers and barbarians. And we cricketers on our part welcome them into our ranks, and readily allow them to be proselytes of the gate; and we give them all the more hearty welcome because they seem, like the Preacher, to recognise that “to everything there is a season, and

a time to every purpose”—not only “a time to be born, and a time to die; a time to weep, and a time to laugh,” but above all, “a time to speak, and a time to be silent”—a time, that is, to talk golf-shop, and a time to do nothing of the kind. For of all forms of “shop,” the most wearisome to our soul is golf-shop, which, from the very nature of the game, is more or less egotistical.

“I missed my tee-shot and I got bunkered; then I got out with my niblick, and then I made the finest approach with my iron you ever saw. I was on the green with my third, and at the bottom of the hole in five.”

How often, as we have listened to that same old tale, have we felt inclined to add, “And I wish that you had stopped there!” Curiously enough, it is the golfing cricketer who is the constant offender in this respect. He is like a child with a new toy, more fond of talking about it even than of playing with it. We have felt this strongly on many occasions,—on none more so than when we recently attended a cricket-dinner, to celebrate the reorganisation of a moribund cricket-club; and whereas we had gone to the dinner in the hope of hearing something interesting about cricket, we found ourselves bombarded on all sides by fragments of golfing reminiscences, and discovered that even on such an occasion as a cricket-dinner, the “time-honoured” W. G. Grace has now to play second fiddle to one Johnnie Ball. Our thoughts harked back longingly to Dingley Dell, to that “good dinner, cold but capital, fowls and pies, and all that sort of thing,” and we yearned, not for the first

time in our life, for the presence in the flesh of the versatile "Alfred Jingle, Esquire of No Hall, No-where," and to hear from his lips a good old-fashioned cricket yarn, whether relating to Sir Thomas Blazer and Quanko Sambo, or less illustrious individuals. We felt, indeed, that we would rather have listened to anything that night than to that unceasing talk of bunkers, brasseys, heavy irons, and all the uncouth jargon of golf requirements.

Now we do not wish in any way whatever to disparage the game of golf. It is our misfortune, not our fault, that we have made sorry progress in the art. If we did attempt to run the game down, the argument from authority, if nothing else, would at once convict us. If there must be something in what everybody—not only the *élite*, but the vulgar herd—says, it follows that there must be many points of merit in a game so warmly discussed on all sides. And there must, we admit, be countless attractions in a pursuit which, as a master said, "arouses all the worst passions of the human breast." And above all, there must be immense interest taken by the literary public in the game of golf, or one of our ablest cricketers would hardly have rushed into print to argue as to the *pros* and *cons* of the claims of golf to be regarded as a first-class game. In admitting that to this day we do not know the conclusion at which the writer ultimately arrived, we feel that we are only pleading guilty to a pardonable ignorance, as we never had an opportunity of reading what we heard described as a most interesting article. The very thought that there is a game where boyhood, youth, manhood, and old age can meet on some terms of

equality, where the child of seven may give a lesson in style to the full-grown man, and the grey-beard with one foot in the grave may plant the other firmly on the putting-green, is comforting to our declining years. Not only are we willing to concede that golf is a great, or, if any one prefers the term, a first-class game, but we will even go further, and say that it has one great advantage over cricket in that it can be played with tolerable comfort in very indifferent weather. Furthermore, we can bear ample testimony to its aggravating and exciting character. We have heard men of the most equable temperament, suddenly and on apparently very slight provocation, give vent to the most awful language; we have seen discord temporarily established between the dearest friends. For did we not once stay in a house not many miles from St Andrews where two old cronies strolled off in the morning with beaming faces and cheery conversation, to return by different routes in the evening, disconsolate, dejected, in charity neither with each other nor with their fellow-creatures? We have, it is true, been told, probably by unsuccessful players, that it is part and parcel of a real golfer to try and best his neighbour in the matter of giving or demanding odds. But if golf is inferior to cricket, in so far as it is seldom played for love, it is not the case with the former as with the latter game that a man must either be a professional or have the purse of Fortunatus in order to enjoy his favourite pastime pretty well whenever the fancy prompts him.

We have wandered somewhat far afield in our anxiety to prove that we are not actuated by any feelings of personal animosity towards

a popular game. But the point we wish to discuss is, whether golf is a good game for boys at a public school, and whether it is to take its place with cricket and football as an authorised and recognised form of spending the play-hours. We trow not, and we hope not. Except in rare cases, we should instinctively condemn the boy who devoted his play-time to a more or less solitary and selfish game—a game where bad temper towards adversaries, and mutual recrimination between partners, are common if not inseparable accidents, taking the place of the *esprit de corps* existing among the members of a cricket XI and of the generous enthusiasm which can provoke a hearty cheer for the brilliancy of even an opponent's performance. Better it is, we are fain to admit, that boys should play golf than loaf; and if we could ensure that boys who would otherwise be loafers, and none but these, formed the golfing coterie of a public school, we would say that golf was doing good work in stirring dead bones to a semblance of life. We would even go a step further, and concede golf to the *bonâ-fide* invalid, for whom cricket and football are really and truly over-violent and dangerous forms of exercise, and who lacks the physique rather than the spirit to excel in active games. But these minor advantages of golf, which, after all, affect only a small proportion of our boys, are more than counterbalanced by the simple fact that in numbering golf among our authorised games we may be putting a premium both upon loafing and malingering. In the possibility of converting the systematic loafer we have absolutely no belief. He will loaf on the golf-course as naturally as he will loaf anywhere

else, and he will make the circumstance that he is called by courtesy a golfer an excuse—a legitimatised excuse—for avoiding the cricket-ground more persistently than heretofore, and for shirking any game which necessitates his moving out of a walk. With all its attractions for the old and middle-aged, we doubt if to the healthy-minded and energetic schoolboy golf is either a sufficiently active and exciting, or — forgive us, mothers—a sufficiently dangerous pastime. We may not, like Guy Heavystone, have our mare shot because she failed to kill her rider when she fell on him, nor need we entirely eschew either animals or games that are not dangerous; but even now, when the blood courses sluggishly in our veins, and we have reached the period when men are “feeble of foot though of memory long,” we can vividly remember the enjoyment of the form matches where that merry hacking went on, and our fingers still seem to tingle again as we think of fielding at mid-off to a hard hitter on a fiery ground when the lobs were on. “Put your head in the light then, you young fool!” was all the encouragement accorded to us by our captain when we expressed some doubt as to being able to get our hands down in time.

And most certainly we do not want to swell the numbers of the malingerers or boy-hypochondriacs. Modern humanitarianism claims too many of these victims already,—these hothouse plants whom an east wind is supposed to cut and a cold in the head drives straight to the welcome shelter of the sanatorium; reputedly brittle ornaments whom a cricket-ball might shiver or a charge at football pulverise; precious darlings over whose destiny are watching those

absent mysterious powers, the family doctor and the nurse, who, so mamma says, "know the constitutions of all my children." She will allow Tommy to run occasionally, Billy may only walk, and Jack may never, except on a very warm day, go out of doors without wearing his comforter, and must be kept in bed if the weather is at all damp. That in the holidays Billy sometimes dances till three o'clock in the morning, and Jack goes to the theatre in any sort of weather, and frequently acts as caddie—for mamma plays golf, and is a deadly putter on the ladies' links—all comes as a matter of course. But in the school-term they are one and all labelled as delicate, and every form of violent exercise is forbidden. We have heard much lately of revolting daughters, and here and there we meet a revolting son, who, growing deadly bored with the prescription which prevents him from joining other boys in manly games, kicks over the traces, and, maugre the family doctor and the omniscient nurse, becomes a cricketer. Longer-lived than their forefathers may be those who submit to the nursery legislation, but better men hardly. There is no need to multiply their number by offering them an amusement where "pressing" is at a discount.

But there are yet other classes of boys to whom the introduction of golf as a recognised school-game might be a great stumbling-block; we mean the nervous and diffident, the impatient of discipline, and the shy and exclusive. Each one of them is capable of improvement. The diffident boy, often with much natural but undeveloped power, is under existing conditions more often made than marred by circumstances. The captain of the

school XI.—and what a power that boy possesses, what responsibility in the way of forming other boys' characters rests on his shoulders!—sees a promising youth at a net or in a junior game, and with the best intentions promotes him to a higher sphere of action. The boy fails under the new surroundings once and again; he lacks, as yet, that all-important element to success, nerve to do himself justice in public and in good company; he is too self-conscious to be an actor. But a little judicious management will correct all this. The neophyte is sensible enough to know that he really is capable of better things, the captain discreet enough to mark encouraging features, and the nerve-power comes at last, and, like Virgil's rumour, "*vires acquirit eundo*." One day the boy is sent in first, quite unexpectedly and with hardly a minute's warning. "We've won the toss: put on your pads and go in." Our diffident youth goes in without that preliminary hour of agonising expectancy so fatal to the over-anxious; he makes a score, gains confidence, and he is a cricketer for good and all. And not that only: the confidence thus gained on the cricket-field will stand him in good stead in the more important game of life.

But if to a boy of this calibre was held out the chance of flying off after the first or the sixth failure to the golf-links, where he is responsible only to himself for his shortcomings, and where there is, comparatively speaking, no one to witness his break-down or take interest in his success, he may indeed enjoy himself at the time, and possibly become a first-rate golfer, but he has lost the chance of correcting a de-

iciency in his character. Unlike Bruce's spider, he has built his web not in the chosen but in an easier locality.

But it may well be asked if there is no nerve required in golf? Yes, we reply, but a very different sort of nerve. It is only on rare occasions that the golfer has to perform before a large audience, and then he has a consciousness of responsibility only towards himself. Even in a match between two clubs he is only an isolated unit. To himself he stands or falls; he is not a component part of a body working in unison, and with the feeling that if he, as one member, fails to do his part, he is exercising a demoralising influence over the rest of a side. We can recognise that a moderately short putt at a critical period of a golf-match calls for steadiness of nerve; but it is not exactly the same sort of nerve that is required by the cricketer, nor does it even follow that the steadiness has been learnt on the golf-course.

Very welcome must the sight of a golf-course be to the boy who, in the matter of games, is intolerant of discipline or restraint; where, feeling with "Hal of the Wynd" that he is fighting for his own hand, he will be able to slack off or stop playing at any moment when the fancy may move him. There is not enough discipline in golf, no incentive, except that of self-gratification, to success, no encouragement to practise for the good of others, no spirit of self-sacrifice, no merging of the feeling of personality and egotism in that of *esprit de corps* and united effort. It may be monotonous at times to shiver in a cold wind or to be baked by a hot sun apparently for other people's enjoyment; it is tedious and fatiguing work to

field out in the country on the off-chance of getting a catch once in the course of the day; aggravating beyond measure to miss that catch when it does come, and to feel that all the patient waiting has gone for nothing; and it is mortifying to be called upon to go in when the light is bad at the end of a tiring day in the field, while another man less tired is allowed to reserve his innings for the good light of the next morning. But it is, after all, the presence of these inconveniences that has made the cricket-ground so wholesome a training-field for young Englishmen. "It has cost me, one way or another, a fiver to play in this match. I have travelled 200 miles, and now I can say that I have played on a side which made 536 runs, and if I had stayed away they would only have made 535." So said a very good cricketer at the end of a two days' match, in the course of which he had received three balls only, but he said it without a semblance of grumbling in his voice. Being a cricketer, he had learnt to lose sight of his personal failure in thinking of the success of his side, and we hope and believe that he felt that he would rather win a match wherein he made one run than score a century for a losing side. Only on rare occasions do we meet a downright selfish cricketer, and then we instinctively feel that a man of his stamp would have done better had he confined his attention to the golf-course, and that he is for some reason naturally incapable of taking advantage of the countless opportunities that cricket has afforded him of conquering a selfish and ill-regulated disposition. The bowler who is sulky if he is taken off, the batsman who is dispropor-

tionately angry with the partner who has run him out, the fieldsman who hurls doubly hard at the wicket-keeper because he himself has dropped a catch,—these men, one and all, we would gladly relegate to the golf-links, where, if they like, they can relieve their feelings by swearing at their own failures.

That “gowf’s a gran’ game for trying the temper” is possibly true enough, but it by no means follows that the golfer is so much forced by the etiquette of the game into keeping his temper, or at any rate preserving a semblance of courtesy, as the cricketer is. Nor, again, are slackness and idleness, and the incapacity to play an uphill game, so entirely at a discount on the golf-course as on the cricket-field. For in these days of competition the slack—as well as the ill-tempered cricketer may find himself short of employment in a game where such qualities spoil the pleasure for ten other men as well as for the offender.

Finally, for the boy who is naturally exclusive or unsociable, golf might offer an unholy and unwholesome attraction. No small part of the benefit of a public-school education lies in the levelling nature of the games. We do not send our boys to Eton and Harrow merely that they may learn to write Latin verses and read the classics, but that by rubbing up against other boys in their play-hours they may smooth down the rough corners and get rid of the cranks in their characters. If we do not entirely hold with the man who is hail-fellow-well-met with everybody, he is a more curable individual than his contradictory, who is contented with his own narrow circle of acquaintances, and regards mankind in general as interlopers and trespassers on sacred

ground. We may, it is true, have our own personal reasons for hating the familiar beast who presumes on a faint acquaintance to pat every man he meets on the back and call him by his Christian name. But even this objectionable being is more true to the dictates of humanity than the cynical misanthrope who objects to seeing his fellow-creatures walking in the same sphere and breathing the same atmosphere as himself. And if it is true that man is by nature a social being, true is it also that the natural boy is a gregarious animal. The boy who at school finds his recreation in golf, and keeps aloof from the “madding crowd,” is missing not the least important half of his education, narrowing the scope of his understanding, and depriving himself of the chance of being able later on in life to hold his own with other men in this overcrowded world we live in. Grooviness in adult life is often a vice of circumstances. Groovy, for example, beyond all measure, is apt to be the pedagogue who, like the self-satisfied old duck in the fairy tale, comes to consider his own little school and its Lilliputian inhabitants as the world and mankind. There is, unhappily, little necessity for education in this quality. But the addition of a golf-course to the playing-fields, and the recognition of golf as a regular school game, would be a direct encouragement to a boy, predisposed to be exclusive and unsociable, to keep aloof in play-hours from the common herd and affect the company of none but one or two kindred spirits. No preliminary training, we repeat, is in some cases required to mature the quality of exclusiveness, but, on the contrary, it is only by the

pressure of surroundings that, if inherent, it will be mitigated. There is little fear that any boy naturally exclusive or over-reserved will under any pressure finally rush to the other extreme and become that familiar beast we have described, but by being constantly brought into contact with his comrades he will, at any rate, learn the useful lesson of concealing the fact that he is bored to death whenever circumstances throw him into not entirely congenial society.

"Send him to school and let him knock up against other fellows, and you will soon find that it will come out all right." Such is the advice given to many a parent who complains of his boy being odd and unsociable. But the value of such advice would be nullified

if at the school to which he is sent the necessity of thus knocking up against other fellows was obviated by his finding in the golf-course a haven of unsociability.

We will only add, in conclusion, that we by no means wish to imply that the golfer is necessarily an unsociable mortal, but rather that if he wishes to be unsociable, the very nature of the game affords him unlimited opportunity for cultivating the quality of exclusiveness.

"How the ——," said a well-known St Andrews player who missed a short putt, "can a man putt when there's a —— lark singing just over his head?" Had that lark been a fellow-man, the language might have been even more forcible.

ARAB MEN AND ARAB HORSES.¹

It is close on forty years since 'Maga' last found room for an article on the 'Ishmaelite' or Bedouin nations of Arabia and their famous breed of blood-horses.² In that long period many stores of fresh information on this subject have been opened. Passing over Palgrave's not very trustworthy account of the Nejdean horses, the field of genuine inquiry has been diligently and fruitfully cultivated by the Lady Anne and Mr W. S. Blunt. Another travelled expert and ardent lover of Arab horses—the late Major Roger Upton—has laid us under similar obligations. And now there has been produced a book, "written at Baghdad, between 1885 and 1891, in such intervals of leisure as consular duties permitted," in which is to be found, alongside of many new treasures, the sum of all that is worth retaining in the collections of previous gleaners in this bypath of natural history. General Tweedie's noble quarto, on which the present paper is wholly founded, would have received earlier notice but for the large scale on which it is planned, and the consequent difficulty of dealing with its contents in necessarily narrow limits. This difficulty still, of course, presents itself; but it must not be allowed to stay our hands any longer. And the first point to invite remark is that, in the space of exactly four hundred pages, there is here written, not

only the Book of the Arabian Horse, but also the Book of Arabia and the Arabs. This feature reveals itself in the title, the quaintness of which may even suggest the apprehension that the author prefers horses to human beings, and wishes to apply to Arabia one of the best-known pieces of satire in 'Gulliver's Travels.' The reader may, however, rest assured on this point. One who writes with the special object of waging war on crude assumptions, and dispersing the mirages of fable, is but little likely to strain his own inventive faculties, or intentionally turn things topsy-turvy. The title bears the proper close relation to the central thesis of the volume, which is, that "the breed of horses standing first in seniority of all the high-bred coursers of the world" has for its factors at once the physical elements ("water and air") of Arabia, and the manners and traditional rules of horse-breeding which prevail among the Bedawee. To many, such a representation may seem too evident to require stating. But it has to be remembered that, equally in Europe, America, and Australia, the air supports a nebulous theory that the authentic breed of Arab horses has been handed down from the time of the Hebrew patriarchs. Most Englishmen receive this assertion with a shrug of the shoulders. Sub-

¹ The Arabian Horse: his Country and People. With Portraits of typical or famous Arabians, and other Illustrations. Also a Map of the Country of the Arabian Horse, and a descriptive Glossary of Arabic Words and Proper Names. By Major-General W. Tweedie, C.S.I., for many years H.B.M.'s Consul-General, Baghdad, and Political Resident for the Government of India in Turkish Arabia. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1894.

² "Horse-Dealing in Syria," 'Blackwood's Magazine,' September-October 1859.

sequently to the period when the existing strains of the English blood-horse were brought to perfection, our breeders of race-horses have rarely recurred to Eastern blood. This attitude on their part amounts to a recognition, on common-sense grounds, and apart from all writings, of the principle laid down by the scientific, that a crossed-breed can certainly, in the course of a few generations, be fixed and made uniform.¹ None the less, many will welcome the new facts tending in the same direction which this latest study of Arab history demonstrates. From every point of view, and not merely from the horseman's, it was in a happy moment that the author saw the necessity of depicting first the country and then the people, before bringing in his principal figures, the noble mares, compared by the Arabs to "high-born ladies on whom it is meet that all maidens should attend." If, in pursuing this course, he has imparted to the product of his labour somewhat of the character of an *Encyclopædia Arabica* rather than of a simple monograph, the value of his work is by so much the greater. In the sequel we shall take leave to find some fault, and indicate places where General Tweedie rides for a fall, if ever an author did so; therefore it is the more agreeable to set out with unqualified expressions of approval. On every point of horse-flesh, both Eastern and Western, the author writes with apparently inexhaustible knowledge. His literary style is terse, but lively, reflecting like a mirror his own personality, and readily lending itself to picturesque and glowing description. He would appear to have carried about with him, on his mules and camels, a

considerable collection of books on many different subjects, and to possess an insatiable thirst for knowledge. A space of two years was allowed to elapse between his return to Europe with the "completed manuscript" and the publication of his volume. During that period, the late Professor Robertson Smith of Cambridge read the proof-sheets, and contributed "a great many valuable corrections and suggestions, not, of course, on matters of opinion, but on points of Semite lore and scholarship." We do not know whether to admire the more this act of generosity in him whose too early death every seat of learning in Europe is still lamenting, or the sense of need which impelled an Englishman who had resided so long in Eastern countries to seize the earliest opportunity of obtaining further guidance.

Before advancing, it may be convenient to clear the ground by referring somewhat fully to the author's manner of passing abruptly from subject to subject. In this respect his pen resembles the "blood-red bay," of which he tells us that

"A touch will turn her
In the hottest of the fray."

He no more thinks of preserving unity than did the Arab rhapsodists of antiquity whose verses we shall presently find him quoting and translating. It would never do for the Western critic to overlook this irregularity; though, in a work so saturated as this with Orientalism, the fault of discursiveness may be leniently treated, provided that the material introduced is not too entirely foreign to the subject proper, and is intrinsically interesting and valuable. In order to enable the reader to apply this test, we shall bring for-

¹ *Vide* Darwin's 'The Descent of Man,' vol. i. p. 241.

ward in succession three considerable series of extracts.

Of course there is some connection between the horse-supply of a country and the attributes or character of its government and administration. But, even apart from this fact, it was scarcely to be expected that a British officer holding an important post of observation in Asiatic Turkey should write a book at Bagdad, the headquarters of a great Pashalick, without interspersing references to the Osmanli among his other sketches. The following observations deal with weighty matters:—

“Osmanli influences have been unsparingly exercised to weaken the bond which unites these people [*sc.*, the tribes of the deserts between Bagdad and Bussorah]; and in some respects they now are in a somewhat shattered condition. . . . The approaches to the Arabian littoral in this quarter, though not unguarded by the establishments of the distant central authority at Constantinople, are largely in the keeping of survivals like the Du-laim and the Mun-ta-fik [Arabs], whose vitality it seems impossible to crush. To reach eastern Arabia by the open water-ways, and seize the towns of the seaboard, is an enterprise within the capacity of any foreign power possessing naval superiority. But it is one thing to defeat mercenaries, and a very different thing to be confronted by chieftains who, although destitute of what we should regard as military forces, hold in their hands the resources of important districts, and are possessed of singular ability. When recently enjoying the hospitality of one of the proudest of the Mun-ta-fik patriarchs, we more than ever realised the difficulties which would beset the European commander who should be called upon temporarily to establish his authority, and pass on troops from base to base, in these immense regions. We do not know how many, or how few, staff-officers who are able to speak to the Arabs in their own language, and interpret to others their characteristic traits and sentiments, would be available in such

circumstances. But if ever it come to pass that, for want of such assistance, military chiefs are compelled to rely, in their Intelligence and Supply departments, on the legion of Levantines and P-râ-kis who, on the grounds of their speaking English, or French, and Arabic, will proffer their services, very great difficulties will be experienced.”—Pp. 85, 86.

A second topic towards which General Tweedie may well be excused for often turning is, the cavalry arm of the Indian Service. The words of a German military writer, ‘Woe to the nation that neglects its cavalry,’ have been impressed on his mind by experience, both on the battle-field and on the line of communications. India, he observes, has been united with England, “not by the Englishman alone, but by the Englishman and his horse.” Bagdad must form a rare vantage-ground from which to watch the gradual advance of the Muscovite power, through the subjugated Central Asian khanates towards the Roof of the World. A few years ago Russia greatly strengthened her consular establishment in the city of the Caliphs. A Persian employé of the Algiers Government lately observed to us, that the Shah’s kingdom was now practically Russian, and merely awaited delivery, like a bale of purchased merchandise! The author of the book before us is not, however, an alarmist. He neither fears Russia nor regards the Russians as necessarily our enemies. He seems to think that there is room in Asia for the more or less harmonious expansion of the two rival branches of the Aryan race; and we certainly gather that he would anticipate more satisfactory results from the improvement, on perfectly straightforward lines, of the *entente* between the Governments of St James’s and St Petersburg, than from the policy of

throwing machine-guns, English artificers, and Indian money into a quaking 'Buffer-State.'¹

But, with all this, General Tweedie seizes every opportunity of urging his countrymen to 'keep the powder dry,' the drift of this laudable recommendation, from his particular standpoint, being that, even in these days of ironclads and breech-loading rifles, an adequate supply of horses is indispensable to a country's safety; and that India therefore is deeply interested in every adjoining region from which efficient remounts are procurable. The reader who would understand the causes of India's present inability to produce on her fertile plains and immense prairies a sufficient number of heavy-cavalry and artillery horses, or even of light-cavalry cattle fit to carry Europeans, has only to turn to General Tweedie's pages. In brief, Hindoostan under the *pax Britannica* has ceased to support nations of martial horsemen; her people do not generally care for the saddle; and horned cattle are used for most kinds of labour. Hence the necessity of importing remounts; and not only remounts, but also stallions for the use of native landholders, in provinces where natural habit or the stimulus of shows and prizes tends to make horse-breeding a branch of rural economy. On the remount question, nothing could be more graphic than General Tweedie's descriptions of the Porte's endeavours to stop the export of horses, and of the successful resistance which its own subjects offer, by every species of wile and chicanery, to those preventive measures. The professional horse-exporters of El Irâk are so energetic and so ubiquitous that, in his opinion, our military authorities, were they

to send into the same field their own remount-agents, would simply raise the prices, and check the supply of horses through the ordinary channels. Having said this, he thus continues:—

"The deputing of experts for the purchase of *stud* horses rests on a different basis, as it cannot be said that the regular exporters specially address themselves to this task. If we wished to breed race-horses, whether in India or in any other country, we should use none but the best Newmarket blood on both sides. The improvement of Eastern stocks, so as to bring them up to the mark of military service, is, however, a different matter. . . . The Government of India for many years endeavoured to procure compact and well-bred Arabians through its Political establishment in El Irâk or 'Turkish Arabia'; but the system of ordering 'per indent' a dozen or more horses, all of the same pattern, did not invariably yield satisfactory results; and it is now considered preferable to select, in India, Arabian, or oftener, it may be feared, Irâkî, stallions from the strings of the *jambâzes* [*i.e.*, professional dealers]. A combination of strong points, with a freedom from defects, such as is rarely met with in Eastern countries, is required to make a good stallion of any description; and in purchasing horses which are intended to contribute through their near and remote descendants to the defence of the empire, it is impossible to maintain too high a standard, provided that it is a practical one. The horses suitable for this purpose which we have seen in a decade's residence in Baghdad, might all be tied with one rope. India is not the only foreign country that draws on El Irâk for stud-horses. . . . A few years ago, a Russian cavalry officer riding a weight-carrying and very charger-like Turku-mâ-nî, visited Baghdad on duty of this kind; but he did not see a horse which he reckoned worth buying. If he had been a novice instead of, as the case actually was, an old campaigner, he would have found no difficulty in collecting a boat-load. A decade or

¹ Vide Mr G. N. Curzon's letter in the 'Times' of 8th January 1895.

two later the proper bureau of the Czar's Government would most likely have had occasion to pass an order on reports submitted to it, that 'the Arabian stallion had been tried and found wanting;' the truth perhaps all the time being, that not one of the horses which had been forwarded could claim other than a chance connection with the stock of Ku-hail" [*sc.*, the pure Arabian breed].—Pp. 284, 285.

From recent observation in India, we are able to supplement the foregoing general representation. The military authorities at Simla, when in want of *European* stallions, submit their requirements to her Majesty's Secretary of State in London; whereupon the execution of the order is intrusted to a salaried expert. But no such special purchasing agency, where *stud* horses that is to say are concerned, exists in India. There the veterinary officers of the horse-breeding department undertake the duty of buying in India Arabian stallions. Now, on points of build and soundness, the veterinarian is generally a good judge of horses. It is also true that the knowledge of human nature is frequently conjoined with that of horse-flesh. But Eastern men and Eastern horses require to be studied from new view-points. And a veterinary surgeon may be ever so eminent, and yet possess no aptitude for picking stud Arabs, whether from the freshly landed strings of the dealers or from private collections. And, moreover, nobody can possibly find in India Arab horses of a higher class than those which the dealers or others may chance to bring over. Thus, on the whole, the conclusion confronts us that the merits of the Arabian blood-horse, as a sire of remounts in India, will not be fully tested and determined until the Government of that warm dependency shall devise a method of procuring Arab

stallions direct from Arabia, as English stallions are now procured direct from England, through the services of experts. About two years ago, a member of his Excellency the Viceroy's Council, when inspecting a rearing depot of country-bred remounts, requested that ten colts sired by the imported English racer, ten sired by the Norfolk trotter, and ten sired by the Arabian, should be paraded; and the result was that, in the unanimous opinion of the committee present, the prize of superiority, in point of quality, bone, size, and substance, was adjudged to belong to the produce of the Arabian. If such is the state of the case, in spite of the fact that even of the Arabs that come to India the best do not fall to the lot of Government, how reasonable is the inference that the opening of a new source of supply, yielding the flower of the desert, would impart an impulse such as has never yet been given to the production of remounts in India. The evil and the good produced by every stallion live after him; and it is better for a backward country to receive one genuine and true-made stud-horse annually than to be liberally supplied with commonplace animals. The present is a good time for offering these suggestions. About a year ago, we believe, the horse-breeding operations of the Government of India passed under the superintendence of a fresh officer. Before new or old theories shall have hardened, the question of 'trotting-blood' deserves reconsideration. Not only are attempts all at once to increase in bulk and stature small and weedy stocks of horses pretty sure to end in the production of monstrosities; but even supposing such experiments to be defensible, it is idle to think that, with hackney sires

of true strain fetching up to five thousand guineas in England, India can ever receive anything better than nondescripts which it has pleased some talkative breeder in Cambridgeshire or Norfolk to dignify with the name of 'trotters,' and the progeny of which, when set to work in a warm climate, will show by many symptoms that they are out of their element.

Irishmen say that their hunters' habit of stopping at water is due to their imagining it to contain whisky! In the same way the author of this book cannot pass a piece of Eastern horse-furniture without pausing to examine it, in search of a hint or a pattern. The saddles and bridles and mounted exercises of the Arabs, Kurds, and Persians are inspected with the critical eye of a cavalry adjutant. A story is brought in of a Turkish commander, who reported with military brevity to his superiors that the Bedouin men were without religion, the Bedouin women without drawers, and the Bedouin mares without bits! This means, as a capital illustration exhibits, that the characteristic Arab bridle is nothing more than a picturesque halter; but the desert rider, it is added, carries at his saddle-bow a "rusty iron" which he slips into his mare's mouth on special occasions. The Bedouin do not use stirrups; partly because they pride themselves on not requiring a step in mounting, and partly that they may freely roll off, or be knocked off, the mare's back, and jump up again in a moment. The scourer of the desert, despite his loose attire, has so strong a leg-grip, that when he rides on foray, he can hold fast a reserve spear between his thigh and the saddle.

The "more than a hundred varieties of bits" which are to be seen in saddle-rooms, and some of which,

notably the 'Mameluke,' appear among town Arabs, are dismissed with the remark that "all but a few of them ought to be sent out of the country for sale to savages," or deposited in a museum. We know of no bit to which this is more applicable than to the cruel and antiquated jointed snaffle combined with the curb-bit of our own cavalry; for which it is high time that a plain straight bridoon were substituted, if chargers and troop-horses are ever to be otherwise than sore-mouthed, miserable, and unmanageable. Here are some further words on this subject, and on spurring:—

"The purchaser who takes care to buy only properly-shaped [Arab] colts will find that their faults of action are susceptible of improvement. After he has made his purchase, let him, if he have the necessary leisure, patience, seat, and hands, not begrudge the trouble of teaching that which is to form, perhaps for many years, a part of himself, to play the same tune with all four legs, at the walk, trot, and canter. Above all things, let him be as gentle as he will find his pupil to be. If it be hard on him to have a raw horse under him, it is harder on the horse to be suddenly taken from a nation of light weights, and set to carry perhaps a cavalry major whose riding weight, thanks to a good mess and Indian allowances, exceeds that of two desert Arabs. For the Arabian horse, the 'blessings of civilisation' generally consist of over-bitting, over-weighting, and hands of iron. The wonder is, not that the change perplexes him, but that he does not rebel and fall to kicking, or, like a horse of which we lately read, lie down in despair."—P. 204.

And again:—

"It is pitiful to see a man who cannot ride, and whose feats are necessarily confined to a beaten track, appear in spurs. If he were going for a walk, it would not matter, for then he would only cut his boots. But it is to be dreaded that, before his re-

turn, he will have lacerated his horse, and, if he should chance to tumble off, scored his brand-new saddle. It may be doubted how far it is advisable, even for first-rate riders, to arm their heels, as a mere point of dress, on all occasions. A good horse will do his best without having his sides wounded. When he flinches, either he is not properly asked or he distrusts himself. Nevertheless, the spur has many uses, of which he who understands them certainly ought to avail himself."—P. 195, fn. 1.

At the present time, when Continental commanders think it so important to test the staying powers of cavalry horses, the following sentences might advantageously be translated in the Kaiser's order-books :—

"Any strong man can override a horse, and in so doing make a record which at first sight shall seem extraordinary. To constitute a true test, it ought to be provided that the horses shall be so selected, and so brought to condition, as well as so ridden and cared for during the trial, as that they shall neither suffer misery nor be rendered inefficient. Horsemanship should always be associated with humanity."—P. 193.

Before passing on, we have still to present a third group of extracts illustrating how numerous are the subjects approached by General Tweedie. The discovery in a work like this of theologic, anthropologic, and philologic traces makes us feel at the first blush as Robinson Crusoe did on coming across strange footprints in his island! Seriously, when one who is necessarily not abreast of European research handles subjects like the origin of the Arabs and Hebrews, which cannot be profitably discussed save by specialists, and not even by them off-hand or episodically, he works at a disadvantage. We apply this observation to General Tweedie's sections on

the affinities, racial and historic, of the Semite peoples; to his attempts to go beyond the ascertained facts, in respect of the small proportion of Abrahamic tradition and element which really existed in the old idolatry of Mecca; and to some of his philologic material. As touching all these incursions, he was not without misgivings. Thus the *Apologia pro opere suo* which his Preface forms, contains the following among other explanations :—

"In searching for historical standing-ground, he [the author] encounters questions which have already been considered in Europe by trained investigators, who live beside great libraries, and have made good use of them. And in choosing and shaping the materials which lie more or less before him, he finds it difficult to observe true proportions. . . . It is said that there are people who condemn all books in which they find something different from that which they expect to find. But a very ordinary amount of reflection will be sufficient to show, that he who approaches Arabian subjects, on Arab soil, with an adequate command of Arabic, and in sympathy with the Arabs, is likely, even though a European, to gather fresh materials."

Now, the last words of the above extract contain the point of our present remark. If the "fresh materials" had formed contributions to our practical knowledge of Arabia, we should have received them gladly, without inquiring too strictly whether they were essential to the full treatment of the central subject or subjects. The parts of the book which invite these comments are generally bright and interesting. For instance, it is useful to reconsider in the light of modern Biblical criticism the view prevalent in Europe as to the sources of the narratives in Alcoran. And

the proposition which is said by General Tweedie "to run like a thin thread through" one of his chapters, that God's chosen people "came originally from that foundry of nations Arabia," touches the pre-eminent interesting problem of whether, as Renan imagined, the solitudes of Arabia produced a monotheistic instinct in the Semite group of nations generally, or, as others conjecture, the ground and influences of Syria developed this tendency in Israel specially. It is to be regretted that on many of his topics the author imparts so little of what he must have observed and heard among the Bedouin. Such knowledge would have been of first-rate importance if given in all detail, and as far as possible in the very words of his informants. He himself frankly states that modern Bagdad affords but slight facilities for scientific study; that its learned men "are chiefly grammarians, without the power, even in that limited field, of going outside of Arabic into other Semitic tongues; that the cultivation of their several 'orthodoxies' absorbs them; and that their inclination towards secular studies is even slighter than their materials." The case being so, we should have thought that the European Consul-General and scholar, who was situated among "persons who do not see European books, and do not know the English language," would have looked about him for other methods of investigation than the literary. Let us slightly exemplify our meaning. In noticing the distinctive marks with which the Arabs brand their camels, and which are also to be found scratched on stones and buildings near the caravan routes, General Tweedie rightly advises travellers not to despise such traces because of their being

"only camel-brands." Why, then, did not he himself bring home copies of as many as possible of these scratchings? Plates of this kind, if accompanied by descriptions of the several spots where the originals existed, would not have been without value. By way of a small mercy, we should have appreciated seeing even the list of "forty-four tribe names and twenty-eight personal names" of the Aeniza Bedouin which, as another chapter mentions, was obtained from the northern desert. Having the roll in question before him, the author thus writes:—

"Not only are all the names in the list purely secular or 'heathen,' but all of them are regularly connected with some Arabic root; the idea wrapped up in which is now an abstract one, now a concrete. Often the name denotes prosperity, or a 'flow' of pastoral wealth. One great Shekh of the Sba', Muhammadu 'l Misrib, is content to borrow the name of the humble utensil (*mis-rib*) in which milk is set out to turn sour! Names denoting some bodily mark or peculiarity, or some trait of character, are common. Equally so are those taken from plants or animals; sometimes from birds or beasts of prey; sometimes from creatures as lowly as the mouse or hedgehog. The important subject of the animal god, or *totem*—a loan word from the vocabulary of the Ojibway Indians—here crops up; but notwithstanding much patient inquiry, we can offer no new observations tending to support the view which is held by a good many European literati, that Arab stocks whose names are those of plants or animals anciently believed themselves to be the children of them. The next time that the Royal Welsh Fusiliers garrisons Hong-Kong, there is nothing to prevent a Chinese archæologist from conjecturing that the white goat marching at the head of it is its *totem*. The same savant, without going back to prehistoric ages, or citing American savages, may also find abundant material with

which to build up his theory—from the British lion and American eagle down to the Scandinavian raven. And yet all of us know how far removed from sober fact his speculations would be. If any one were to suggest to Shekh Fahd, the present head of the Ibn Hadh-dhâl division of the Ae-ni-za, that the life of himself and his tribe mysteriously depended on the Lynx (*fahd*) species, he would be as indignant as the Plantagenets would be if considered under the protection of the broom; or the Clan Chattan, if held spiritually inter-related with the cat. These analogies may be considered faulty, on the ground that cognisances and heraldry are unknown to Bedouin. This may partly be so. . . . The Bedouin charge in whirlwinds; with no marks to distinguish brave from brave, or friend from foe. . . . In a *mêlée*, it is only by their cries that they are distinguishable. Therefore if the Bad-u who has for his name one of the Rose or Lily, Fox or Bullock, category had marked himself accordingly, it would have been but reasonable; and the learned would have had the less occasion to transfer to Semites the bestial deities of the Red Indians.”—Pp. 107, 108.

The foregoing representations are better calculated to entertain than instruct the reader. In so far as they relate to the hypothesis that totemism prevailed among the prehistoric Semites, they do not go deep enough. Several prominent scholars have shown, by the proper scientific methods, that the view in question is reasonable and probable. And it is needless for any one to report his inability to obtain corroborative evidence through “patient inquiry” among the modern Arabs; as if any Mulla or any camel-herdsman would favour the suggestion that his forefathers took for deities species of animals or of plants. Far more satisfactory are the numerous references to the Arab religion, as historically known to us, which run through this volume. Not

only the Arab horse, but everything that surrounds it, is lovely in this writer’s sight. According to his statement, “The three grandest, truest, and most original figures in Semite story, as it appears to many, are Abraham, Solomon, and Muhammad.” However this may be, a glance informs us that the secondary hero of this book is the personage who, partly through the exercise of a highly wrought imagination, and partly through the skilful adaptation of old materials, fabricated a new creed, and called it ‘the Faith of Abraham.’ Now we have no fault to find with this. General Tweedie is free to choose his heroes; and having chosen Mahomet, to follow the example of Carlyle—who, by the way, considered himself as, up to date, the last of the prophetic series—and say all the good that he possibly can of him, as, for example, in the subjoined passage:—

“As noble of heart as of lineage, as abounding in brotherly love as in moral force, all that was most elevated in the ancient Arab character came to perfection in him [Mahomet]. Of the censures commonly passed on him, some are shaken when the Kur-ân is studied; and others count for little alongside of the facts of his being first a mere mortal, then a sixth-century Arab. Take, for example, his legislation regarding marriage. Here should be remembered the old-world view, nowhere stronger than in Semites, of the obligation to perpetuate the name and family. From Noah to Muhammad, no patriarch ever dreamt of moral evil in promoting as many expectant maidens as circumstances justified to be mothers of men; provided that no one’s domestic peace was broken; no wife or daughter forced (except in war) from her own people; no woman deserted whose hand had once been taken. If the Meccan had realised the ‘bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh’ ideal, if he had dealt with the idols of the harem as he did with those of the

temple, he would have been other than an Arab. A graver accusation is that of issuing as God's revelations dogmas and precepts of his own shaping and re-shaping. But as to this, only they who have weighed the facts are fair judges. With, *e.g.*, the outbursts of supposed miraculous voices in the church of the excellent Edward Irving in the heart of busy prosaic London before us, extreme allowance is necessary for exaltations of feeling and attendant visions or hallucinations—only too apt to become stereotyped or habitual—in one who at the mature age of forty emerged a Prophet from the mountain solitudes over against Mecca, like Amos from the deserts of Judah.”—P. 17, f.n.

In juxtaposition with the foregoing extract has to be placed the statement that one of the many unconventional features of this work, as the Preface shows, is its dealing with Mahomet “as far as possible from the Arabian standpoint,” which to begin with is necessarily one of admiration. The announcement of this determining limit receives the following amplification:—

“When learning revived in the sixteenth century, the great leaders of the Reformation thought and wrote much on the subject of El Islâm; and the theories which they propounded regarding it are not unrepresented in modern literature. . . . Lastly, philosophic Indians have written books on Islamism which are to the Arab religion what *Robert Elsmere* is to Christianity. The Arabs themselves have not as yet conceived the idea of explaining away their ancient Semitic creed, so that it shall equally suit the believer and the unbeliever; and in the frequent references to their Faith which the general subject of this volume necessitates, the statement of outstanding facts forms the principal object.”—P. vii.

As to this, a few remarks are necessary. No educated person, it may be assumed, is blind to the injurious effects produced by Ma-

hometism at once on national, social, and individual life; and it is also sufficiently obvious that the same system of half-truths, from the intensity of its anti-trinitarian character, offers a lamentable barrier to the spread of our own religion. On the other hand, it is now generally admitted that, under Providence, humanity is deeply indebted to the work accomplished by the Arab Reformer. Had General Tweedie throughout his pages kept these two conflicting aspects before him, his representations would no doubt have commanded more general acceptance. Some may even wonder that at this late date, when every scholar, both Western and Eastern, is occupied with Islamism as one of the “three universal religions,” any European should concern himself with the lineaments presented by it at the time and in the country of its birth. This, however, is a matter of opinion. For our part, we consider that all Englishmen whose duties lie in Mahometan lands are laid under a permanent obligation by the vivid pictures of the great Arab theocracy, “from the Arabian standpoint,” which this remarkable book exhibits.

With this verdict we feel bound, however, to couple the remark that while never taking anything for granted about Arab horses, General Tweedie occasionally allows too much influence to his own prepossessions when treating of Arab men and Arab manners. For instance, it is quite fair to say of Mahomet that he “must be regarded as the founder of the greatest total-abstinence league in history”; but it is rash to write as if a rule laid down for primitive Arabs, whose condition resembled that of children, must necessarily be good for people living at high pressure. In the same way, the fact that

the Bedouin, in whom Mahometism is far from generally disseminated, evince a natural and traditional repugnance to arrack is worth recording; but the suggestion offered that this trait brings out the connection between the nomadic nations of Arabia and the sons of Rechab mentioned in Jer. xxxv., to be of any value, would require fuller treatment. 'Maga,' praise be to God! in the whole course of an unusually protracted existence, has never experienced the smallest necessity for taking the pledge, even temporarily. And while not denying that excess in strong drink, from Noah downward, has formed the true curse of mankind, we do not think that any European writer is justified in forgetting the incalculable benefits which the moderate and rational use of alcoholised beverages produces in nations far in advance of the Arabs, by whipping up the centres of mental energy and vivacity, and, even more perhaps, by dissolving the inhuman element in human nature. There is only one other of General Tweedie's references to Mahometism which can be noticed, and that is, his clear explanation that the Arab's devotion to horses does not, as is commonly supposed, originate in his creed. The horsemen, *par excellence*, of Arabia, as was just now hinted, are not religious, except where Islamism reaches them through the Turks or the Wahâbis. Mahomet, as the founder of a militant faith, perceived the value of cavalry, inculcated in Alcoran the employment of this arm, and freely desecrated on the beauty and utility of horses generally. This, of course, powerfully impresses the minds of the 'Faithful'; but history discloses that the Arabs were "horsemen and sons of horsemen"

long before their Prophet was born. As supplying further evidence on this point, while also proving that more than 1500 years ago the Bedouin nations prided themselves on their breeds of coursers, the following translated fragment of the ancient Arabian poetry is quoted:—

"And on morn of raid and mêlée,
Comrades true, the mares we rear;
Never lost we yet a filly,
But a rescuer was near.
Like an heirloom long descended,
In our tents their lineage runs;
And when time for us is ended,
We shall leave it to our sons."

—A'MR.

Translations like the above, though seldom given in metre, are frequent throughout the volume. Never before, we should imagine, has so much erudition, with such a wealth of quotation, been dedicated to the service of horses. The poetic effusions of the pre-Islamic Arabs, which were recited long before they were written, are used as a mine of illustrative material. After giving the names of "THE SEVEN" pre-eminent 'makers' of this literature, which, it is stated, "sets us down in the midst of the old life of Arabia, much as Burns's poems do in the kirks and farm-houses of western Scotland, a century ago," the author continues:—

"It is impossible for any one who has sojourned in the Arabian desert to read these heirlooms of antiquity without feeling their fascinations. . . . To say that they reflect the desert and its inhabitants, as a lake does the heavens, is inadequate. Their authors made history before they made verses. Warriors and hunters, passionate lovers and knight-errants, seem to speak to us. Picture follows picture, like the movements of the mirage. In one line it is the scud of the wild-ass or the ostrich which we

see before us; in the next, a train of tent-ladies in their camel-litters."—Index I., art. Al Mu-a'l-la-kât.

The words just cited are not in the main body of the book, but in an outwork consisting of a "Glossarial Index and Supplement"—itself a *magnum opus*—which richly merits mention. At least three separate strands are interwoven in this composition. One of the three is made up of references to Mahometism. The nature of the other two strands will appear from the following explanation, given in the prefatory note to the Index:—

"According to our experience, those who, as travellers or otherwise, are interested in Asiatic Turkey and Arabia, do not soon tire of fresh notes on the topography of those countries. It also appears probable that the general reader, when he encounters references to oriental worthies of antiquity, such as El Asma'î and Abû 'l Fi-dâ, will gladly find at the end of the volume slight notices of those people."

Certainly; and would that so sound a principle were more commonly acted on in books on oriental subjects! The philologic materials already casually remarked on, which find their chief repository in this 'Index,' are thus accounted for in the same 'Note':—

"In regard to the attempts which are made to interpret Semitic names, we are conscious that such explanations demand a fuller converseance than ours with linguistic science. In Arabic, as in every other language, there are countless words the first meanings of which cannot be discovered. The Arabic lexicographers did not know the origins of very many of the terms which they collected; and the etymologies given in Lane's great Arabic-English dictionary are wholly Eastern in character. As for the Bedouin, they are still too hard pressed in

the struggle for existence to bestow much thought on the names which are handed down among them. If the reader ask why, in the face of such difficulties, etymological material is admitted into the Index, good reasons are not wanting. In the first place, it cannot be altogether uninteresting to notice, even approximately, the lines which, from prehistoric times, the Arabs of the desert have followed in bestowing names on their national or tribal subdivisions, and on their breeds of horses and camels. And, secondly, some of the European travellers who pass our way exhibit a kind of instinctive tendency to investigate the meanings of proper names. As the result in part of their researches, a plentiful crop of 'popular etymologies' has arisen; and the word-meanings which are offered in this Index, however open to correction, are at least improvements on those that are arrived at through a process of guessing."

The modesty of these words disarms criticism, and it is at least evident that General Tweedie has risen above the level of those who attempt to study a language without reference to any other language. Speaking of his 'Glossarial Index' as a whole, it is a great storehouse of useful information on Asiatic topics, and we have found it withal very pleasant reading. To mention only one of its articles—that on the Sunnite and Shi-ite controversy—even they who are more or less familiar with this subject may chance here to light on new facts about the party and sect of Ali.

Here we conclude the series of extracts produced, as will be remembered, for the purpose of showing that, by however numerous paths proceeding, General Tweedie keeps constantly marching on one object—namely, the extension of knowledge equally with regard to Arab lands, Arab men, and Arab horses. In the limited space remaining, we shall use as far as

possible the words of the book itself, instead of making formal extracts; and indeed all the most striking passages have already been reprinted at full length by our contemporaries.¹

The old and worn-out division of Arabia into 'Arabia Felix,' 'Arabia Petraea,' and 'Arabia Deserta' is not worth retaining. Arabia, strictly defined, is that great peninsula which, if a line be drawn from the head of the Persian Gulf to the Isthmus of Suez, will lie to the south of it. This is 'Arabia Proper,' or 'Peninsular Arabia.' At a very early period it was called 'El Yemen,' or the Right-land—the word afterwards mistranslated 'Felix.' Practically, the name Yemen is now restricted to the south-western parts, in which is Aden. Another port of the same province is Mocha, which place, however, does not yield coffee. The country surrounding Mocha is sterile, and 'Mocha coffee' only grows in shop-windows, the term having originated in the days when Mocha enjoyed a short-lived prosperity as a place of export. A true part of Arabia is that which passes out of the peninsula to touch the Syrian plateau, and which is called by the Arabs 'Shāmeeya,'—that is, not 'Esh Shām,' or Left-land, meaning the North (name for Syria as distinguished from 'El Yemen'), but 'the country *tending northward*.' Shāmeeya—the 'Arabia' which St Paul entered from Damascus—is of course Turkish territory, although occupied and commanded by the multitudinous hordes of the Aeniza nation, whose tent cities uprise and vanish in its otherwise untenanted spaces. These Aeniza Bedouin

are very great breeders of blood-horses, and are always pleased to receive European visitors. Their country lies between the Euphrates and Palestine. On the opposite or eastern side of the same river, in the same latitude, are spread out the steppe-lands of Al Jazeera, literally, 'The Cut-off'—*i.e.*, Island or Peninsula. Here the martial clans of the Shammar lord it, and pasture vast herds of camels. Perpetual tribal warfare goes on between the Aeniza and the Shammar. Continuous, on the south, with Al Jazeera, but considerably more expanded, El Irāk extends to the shores of the Persian Gulf. This province, in part the ancient Babylonia, lies on the Tigris, as Egypt does on the Nile; and the Euphrates and another considerable river also traverse it. With the exception of Shāmeeya, none of the lands now enumerated are to be included with the Peninsula in the designation Arabia. At the same time, even their settled populations are largely Arab; while overflows, or exoduses, of the true nomadic races of Arabia proper have during many centuries passed into them. El Irāk contributes more than its own share of the horses which appear in the Bombay market. The 'Irāki' horse is too often the veriest commoner, especially when town-bred; but as his breeders are to some extent Arabs, and as the best Arab blood may be used in his production, it must not be said too sweepingly that he is not an Arab. The way to find a genuine desert courser is, not to confine the search to certain places or people, but to acquire, through study and experience, the power of distinguishing, in all situations and all circumstances, be-

¹ *E.g.*, Edinburgh Review, July 1894, pp. 198-210.

tween the true and the spurious. It is not the real Arab horses that are scarce, but the real judges of them. The country of the Scots, we all know, reaches far south of the Tweed, and indeed across many a sea and continent. And similarly the land of the Arabian horse might be considered as including Egypt and large parts of Africa, if not even India and Australasia. But for the purposes of a single book a smaller surface was requisite; and accordingly, in the present study, the lines laid down are at once extended and restricted to all the localities situated in Western Asia, and occupied in whole or part by Semites, over which it may be said of Arab horses, when occurring, that they are at least among their own people, if not always precisely on their native soil. The map accompanying the volume follows this view. Many good maps of Arabia proper exist. The portions of Arabia falling outside of the peninsula appear in maps of Asiatic Turkey. But this is the only map—short of maps of Asia—in which the country of the above definition is shown *en bloc*. The traveller, and especially the military student, will appreciate a chart in which, while overcrowding is avoided, much special information is presented, notably as to the pasture-grounds of the different nomadic nations.

Many readers at the mention of the Arab desert conjure up regions of unmitigated barrenness, wherein the ribbed sand bears no traces of animal or vegetable life. Arabia contains many such spaces; but generally we may be safely guided here by the etymological meaning of *terra deserta*, or territory devoid of settled inhabitants. Except in certain extreme parts, the Arabian desert is not worse off, nor sterner, than much of the American

prairie land, Australian 'bush,' and Indian 'jungle.' Acacias, euphorbias, cactuses, myrrhs, tamarisks, with other shrubs as frugal of water as the camels whose favourite food they form, soften its harder parts. In good years, and at the proper seasons, vast surfaces, owing nothing to man and all to nature, yield luxuriant pasture. Nevertheless, looking at Arabia as a whole, nobody but an Eastern poet would style it fertile. Nothing like a third of its surface is cultivable without irrigation. It is in conflict with all known facts to put forward the suggestion that such a country produced the wild horse; and there is not the faintest indication or tradition that even what are called 'feral' horses—in New South Wales and Queensland colloquially known as 'brumbies'—have ever supported life in it. A century ago, Burckhardt wrote in his 'Journal' that "it is a general but erroneous opinion that Arabia is very rich in horses"; and he might have made the same observation if he had lived and travelled now. The renown of Arabia as a 'mother of horses' depends on her nomadic nations. At the dawn of history these mustered strongest, as they do still, in the centre of the peninsula—out of which they have never ceased to swarm. The heart of Arabia is Nejed, meaning highlands or plateau. This, undoubtedly, must be regarded as the very home of homes of the far-famed steed of Araby. Nejed, though pierced and traversed by vast *Nefood*, or gulfs of sandy desert not unmingled with oases, is a well-developed territory. Its cities may be unknown even by name to most European readers, but they are none the less busy hives of industry and commerce. If san-

guinary battles and sieges serve to distinguish places, then should Nejed be famed in story. Of the seven provinces into which it is divided, all support a more or less martial and high-spirited population. The land, as a whole, and in spite of great changes, still forms what it did when the first glimmer of tradition falls on it, the heart of Arabian nationality and autonomy—the most Arab portion of Arabia. The tribal offshoot settled on the Tigris or Euphrates values itself, and is valued by others, according to its claims to Nejdean origin. The family domiciled for a generation in a Syrian or a Levantine city, if it would find or make for itself an Arab pedigree, goes to Nejed for it. But most of all the Bedawee, wherever he may wander, holds in reverence the grassy limestone uplands of Central Arabia. The mischief is that, unlike Shāmeeya, Nejed cannot be visited by Europeans without great difficulty. The Arab says, '*He who enters Nejed does not come out again.*' For one thing, the physical barriers of shifting sand and want of water are most formidable. The people also have suffered so severely from the Turks and Egyptians that they are inclined to be suspicious and exclusive. And, moreover, the great Wahabite movement of the last century, the object of which was to make Nejed the centre of an ideal and intensely intolerant empire of Islām, still retains some measure of vitality in the country of its birth. An admirable account of the half-religious, half-military despotism which the preacher Abdool Wahāb initiated is given in this volume; but we cannot pause before it, further than to mention that during the wars which the Turks and Egyptians were forced to wage

on the Nejdean sectaries, large numbers of the best mares and stallions of the desert were taken by Pashas and sold to Europeans. The comparatively tabooed condition of Nejed lent some slight colour to Palgrave's representation, that "no commercial export of Nejde horses has ever been established; and whoever professes to sell, or boasts of having bought, one may be unhesitatingly set down as either deceived or deceiving." We know better now. Not only do all the facts refute the statement that Arabia contains colts superior to those which she distributes, but they go further. They show that every desert of which we have any knowledge is so extensively stripped of its best blood-horses, that not many likely colts of from three to five years old remain in the hands of their breeders. As all the Bedouin are mare-riders, what else can they do with their colts than sell them, especially as they have no grooms, and are often brought to the lowest point of drought and famine. No one can approach Nejed without perceiving that there, as generally, the force of trade acts like a colossal pump, and that its horse-stock is constantly passing out of it. Bombay is the best and greatest market in the world for Arab horses. During several months of every year the draught of a vast drag-net, which has been cast more or less over all the country of the Arabian horse, discharges itself into India, and there is not a colt in Arabia which may not one day be seen at Byculla. It is true, however, that some ground exists for the impression that the Bedawee will not sell his mare. In the Arabian literature it seems always to be assumed that, apart from the foray, there is but one way of acquiring a filly which is the property of a

stranger, and that is by stealing her. It is impossible to find room for references to Turf topics, replete as this book is with excellent practical advice on the buying of Arabs with which to play the great game in India. But the following description of a dead heat run off in the desert under conditions unknown at Weatherby's, though brought in as an illustration of the manner in which a mare may be stolen, may equally pass for a piece of racing literature:—

“A respectable person relates that one day he saw a man of the Agel, on whose back were marks like those of cupping, and asked for an explanation of them, and received this answer:—

“... I loved a fair cousin, and sought her in marriage, and her kindred said, ‘We will not give her to thee unless thou makest *Sha-ba-ka* the wedding-gift.’ And *Sha-ba-ka* was a mare, the fleetest of all, and she belonged to one of the Ba-nû Bakr. And on that I married my cousin. And I went out to effect by stratagem the taking of the mare from her owner. . . . In the guise of a camel-butcher I visited the tribe in which the mare was, and kept going in among them till I learned to distinguish her place from the tent in which her master was. And I saw that she had a filly. And I contrived to enter the tent and conceal myself under a heap of wool carded for washing. And when night came, and the master of the tent appeared, and his wife had dressed supper for him, and they both began to eat, and the gloom had deepened, and they had no lamp, and I was hungry, I put out my hand and stretched it towards the platter, and ate with them. And the man became conscious of my hand, and did not know what it was, and he gripped it; and I laid hold of the woman's hand with my other hand, and she said to him, ‘What do you want with my hand?’ And he supposed the case to be that he was holding his wife's hand, and let go my hand, and I released the woman's hand, and we ate. . . . And the meal came to an end; and the man stretched himself

on his back and slept. And while he slept I watched them, and the mare was shackled beside the tent, and her filly was unshackled in the tent, and the key of the mare's fetter was under the woman's head. After a little time a black slave arrived and threw a small pebble. And the woman awoke and rose to him, and left the key in its place, and went out of the tent to the back of it, and I crept and took the key, and unlocked with it the mare's shackles. And I had a hair bridle with me, and I bridled the mare and mounted her, and went off on her from the tent. And the woman came back and entered the tent. Then she called out, and the tribe caught the alarm and became aware of me, and mounted in pursuit. And I put the mare to her speed, with a troop of them after me. And I entered on the time of morning, and did not see save one horseman, armed with a lance, and he overtook me, and the sun had risen, and the man began to thrust at me, and could not get his spear-point any nearer to me than sufficed to make these traces on my back. Neither did his mare come up to me, so that he might have me in his power, nor did my mare carry me away, so that the spear should not touch me. And we came to a stream, and I shouted to the mare, and she jumped it; and the horseman shouted to his mare, and she did not jump. And when I saw that she could not cross, I got off my mare to rest myself and her. And the man called to me, and I said, ‘What is it?’ and he answered, ‘I am the owner of the mare that is under thee, and this is her filly, and as you have got her, take care of her; and truly, by God, I never asked anything of her without attaining to it; and she was like a fisherman's net (*shabaka*) in the matter of taking.’—Translated from the Arab tale-book, ‘*Naf-ha-tu 'l Yemen*,’ c. 1750.

To confound, or even compare, the Bedouin commonwealths with robbers would be to take up a wrong position; but just as little can these people be called honest fellows. To drive a prey is their vocation. It is not a simple matter

to determine what, if any, share mere sentiment or affection has in hardening the bond of union between the desert pricker and the mare whose 'back is the seat of riches.' He who desires to purchase can but experiment on each separate case with a heap of gold or a string of camels. In the life of the Bedawee, many a one will want for milk and wool and mutton, sooner than he whose mare is always saddled. The owner of a Derby-winner, and first favourite for the great St Leger, does not cast so broad a shadow as he does on the superiority of whose mare the safety of the flocks and herds depends. For her sake he may be asked to marry an orphan's ten score camels, as in other countries one may marry lands and houses. If he rear a colt from her, he is everywhere received with consideration for the sake of the horse's stud-services; and his kindred will not, if they can help it, let him leave them. There is therefore nothing incredible in the tales that are current, not only in towns but in the desert, of very large offers having occasionally failed to tempt a Bedawee to transfer his mare to a stranger. The truth is, that it all depends on circumstances. The mare that it is impossible to buy to-day may after a longer or shorter time prove open to an offer; and it is certain that mares of the highest quality and reputation have been sold to Europeans by the Bedouin. Just as many of the names of the desert folk depict their lives and qualities, so do the names of their mares, like 'Shabaka' in the foregoing story, bring vividly before us the raiding habit. The Arabs generally, it may here be mentioned, do not bestow men's or women's names on the lower animals. If they had their sporting newspapers, the reader would be

spared such items as that some famous living preacher, or other personage, had 'turned a roarer,' or undergone some other alteration.

To apply to the Arabian breed the epithet *natural*, as opposed to *artificial*, is unscientific and misleading. In no other breed of horses is the process of mating more effectually controlled and guarded by man than in that of Nejed, which Lieut.-Colonel Ham. Smith was right in describing as "one of great admixture." An illustration of this fact is afforded by the diversity of colours which even the best bred strains exhibit. The dun colour is most uncommon. Piebalds and the like are scarcely ever seen. Black Arabians or else very dark brown — 'Vultigeur's colour' — sometimes occur; but the sooty shades of black are outside the pale. From ancient times, the dark red bay (ku-mait), like the black-red hue of the ripe date, is the Arab's delight. Perhaps the prevailing colours in horses of the first blood are the greys. But nobody can pretend to say of any shade of grey, bay, or chestnut that it is more 'typical' than another. At an early time the Bedouin must gradually have developed and established their strains of horses out of the equine materials round them, in accordance with the sure decree, "*Boni et fortes bonis et fortibus creantur.*" If special and exclusive breeding directed to a certain object explain our English race-horse, there is no need to go further for the secret of the Arab's foray mare. Almost from time immemorial, it has formed a part of the desert system that a mare of renown may add a new strain, called by her name, to the lines of horse-flesh already established. If the pairing of superior animals in

successive generations has made the Bedouin breed of horses, a favourable result has been promoted by the circumstance that, instead of having many points to aim at, the Bedawee's one idea is *Al Ghazru*, or *The Razzia*. He firmly believes that a mare which is not *aseel* cannot take care of her rider when spear-blades are shimmering on the horizon. It may be assumed that he is right in thus judging. If experience had not taught him that purity of blood was an essential qualification, he would not have been so careful to produce it and maintain it. What gives the Arabian his speed, length of stride, and staying power? Whence the game-cock throttle; flat well-laid muscular shoulder; straight-dropped hind-leg, with great thighs and hocks; powerful ligaments, symmetrical back, and admirable length in proportion between the elbow and stifle-joints? BREEDING, we all know, is the answer. The technical term 'Thoroughbred' has a perfectly definite meaning. As applied to our English race-horse, it denotes an animal the pedigree of which is traceable, without break or flaw, to certain approved and *recorded* progenitors. The word '*recorded*' raises, however, a question. It is an evident fact that the Bedouin, while wholly illiterate, possess a considerable power of orally handing down pedigrees. But when it is assumed that strains can be preserved as strictly and perfectly by Arabs who keep no registers, as by European stud-masters who record every act of mating and foaling, a point of divergence is arrived at. "In all the world," writes General Tweedie, "there is no more proper subject for wholesome scepticism than Arab genealogy, both of men and horses." The soundness of this limitation can be proved by con-

clusive evidence; and the reader who would see it applied critically to *The Five* ('*Al Khamsa*') secondary branches of the great central stock of '*Al Kuhailān*,' or the dark-skinned, to one or other of which '*Five*' the Bedouin traditionally reckon all their countless strains and sub-strains of the genuine lineage, must needs address himself to the volume before us. The analysis in question is masterly and searching. It goes to the root of the science and art of horse-breeding; and should be studied by all who are engaged in the production of pedigree animals generally. The conclusions arrived at, where Arab horses are concerned, will appear from the following pithy sentences: "Given certain outward signs and points of conformation, and provided that we can have the animal, any tribe may claim the pedigree;" and again, "He who would buy a horse and not a name . . . should, before attaching too much value to a desert stud term, wait till the bearer of it shall have given proof of superiority."

It is necessary here to take leave of this seductive book. There are whole sections of it which we have been forced to leave untouched, notably descriptions fraught with interest of the physical characters of Arabia as tending to produce the refined type expressed by the word '*quality*,' at once in human beings, in tent-bred animals, and in the wild creatures of the desert. We should also have liked to notice the pictorial illustrations, which, if not all on the same artistic level, are all alike truthful and instructive. Regarded as a whole, the book is rich in suggestion for scholars, ethnologists, and theologians, and the style and treatment are not unworthy of the vast stores of knowledge and experience possessed by General Tweedie.

THE TOUCH OF SPRING.

THAT morning everything at Tarpow held a familiar course. Magnus, the foreman, passing through the kitchen, where Julia Hay, Tarpow's daughter, was bent over the porridge-pot, said—

"The maister's going to market the nicht?" and she answered him with a smile as fresh as the break of day.

Passing through the kitchen and up the stairs to Tarpow's bedroom, Magnus found Tarpow himself wide awake and grumpy. He reported the weather and took his orders; and when he re-entered the kitchen, the salt was being added to the porridge and the maid had gone to the byre. Although you could not have guessed it from his wife, the foreman had an eye for comeliness,—the plainest wife that ever was could not count against a man's taste,—and Magnus's eyes clung to his young mistress's face, and the dainty hand through which the salt was sifted to the pot. Never before had he seen cause for marvel at her beauty: a new spring and bountifulness seemed to have come upon her. Still stirring the porridge, and swinging round upon her heel, she detained him a minute to advise about Creamy, a dowie calf, who, she thought, would be better with a bed by the fire here, and her care, and milk from her own hands. Magnus heard enough to send him to the calves' house with a vague sense—he was too dull-witted to have expressed it—that the good things of earth were to be wasted on a silly calf. Tarpow got into his red-brown, weather-spotted garments, and was down in the kitchen as his daughter poured the porridge and the maid

came in with the milk-pails; and at an hour when most of us think of awakening, all the hands at Tarpow had done half a day's good work.

An hour before mid-day Tarpow returned to dinner. The meal was laid in the dingy parlour, on the side of the lobby opposite the kitchen. The farmer faced the weather at the head of the table; Julia, at the foot, nearer the door, waited upon him. She had waited upon him all her days.

In the middle of his broth he mumbled into his spoon—

"Broomielaws is coming the nicht."

Broomielaws came every other market night. It was not Julia's wish to acknowledge, if she detected it, anything unusual in this visit; and she replied—

"Yes, father."

Tarpow land was thin,—it girmed a' simmer and grat a' winter, as Leddy Pitlyal said of Gutterstone,—and Tarpow's farmer had grown old and sour in his fight with it. Yet all around his own, the fields grew fat and heavy crops. "Nature," said Tarpow,—he alluded to her in an unmentionable term,—“Nature, the thrawn ——, stood on Tarpow and cuist her favours round it.” Broomielaws especially had been blessed in the dispensation. Already, in this forward spring, its fields had flushed a gentle green. You could crop them to the very edges. In sowing and reaping and stacking and threshing, Broomielaws was like a great workshop that never ran on short time. But Tarpow—back-lying Tarpow, with its mean land—worked up outside jobs, as it were, harbouring

other men's sheep, as well as its own cattle eating their heads off. Once there had been enough original virtue left in Tarpow's farmer to be a plummet for the shallow thing that owned Broomielaws. Looking from his steading upon his neighbour's fields, Hay felt that in a rightly constituted world poor-spirited Broomielaws should have stood in his shoes. That was years ago. Looking out upon his neighbour's fields now,—himself more firmly set in his own shoes,—his only thought was to share their bounty in some measure by making Julia their mistress. Worldly and selfish and little sensitive as he was, however, it stuck in his throat to speak more definitely on that matter. At the same time it irritated him, and had been irritating him for months, that this well-grown and capable daughter of his should not meet him half-ways and make explanations easier. Her mother had courted and wedded him ere she was Julia's age: why was the daughter so backward? Perhaps Julia, with her "Yes, father," and no more, was wiser than he wot of.

She carried out his plate and her own, the one within the other, and returned with a dish of boiled beef and some potatoes with coarse salt still sticking to their jackets.

"Auld tatties?" he said.

"Yes. The east field."

"Ay. Just so. Braw land to the east'ards—at Broomielaws. Broomielaws is coming the nicht."

"Can ye not put him down at the toll-house?" said Julia, with a heat that was new to her, and caused her father's yellow eyes to sparkle up nastily under his brows.

"Can I eat my meat?" he replied, sharpening his speech on hers.

"Then why don't ye do it? What needs he come bothering us?"

"I've told ye how to keep him from Tarpow at nights," he said. "Draw ben your chair at Broomielaws and he'll leave me at the toll-house quick enough. Fegs! He'll be for driving me from St Brise market past every public. 'Broomielaws is takin' his wife's faither hame sober.' He! he! That's what they'll be saying; and Tarpow 'll ha'e to drink his whisky cauld—without his Jooley."

"I thought ye had known my mind on that score," Julia said, breaking in on his laugh.

"I thought ye had known mine," he threw it back. "Up-settin' baggage. Is it that laddie Leslie that has put notions in your head about being aboon marrying Broomielaws? Where's the speerits? You're very narrow wi' the speerits getting."

"You don't need spirits when you're going to market. Besides, there's none in the house."

"Send Liz to Mrs Pratt's for some this very day. Would you shame yoursel' and me afore Broomielaws wi' a toom bottle! Your head's full o' they mincing ways—ever syne that 'tillery ball. You're owre nice for Broomielaws, and owre guid for your ain faither, it would seem."

"Will I tell Aleck to yoke the beast?" said Julia, quietly, who generally saved herself in the blast of her father's wrath by bending in it slightly.

"You'll just yoke your tongue, Jooley, till I'm done wi' ye. Woman, ye dinna ken your guid fortune. Here's a big, healthy man, wi' that graund land at Broomielaws,—graund land, five hunder acre o't,—a thousand pound in the bank, if he has a penny, and as fine a judge o' kye

as is on this side o' the Forth : and ye turn up your nose at him ! Fie, ye ! Gie me my muffler, and tell Aleck to yoke the mare. And, mind ye, show me none o' your perky ways wi' Broomielaws !”

A shade of decision in her father's voice, the reflection of a more fixed intention within him, alarmed Julia, and she stole to the kitchen-door to watch him drive off in his gig. She pictured him picking up Broomielaws at the end of his own road, where he had been hanging over the stile waiting, —middle-aged, pronounced, clad in a blue coat of a cut of forty years ago, from which emerged on the upper side a neck encased in a stock that cut his bare red cheeks, and below, long legs in tight breeches. She pictured him without a touch of caricature : saw him mount the gig, sitting high above her father, and the two swaying and bumping over the ups and downs to St Brise market. She was not nervously observant, but she could see all that ; and it showed her to be out of her usual habit that she cast a thought after the pair ere she turned to her afternoon's work.

She turned to it with a sense of unquiet. The spring sunlight flooding the windows, the tender green of the trees beyond, the lazy cattle under them, the breeze skipping in through the porch, and the fragrances and flavours it brought with it, — all these things unnerved her. New and indescribable humours welled up within her. An ineffable sadness, derived from all things about her, it seemed, filled her with pleasure and alarm. She went out to look at some linen drying on a hedge. What a day it was ! How freshly the air smelled ; how blue—like turquoise—lay the sea beyond the dip o' the fields ! On the blue

there hung a white speck : she knew it—the sail of Leslie's yacht running straight for Torrie Town. It was not of Leslie she was thinking ; yet the sail struck a note within her, and note succeeded note in a strange, plaintive, dissatisfied melody. It expressed foreign feelings that had been gathering for weeks—ever since that Artillery ball of which her father had spoken. She could not have pointed to anything that had happened then, or since, to account for the change in her. Her meeting with Leslie could not. Only, the angle of her vision had become more obtuse : she saw ever so little wider ; and that little taught her of immense possibilities. She was aware of no definite wish to see more, to know or to feel more. Tarpow and Broomielaws and Torrie Town had been her world, bounded by an infinity, for measuring which, somehow, St Brise gave her a line. Now that her world had stretched to take in St Brise, the infinite beyond was driven farther off and become immensely greater. And this young Leslie, as young as herself, with whom she had danced, who sailed across the Firth to Torrie Town to meet her (he told her so : she thought of it as of a fact only)—he, too, widened her world for her, and, in a dim, inexplicable way, the bounds of the mystery beyond her horizon.

She, herself, would go down to Torrie Town this afternoon on her father's errand. To that decision the thought of Leslie's landing there was one determining consideration only. She wished the walk, more of the air, the fresh breeze from the sea, more movement—anything to soothe this disquiet within her.

The main road past Tarpow leads straight to Torrie harbour.

Torrie Town lies on the east side of the basin, and creeps across and up the hill behind it. The harbour is scooped out of the sheer brown rock, which throws back the grey and gold and blue of the Baltic craft, and the black water in it reflects all that colour steadily. Mrs Pratt's inn stands on the pier-head, beyond the saw-mill; so Julia came down by the harbour instead of skirting the hill above and descending by the High Gait. As she stepped on to the pier, the reflection of her in her light print in the basin startled the quiet of the place. The few eyes in it were turned upon her, and in a minute Leslie was at her side.

"Oh, Teddy," she said, giving him her hand. She spoke as if she had forgotten about him and his yacht; and she had forgotten.

"Here on a Saturday, Julia! What's wrong at Tarpow?"

She touched her basket,—

"Famine."

Leslie was in a chronic excitement at the thought of Julia—a glorious girl like this, whom to see, he had to sail his yacht across the Forth. He was very much in love with the yacht, and he was very much in love with himself. Julia—the mere fact of Julia—ministered to both feelings. Besides, he was very young.

"Was it famine in the land, or drought?" he asked.

There was a glowing anger in her. She was as little sensible as any country girl ought to be of the talk of the neighbours; but here—— They had evidently gossiped to Leslie of her father's frailty, as they might of the barrenness of Tarpow's land. Her father fought the barrenness—with failing spirit, it is true; but he fought it. He made no effort

against the other. The burden of that lay on Julia's shoulders. Yet she had fought it, as she would have fought nettles in the field corners, or dandelions in the bleaching-green,—steadily and impersonally. For the first time, now that Leslie took to hinting at the work, she was ashamed of the need of it.

"I was coming up this afternoon," Leslie went on, without awaiting an answer, and her anger fled. There was something in his boyish ways, his voice, and his looks, that responded to the new emotion of the morning.

"Why! My father's at market." There was not a touch of coquetry in her manner of saying this, for she laughed, as much as to confess, "As if it were he you were coming to see."

And he said, "I know he's away;" and they laughed together.

By this time they had walked round the basin, and stood at the head of the pier, regarding the yacht which lay at the end of it.

"Isn't she a beauty?" Leslie said. "She's a trim little thing. A little heavily sparred, maybe—eh?—but I like her lines."

Julia put her head on one side, and with a connoisseur's toss of it, "H'm, yes," she said; and she mocked his voice and words and critical air to a nicety.

For the first time he thought of more than himself and her comeliness, and was amazed at her cleverness. Poor young cub! She was only new to him. She wasn't clever. His own sisters, at the moment golfing on the other side of the Forth, had nimbler wits than she, by far.

"Bravo!" he cried. "Now she deserves her name!"

"What d'ye call her?"

"The *Julia*."

"Julia?"

"Yes, Julia. Bob Pratt's painting it on her now."

"Then Bob Pratt 'll just paint it out again," she said, leading the way down the pier with a decision which Bob's grin, as he looked up at her from his paint-pot, approved. The grin projected the popular opinion on the subject.

Leslie, following her in chagrin, could only say—

"You must christen her, then."

She had no nimbleness of wits to suggest a name on the instant, but she had nimbleness of manner. There was an old gin-bottle lying on the pier-head, and she stooped to it. Leslie picked it up for her, and, as they rose together, she saw something in his face that changed her intention.

"Oh! very well," she cried, and smashed the bottle on the yacht's bows: "I christen her the *Julia*."

It was the war of sense and sensibility. Her good sense was derived from the conditions of her life. To-day, now that she was bursting into womanhood, the conditions of her life bred sensibility.

But she would not stay longer. In no case should she have allowed him to accompany her: she did not care that he should see what was her errand to Mrs Pratt's. To-day,—to-day all things were altered, their relationship among the rest. That which she saw in Leslie's face may have been the image of her own feeling. For her, at any rate, it changed everything between them; and, had she known it, the reserve and withdrawal it led her to were the most potent steps she could have taken to affect him.

She made her purchase, and soon was out upon the Tarpow road again. The heat was more suffused, the sunshine a shade more golden. The wind from the sea

crept up behind her, near the ground. The road was empty. Yonder, on either side of it, Tarpow and Broomielaws lay slumbering under their red-tiled night-caps. There was a lull in her dissatisfaction—an interlude of reaction, in which Tarpow and even Broomielaws wore a homely air. This grew upon her as she entered the house. Everything was as when she left. The doors stood open, the cattle browsed under the trees, the wind rustled delicately about the porch, and bore in upon her the fragrances of the earth. And to these things, which in the morning had hemmed her in with the tight grip of their familiarity, she turned now with a sense of restfulness.

Her awakened womanliness, from which she was seeking escape, had touched into life in Leslie a new sensation. Bob Pratt dug about its roots and watered it with his gossip of the life old Tarpow led his daughter, and the marriage he sought for her. The new chivalry, love, call it what you will, sprouted like a mushroom, and Leslie was half-way to Tarpow before he could word his purpose.

From the end of the Tarpow road he caught a glimpse of Julia in the yard. The wind wound her print daintily about her lissom figure. She wore no hat above the straight hair wisped into a broad, flat coil. The sunlight swirling within the dish—red without, yellow within—which her arched arm held to her side, lit up Julia herself in the middle of the rough-and-tumble crowd of poultry she was feeding. Julia among her poultry discovered a country girl with her rusticity rounded with a considerable elegance and knowledge, derived from her father in early days. It was her father's

humour, not hers, that had named a flighty old hen "Atalanta," and a combative cock with a very dissonant crow "Anacreon." But the fight with his land had so demoralised him now, that she had as little discernment of his better nature as of his ill condition.

Julia cleaned her fingers, all sticky with the hens' meat, on the side of the basin, and washed them in the overflow of the horse-trough. Next she visited the calves' house, and went to the straw-loft to gather the eggs which the clucking hens announced. She clambered up the straw massed in the back of the barn, and stood among the rafters. From there she looked down to some loose straw heaped on the floor in a soft bed. The memory of earlier days swam to her head.

"Man's life's a vapour, full of woes;
He cuts a caper, and off he goes,"

she chanted, and clapped her hands, and jumped down to the soft bed, startling the sitting hens, which clucked and beat their wings among the rafters. She climbed and flopped, and climbed and flopped again, until at length she sank, hot and breathless and laughing, at the foot of the heap.

And there Leslie found her.

Her thoughts when he darkened the doorway were not of the wonder of his being there. She forgot that in her concern to account for her flustered condition. Then she did what the old Julia might have been expected to do at once. She told him how delightful it was to flop from the height of the straw, and showed him how it was done, and bade him follow her. And so, for a few minutes again, the barn was full of the sound of scared poultry, and of the rhymes jerked from

these two breathless children, and of their smothered ejaculations.

Then the whole thing was spoiled. At any rate, that is how the old Julia would have thought of it; she could never again be the old Julia. For over him, like the cloud-shadows scudding over the fields outside, swept the thought that this was not what he had come there for; and the thought swept on and shadowed her. His words outran his purpose. When he talked of love she did not recognise it, so little had she thought of it or dreamed of it. All she knew was, that it was exactly what she had been waiting for—so satisfying to her there in his arms, with his kisses on her hot face. Why should she remain at Tarpow? Why, indeed? Tarpow was a prison; its ways, its very scenes, gripped at her heart now. And Broomielaws: her father would marry her to him—to it rather. Oh, Teddy knew it all. All Torrie Town knew it, and perhaps St Brise as well,—knew it from Tarpow's own lips, it seemed. At that thought she became conscious of herself, of her physical self, inch by inch, the body which she robed and could touch, as well as of this intangible thing within her that was quick to-day for the first time. This—all this—was to be sold by her father. He talked of the sale. Was he worth her care more? Was he worth the sacrifice of life? of love? For she saw them both now, or thought she saw them,—love and sacrifice.

It was Teddy's plan. The yacht lay at Torrie pier. They dared not sail from there; but he could moor the yacht in the bay to the eastwards, at the caves, and row Julia out to her from the jetty; and she should go with him, for always. He had no one in the

world save her. There were his sisters, to be sure ; but they would welcome her in the old house, on the other side of the Firth, where she might look over to the smoke of Torrie Town, but never again beat her wings against the bars, as at Tarpow. Julia might have known—at any other time would have known—how idle it all was. But to-day her whole being swam to the vision. She would await her father's return. With him would come Broomielaws—red, vast, middle-aged, brutal. She had never thought of him so before, and she shut her eyes, and her mind's eye, on the horrid sight, and opened them upon the future Teddy painted. She would await their return, and Broomielaws' departure. By eleven o'clock the house would be quiet : then she would steal down to the jetty at the cays. She would be there, if she were coming at all, half an hour after midnight.

It was the old story : love is an instinct as well as a passion ; and it was the instinct of love only that was working in these two. Leslie became wiser with every step he took from Tarpow. He was not a very far-seeing hobbledehoy ; but there are some things come up very close to the eyes, and an elopement with Julia was one of them.

"Here's a devil of a mess !" he was saying to himself at the main-road turn ; and by the time he got to Torrie pier the affair had become one of many devils. He had no thoughts of drawing back, however, but got on board, and stood up for the bay at the caves very bravely, and lay there, tossed about between his admiration for Julia and wrath for himself.

With Julia it was different. Her mood, such as it was, had come with a draught of spring

which every atom of her body absorbed till it became newly constituted. The appetite of the woman, newly unchained by consciousness now, would have upheapt had not pressing duties kept it under. Julia had many things to attend to. Leslie's leave-taking had been hastened by the return of the ploughmen, which was irregular in this off-season of the year. The bothy-boys were hungry, and she had to make porridge to appease them, and the cows had to be milked. The return of her father with Broomielaws found her finishing her work calmly enough ; but when she lifted her busy hand from off her agitation, it fluttered within her.

Tarpow took the beatings of it for the fulfilment of his instructions. The maid, he thought, had put off her perky ways, and was clothed in assent. He was seated as straight as an old man could be, close up to the table, brewing toddy for himself and for Broomielaws, who lolled in the arm-chair with his long legs bent stiffly in front of him—like a locust's, or a spinning-jenny's, thought Julia, as she set a bit of supper. Tarpow watched her out of the corner of his eyes. She had a large graciousness always that was something akin to grace ; but to-night her bountifulness had a sparkle in it. Her womanliness was in the bud. Tarpow had angled for Broomielaws artfully and persistently with the artificial lure of Julia's domestic virtues, and had found him a lumpish biter at best. That night Julia was a natural bait at which he came with a rush. That he was a very ill-conditioned, unseasonable fish mattered little to Tarpow, chuckling over the sport. The quarry was not a son-in-law, but a son-in-law's land ; and Julia assenting was not a daughter

angling for a husband, but a daughter in conspiracy with himself for five hundred acres.

Tarpow's sly grimaces and Broomielaws' ardour defeated their ends by spurring Julia in her resolve. On the other hand, her resolve was like to defeat itself, for its *verve* drew on Broomielaws until the man was breathless in his pursuit. When at length he rose to go, and her father went to the door with him,—both unsteady in their gait,—she accompanied them. To both men the act seemed unusually gracious: they were not to know that it was to see how the night fared that she went. Broomielaws' way lay across the fields,—Tarpow's and his own,—and her father walked with him to the edge of the yard. From there they watched the girl in the doorway who was looking out upon the night. The spring air still lingered; but, above, the wind was high, and the moon drove across the sky through clouds. She felt Broomielaws' eyes upon her. She burned a kiss upon her palm, and flung it towards the caves. She could not know that she should have flung the kiss to herself.

When her father re-entered the house, she would have sent him to bed immediately, but he set himself on his chair again.

"Sit down, Julia. Sit down, girl," he said.

The formality, and what he would have called the "Anglified" turn of his speech, registered the degrees of his insobriety.

"Julia," he said, "you're like your mother to-night."

A pompous exposition of the affair of Broomielaws and herself was exactly the thing for a drunken man to take up and enjoy. Besides, domestic sentiment is suited to one stage of intoxication. When he said, "You're like your mother,

Julia," this whisky sentiment was in his eyes and voice; and Julia's condition made her peculiarly sensitive to any sentiment, even of the limelights.

"Father," she said, crossing to him and sitting on the floor at his feet, "do you really think I'm in love with Broomielaws?"

"You are well off having Broomielaws in love with you," he caught her up with a laugh. "What is love?"

How easy it would be to answer that question! thought Julia.

"I've buffeted the warl' this six-and-sixty years," he went on, "and I'll tell you what love is. What's everything? Just a yoke we yoke oursel's wi'. We saddle oursel's wi' duty. We put the bit o' morality 'tween our own teeth. Love?—just a pair o' blinkers, Jooley. Ah! we can keek round the corner, fine. We gang straight in front o's—aince we've set our een in the proper airt—and mak'-believe we see nothing else. You've got your een set on Broomielaws—I saw it the nicht,—sensible lass the nicht, Jooley,—like your mother. Noo, jist put on the blinkers, and say, 'Broomielaws the inevitable! Mari'ge made in heaven.' My inevitable son-in-law—Broomielaws!"

Her mood was such that her father's speech amused as much as it pained. She said, half to herself, "I have got the blinkers on," and turned her eyes straight to the corner of the house that faced the bay at the caves. That was in the direction of Broomielaws also, and the old man grinned.

"There's more nor a man there, Jooley. There's fields, fat fields, but they maun be husbanded. I'll husband them. And you, Jooley, you'll husband love—it maun be husbanded too. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but if ye

dinna manure. Broomielaws! Mrs Broomielaws! Young Broomielawses!—all inside the blinkers.”

He hiccupped, and wept, and staggered to his feet; and the coming of her opportunity drove out the anger that was in her.

The clocks were on the stroke of midnight ere Julia was clear of the house. She had said that she would be at the caves by half-past twelve at the latest; that gave her half an hour only to cover the ground, and she took to the fields. She gave herself no time to consider that Leslie would wait on her, that he would be on the way to meet her. Leslie himself was less in her mind than the fact that she had an arrangement to meet him, to be taken away from Tarpow. Her way was Broomielaws' short-cut home, across Tarpow's fields and his own; only, a park's breadth from Broomielaws she must make a point or two to the south, and descend upon the caves. The moon was behind a cloud, and her only guide beyond her instinct for the way was the light of the May. The going was rough; but she laboured on, until a sharp jerk in a ditch-drain at the edge of her own land brought her up against a paling to draw a clear breath. As she leaned on it for a moment, the moon shook itself free of the clouds. Everything was still, except that the hum of the sea was louder here than westwards at Tarpow. A plough lay at the corner of her field, almost at her feet, and on the instant of wondering how she should have escaped tripping on it, her eye caught a heap beside it. It was not to be mistaken; and the humorous thought, that took the edge off her disgust, was that Broomielaws' tightly-breeched legs were specially hideous when he was in drink. She had started running again, when a something in the

heap caused her to return and look a little closer. The collar cutting the neck and cheeks was redder than the cheeks and neck themselves. Accustomed as she was to accidents and wounds, she saw in an instant that he had fallen into the danger she had missed, and had struck his head upon the coulter; and at the same moment she had found the wound and was assuaging it.

To her skilled eye the seriousness of Broomielaws' condition gaped like his wound, and all her purpose of that night ran out of her. But it left in her a solicitude for the man in her arms, which would have been impossible had she not harboured the false sentiment that she threw off as soon as an appeal to her practical self set it in its true light. At the same time, it did not cause her to forget the stark facts of her condition. She could not leave him thus to search for help; yet, whether she brought help or attracted it, how could she account for her presence there at that time of night? That made action easier, for the only alternative was to return to Tarpow,—she never gave going on to the caves a thought now,—and keep silence concerning Broomielaws. If that course crossed her mind, it did not linger. Keeping her handkerchief tight to the wound, she ransacked the man's pockets until she found matches. The hidden moon favoured her plan, and the lights, as she struck them, flared brightly against the darkness. It was a random shot to aid her shouts for help. On market night some wandering ploughmen might be hieing home from Torrie Town across the fields. Twice as the moon glinted through the rack, she thought she saw a figure between her and the coast, the second

time nearer her and close to the hedgerow that ran from her side.

By-and-by a singularly sweet piping smote her ear. It came delicately through the night in the strains of a Jacobite air, becoming louder and louder, until a rustling down the hedge-side told her that the piper was near. A shyness came upon her like a shiver, and she drew her cloak close up to her eyes, as if that might hide her. Before she could make out the gaunt, wizened old man, with coal-black face and hands, she knew whom to expect.

"Rab Cuick!"

"Mistress Hay!"

Her alert nature threw off its shyness. She motioned him to kneel at the other side of her from Broomielaws, discovering the wound meanwhile.

"It's Broomielaws' tatties you're after, Rab," she said, sternly.

"I'm lying o' nights at the pit-head fire," he grumbled; "but I'm hungry, and not so supple as I used to be, and Broomielaws' tatties——"

He was fumbling with an excuse, and with a chamois-leather case for his flute, as black as his hands. She felt in her pocket. Two half-crowns lay in it,—her only dowry to Leslie,—and she held them up between Rab's eyes and the moon.

"Go to Broomielaws," she said. "Send one of the bothy-boys to Torrie Town for the doctor, and then rouse the others and bring them on here. You found him here, Rab; and you'll carry him to Tarpow, and waken me up. You understand?"

Rab's face was as stolid as the paling-stab when he held out his hand for the half-crowns.

"When you bring—this—to Tarpow," she said, slipping the coins into her pocket again.

Rab Cuick had been gone some twenty minutes, when the faint sound of voices from Broomielaws came to Julia's ear. As the sound drew near, she could make out that Rab was bellowing unnecessary directions. A break in the clouds discovered him and his following making straight for her; and drawing her cloak round her, she slipped through the hedge, and ran for Tarpow.

When she let herself in everything was quiet. She raked together the red cinders in the fireplace, and set the kettle on them. She looked into the cupboard and made certain that there was brandy there. Her father was snoring up-stairs as she stole to her room and ransacked her work-basket and presses for linen for bandages. When she stole down-stairs again, and listened at the door, there was a sound of voices in the yard.

From the noise he made, it was evident that Rab Cuick thought that Tarpow household slept deep. When Julia opened the door, Broomielaws' foreman was very terse in describing what had happened, and led the way to the spare bedroom with his load; but Rab, who followed, was loudly apologetic about wakening up Julia at such an untimely hour. He followed the ploughman down again, after a short interview with Julia in the bend of the staircase.

"There's a receipt, Miss Jooley," he had said, as he pocketed the half-crowns; and handed her her own handkerchief, smeared with blood and coal-dust.

It was very honourable of Rab, of course; but Julia got hot with chagrin at the act.

Broomielaws was laid upon the bed until the arrival of the doctor. When he came, Julia left him and stepped across the passage into

her father's room. Once or twice she was called to minister to the wants of the case, but she did not linger. At length she heard Tarpow and the doctor descend, and by-and-by her father came up to her.

"You can put them off," he girmed.

"What? Put what off?" she asked.

"The blinkers," he said, with a snap.

That meant death, and her woman's tears came instinctively; yet a smile, half-amused, half-scornful, fought with them for a place in her eyes and on her face. To hide their conflict, she turned to the window and pulled aside the blind. The moon lay on the bay, and on the waters beyond it, and with almost spiteful emphasis lit up a little speck of white sail well over to the other side. Evidently Leslie had not lingered at their tryst a minute behind the hour.

At the stab to her pride that the discovery gave, the blind

dropped from her hand. The next instant she had plucked it aside, as if to scourge her mature sense with the sight of her raw humours. "So that is the end of that," she thought, as she watched the white sail mount to the opposite shore. She would never marry Broomielaws; that had been settled for her. Whether she ever could have married him was beyond consideration now; yet it seemed to her that it was as likely she should have married him as that she should marry this laddie, who was even now landing on the other side of the Forth. She was a girl when the boy came to her that morning, with the first touch of spring, the harbinger of her womanhood. The boy had sailed away from a woman, years older than himself in knowledge, and ripe in the consciousness of what the world held in store for her. No: she would never marry Teddy.

And, indeed, he did not ask her again.

D. STORRAR MELDRUM.

A VISIT TO THE BUDDHIST AND TAO-IST MONASTERIES
ON THE LO FAU SAN.

To fathom the Chinese religion to its depths would require a knowledge of humanity, a patience, and a gift of tongues, such as few men can lay claim to—certainly not the writer. But for people who are willing to accept broad approximations for truths, it is not hard to remember that the conscience of China is acted on by four influences, which may be classified as agnosticism, a folklore, and the fossil remains of two religions.

By agnosticism, I mean the doctrines of Confucius, which, in name at least, are accepted by the mass of the gentry and literati. But Confucius was no prophet: he was a statesman and a philanthropist. It is true that he regulated with exactness the ancestral and spirit worship of his day; but that was only because there were four things which, his biographer says, he would never hear discussed; and of these one was revolutions, and the other was religion. Now, because this unbelieving Confucius is a guiding star to the whole educated population of China, therefore, with native logic, China builds temples for his worship, and worships him in every district city.

But Confucianism has never affected the natural religion of the country. It has never shaken the universal belief in a teeming world of spirits jostling with the world of life, and helping, saving, tormenting, or destroying, according to circumstances. From this, China has evolved its most human

and touching belief in the goodwill of a man's father towards him after death. It is this that has kept the plains of China inviolate from the rush of the locomotive. These two lines of thought, the sceptical and the pantheistic, belonging to the educated and ignorant classes respectively, but always acting and reacting on each other, may be considered as the bases of a Chinaman's faith.

I have spoken of Tao-ism and Buddhism as fossils, because the fundamental doctrines of both religions have long since been unheeded and forgotten. Buddhist monks are made use of to bury the dead, and for their supposed ability to regulate the rainfall; and the Tao-ists gain influence by geomancy and their tutelage of popular deities; but these are the limits of their power. This being so, not much knowledge of the heart of China can be gained from the trip to be described. But to those who can content themselves with a general view of the show-part of the creeds, I can heartily recommend a fortnight spent among the monasteries on the slopes of Lo Fau San.¹

By six o'clock on an August morning I was out on the river in a slipper-boat, ready to catch the steam-tug that runs up to Shik Lung (Dragon shore), the starting-point for Lo Fau San. August is hot all over China; but in Canton you gasp for a breath of air in the steam that rises from the polluted river, and the thou-

¹ The Lo Fau San (Hill of the Floating Basket) lies about eighteen miles from Shik Lung, on the right bank of the Tang Kong or East River, some six hours' journey by river-steamer above Canton.

sand tainted sickly little smells which ooze up from a Chinese town. The tug being supposed to start at daybreak, it was natural that at eight we should still be lying in the current, dodging destruction by the Foreign Customs launches, as they dashed up and down the stream. But at last she puffed up in a great hurry, with a broad-beamed barge in tow. Two officials of the native Customs, sleek as are those who drive fat cattle, went aboard and made their search. Foreigners are exempt from examination, because after fifty years' experience it is still believed that they do not know how to cheat. Accordingly, the writer and Ah Man (which is, the Late-born—perfect among boys) boarded the tug, and were accosted by a half-naked person, whose enormous girth betokened his importance. He proved to be the skipper, and the following argument took place.

Skipper. Tshaw! Go away.

Foreign Devil. Shan't.

Skipper. You must! Go on to the barge. Passengers not allowed here [and he produced a paper].

Foreign Devil. I don't want to see it. Foreigners never travel on barges.

Skipper (coming down a little, in an aside to the Late-born). What will he pay, if I let him stop?

Foreign Devil (ditto ditto). Ask if I can stay for double fare?

And so the negotiations proceeded on a strictly commercial basis.

Indeed I cannot recommend the barge. It has three decks, each high enough to crawl under comfortably, strewed with Chinese, some sleeping, some smoking opium or tobacco and spitting continuously. A native gentleman, under the circumstances, will strip off his long robe, curl himself up on the planking, and go to sleep with his head on his elbow or a

block of wood for a pillow; but for white men the tug is best.

Barring accidents, Dragonstone is reached any time between two and five in the afternoon. The town does not look unpicturesque, with its line of squat brick houses flanking the river, and the strings of barges moored alongside; and when you have said that, you have said about all. A geologist's eye will note the formation of the landing-stage, an outcrop of broken potsherds through a bed of primary ooze.

I asked my way to the inn of one of the knot of loafers who had come to inspect me; and a boy was told off to lead the way. In return for a civil request, Chinese are glad to render such little services, as long as they cost nothing. The streets of Dragonsore are about two paces wide. The afternoon was hot and breathless. The atmosphere of each shop swelled through the framework of door and window to mingle with the smell of the shop opposite; and as I passed under convoy of my guide, we seemed to be working through successive layers of pork, fruit, fish, and grocery essences, all heated to a temperature of 90° Fahrenheit.

The inn at Dragonstone is not a success in summer. You look in through the open doorway on to a dingy little room about twelve feet square, with a greasy counter at one side, and a stock-in-trade of rice, wine, dried fish, tobacco, and opium behind. Opposite are two square black tables (they were white once) covered with bowls of salt vegetable and flies, round which half-a-dozen labourers are sitting at their rice. A Chinese kuli squatting half-naked on a bench, with a bowl at his lips, stoking rice and bawling at the same moment, is not a pretty

spectacle under the most favourable conditions—in hot weather he is distinctly unpleasant. This front room is divided from the kitchen and pig-sty by what may be called the distinguished-guest chamber—a box the size of the lift in a hotel—with a narrow passage to form the connecting-link. From the shop side this bedroom is entered by a half-door, the top part of which is latticed, and lets in just so much of the gloom without as will give an outline to the horrors within. Here I was introduced to my landlord, who was lying in bed a-smoking. He graciously gave up his room to me, and for want of better accommodation I installed myself therein. Over the rest of that day and night I will draw a veil. It will be enough to observe that the cloud of flies by day was followed by a cloud of mosquitoes by night. A roaring fire from the kitchen, with whiffs of cooking and pig-sty, the sweet nauseating smell of opium,—if these and filth and bugs past counting are enough to damn a lodging-house, then let visitors beware and shun the sign of the Rich Man's Resort at Dragon-stone. The obvious alternative is to stay on board the launch all night and refuse to be evicted.

The kulis had been engaged overnight, and had promised to be at the inn by daylight next day. They turned up at about eight, which was pretty well, and by nine we were off. It is safe to give your bearers an hour to play the fool in before they start; and the best thing to do is to begin breakfast when the boy announces in pure Hongkongese, "That five piecee kuli-man he come, *galáw!* S'posee you makee chop-chop all same bettah." After breakfast and a cigar, you will stroll out to find

a dense crowd surrounding your baggage, by this time carefully unpacked and arranged in little parcels on the roadway, in the midst of which the kulis are brandishing a steelyard, with fearful outcries and faces distorted with passion. It is annoying, as everything has been carefully packed and weighed and approved overnight, but you have no redress. You may ejaculate, "*Lai chü! Lai chü!*" (Come, go!) at intervals, to which all present mechanically will respond, "*Lai chü!*" but it will not make the smallest difference. Still, everything must have an end: at last smiles are the order of the day; every one says, "Come, go!" and you are exhorted to get into your chair. There was one of my men who had somewhat prepossessed me. He alone had not grumbled about his burden, but had sat stolidly on a lemonade-box, plastering a green leaf over a sore on his leg. It was at this moment that he showed his true colours. "Wait a bit," he said, with a face like a stone; "tobacco-pipe forgotten, I must go home get it." "O may Heaven bless you! and how far is your dear home?" "Not far." "And how far is that?" "Not far; perhaps it is, speaking roughly, more or less about four *li*" (a mile and a half). Mere weak humanity, under the circumstances, will "endure loss of capital," as a Chinaman would say, and give the scoundrel a farthing to buy a brand-new pipe at the shop across the road. Then your boy bethinks him that he must go and buy a dollar's worth of cash. He invariably does this at the last minute, thus adding an associated horror to the intrinsic vileness of the coin. It is held by some that the coinage of China was invented especially for the confusion of the foreigner. At any rate,

two market-villages twenty miles apart are quite certain to have a different rate of exchange, and (but this may be only a coincidence) the foreigner is not the one who profits thereby. Thus, suppose you tender a dollar at Stone Umbrella mart, and after much weighing and testing thereof are given in exchange 1030 brass coins strung on a string, of varying weight and thickness. Arrived at the Plain of Peace, you buy a dollar's worth of fowls, and put down your 1030; only to be told that the exchange is 1160, and you have to find the balance. Next day, having invested all your savings in cash, you return to Stone Umbrella, intending to buy up all the silver in circulation at the lower rate of exchange. Alas for your hopes! You are met with a chilling, "These cash are ten parts [*i.e.*, 100 per cent] worthless;" and in corroboration of his statement, your would-be victim points out, or pretends to point out, the absence of certain blurs on the horrid little rings of brass. The fact is that, quite apart from the difference in the rates of exchange, there are at least three sorts of cash in circulation, golden, indifferent, and worthless,—just as if two good shillings and a bad sixpence were legal tender for a doubtful half-crown. Then, again, one trade is by popular feeling allowed a keener sensitiveness on this point than is another. A clothier will not reject so many of your cash as will a pawnbroker: as if a cabman were justified in biting on his shilling, while a booking-clerk ought to think himself lucky in getting what he can, and should gladly accept two irreproachable pennies for a 3d. fare. All this and a great deal more every child of ten throughout the land has at his fingers'

ends. Now what is the use of trying to teach a people our multiplication-table, whose everyday experience proclaims: Twice 2 ought to make 5; take heed lest it makes but $3\frac{1}{2}$.

By the time I had pondered on these things, the Late-born returned, his cash wrapped in an aldermanic protuberance round his waist; and we really did get off at last. The journey from Dragonstone to Lo Fau San is across the alluvial plain of the East River. It is as uninteresting a twenty miles of swampy padi-land as can be found anywhere, and the roads are simply the slimy bunds between the rice-fields. If the river is up, your kulis will, after starting, point out that the country is flooded, and that you must go by boat through the creeks for a third of the way. They will not laugh externally as they tell you this. On the contrary, they will loudly express their dissatisfaction; but if you listen carefully to their conversation and merriment for the rest of the day, you will find the point to be, that the fool of a red-hair-devil has paid them carrying wages to sit in a boat for seven miles. It is this sort of thing that has convinced the Chinese of our stupidity.

We got to the foot of Lo Fau San by sunset. Fa Shau Thoi, the Buddhist Monastery of the Fair Head, is some 600 feet up the mountain-side, with a good bridle-path leading up from this point. It was quite dark when we arrived, and the heavy folding-doors were already bolted and barred for the night. We were shown into the guests' quarters, and assigned a bedroom and a sitting-room. The monks are used to visitors, and foreigners are not unknown; but after a long and hungry day, any one, Chinese or

European, might do worse than sit down at their *table-d'hôte*, before a dish of snow-white rice piled high and a baked chicken, flanked by bowls of gravy, vermicelli, and boiled cabbage. Nor will he do amiss to guard himself from chill by a jar of hot sweet rice-wine. After dinner, I was glad to turn into my clean straw bed and sleep the sleep of the just.

Fa Shau Thoi is really a charming place, quite apart from its being raised high above the reeking stew of the Canton plain. It is enshadowed by an atmosphere of peace that removes it far away from the profane tramp and turmoil of swarming China. If the god Buddha could rouse him from the sleep of his blissful Nirvana, to hallow any spot amid the million-tongued struggle and squalor of the land, surely he would choose the gully of the Fair Head. What a contrast between its shade, the coolness of heavy timber, the rivulet dripping down between the rounded granite boulders, and the rice-field sweltering in the heat below, where the soil is half mud half manure, and the water a thrice-defiled offscouring of both!

The path crosses a little waterfall, and leads by a flight of rough steps up to the squat brick archway that bounds the precincts of the monastery. Just inside is a little plaster image of Buddha on a pedestal, looking, it must be confessed, more like Father Christmas on a cracker than a saint who fasted and suffered and fought off his mortality. A lane skirted by trees of almost jungle girth leads on to another flight of steps, white with the fallen blossoms of the "nine-mile-fragrant tree," which fills the air with a soft heavy scent as of myrtle. At the top

is a courtyard as big as a tennis-lawn, with a balustrade around, overhung by the upper branches of peach and pomelo and willow; and on the opposite side the monastery runs to left and right in long low wings of red brick, broken in the middle by a verandah and portico, rich with texts in red and gold, and highly coloured pictures of old men playing chess, after the well-known Chinese style. But for this porch and the blazing golden sun on the roof-beam where it sags in the middle, an Elizabethan country-house would give no bad idea of Fair Head Monastery. Immediately behind, the cliff of discoloured granite runs up so steeply that the neck aches as you peer up at the blue sky above. Fir-trees cling closely to it, their roots twisted sideways into the rock. A brook slips broadly over the black face, and breaks in a patch of undergrowth half-way down with a monotonous droning. A half-transparent mist-cloud

"Puts forth an arm and creeps from
pine to pine,
And loiters slowly down;"

and you wake to hear yourself saying, "It's just like a Chinese picture." Through the round granite pillars of the porch you pass into an empty barn-like room, with a drum as big as a wine-vat in one corner, and a monstrous bell engraved with *sutras* in another. This vestibule opens by two doors on to cloisters which run round a courtyard and rise by steps with the slope of the hill to the side opposite. Crossing the courtyard, you mount to the carved and fretted folding-doors of the chief shrine. If you go in, which you are quite at liberty to do, you will see that it is a plain whitewashed room, supported

on wooden pillars running up to the tiled roof. In the centre, and facing the doorway, is an altar on which are block-tin candelabra and vases filled with artificial flowers; a little wooden drum, shaped like a whispering-shell; and a brazen bowl in which half-a-dozen joss-sticks smoulder day and night, planted in the tightly packed ashes of their predecessors. Behind this altar, and reaching half-way to the roof-beams, there is a huge wooden frame carved and varnished, with a glass front, and inside sits Buddha Shakyamuni on his throne. The idol is unlike anything in heaven above or in the earth beneath—least of all like to that Buddha whom the sight of suffering drove from his harem and his palace into the forest, to fight against his passions and to conquer after years of suffering and temptation. The only thing it does resemble at all is a Chinaman who has read the classics. The artist has not been able to avoid giving the patronising droop of the eyes and the smooth unthinking brow which are his conventions for dignity; even the supercilious little finger is there, cocked up to show its long dainty nail, which says, "Look at me, and judge if *we* ever do any work." Yes, this over-dressed impertinent Celestial is the weather-beaten etherealised Messiah!

There are half-a-dozen lesser shrines within the precinct, all much the same to look at, connected by cloisters and courtyards. The Heavenly Wells, as these courtyards are called, are filled with lotus-lilies, white and red, and flowering shrubs, and little tanks of goldfish. Now and then one of the dingy sodden monks will saunter out to renew the incense-sticks, or to pick a flower and lay it upon the altar; but

during the daytime they keep very quiet with their opium-pipes in their cells, and are not much in evidence: and a perfect calm rests over the Fair Head.

But when the drum beats for evening prayer all is changed. Thirty monks appear from nowhere in particular, each in a cassock of dove-coloured hemp, with a surplice of russet or yellow fastened at the left shoulder with a knot of red. Then if you peep through the carvings of the doorway into the big shrine, you will see them standing each by his praying-mat, facing each other in rows on this side and that of Buddha's throne. The candle-light from the altar catches the carving and the lacquer-work, and—the clean-shaven heads of the brethren. A monk folds his hand before him, shuts his eyes, and launches forth into a prayer, which, being in corrupt Sanscrit, is not understood of the general. He gabbles through it as fast as he can go, in a high nasal sing-song which seems strangely familiar: it appears to be a sort of litany, the congregation making the responses in unison. At intervals a gong jars the semi-silence; while through all you are aware of a queer droning throb, and discover at length that it comes from a novice, who, with a sublime air of abstraction and the slightest perceptible movement of his hand, is tap-tapping at a tiny wooden drum. The blend of subdued sounds, lights, colours, gives the indescribable something of sensuous charm that steals upon a man in a Catholic place of worship; and I felt a secret sympathy with Ah Man at my side—Ah Man, the declared agnostic—when he whispered, "Perhaps true indeed! I perceive that these men fervently believe."

Suddenly all face round to the doorway, their backs to the altar. The fat old abbot kneels and prostrates himself thrice, striking his head on the stone floor. Then they form in procession and march round the shrine, chanting the keynote of their religion as it has reached them from the mouths of the Indian missionaries to China more than 2000 years ago: "Nan-Vu O-Ni-To Fut!" Holy Buddha Infinite! More prayers, more *kowtows*; and so the day's work ends: except there are two, for whom it is a duty (whether of fatigue or supererogation, I know not) to beat the big drum for some hours, and to strike the carved bell with a suspended battering-ram six times eighteen times. Then all is over for the night, until, an hour before daylight, you wake to hear the new day ushered in by renewed throb and clang of drum and bell.

It sounds very solemn and imposing, but it must not be supposed that the Buddhist monks know anything about their own doctrine. Any one wishing to inform himself on the subject should turn it up in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica': it will be time wasted to ask a Chinese monk. Indeed, their ignorance of the religion they profess is astounding. They know—most of them—that "Fut," as they call Buddha, was a foreigner of some sort, but that is about all. They do not understand the very prayers they chant. They burn incense before strange gods—before the Tao-ist God of the Five Compass-points, for instance. They have absolved themselves from the command against eating animal food, and are content to eat *maigre*, like the Tao-ists, two days a-month; though perhaps they could give a reason for this innovation. Not that their ignor-

ance is remarkable, considering the way they are recruited. One takes the vows—"shaves the head," as he would say—because he does not see any other means of ensuring his daily dose of opium. Another because he has got into trouble, and is "wanted" at Canton. After a year's menial service, should he still give satisfaction, he may aspire to become an Exalted Brother as good as the rest.

Are they, then, mere vulgar impostors? Perhaps not. They say they believe,—something which they have never taken the trouble to think out—anything that is the "correct thing" for Buddhists to believe; and I doubt their making any mental reservations. The fact is, they are past reasoning, as they are past curiosity, past hope and fear. They are absolutely careless and useless and besotted. If this is the life of the lotus-eater, most people would prefer to live the life of a naked Sakai on a Malay mountain, with a blow-pipe hunting squirrels for the evening meal.

Our next ambition was the very top of the mountain—namely, Pat Yun Tshz, the Buddhist Monastery of the Opening Cloud. Of the four bearers who were engaged for 6 A.M. sharp, two turned up at eight, which was pretty good, considering John's idea of time and a promise. But at ten o'clock the other two still were not; so I made a start with those I had, leaving the Late-born to ferret out the perjured beasts of burden and follow after.

It is wisely forbidden by the authorities to cut wood in the valley of the Fair Head; but I was not grateful to my men for taking me by a short-cut through the underwood and drenching me to the waist: however, as things turned out, a little moisture more or less did not matter. Then

began the real climb, up zigzag tracks of clay, and over slope after slope of grass-clad hillside, with stepping-stones here and there in the steepest bits. As the kulis were carrying 90 lb. apiece, it may be imagined that our progress was slow. Over the worst bits they swang deliberately from stone to stone, uttering an exclamatory "Tshaw!"; and the clink of Bass against Pilsener jarred cruelly on the imagination. Happily, not a bottle was broken.

After about an hour we made out three little white specks on a yellow line below us, which seemed to be the rest of the party, and by our combined war-cries attracted their attention. I extemporised a telegraphic apparatus out of my sun-hat on a walking-stick, and was engaged in a desperate attempt to signal for some one to post on with the tobacco (for I was in a cigarless region), when the mist closed down on us, and we were alone in a green gray island, cut off from life of any sort. It also began to rain, and things did not look cheerful. Even a halt for lunch brought little comfort; for as I munched the homely biscuit, the bearers pleaded so earnestly for a share that it went to my heart to refuse them—although, as I pointed out, they had already "eaten full," and my "foreign-tin cakes" were "for me, one individual, probably not enough." They then squatted on their haunches and watched me, gulping pathetically after the manner of dogs. But when one of them demanded "Wi-si-ki spirit," I began to suspect that they were not so unsophisticated as they looked.

When, after four hours' climbing, we had covered some two-thirds of the distance, the spirits of the angry mountain determined to do their worst; and the rain, which up to this point had been

"*Tit, tit, tat, tat,*" as a Chinaman expressively puts it, became "*Pi-li-pa-la, pi-li-pa-la,*" and in a very few minutes we were drenched to the skin. However, we bore up manfully, and bearer Number One vexed the solitude with a mountain-ditty, sung, or as we should say howled, in a drawling falsetto. The first verse goes something like this:—

"Still is all around us, still and fair to see,—
None on all your mountain-sides can sing a song like me.
You, you know the mountain-song: sing a stave or two.
Come, my little sister, join in harmony!"

There are a great many verses, most of which are not exactly of a drawing-room nature, though they appeared to relieve the singer's feelings immensely. Perhaps they recalled a romantic passion of the days gone by, when some fair grass-cutter on the hillside forgot the husband who bought her, in rapture at the strain, and encouraged his advances by replying—

"Through the dewy moorland round about I stray,
Sleeve rolled back to elbow, cutting grass all day;
Weary of my labour; fainting in the heat,—
Lo! here comes a stranger: very sweet his lay."

It is a pity that this sort of romance should be the only form possible under Chinese conditions.

When, after a last long scramble, a low wall and a cluster of corrugated-iron roofs loomed through the downpour, we all were glad. The solitary monk at the Opening Cloud Monastery gave me a hearty welcome, and installed me in the only shrine that did not leak. The rest of our party arrived not long after, with stirring tales of peril incurred in crossing a torrent, where

a yard-wide streamlet had trickled an hour before. The remaining daylight was spent in planking a pathway round the green earth floor of my room, and in drying our clothes and bedding in one corner round a charcoal stove as big as a flower-pot.

For him who shuns his fellow-men the Opening Cloud is the place: there he may rest assured that he is six good miles from any living soul. The monastery was almost entirely destroyed during a storm last year, and the sole remaining monk is a "flowing-water smoker"—that is, he never leaves his bed and opium-pipe except for meals. He and his man-of-all-work are the only society. It is true that on my arrival there was a third, but he was an interloper. Having chanced to stray up, he had decided that a "Fo Shang's" life would be a happy one, and proposed in due course to shave off his pigtail and enter the order. At first my friend, with the indifference of a confirmed smoker, had raised no objections; but as time went on, it dawned on him that lighting twenty joss-sticks a-day and banging a gong were no sort of equivalent for the man's keep, for he was a gross feeder. Accordingly he loudly urged the impropriety of a man, with wife and parents still alive, aspiring to the monkhood. And when the new-comer expressed his willingness to sell the one and renounce the other, the monk, feeling unequal to a forcible expulsion, was reduced to the absurd expedient of scolding the unfortunate man all day long—for the way he beat the drum! The excitement was a great strain on the poor child of Buddha, and I was glad when he plucked up courage to settle the business by cutting off supplies.

Even at Pat Yun Tshz new

faces are seen occasionally. During my stay a party of rush-cutters called who had never before seen a foreigner. They were very respectful, and rather nervous—quite different from the type of Chinaman who stares at you, laughing just as insolently as is safe under the circumstances, and who bursts into filthy abuse as soon as your back is turned. This ruffian, who is seen to as great advantage in civilised Canton as anywhere, is the product of familiarity, not ignorance.

Not such a one was Tshya lau Pak—dear Old Uncle Grace—who in his wanderings after calladia for medicine came up to the monastery, and gave us the benefit of his company through one delightful evening. He was a little, withered, smiling old man from an up-country Hakka village, who seemed to have outgrown his Chinesity and to have become merely human. In a *sarong* and headkerchief he might have passed for a Malay Raja of the old school; or, in a smock-frock and clodhoppers, for an English cottager of the old school. It was a foggy drizzling night when I found Old Uncle Grace seated at the kitchen-table near the fire, with a pipe in one hand and the other wrapped cosily around the teapot; while the Late-born and the man-of-all-work were listening to him open-mouthed. Over the fire a pan of fresh-cut tea a-drying filled the air with a fragrant steam and a suggestion of comfort that my room lacked. So I too sat and listened, and longed for a Kipling to immortalise the endless stream of stories with which he edified us—each one ending with, "Ha! that was the way of it. What more would ye have? But I remember . . ." and so on to the next.

In course of time he asked me the inevitable questions, Had not I come up to search for treasure? Could not I see a fathom into the ground because my eyes were blue? But when I declared with some irritation that I did not believe there was any treasure at all in his mountains, "There is!" he replied eagerly; "I have seen it flying like a bird. Hai, ya-a! I shall not forget it. But that was twenty years or more ago, Kwong Si not yet being Emperor. At Fi Chu Fu I saw it. For there lived a Bookman there surnamed Tshin: his little girl's eyes had grown a cataract, and he bade me climb the hills, seek medicine, give her to eat——"

"And the treasure?" I hinted, for the good man was rather apt to wobble out of the groove.

"Yes, it was so!" he went on. "When I was crossing the bridge, opposite where the great pagoda is, then at that time in heaven above we men heard a cry of 'Lonk, lonk, lonk.' Just like this was the sound" (and he made the brass mouthpiece of his pipe ring against the cast-iron tea-pan). "When it was thus, as many as were there, we raised our heads, and behold there were lumps of silver and gold floating above us."

"Geese, maybe," said Late-born, the sceptic.

"Geese? Plague seize thy mother!" Old Uncle Grace replied, still smiling. "Gold and silver geese hast thou ever seen unto this day? Nay, they were round things like plates,—neither head nor wing: there were also three-cornered ones, and four-cornered ones: and they flew by. Then in a moment we men all knelt down and prayed them, 'Pray ye do not go, ah! Pray ye deign to tarry with us, ah!' And then, as we spoke, straightway they

all turned back and parted into two flights, first the silver in a big flight, and then the gold in a lesser flight; and wheeling-wheeling-fashion they flew lower and lower, and when one touched another they chinked 'Lonk, lonk.'"

"Did they settle?" the man-of-all-work whispered.

"Ill-luck and alas! there was one small boy picked up a stone even thus, and threw it, thinking by chance to hit them. Then in a flash away they flew, *fi, fu* the sound of it, towards this flashing-basket hill; and to this day no man has seen them more. . . . Hai, tai. So strange an affair! And I saw it with these eyes."

Then he told us stories of tigers, and of birds that turned to snakes and bit their owners, and of men whom devils seized and thrust living into graves. He also gave an account of the capture of Peking in '60 by a cuckoo clock, which, as far as I remember, has escaped the attention of historians. ". . . And so the foreign *men*," he said, emphasising the last word to draw my attention to the compliment implied—"the foreign *men*, they made a clock. Who shall say how big? And on the top there was an iron bird that flapped its wings and cried *kikaw, kikaw*. A man told me this. And inside there were wheels and machinery and fire-powder. So they gave it to the Emperor. The Emperor—who shall say how pleased he was?—took it, and put it safe in his palace. Put it in his palace; then not many days and it burst to pieces, *pow!* and men were killed past counting, and in rushed the foreign soldiers, and plundered and killed and burned!"

"But how did the foreign soldiers get there?" I asked.

"The foreign soldiers had gone up river one by one, feigning to

do traffic in merchandise. That is how they got there, *ko lo waw*."

The monastery of the Opening Cloud is built in a sort of crater, with the peak that names the mountain towering 400 feet above, which peak is supposed to have floated into position during a deluge, and to be shaped like a basket. In my opinion it is more like a camel, or a weasel, or a whale. If you take the trouble to climb up, and if the mist holds off, you will get a view of a South-China rice-plain, as seen from 4000 feet of grey grass slope and black granite, that is worth remembering. The East River, coming down in a crimson flood under the sunset, slips into a thousand veins, and winds through the rice-fields (palest green, as I saw them, with the promise of the second crop), and round the oases of higher land, where the white cottages are built above flood-level, each imbedded in a patch of bamboo or fruit-trees that show almost black by contrast. And far away to the west the sun sets behind the golden line that marks the Canton estuary.

The next place to go to is Su Lau Kwon, the Tao-ist Temple of Tranquillity. The way down is extremely steep and slippery and wearisome. If one could only take a seat in the streamlet, and switch-back down in 50-foot leaps of shining spray! By the time the tourist has joggled down the 3000 odd feet into the valley below, he will be glad enough to get the stiffness out of his knees by bathing in the black hole scooped out by the falling water under a shady wall of rock, not at all regarding his bearers, who, anxious for their mid-day rice, will warn him that he will assuredly be drowned, for that it is far too deep to swim in!

The Temple of Tranquillity

stands with its back to a wood at the end of a spit of rice-land jutting out from the broader valley. Looking down on it from the wood, the same jumble is seen as at the Buddhist monastery of curved tiled roofs ornamented with suns and dragons, but on a larger scale. In front is the same cement courtyard—golden, when I arrived, with the fruits of the first harvest, laid out to dry in the sun before being garnered into the temple granaries. Inside, too, the arrangements are a servile imitation. There is a Tao-ist Trinity to match the Triune Buddha; there are the same paintings, incense, flowers, and altars. One cannot help feeling that since the Chinese are so successful in chaffering and money-grubbing, it is a pity for them to enter the domain of religion, where they are not equally qualified to shine. If Buddhism is an exotic that may have suffered in transplanting, at any rate the doctrine of *Tao*, or the Way, is a native growth. Lo Tsz, or the Ancient One, its founder, was a white-haired recluse at the time that Confucius became known twenty-four centuries ago. He left a book behind him which, with much that is obscure, contains also many of the truths accepted as divine by less mundane races than the Chinese. His creed was that all things spring from the Way, and must return to it. To follow the Way in simplicity is the only happiness; and this is to be attained through *Tak*, or Virtue. "Who is good, I would meet with goodness; and who is not good, I would meet with goodness; for *Tak* is goodness," said the Ancient One,—whose dictum, by the way, contrasts curiously with the saying of Confucius, less exalted if more practical: "With what, then, would ye recompense goodness? Recom-

pense goodness with goodness, and evil with justice."

But ethics do not suit China. By the workings of the national genius, this simple old philosopher in his mountain cell was degraded into a Drury Lane miracle-mongering idol, and his cleanly life bespattered, not with sweet-smelling legends like those that hide the beginnings of other leaders of men, but with such stories as that he sprang into life from his mother's armpit an old man with flapping three-holed ears and twenty toes! His followers then proceeded to annex every popular deity that could gain them a supporter; and when, in the first century A.D., Buddhism became a formidable rival, these two religions entered into a long struggle for popularity, each borrowing from the other any feature that seemed to be an advantage. Hence the absurd resemblance between them is the result of the adaptation of two different species to an uncongenial environment; and it is to be hoped that the process will continue until the degraded progeny of both are improved out of existence.

I asked one of the Tao-ist priesthood what he considered to be the salient distinction between his religion and Buddhism—a question which staggered him visibly. After mature consideration he replied: "The Exalted Brethren shave their heads bare; but we Searchers after the Way twist ours into a top-knot,—thus." A broader distinction seems to lie in the expression of the idols; for while those of Buddha are mostly bland, not to say supercilious, the Tranquil Temple collection was conspicuous for scowling, black-bearded ferocity. The Thunder God struck me as particularly impressive. I liked his sword and his top-boots; but, above all,

I was struck with his pair of cherubim, whose hammers and chisels and long sharp beaks well qualified them to guard their master's interests. Of course I do not mean to hint that Ni Vaw Sz looks ferocious; but she was a lady and an empress, and behaves herself as such: she sits quietly in a shrine nicely fitted up as a boudoir, with pictures and lotus-lilies. When heaven leaked a long time ago, she melted five sorts of stone together and patched it up. So the story goes; but I never believed it till I saw a piece of the unused material which is kept on show to confound the incredulous: even so, a casual observer might mistake it for a piece of lava.

European visitors are not unknown on the Lo Fau San, but naturally the main income of the Tranquil Temple is derived from native pilgrims and sightseers. The high officials at Canton pay occasional visits, as do many of the gentry and literati, despite the scepticism they profess,—to set an example, as they explain it, to the "Hundred Surnames," *Anglicè*, the Masses. It may be so: but a European can keep a good many Chinamen at bay as long as they are not *quite* sure that he is powerless against them; and it may be that the free-thinkers have a similar feeling towards the gods they laugh at in their homes. They take no chances. A few dollars spent on incense at the worst can do no harm.

At any rate, ample accommodation for visitors is provided. On arriving I was shown into the guest-room, a pretty little hall with a courtyard full of flowers at one end, and a deep window-recess strewn with opium-smokers' lounge-mats at the other, and with the inevitable straight-backed

chairs of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl ranged stiffly along the side-walls. After a few minutes a venerable old priest appeared, to whom I bowed politely, shaking my clasped hands on a level with my chin, and a "Yes! yes! I will sit down, sit down, sit down!" on my tongue's end ready to meet his "Good! good! Pray you sit down." Instead of this, "Have you been attended to, sir!" he said in very good English, and completed my astonishment by alluding to a cadaverous young priest in a blue robe behind him as "the steward" who would "take my orders." Afterwards I drew him out, and got him to tell me what he was doing in that galley. From his own account he worked for many years on a Pacific liner; and when after an illness the ship's doctor told him that his heart was affected, and prescribed perfect freedom from excitement as his only hope, he elected to spend his remaining days in this temple. He was most polite and pleasant; and at the risk of making my story all digression, I beg for a moment's hearing in defence of my very good friend John Chinaman back from abroad. I know that I am in a minority on this point; for all the missionaries agree that the last state of this man is worse than the first. One reason for this unanimity is that a convert, after ten years of California, not unnaturally has lost much of his teaching. But I maintain the real trouble lies in this: the missionaries (quite unconsciously I admit) gain a very considerable proportion of their converts through what appears to me to be a misunderstanding. Suppose Iraf the Golden is an intelligent man, he will think, "These foreigners are richer and more comfortable and better than I: it is good to be like

them." So he places himself under the instruction of some foreign missionary establishment, and by contact with Western civilisation is confirmed in his idea that foreignness and superiority and Christianity are one and the same thing. Then he goes to Australia; meets larrikins and drunken sheep-shearers; hears himself habitually addressed not as Foreign Devil but as Blankety Chow; amasses wealth in a respectable market-gardening way, and returns to erect something really handsome over the bones of his departed father. He will then call on his old pastor in a friendly spirit, and probably will shock him a good deal. But he bears no malice whatever to the foreigner; and in after-years, if he meets a stranger on the road, he will delicately attract his attention by murmuring all the English that has remained with him, "One, two, tlee." I remember arguing this point with a French priest, who said he had picked up a Siamese swear-word, *Ma-kan-a-sik*, from hearing it constantly hurled at him by home-returning travellers. Unfortunately the expression happens to be Chinese-Malay for "*Have you eaten rice?*" (*makan nasi*), and so means "*Give ye good day.*" No! if the awakening of China is to come from within—and that seems rather unlikely just at present—it will come in the next hundred years or so from a leavening of these much-abused adventurers.

But to go back to my invalided friend in the Temple of Tranquillity. Truly he could not have chosen a better place. The eighty priests who dream away their lives here have an easy time. Where the wood slopes down and flanks the temple they have made pathways and rough stone benches; and here they sit the long day through and

plat fibres into "magic brooms" to flap away the flies with, chatting together in an undertone or listening to a caged bird singing in the branches overhead. They do not smoke opium, or at any rate they do not stupefy themselves with it as do the Buddhist monks; on the contrary, they seem as cheery and contented as they well can be. And in the cool of spring-time, when the pear-trees are white with blossom, and the fir wood is studded with azaleas and the wild rhododendron, few places in sordid China can be sweeter and more pleasant than the Temple of Tranquillity.

I have just one hint to give my tourist, and that is how to pay before leaving. He shall express a desire to burn incense. His surname, style, and donation will then be written on red paper and posted upon the temple wall by way of receipt. If he is a millionaire, he will hardly grudge a dollar for each day of his visit. Above this, even supposing him to have "eaten himself" and not the temple cuisine, he will gladly spare a few dollars' "tea money" for that most attentive of "stewards" and his satellites.

There are several other show-places on Lo Fau San, but after the Temple of Tranquillity they come rather like an anti-climax. On the way back, seventeen miles of path along the skirt of the mountain make a pleasant walk, with a convenient halt for lunch at the Temple of the White Crane, and a comfortable night's lodging at King Dragon Temple. The latter place has a wide reputation for the waters of its cascade; and I can vouch for their excellence, whether taken neat or diluted. The King Dragon — it sounds rather like a public-house — is, moreover, scrupulously clean, and

the priests are only too glad to see a guest. Here, after three weeks' absence from the outer world, a news-hunger seized me, and I inquired after the war, then still in its babyhood; but the interesting event had not yet reached the ears of these secluded floating-basketers. I wonder if they have heard of Ping Yang and Yalu by now! How, after a long day's march in the sun, I came to spend the evening guessing riddles, I cannot imagine. It is not easy to translate riddles without blunting their point; but "Little Miss Netticoat with a white petticoat" is cosmopolitan, and the Sphinx her enigma gave satisfaction. They could guess none of mine, and I could guess none of theirs. Who would think that a beast with "six eyes, three tails, four legs down, four legs up, marching into town," could be two Chinamen carrying a dead pig to market slung on a pole? So the trial of wits resulted in a draw.

There are six leagues of hot muddy path to be covered before Dragonstone is seen again. After having borne up in the hope of ice and a punkah next morning, it was a cruel disappointment to find that the tug ran only every other day, and not that day. Even the Late-born's placid soul was ruffled. The only alternative to another night of horrors at the inn was to charter a covered native boat, which we did. The captain and the crew (which was his wife) slept for'ard, with a partition between them and us; and we ate our rice and cursed our fate. Still we did not do so badly after all, for with the moonrise a breeze sprang up, and a rice-barge, under a huge black sail, bore down on us where we lay-to for the night, throwing off the water like quicksilver from her square bows. Yells

and counter-yells, a rope thrown and made fast, and we were spinning along in her wake, till by morning the spires of the French Cathedral at Canton, which are the two horns of the City of Rams, peaked up out of the rice-flat. And by mid-day we had passed the forts, said good-bye to our convoy, and were working up the Canton arm of the river.

After all, it was worth while to have missed the tug for the experience of creeping up the river-side, in the slack of the current, under the endless line of houses. The high deck of the Hong-Kong steamer shows you a kaleidoscope medley of small craft splashing slantwise across the stream, apparently doing their utmost to get rammed; but to understand the meaning of the strata that line the banks, you must take them at their own level. Then you know that what looked like an inert mass is really composed of an innumerable collection of shifting particles—house-boats, passage-boats, slipper-boats, sampans, barges—each with a life and movement of its own. It is a city within a city. There are roads, too, and byways. Now you slip under the gangway of a Shanghai junk unloading at a wharf; now you are scraping along the Plimsoll-line of an empty British collier; then out into the current to clear a row of lighters moored side by side. There is no room for rowing, so you roll along before a waggling stern-oar; and when the crush develops into a block, it is "Out boat-hooks," and shove at the boats alongside quite regardless of where they want to go. Once as we bumped along, the young woman at the oar of the boat next ours lost her balance and pitched into my arms. She was not at all discomposed, and the baby slung

across her back did not wake up. She stepped back again without a word, and continued her remarks to a friend at the shouting-point where they had been interrupted. She was used to it. Probably she, like thousands of others, had never slept off her father's or her husband's boat during her whole life. Here and there, among the hundreds of such homes that jostle by, you get a glimpse of a little cabin where a desire for art is manifested—not common among the lower classes of Chinese: a touch of brilliant lacquer; a scroll of texts in gold and green; a looking-glass; perhaps a tawdry oleograph of the Virgin—come from who knows where?—stuck in all good faith next to an advertisement picture of Pearbrooke's soap.

Past the Cathedral, past the Flower Boats, the vast Alhambra of Canton towering above us like an anchored hotel (only three days later I saw all that was left of the Flower Boats, a hollow square of flames flickering along the water-level), past the Custom-House into the glad sight of a stone embankment, an avenue, and the clean white houses of Shameen, with the Union-jack, and the Stars and Stripes, and the Tri-color flying above the Consulates. The danger remains of being confronted by a lady acquaintance dressed as if for Hyde Park; but safely at the hotel, though mine host may gaze with disapproval at your dishevelled appearance and dirty *khaki* suit, it only remains to speak up lustily and call for the three great necessities—a bath, and a barber, and the last number of 'Blackwood.'

E. A. IRVING.

KA YIN CHU,
29th November 1894.

FRANCIS RICHARD SANDFORD.

WE make no apology for devoting a few pages to the career of a Scotsman who deserved so well of his country as the late Lord Sandford. More than a year has passed since, on the 31st of December 1893, Lord Sandford's long life of public service was closed even while he seemed still to have years of good work before him, and at a time when his experience and balanced judgment were more than ever required to guide us in the great task of public education, and amidst the new questions that crowd around it. After the lapse of some time, we may not perhaps be in a worse position to form a just estimate of a career than when, on the morrow of the death of a public man, the hurried obituary notices of the daily press somewhat recklessly summarise his life. We intend no reproach when we say that such notices are necessarily determined rather by the degree to which a public man, by fortuitous accident, may have chanced to occupy the public eye, than by the real value of his services; and it is almost a commonplace to say that this rarely gives a guide to any discriminating estimate. The career of a Civil servant is one which can be properly judged only by a small circle, and that a circle which is perhaps as little fitted as it is inclined to advertise its judgment on the housetop—which would, indeed, have difficulty in making the public understand the basis of its eulogy. Lord Sandford was known to an important section of those whose praise is most valuable: his work spread into many spheres, and he would have been the last to think that the respect which was accorded to

him by those who were best fitted to judge, and the success of the work to which his life was devoted, were not sufficiently rich rewards for the labour which he gave. In Scotland especially the circle of his friends was large, and to that circle we think that a brief record of some of the incidents of his life and work will not be unwelcome.

Francis Richard Sandford was the son of Sir Daniel Keyte Sandford, Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow. The seat of the family was in Shropshire, and in that county the estate of Sandford, the entail of which passed to Lord Sandford only a year or two before his death, had been held by the family from the days of the Conqueror. The descent of the estate is distinctly recorded from the time when it was granted to Thomas de Sauntfort in 1066. The representative of the family in the middle of last century was the Rev. Daniel Sandford, D.C.L., of Oriel College, Oxford. His life was spent largely in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and he was familiar with the classic scenes of Delville, where the memory of Swift and Stella was still kept alive by Mrs Delany. He died in 1770; and his second son, the Rev. Daniel Sandford, married Miss Douglas, who was a kinswoman of the Queensberry family, and through that connection joined the Scottish Episcopal Church and became Bishop of Edinburgh. He had three sons,—Erskine Sandford, who became a well-known Edinburgh advocate; Sir Daniel Keyte Sandford; and Archdeacon Sandford, whose family have at-

tained to notable positions in the Church of England. The Bishop died in 1831.

Sir Daniel Sandford, Lord Sandford's father, was a man of marked character and individuality. From the High School of Edinburgh he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford; and so distinguished was the reputation which he there gained, that at the age of twenty-three, to his own astonishment, he was appointed Professor of Greek at Glasgow in 1821, in succession to Professor Young. He married soon after Miss Charnock, a Lancashire lady, whom his early death was to leave with a heavy burden of responsibility in the education of a large and youthful family. Even the duties of his professorship did not exhaust Sir Daniel's energy; and as member for Paisley he entered upon a brief, and what was expected to be a notable, parliamentary career.

But this career, so full of energy and promise, was prematurely closed. In 1838 Sir Daniel Sandford, in a visit to a poor family who were lying ill of typhus fever in one of the miserable slums that surrounded the old College of Glasgow, caught the disease, and died in a few days, at the age of forty. The outlook before his widow was serious enough to appal any but a brave and courageous spirit, left, as she was, with a family of ten young children, of whom Francis, then only in his fourteenth year, was the eldest. The tie between a mother and a son left with such a responsibility was of no common kind, and in the heroism with which both met their task, and shared its burdens and responsibilities, there was formed a bond of rare intensity and tenderness, and one which on the boy's side could hardly fail to draw out all that was strongest in his character.

Each learned to know the measure of the other's strength; and while his love and adoration of his mother had to Lord Sandford, down to his last day, the force of a religion, she found in him, young as he was, from the day of his father's death, her chief stay and comfort.

The widow, with her young family, settled at Rothesay, and there young Sandford's holidays were spent. His mother had already begun to superintend closely the education of her sons; and her active interest in their progress is testified by lists, carefully compiled in her own writing, of the books which young Frank read year by year. In spite of all the advances which education has since made—owing largely to his labours—the lists show an amount of work achieved which would put to shame most students of our own day of an age considerably in advance of his.

After a short time passed at the High School of Glasgow, young Sandford had been sent in his father's lifetime to the Grange School, kept by Dr Cowan, at Sunderland, which then enjoyed a high reputation, and was of a size and importance to compare with some of the more prominent public schools. The increased facilities of travelling afterwards brought the English public schools nearer to Scotland, and the school disappeared; but at that time it was largely patronised by the leading Scottish families, and young Sandford's school companions numbered many who afterwards became leading citizens and representatives of Scotland. In 1838 he entered the University of Glasgow. While attending there he lived in the house of the late Professor William Ramsay, whom he always regarded with deep affection as a second

father; and it was at Glasgow University that some of his closest and most enduring friendships were formed. Lord Kelvin, Sir Archibald Alison, the late Principal Shairp, and the late Professor Sellar were amongst his contemporaries and intimates there; and wide as the circle of his later friends became, there was always a warm corner of his heart for these the companions of his earliest student days in the quadrangle of the old college.

The natural goal of scholarship in Glasgow University then, as now, was the Snell exhibition at Balliol College, Oxford. The exhibition was not then awarded by competition, but those who may be disposed to favour patronage in such matters would find a good defence of their predilections in recalling the names and after-careers of those who then proceeded, year after year, by the help of Snell's bounty, and upon the careful nomination of the Senatus, from the banks of the Clyde to those of the Isis. It is not too much to say that in those days the Snell exhibitors formed the centre of intellectual life even at Balliol, and that to them was in no small measure owing the position which, as the premier college of Oxford, she was fast attaining under the "Old Master," Dr Jenkyns.

At Oxford young Sandford, although no recluse or unsocial student, followed the same course of earnest and systematic work—none the less earnest because it did not obtrude itself on the notice of others, and never prevented him from sharing to the full in all the brightness and interest of college life, in its pre-reform and perhaps, as some of us may think, more characteristic days; and he closed his career there by taking a first

class in the Michaelmas term 1846, along with his lifelong friend Theodore Walrond, in the school of *Literæ Humaniores*—that school which the restless activity of university reformers has forced to undergo many changes, but which has perhaps scarcely acquired under their zealous tinkering any greater right than it then had to be regarded as an admirable type of the catholic and broad literary training which does so much to fit a man for professional and public work.

Amongst the Balliol circle there were an unusual number of men whose names have since become distinguished. Of Sandford's old Glasgow friends there were Shairp and Sellar; of new friends there were Theodore Walrond, Matthew Arnold, Francis Turner Palgrave, Edward Poste, Arthur Clough, and T. C. Sandars. Tait, an old friend of his family, had just left his college fellowship; but Mr Ralph Linggen (now Lord Linggen), Frederick Temple (now Bishop of London), and Jowett were then members of the Balliol common-room, and no college could show a better group.

In 1846 Sandford took his degree, and for a short time he acted as private tutor (having amongst his pupils the present Lord Hillingdon, Lord Cork, the Hon. Edmund Portman, Lord Macnaghten, Mr Alfred Peel, and the Hon. F. Lawley), and as a master in his old school at the Grange. But circumstances soon decided him to choose the public service as the work of his life. The Education Office was then in its infancy. Only in 1830 had the first tentative grant of £30,000 been voted. At first this was distributed, upon no very settled administrative basis, by the Treasury; but when it became necessary to have something of a definite system, it was placed under the

charge of the Lord President, and administered by the Privy Council Office. The guiding mind in framing the first germ of a system was that of Mr Kay, afterwards Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, who was Secretary at the time when Lord Lansdowne offered to Sandford the post of Examiner in the Department. Already more than one notable Balliol man was on the staff; and amongst his colleagues, Sandford found Lingen as Assistant Secretary, and Frederick Temple as Inspector.

Under the vigorous rule of Kay-Shuttleworth the Department had already made great advances. In 1846 the earliest minutes under which grants were made for the maintenance and staff of schools had been promulgated; and this was in itself an immense advance upon the earliest form of grant, which consisted solely of assistance towards the provision of schools. The whole work of what is now a gigantic Department, coming next after the War Office and the Admiralty in its annual budget, was then carried on in two or three rooms in the Treasury buildings in Whitehall. But although it was then the day of small things, those who were engaged in the work were picked men; and no training for the public service could have been better—none could have more successfully developed statesmanship—than that of taking part in the business of an Office which was growing under their hand, which was extending its operations week by week and month by month, and which it required no great prescience to see must speedily embrace every corner of the country in its grasp. That was no sphere in which traditionary routine or official red-tape could find a place. Each case constituted its own

precedent, and each of the men whose business it was to advise or to originate was compelled to keep ever before him the main aims and tendency of the work, and to see what part each decision arrived at might play in the development of that work. In most public offices, when they have grown to great dimensions, a man when he begins his work feels himself an insignificant part of a machine, and finds it hard to resist the deadening and depressing influence of this feeling. He has to pick his way through a mass of precedent; and in learning how to apply it, he finds it hard to look beyond the case in hand, and to get a grasp of the larger aims, towards which the mechanical routine and apparently rigid precedent are only means—necessary means, it may be, but difficult to interpret, and far from stimulating in their effect. It is only by slow experience that confidence is acquired, and only by exceptional energy that a man gets a grasp of the whole system, and is able in his turn to affect it, and to shape it, as far as it falls to him, according to his own ideas. But this sort of knowledge, generally acquired by slow and painful process, was exactly what the tentative work of the Education Office in those early days gave quickly to those who were fitted to take advantage of it. Careless and half-hearted work was impossible to a man who really grasped the position. Opportunities for industry are offered in every office: what fell to the lot of the carefully selected assistants of Sir J. Kay-Shuttleworth was the chance of initiating and guiding policy, and of watching its growth in their own work.

Shuttleworth's aid, however, in the guidance of the work, was soon lost. In 1849 a sudden

paralytical seizure incapacitated him for the further strain of official work, and his place as Secretary was taken by Mr Lingen. The new task to which the nation had set itself continued steadily to advance. In 1848, when Sandford entered the Office, the annual grant was about £70,000; in 1854, when he became Assistant Secretary, it had risen to £250,000. The annual reports of these days—now, we fear, rarely consulted, still more rarely read—enable us to form an idea of the work. The inspectors of those days were picked men of rare capacity. They were not merely intrusted with the task of pronouncing judgment on a school, assessing a grant, or examining individual scholars. They were rather sent as prospectors, to map out the land; to compare one part of the country with another; to say what were the weak points of one scheme, and what were the strong points of another; to trace defects to their source, to suggest remedies, or indicate new lines of development. Within the Office these various suggestions had to be co-ordinated and compared; the administrative action which they required had to be taken; and the outlines of the great scheme of national education had to be gradually filled in. Only the borders of the task, it was felt, had yet been touched, and it had still to be adjusted to take its place as one branch of the work of the Imperial Government.

It is no part of our object here to trace the growth of that system from its first beginnings to its late development. It is sufficient to point out a few of the features which characterised its operations in those early years, and to see how these affected the work of the first labourers at the task.

The whole system was based upon a sort of concurrent endowment, then for the first and perhaps the last time attempted in our polity. To have attempted an arrangement of religious differences, and a structure based on the foundation of a definite settlement of these differences, would have been a hopeless endeavour. Something had to be done to stop the wide *lacunæ* left by a casual system which trusted to voluntary agencies and to the accidental presence of local energy; and the only method possible was to work through existing agencies, such as the National Society (for the Church), the British and Foreign School Society (for the Nonconformists), and the Church of Scotland and Free Church Education Committees in Scotland. Grants were made only to schools in connection with one or other of such agencies; and however limited such a system might be, it afforded room enough for development on safe lines. But an administration working on such a system craved most wary handling. Any tactless interference, any pronounced bias, any unwise partisanship, might have wrecked the system at its outset, and might have left to the nation the more difficult task of building up a new system upon the ruins of the old. It speaks volumes for the discretion of those to whom the task was committed that no such disaster occurred. Step by step the work advanced. The extent of the gaps was more clearly ascertained. The best methods of granting assistance were gradually evolved from careful experiment; and local effort and missionary zeal were utilised to the full in preparing the way for a really national system. In 1857 the Department was brought into closer touch with the House of

Commons by the creation of the office of Vice-President, and year by year the Education Estimates became a more important matter; year by year an increasing mass of evidence was accumulated and sifted, in preparation for the larger inquiry by the Education Commission in 1858.

In this work Sandford took an important part; and without disparagement to the labours of others, it may be said that the burden of the toil fell upon Mr Lingen and upon him. It was to the experience thus gained that his eminent success in the later and larger task that lay before him was greatly due.

During those years his circle of friends was widening, and his interest in the larger world which London society opened to him was increasing. He was just as little the official, bounded by the four walls of his office, as he had before been the student buried in his books. In 1849 he married Margaret, daughter of Robert Findlay, of Easter Hill and Boturich,—finding the companion of his life in a member of an old and respected Scottish family; and without violating the sanctities of private life, it may be sufficient to say that those to whom their home was a centre of brightness and of high-toned culture learned to recognise in that companion one who stimulated all his best efforts and enhanced all for which they valued his society. It would be an absolute misconception of Sandford's character to suppose him one-sided or limited in interests. The foremost task of his life was public work, and to it all else was subordinate. But his home was also the centre of a bright and sympathetic society. His interest in literature never waned; and he not only entered

warmly into the achievements of his early friends who had essayed the field of letters, but he also kept fresh his own intimacy with the best literature, and in the midst of his hardest administrative work found rest and solace in the classics, of which he retained from his Oxford days a memory so accurate as sometimes to put to shame those who were more professed adepts. He rigidly avoided, however, any obtrusive display of such knowledge, and it was often indicated only when accident called him to draw upon the stores of an accurate and unfailling memory. No professed stylist, he was yet careful to avoid anything like slipshod writing; and while he was no censorious critic of others, his own official minutes were always models of concise and lucid English. It is safe to say that no careless or ambiguous tawdriness was ever permitted a place in his composition; and yet, fastidious as he was in the standard he set for himself, these minutes, however great the strain of business under which they were written, had the happy gift of appearing to be written without effort and without any trace of the *labor limæ*.

The first marked individuality amongst the House of Commons representatives of the Department was that of Mr Robert Lowe (afterwards Lord Sherbrooke), and its influence was seen in the much-criticised Revised Code of 1862. Although he fully recognised its merits and (for the time) its necessity, and was loyal to the policy it embodied, Sandford was not intimately connected with its inception. When it was promulgated, he was for the time engaged in work of a very different kind, as Secretary to the Exhibition of

1862. That work brought him into intimate connection with high and low both at home and abroad, and it doubtless enormously increased that faculty of organisation which stood him in such good stead in his later work, and which could hardly have been gained without the new experience and more varied sphere of action thus opened to him. He was chosen for this post by the late Lord Granville, and their association in connection with it led Lord Granville fully to appreciate his abilities, and to speak of him long after as "an old friend . . . of whose character, abilities, and public services I have the highest opinion."

His work in connection with the Exhibition gained for him the honour of knighthood; and on its conclusion, Sir Francis Sandford resumed his work at the Education Office, and remained there until 1868. These six years were the period of the Royal Commission, and of the first serious attempts at legislation on a large scale. It had become increasingly apparent that the basis of the whole work was to be changed. As Sir Francis Sandford himself put it, after he had laid aside his harness, "We knew that the structure we laboured to raise was not destined to be a permanent one: still we laboured on." The work was increasing, the sphere of labour was extending, but it still seemed as if the full fruition of the work might be indefinitely postponed, until contending parties should solve their apparently insoluble dispute. It was almost inevitable that those who for twenty years had laboured at an uphill struggle, seeking to do under fettering conditions what demanded larger powers, should become ardent for reform and keen for advance. It

was trying to their patience to work at a passing phase, and perhaps to leave to another generation the full fruition of the work. This is one of the trying conditions of the Civil Service, scarcely appreciated perhaps by those outside its sphere,—to know what is required, and yet to feel bound by the unwritten law of the service to make no public avowal of their conviction, and not to precipitate by any action of theirs the settlement of a party struggle.

In 1868 Sir Francis Sandford was again called to another sphere of work. The Duke of Buckingham was the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and, from his knowledge of Sandford's capabilities, offered to him the post of Assistant Under-Secretary in that Office. Here he found congenial and interesting work, and the prospect of further promotion was more than promising. He would undoubtedly have left his mark on colonial administration, and it was therefore not without hesitation that he accepted the offer of the headship of his former Office, when that fell vacant upon the appointment of Mr Lingen to the Treasury in 1870.

He came back to the Education Office in the year that the new Education Bill was in full progress, to all the promise of new achievements that it offered, and all the work that it entailed. The Vice-President was Mr Forster, and between him and Sir Francis Sandford there was formed the most cordial bond of friendship and co-operation. In Mr Forster, Sandford found a Minister who was, above all things, loyal to his office; generous to the past, but with high hopes of the future; tenacious of his purpose, but yet with no disposition to fret because all things did not turn out accord-

ing to his wish ; and in Sandford, Mr Forster learned to discern one who, as he himself expressed it, spared no toil, and was at the same time gifted with the inestimable power of "looking ahead." Before these two lay four years of work pregnant with consequence to the nation.

In its passage through the House of Commons the Education Bill had encountered some stormy episodes, and the heat and bitterness of the contest were by no means exhausted when it became law. Any imprudence on the part of those charged with its administration, any attempt to give effect to bias or to prejudice, would have been fatal to its success. Much had been done by voluntary effort in the past : to ignore or disregard this would have been ungrateful and disastrous. But it would have been even more fatal to look to the past as any measure of the future. The policy of the Department had to be skilfully adjusted between these two extremes, and it was eminently fortunate that the political chief of the Office was a man so transparently sincere and single-hearted as Mr Forster, and that in Sir Francis Sandford he had a permanent head of his Office, rich in experience, and with a natural gift of organisation and a faculty for dealing with men brought to perfection by the training through which he had gone. For four years they were associated, and each year increased the cordiality of their relations and their mutual respect.

The business of the Department at once advanced by leaps and bounds. To say that the amount of the annual vote which it administered advanced during the fourteen years of Sir Francis Sandford's headship from £840,000 to £2,700,000 gives an insufficient

measure of the change. The Office suddenly found itself no longer putting into force certain minutes which varied from time to time, and brought into relation with voluntary bodies who had no statutory rights, and must accept with gratitude, or at least with submission, such aid as was offered to them, but regulated by an Act of Parliament, and dealing with statutory authorities, popularly elected, jealous of their rights, critical of central authority, and reasonably demanding to know exactly the lines of State administration, as a necessary basis for their own guidance. Each separate reply became a precedent, and could not be lightly varied, without introducing a dangerous want of confidence in the stability of the system. What was therefore chiefly wanted was a clear eye to discern the ultimate bearing of any decision, a readiness which might suggest the possible cases which such a decision might affect, and a quick and accurate memory to recall the analogous cases which bore upon the case in hand. Over and above this, there was need for tact and conciliation in adjusting the claims of the new statutory bodies with those older voluntary agencies which had so long carried on the work, and which were timid about the aggressiveness of their new rivals. Behind those daily questions calling for settlement, and underlying all the local contentions, were the larger questions which had so recently been fought out in Parliament, on which opinions were so radically divergent, and which might at any moment break out into fierce political antagonism.

For this task it was scarcely possible that the Minister could have had a more apt coadjutor than Sir Francis Sandford. These

were days of almost feverish activity in the Education Office, but no one ever saw him perturbed or worried. With marvellous versatility he turned from one subject to another; settled the numerous references which were passed to him from the various branches of the Office, keeping all the threads separate in his mind, and throwing himself fully and without reserve into the business that required his attention at the moment. Nothing is more perplexing in administration than to submit a case for decision to some one who has not freed his mind from what has last occupied it, or whose consideration of the question is disturbed by forecasts of that which is to follow. Sir Francis Sandford had the faculty of calling all his perspicacity into play on the business before him, and yet keeping well in view all its possible effects. He never allowed himself to come to a decision so hasty as not to take in all the bearings of the question. But he had an instinctive faculty of perceiving all these bearings, of seeing what they involved, and of probing any weak point in the preparation of the case. At times the weak point was discerned with an unerring accuracy not soothing to the self-complacency of his subordinates; but it was corrected with a light hand, and with as little injury as might be to the feelings of the defaulters. Indeed the correction came rather to give confidence against possible error, and was felt to be a security that he had taken upon himself all the responsibility. No permanent head of a great and complicated department could better combine discernment and perspicacity with the most cordial and friendly relations with his colleagues. Every official, however small the sphere of work with which he was intrusted, felt

that the head of the Office could himself explain its details, and suggest any needed improvements in its working; while all felt that one master-mind was pervading the whole movement of the machine.

This faculty was of enormous advantage in the new work, and it was due partly to the natural quickness and alertness of his mind, and his wide experience in dealing with men, and partly also to the fact that he had seen the Office grow up from the time when each officer took part in every detail of the work. In the greater development of later years this obviously became impossible: in an organisation so large each member is, as a rule, confined to one branch. But in the days of Kay-Shuttleworth each man had to take his share of every part of the work, and saw how it grew as a whole, and how each branch was connected with the other.

But there was another aspect in which the experience he had gained was of vast service to Sir Francis Sandford. Since 1870 legislation had laid down the lines upon which the work was carried on, and the faculties which that work chiefly demanded were administrative expertness and organising power. But the earlier tentative efforts towards national education necessarily called for broad views upon educational questions, the power of comparing and contrasting foreign systems, of tracing defects to their source, and speculating as to possible remedies. A superficial observer might have seen in Sir Francis Sandford only the facile and energetic administrator. But those who knew him better knew that although he detested the propensity to vague and speculative theory with which official incompetence can often cloak itself, he always could defend offi-

cial practice upon sound reason ; and it was sometimes startling to find how quickly he could adduce well-reasoned arguments to defend positions which men, accustomed only to the routine of business, might have thought rested entirely upon official precedent.

Two years after Sir Francis Sandford became Secretary, the Scottish Education Act was passed (in 1872), creating a separate Committee of Privy Council for Education in Scotland. He undertook to act as Secretary to that Committee without remuneration ; and to this work, already sufficiently laborious, he added in 1874—still without any increase of salary—the duties of Secretary to the Science and Art Department. In these diverse duties he was in no sense a formal superior or mere official figurehead : he kept the threads all entirely in his own hands, and was himself the source and director of each line of policy.

In the initiation of the work he acted with Mr Forster, and to the closeness of the friendship between these two we have already referred. As Mr Forster was a Cabinet Minister, the Vice-Presidency in his hands involved the virtual direction of the Office, although the Lord Presidents (Lord Ripon and Lord Aberdare) entered cordially and sympathetically into the work. In 1874 the Conservative Ministry came into power, and for the next six years Sir Francis Sandford's political chiefs were the Duke of Richmond as Lord President, and Lord Sandon (now the Earl of Harrowby) and Lord George Hamilton as Vice-Presidents. Under them the national system was completed by the universal establishment of compulsory education through the Act of 1876, and the work advanced smoothly and harmoniously, the relations between the

political chiefs and the permanent head being those of cordial mutual trust and friendship. When the Conservative Ministry fell in 1880, it was only natural that Sir Francis Sandford should feel the break in these relations. It is the boast of our Civil Service that earnest and loyal co-operation is not limited to any party. But the breaks that come through changes in the political arena are nevertheless trying : it would not be in human nature to feel them otherwise. Long association begets habits and creates attachment to principles that are not easily laid aside ; and the deeper the interest in the work, the stronger these habits become. But this did not in any degree lessen the loyal service which Sir Francis Sandford set himself to give to his new political chiefs during the four years that remained to him in the Education Office ; and none, we are convinced, would more cordially endorse this than the Ministers whom he was now to serve—Lord Spencer, and afterwards Lord Carlingford, as Lord Presidents, and Mr Mundella as Vice-President. In common work and with a common aim, differences soon disappear. The business of the Department advanced with new energy, and new strides forward were made. A page was added to the English Statute-book in the Act of 1880, which completed the machinery for securing school attendance ; and in Scotland the long-delayed and often-attempted reform of educational endowments was achieved by the Act of 1882, and the work of the Commission which it created. In all these Sir Francis Sandford gave that efficacious help which full mastery of his subject enabled him to do ; and Lord Balfour of Burleigh and his colleagues found in him a wise counsellor, and one who gave constant and ready aid

in the work which they accomplished with so much energy and thoroughness.

In 1884 Sir Francis Sandford reached the age when retirement was possible. He had thirty-five years of unbroken service to look back upon. The work had prospered in his hands, and he had earned the honours of the service in his nomination as Companion of the Bath in 1871, and as K.C.B. in 1879. He might well feel that the time had come when he might seek some rest, and render his future service otherwise than in the harness of the Civil servant. He resigned the Secretaryship, and became for a time Commissioner under the London Parochial Charities Act of 1884.

The end of service so long continued and so distinguished ought, it was felt by many of those who had been associated with him and learned his worth, to be marked by some special recognition of their regard. Any public demonstration would have been distasteful to him; and it was accordingly amongst the immediate circle of his intimate friends that the proposal was suggested and took shape. On the 17th of June 1884 he was entertained to dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, by a company of whom any man might have been proud. The chair was to have been taken by the Duke of Richmond; and it was only because the Duke was ordered abroad on account of health that this was prevented. In his letter of regret the Duke of Richmond spoke of his "constant opportunities of knowing Sir Francis Sandford's great worth and merit;" and he added, "I doubt whether there ever was a better public servant." Testimony of the same kind was given by the Duke of Argyll, Lord Granville, and many others, whose

words were all the more weighty because they were used with full knowledge and not as mere phrases of pleasant courtesy. Mr W. H. Smith was the guest of the Navy Club on that evening; but he wrote as follows:—

"I certainly should not have hesitated to break any ordinary engagement for the opportunity of showing my regard for Sir Francis Sandford, and my very strong sense of the great value of his public services. I hope it will be possible in some way to connect my name with the compliment to Sir Francis, as in my experience of public life I am bound to say very few men have done better work than he has accomplished."

Words such as these, from such a man, convey something more than a conventional compliment: and they did not stand alone. In the absence of the Duke of Richmond, Mr Forster took the chair, and he spoke warmly and enthusiastically of Sir Francis Sandford's work, as he himself knew it. Those who gathered to do him honour were not only men notable by name and public service, but were all loyal and warm friends; and it may be doubted whether any more cordial and spontaneous tribute could have been paid to a public servant than that which—with no advertisement and no announcement—was paid that evening to Sir Francis Sandford by a circle who fitly typified the wide range of his work and his sympathy—Ministers of the Crown, men tried in the public service, representatives of literature, of law, and of university life, and friends of the old days at Glasgow and at Balliol.

His new work as Commissioner for the London charities was of interest to him; but it left him leisure to play other parts in the

public service. In 1885 he acted as Vice-Chairman to the Boundary Commissioners under the Redistribution of Seats Bill; and here his power of grasping general principles and working them out in detail stood him in good stead. It was in recognition of this work that he was created a Privy Councillor in 1885. The honour is one most jealously guarded and most carefully bestowed; and he never endeavoured to receive such recognition with the pretence of indifference which often cloaks a deeper vanity.

Once again, however, his services were impressed for regular official work. When the Scottish Office was formed in the autumn of 1885, it was universally felt that no Scotsman could bring so much strength to the new office as he. It was unusual that one who had laid aside official harness, and who had attained honours rarely, if ever, conferred upon those who are still in the ranks of the service, should resume the functions of a permanent official. But Sir Francis Sandford was scarcely one of those for whom such conventions have much force, or who allowed dignity to stand in the way of useful work; and at the urgent request of the Duke of Richmond, the first Secretary for Scotland, he consented to become his Under-Secretary, and gave most valuable aid in the organisation of the new office. In other directions also his help was sought; and he gave constant and close attention to the work of the Education Commission of 1886, of which he was one of the hardest working members. No man could be an efficient member of such a Commission without forming clear and decided opinions in regard to the questions which came before it; and Sir Francis Sandford was too closely identified with the work

of education, and too deeply interested in its development, to allow him to maintain a neutral or indifferent attitude. His opinions were formed partly as the result of his official traditions, partly as a consequence of his deepest convictions. It would be to leave out a large part of his life and character were we not to say that Sir Francis was a devoted and faithful adherent of the Church of his fathers; and detached as he now was from all share in educational administration, he felt it to be his duty to throw the weight of his authority and experience on behalf of what he considered to be just to voluntary schools (remembering the debt that the nation owed them), and against some of those developments, such as free education, which appeared to him to err on the side of rashness. When a man is freed from the responsibility of a permanent official, he can claim the right no longer to subordinate his own opinions to the views of any party in the State; and Sir Francis Sandford felt it to be his duty, in a judicial capacity, to have the courage of these opinions. It is rare, indeed, that one who has felt a great work growing under his hands can escape from a certain fear that the work may be marred and put out of joint by what seem to him reckless changes; and it is but just to remember that free education, only a few years before, was outside the range of practical politics for the great bulk of both parties in the State. There is a strain of conservatism that will assert itself even in the most bold when brought face to face with what is new to them; and Sir Francis Sandford had too clear a perception of the dangers that threaten the delicate machinery of administration to be in any sense

a revolutionary. His attitude on the Commission brought him into antagonism with some for whom he had a sincere respect, but he never hesitated to combat what he believed to be erroneous. He could not escape the criticism of opponents, and perhaps felt it all the more because a life of official labour had not given to him the politician's armour of steel against attack. But it may be safely said that he made no personal enemy; and, on the other hand, his counsel and aid were sought with ever-increasing urgency, and estimated at ever-growing value by those with whom his relationship of friendship and of sympathy was most close in the latest years of his life. We have no wish to enter upon any controversial points; but thus much it is only right to his memory to say.

After the Scottish Office had settled down to its work, and made for itself a place in the Administration, Sir Francis Sandford decided that he might finally release himself from official routine. In 1887 he quitted official life; but to remain without work was impossible to him.

In 1889 he was again summoned, rather against the grain—as he grudged the interruption of the few remaining years of a domestic happiness rarely equalled—to form one of the Scottish University Commission. This, his latest work, was concerned with all that was most sacred in his earliest associations. To the Scottish university he was earnestly, almost passionately attached; and even the Balliol days, with all their honours and excitements and warm friendships, never effaced the impression of Glasgow University. That reform was necessary he fully recognised; but we can hardly wonder that he had his doubts about the

nostrums that modern university reformers so glibly proposed. At least he was convinced that the right path led in the way of reconstruction, not of destruction. That all the changes carried out by the Commission had his approval it would be impossible to maintain; but this may safely be said, that there was not one of his colleagues who was not impressed by the grasp of his intellect and his unerring business faculty, and who did not recognise in him one who was always ready to discuss a point with patience and with courtesy, and with willingness to be convinced. He resigned this work in 1892, feeling that now, if ever, he must claim some leisure for his own sake, and the sake of those who were nearest and dearest to him.

In work he had indeed ever found his pleasure; and combining it as he did with all that the best of London society offered to one who was the very type of a genial companion, he enjoyed life to the full. The cares and worries of business never tired him, never rendered him one whit less easy and delightful as host or guest; and those who knew him through all these years, immersed far on into the evening of every day in a flood of business, could scarcely recognise the unresting official in the genial and light-hearted spirit of the dinner-table or the drawing-room an hour or two later. No man ever less than he wore his heart upon his sleeve. Rarely did he enter upon serious themes, but when he did so it was to show how earnestly he felt about them. No man made less display of his favours, or claimed less gratitude; but his intimates knew how thoughtfully he planned a kindness, and how he laboured to devise means of giving to another

a helping hand. No error failed to find from him some leniency of judgment, save meanness or duplicity; and if dulness or stupidity often wearied him, and carelessness or slipshod work provoked him, he never let the provocation rankle into a sore.

With a long life of hard work behind him, with endless interests, with an elasticity of mind that led him to prize the society of the young and made him sought after as a companion by them, and with health to all appearance unimpaired, his friends hoped for him many years of well-earned leisure. Honours had fallen abundantly to him, and the last and highest was the peerage conferred upon him in 1891. Even more than the honour itself he valued the pleasure it gave to his friends, and the words of graceful recognition in which the Prime Minister announced to him the Queen's pleasure. He was resolved that it should be no empty honour, but that he would school himself to take part in the deliberations of the House of Lords. He had already more than once given proof of his ability as a speaker. But he was fastidious in his standard: habit had not given him volubility, and the thoroughness with which he mastered every detail of his subject tried him perhaps more than he knew. In such an assembly, with its august traditions, its abundant store of talent, its calm and methodical sedateness of debate checking the excitement that often helps to inspire ease, the ordeal of speaking is a trying one. Those who heard his few speeches in the House of Lords valued them as contributions to debate just in proportion as they were versed in the subject; and he gained the best reward in the ready recognition of his power by those

who were best fitted to judge. It took him but little time to become an authority on his own subjects, and he found himself consulted and trusted by the leaders of the House. That authority would unquestionably have increased, both in its weight and the extent of its influence. But the effort was perhaps too much. Already the long and unresting work had begun to tell its tale upon a constitution which had never failed him, and which he would not learn to spare. The spirit was too bright and the mind too active to allow those nearest to him to observe the beginnings of decay; but outsiders observed it, and saw that the activity was slackening, that nature was demanding rest. These last years of his life were years of full enjoyment earned by a toil which achieved for him all that men prize save wealth—and that would have added little to his happiness. The end came quickly. After a prolonged stay in London in the hot summer of 1893, in which he was in close and anxious consultation with those whose views on education coincided with his own, he went for a short holiday into the chill climate of a Scottish autumn. He was suddenly seized with a violent attack of pleurisy; and when only half recovered, trusting to the strength of his constitution, he hazarded a railway journey, and still hoped to carry out the plan of his tour. The illness returned; and although once again he threw it off, the strength was hopelessly undermined. He himself felt that the end was near, but he did not easily admit it. He still met his friends; he planned a visit to the south coast, and hoped that sun and warmth might help him in the fight. But it was not to be. On the day he was to have

started, London was enveloped in a dense winter fog. To travel on such a day would have been certain death, and before the weather cleared he was again confined to bed. The specific disease had gone, but the power of recovering strength had left him also. For six weeks his friends hoped against hope; but the end was soon seen to be inevitable, and on the last day of 1893 Lord Sandford found the rest which, in his obedience to the call of duty, he had never permitted himself before.

His life presents no eventful record, no story to attract the public eye, no striking incidents of party fight or of political adventure; no record of stirring ambition; no chronicle of gossip or of diplomatic intrigue; least of all, any picture of florid self-advertisement. It is simply the record of a life of patient and untiring work in the public service, guided by talents known to a comparatively

small circle, but that a circle singularly well able to judge. It claimed no reward but in a consciousness of duty done, of good work for the nation accomplished, of recognition accorded by those who know the responsibility which attaches to the distribution of the honours of the Crown. We may well pray that the nation may continue to enlist in her service the talents of such men, inspired by the same overmastering sense of duty.

On the 5th of January 1894 there was a memorial service in the church of St James, Paddington, which was attended by many of those whom public life had associated with him as political chiefs or as official subordinates, and by a host of personal friends; and at the same hour he was laid to rest in the churchyard of Prees in Shropshire, beside the ancestral home of his family, which had passed into his possession only a year or two before.

HABITUAL OFFENDERS.

THE Habitual Offender question is one which calls loudly for earnest and serious attention. A Government Departmental Committee is at present engaged on the subject in Scotland. Let us hope that its labours will be productive of more practical results than have hitherto been derived from inquiries of that kind. For many years the "Habitual Offender" has formed one of the leading topics of discussion at our Social Science Congress, and at the British Association he has been a constantly recurring theme for erudite papers and lengthy debates. Innumerable local inquiries and discussions have arisen over him, and municipal authorities have all recognised the growth of the evil, and deplored their inability to grapple with it. Practically all the good that has hitherto been arrived at has been the calling of public attention to the magnitude of the question. Some of the investigations and discussions have certainly led to the correction of minor abuses, and to the amendment of both general and local statutes; but in so far as a reduction in the number of habitual offenders is concerned, nothing can be said to have been accomplished. There are several reasons for this want of practical results, and some important questions are suggested by it:—

Have the inquiries hitherto been conducted on right lines?

Has the scope of the inquiries been properly defined?

Have the Committees of Inquiry hitherto appointed by Government been composed of members qualified by the best kind of experience to deal with the subject?

Have their recommendations been of such a practical kind as to be likely to produce a permanent reduction in the number of habitual offenders? If so, have these recommendations been given effect to? If they have not been given effect to, why?

There are some points in the consideration of the question as to which there is practical unanimity. There is, for instance, little, if any, diversity of opinion as to the following:—

1. That the present method of dealing with our habitual offenders, vagrants, beggars, and inebriates is almost, if not entirely, void of deterrent effects.
2. That some treatment other than that carried out by our prison system is necessary.
3. That reform is urgently required in our liquor laws.

It is not surprising that, while there is agreement as to the necessity for reforms in these directions, there is wide disagreement as to the best means of effecting them. This, however, is being gradually lessened, and although it will yet involve a vast amount of energy and thought, of patient investigation and resolute work, to finally adjust the differences, that consummation will certainly be attained if the efforts are properly directed and sustained.

In the meantime, and looking at the serious difficulties which have thus to be met, it is desirable, in the first place, to make sure that the inquiries which have hitherto been made, and which are now in progress, were, and are, conducted on right lines.

In a comprehensive treatment of the subject should

The present method of dealing with habitual offenders,

The prison system, or

Liquor law reforms

take foremost places, engrossing, as they do, the greater part of the work of those intrusted by Government with such inquiries, instead of being treated as subsidiary parts of the question?

It is, of course, of great importance that the question of our existing habitual offenders should be dealt with in such a manner as to lessen the evils which their presence creates in every community. But it should be kept prominently in mind that however efficient may be the means adopted in dealing with the existing habitual offenders, these means do not really touch the main question, or affect to any appreciable extent the thousands who cannot yet be said to have arrived at the "habitual offender" stage, but who are every day of their lives qualifying for the unenviable title.

Before the inquiry as to what we are to do with our existing habitual offender is completed, we will have another army of rising habitual offenders grown up, and as much in need of treatment as that which preceded it. It is attempting to cure the disease without touching the cause of it. At best it is only mild cauterisation, leaving the disease itself as virulent as ever at the root.

Hitherto Government inquiries and Social Science discussions have been conducted as if the principal point to be ascertained was, how the existing habitual offenders could be improved. The greater part of the labours of the Departmental Committee now sitting seems so far to have been expended in this direction.

We venture to submit that

these labours would be much more profitably bestowed if they were devoted to the purpose of stopping the source of supply rather than of dealing with the ready-made offender.

Experience has taught us that when the habitual offender has reached a certain stage his reformation is next to an impossibility. Improvement to a certain extent may no doubt be effected by much care and improved systems of treatment; but a complete cure is more than can be reasonably expected. By all means get every improvement effected that is attainable within reasonable limits; but do not let the question of how to do this so overshadow the main question as to put it almost out of sight.

It is not suggested that the members of the Government Departmental Committee now at work are entirely ignoring the question as to how the ranks of the habitual offenders are recruited; but all that has transpired concerning their proceedings goes to show that their energies have been exerted much more in the direction of how to deal with the existing offender than how to prevent his creation. When suggestions were made as to important changes in the mode of education of the young, and when it was attempted to be pointed out that the root of the evil was more likely to be struck at by this means than by any other, these suggestions were, it is said, rejected as being beyond the scope of the Committee.

This is to be regretted, because while it is most desirable that the Committee should carefully avoid being drawn into any phase of the question beyond what is of real practical utility, it will be a matter of much more serious regret if, through any mistaken ideas as to the limits of their

inquiry, they decline to consider thoughtful schemes, capable of almost immediate application, and which would give a reasonable prospect of stopping, or at all events of lessening considerably at the fountain-head, the supply of those likely to become habitual offenders.

The School Board has now existed for twenty-three years. Has the system of education which it introduced assisted to lessen juvenile delinquency? Has any perceptible improvement taken place in the conduct and character of the rising generation? Has it laid a foundation for the hope that it will have any marked effect in reducing the number of habitual offenders in the future?

There is, alas! too much reason to fear that only negative answers can be given to these queries.

Juvenile delinquency has increased at a rate almost alarming.

The children of the poor of today have less regard for law or authority.

They are more prone to acts of wanton mischief.

Rudeness, incivility, indecency, and profanity are more than ever features in their speech and behaviour.

Veneration or respect for age and experience is a diminishing quality.

Drinking and smoking have become habits at a much earlier age.

The whole tone of the conduct of the children of the poor is disappointing and regrettable.

Many may say that these allegations are over-stated, and that much of what is complained of is only the result of the "faster" rate of living of recent times,—that the objectionable characteristics which obtrude themselves so frequently are only surface blemishes which will disappear as the years of discretion are reached, and that in course of time the benefits contemplated by the Legisla-

ture as the results of the Education Acts will be attained.

It may be answered that the allegations are founded upon a very intimate and practical acquaintance with the subject. Whatever the ultimate effects of the Education Acts may be, there is unfortunately too much reason in the present day to fear that the "surface blemishes" will develop into qualities that are more likely to increase than to lessen the number of habitual offenders. They certainly point very strongly to serious defects in the present mode of teaching the young. Can this mode of teaching and the subjects taught be so arranged as to bring about a material improvement in the conduct of the rising generation? Can such improvement be so developed as to produce a lasting effect on character and conduct, and therefore to be reckoned on as an important factor in reducing the number of habitual offenders?

It has long been known that many of the best teachers in the employment of the School Board have formed very decided opinions as to the non-moral effect of the present system of teaching. Of course they do not suggest for a moment that there is the slightest immorality in it; but they are very pronounced as to its non-moral tendency. They complain that their time is so much taken up with "cramming" in order that the Government grants may be secured, that it is impossible for them to devote themselves adequately to such moral training of the children as should form one of the chief essentials of their lives.

If, instead of the "cramming" that has been going on for the last three-and-twenty years, there had been a healthy "standard" of conduct steadily taught to the children, the results would have been very different, and we would

not be deploring the increase of juvenile delinquency and the other unsatisfactory characteristics of the children of to-day. If half as much attention had been given towards teaching the young to be truthful, thoughtful and useful, kind and civil, courteous and polite, cleanly and orderly, as there has been given to "cramming," we venture to think that the outlook as regards our habitual offenders would not be so dismal as that which unfortunately prevails. If every child on beginning its school career was properly grounded in rules of good conduct, not only while attending school but when at home or on the street, a foundation would soon be laid on which would rise the improved behaviour of our young men and women. If such a curriculum had been established when the School Boards were originally formed, and had been persistently and intelligently taught, we would at the present day have been having such restraining home influences as would have ten times more effect on the growth of the habitual offender than all the improvements that can ever be introduced in their police court or prison treatment, or in the amendment of the liquor laws.

It may be said that the duty of teaching children good conduct is one which more properly belongs to the parents than to the teachers; but until the parents themselves know something more about good conduct and behaviour, and how to live properly, it is idle to expect them to teach their children. Under the present "cramming" system neither the children nor the parents of successive generations can be much improved, and we will simply go on year by year turning out so many thousands of crammed children, who, in so far as their Board-school teaching is

concerned, have learned practically nothing which leaves any permanent effect upon their moral conduct in after-life. The old parochial system, if it did nothing else, left something on which we could reflect all our lives. The present system leaves nothing.

The "musical drills" and other similar exercises which have been introduced in the Board-school teaching are in the right direction; but these should be followed up by a properly devised course of instruction in conduct and behaviour. One of the chief causes of the prevalence of drunkenness in Scotland is that our poorest class is so deplorably deficient in the knowledge of "how to live." In England, while there is much room for improvement in this respect among the very poor, there is a distinct advance upon the Scotch, and the results are shown in the relative proportions of habitual offenders in the two countries. A very great improvement could easily be effected by a little practical common-sense teaching of the young in "how to live." Perhaps in no country in the world is less real economy in household life practised than among the poor in Scotland. Real, sensible thrift in domestic life is unknown; and if account is taken of the expenditure on drink, it may be safely asserted that the class in Scotland which is poorest, is at the same time the least economical. There is no reason why the causes of this state of matters should not be carefully taught the young. The greatest object of all the teachings should be to make them ultimately better men and women.

Why cannot the children in school be taught some of the frugal and thrifty habits of the poor in France or Germany, where trifles unconsidered in this country are utilised in such a way as to make the most material difference in the

cost of living? Why cannot the rudiments of thrift and order, of thorough cleanliness and regularity in daily life, of gentleness and politeness, of kindness and consideration towards one another, be instilled into them as the very essence of their existence? A different tone and colour would thus be given to their "education," so that when the period arrived for their leaving school, they would go out to the world with an altogether different idea of the duties and responsibilities of life. Under the present system they leave school with only a dazed, hazy notion about half the subjects in which they have been crammed, and even without having been taught *how to think*. The result is not to be wondered at. The child is purposeless, unmethodical, thoughtless, careless, and altogether unfitted for the battle of life. Instead of having been transferred into a practical, useful help to his or her poor parents, it has simply become a receptacle for a mass of superficial "education," one half at least of which will be found utterly useless in after-life. The child has certainly learned to read and write in a fashion, but beyond this its school training has been practically useless.

This is not the fault of the teaching staff, but of the system which, according to the School-Board regulations, they are bound to follow. What is wanted is a radical change in this system. The public has already the staff at its command, thoroughly competent to teach all that is suggested. Let a curriculum of conduct and behaviour be the beginning, and let it continue to form one of the chief essentials, of the school training. Instead of "cramming," let this be followed up by careful instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and in

the outlines only of such simple subjects as are likely to prove of service in ordinary everyday life. Let the boys be shown how they can best become useful citizens, and the girls thrifty and competent helpmates.

It is not the purpose of this paper to do more than to indicate what the change in the system of education should be. The details may be left to the direction of those best able to arrange them, the objects aimed at being kept constantly in view. If the curriculum suggested is made one of the principal features in the future training of the young, there is good reason for hoping that a new era may be established which will do much to sap the growth of habitual offenders, and materially reduce the crime and disorder so common among the very poor.

This is, however, only one step towards cutting off the supply of the recruits for the habitual offenders army.

Alongside of the suggested improvements in our educational system, there must be constant progress made by our municipalities in improving the housing of the poor. More light and air are wanted. Corporations are only beginning to waken up to a true sense of the enormous influence for good which their work in this direction possesses. They have recently done more in one year in some places than used to be accomplished in twenty times that period. If they only strive to maintain the improvements which they have so well begun, and endeavour to keep pace with the system of training of the young now advocated, there is no fear of the results. The wretched slums and dismal hovels still to be found in our large cities must be cleared out at any cost. Whatever that

cost may be, the bargain will be a cheap one in the long-run, in so far as the wellbeing of the nation is concerned; and while the burden upon the ratepayer may press hardly for a time, this burden will be lightened by the thought of the inestimable benefits which are being conferred upon all. The question of the better housing of the poor is at present largely engaging public attention. The establishment of "poor men's hotels" on a large scale, where the very poor can by careful organisation and administration have supplied to them comforts which, under the present want of system, must remain beyond their reach, is a scheme which is both practicable and reasonable,—where recreation rooms and grounds can be provided, and where the poor man can have a substitute for the light and warmth of the public-house. Such a scheme only wants to be properly set agoing, and the difficulties which have been thought insuperable in connection with it will disappear much sooner than is believed. What grander field is there for the philanthropist than to lend a helping hand in starting and developing such a scheme?

Unless the present surroundings of the poor are vastly improved, the good effects of the proposed changes in the educational system will be largely neutralised; but if improved dwellings are insisted on by the local authorities, the effects of the new training will be intensified.

These are the agencies which, working in harmony, will affect the growth of the habitual offender.

But while the improved system of training and improved dwellings will go a great length in removing the source of supply of habitual offenders, something more is wanted. Care must be taken that immediately after leaving school the

child is not permitted to drift into one of the many channels from which the habitual offender is drawn. The present condition of the poor demonstrates very clearly that, in a great number of cases, they require assistance in directing them as to the best means of obtaining employment for their children when they leave school.

In these days of invention and machinery, it may be accepted as an ascertained fact that every child with ordinary intelligence can, after leaving school, be made self-supporting. That is, if it can find employment. Is it too much to suggest that the Government should establish throughout the kingdom such means of information, with reference to the employment of the young, as would prove of benefit both to employers and employed? The subject seems one well worthy of consideration. It is not suggested that more should be done by the Government than to provide the information necessary for the guidance of those able and willing to work; and great care would have to be taken to prevent the abuse of such a system as is proposed. It should not, however, be attended with such difficulties as should render it either impossible or impracticable, and its development might add materially to the soundness and greatness of the nation as a manufacturing country.

We are at present being "cut out" in almost every branch of industry by the cheaper productions of Continental nations, and no adequate measures, so far as can be seen, are being taken to counterbalance the damaging effect which this is producing on our trade and commerce. The establishment by the Government of bureaux of labour such as are suggested throughout the country, might not only help to provide a remedy

against the rivalry of our Continental neighbours, but a certain safeguard against our working material running to waste. It is well known that a very large proportion of our habitual offenders are drawn from those who have been allowed, on leaving school, to drift into the public streets. Many of them, simply from want of proper direction, are forced to do their best to earn a precarious subsistence by vending newspapers, matches, &c., in our thoroughfares. This class is responsible for a great part of those who afterwards become habitual offenders. They are not regulated or controlled in any way calculated to prevent the evils which naturally arise from such an avocation. Boys and girls so employed learn habits of the most depraved kind, which cling to them all their lives. Especially so is this the case with girls. The experience of the police proves indubitably that, once these habits have been acquired, it is next to impossible to eradicate them.

All this proves two things:—

- (1.) That the number of street vendors should be kept as low as possible; and,
- (2.) That all juvenile street vendors should be carefully regulated and controlled.

Those who have had any long practical experience of the subject are unanimous in thinking that very young girls should not, under any circumstances, be permitted to act as street vendors, and that boys who are so permitted should be regulated and controlled with great care. At present they form a source of extreme trouble and annoyance in every large community in the kingdom. A very large proportion of them become aimless, purposeless waifs and strays. They see and hear, often at a very tender age, that which, if their ulti-

mate good is taken into account, they should know nothing of until entering manhood and womanhood; and it would certainly be astonishing if, after such a training, or rather want of training, they did not drift largely into the ranks of the habitual offender.

The establishment of bureaux of labour, if carried on side by side with the regulation and control of juvenile street vendors, would very soon produce an appreciable effect upon the numbers who drift into "habitual offenders"; and there does not seem to be any reason against these same bureaux being made of use in filling our colonies with the right kind of material, instead of having these colonies overrun with men and women who have been allowed to become useless both at home and abroad. There should be no lack of means of employment for either boys or girls, if the training is properly carried out, and the "drifting" prevented as suggested; and if simultaneously a united effort is made to improve the dwellings of the poor, and to provide healthy recreation for them, there would be less necessity for the appointment of Government Departmental Committees on the subject.

It is too much to expect that we will ever be entirely free from the presence of the "habitual offender"; but if we try comprehensive plans, based upon the practical experience of those best qualified to judge of the causes for his existence, and which appeal to the common-sense of all, there may at last appear some sign of an effectual check being applied to his growth.

So much diversity of opinion prevails as to the best methods of insuring the reformation of the existing habitual offender, that this question must form the subject of a separate paper.

THE RISE OF THE CURTAIN.

THE third session of the present Parliament was opened on the 5th of February, and the debate on the Address was brought to a close on Monday the 18th, when an amendment moved by Mr Chamberlain, amounting to a vote of censure on the Government, was defeated by a majority of only fourteen. Immediately afterwards the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved the closure, which was carried by a majority of only eight. Two previous amendments hostile to the policy of the Government had been rejected by majorities of twelve and twenty respectively, so that, even after the Colchester election, the average Ministerial majority cannot be reckoned at more than fourteen—a handsome allowance for a Government to begin with, which proposes during the next six months to reconstruct the British constitution!

It will do, however, well enough—perhaps better than a larger one—for what the Government really intend, which is only to march up a hill for the purpose of being kicked down again, in hopes that the country will be moved by the spectacle, and come forward eagerly to avenge them. Whether it is worth while going through so much with so small a prospect of gaining anything at all by it, Ministers must decide for themselves. The leaders would have us believe that this policy is leonine. Followers below the gangway have described it as asinine. Perhaps it may more fitly be described as a combination of the two, the Government, in many respects, bearing a very close resemblance to the ass in the lion's

skin. We shall note the progress of the animal from time to time. But on the present occasion we shall confine ourselves to the amendments to the Address, as, taken together, they bring before us very clearly the general condition under which the parliamentary campaign is about to open, and exhibit the salient features of the Ministerial position in a strong light.

This, then, is the first point to be noticed. A Government sets out with the object of making root-and-branch work of the British Constitution in Church and State, with a majority which would not at one time of day have been thought to justify their retaining office to pass even a Turnpike Road Bill.

The second point is, that for some purpose of their own they are resolutely putting the cart before the horse; and instead of beginning with the one measure which is necessary to the success of all the rest, they take the others first, only to drive them up against an obstacle which is certain to upset them. Instead of clearing the line and then proceeding on their journey, they start the train knowing that the line is blocked, and that a disastrous collision is inevitable. It used to be said at one time that we should never be safe from railway accidents till a bishop had been killed; and Government may pretend that we shall never be safe from the House of Lords till some frightful catastrophe has occurred,—like the rejection, let us say, of Welsh disestablishment. But they know better. They know very well that the country is in no danger from the House of Lords, nor the House of Lords

from the country; and that if it ever rejects measures which the House of Commons has passed and the people really demand, a dissolution of Parliament is the certain and sufficient remedy. They know, too, that the people know this; and that they cannot appeal to them on the House of Lords question with any prospect of success, unless they can get up some sudden cry like "Jenkins's ears" or the Popish Plot, which shall swamp their common-sense for the moment, and persuade them to sign away their heritage in a fit of intoxication. Ministers have already tried the experiment, and have found the appeal to Philip sober a total failure. The progress of the experiment and the moment of its abandonment were humorously described in the admirable speech of Sir Richard Webster. Obviously the next thing to do is to make Philip drunk.

Government now accordingly find it convenient to fall back on what they call their mandate. They are not, forsooth, to be deterred from going on with the business of the session, and redeeming the pledges which they gave before the last general election. We do not know whether Mr Asquith and Sir William Harcourt and others really deceive themselves when they are using such language. But it is perfectly certain that by the course which they are now pursuing they are *not* redeeming their pledges. What is the use of bringing in bills, confessing at the same time that it is totally impossible to pass them? That is keeping the word of promise to the ear, and breaking it to the hope. Besides that, the whole assumption is nonsense. Ministers must know very well that if the Government cannot pass their measures, the constituencies have only themselves

to blame. The proper course, the honest course, the logical course is clear; it is to go to the country with these words: "We certainly did undertake to bring in these bills; but that was on the tacit understanding that you would give us a commanding majority. You have not done so. Great Britain has given us no majority at all. You have not fulfilled your part of the compact. Take back your majority and amend it. Then we shall know what to do."

Mr Asquith asked whether Home Rule was not in a better position now than if the bill had never passed the House of Commons. We should say decidedly not. The Home Rule Bill was carried by an Irish majority, which Ministers have used, and intend to use, for the purpose of gagging the people of Great Britain; and our belief is, that England and Scotland will mark their sense of the falsehood practised in their name by placing Home Rule in a much worse position than it occupied before. But independently of this consideration, we fail to see how the Nationalist cause has been bettered by the passage of the bill through the House of Commons, when the Government practically confess that they are afraid to ask the people in so many words what they think of it. It seems to us that nothing is gained, but that something is lost, by placing the bill in so invidious a position as this. It was carried by the backstairs, and Government know that if they went openly to the people waving the Home Rule flag in their hands, and calling on the country to support their "primary policy"—the bill of '93, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill—they would meet with an ignominious repulse. We cannot think they have done much to further the

cause to which they stand so solemnly committed by demonstrating so clearly that the body of the people are opposed to it.

Mr Healy may ask Mr Redmond why he should wish to substitute a Government avowedly hostile to Home Rule for a Government as decidedly friendly to it. And the inquiry would be unanswerable except upon one hypothesis which confirms all that we have said. Mr Redmond would doubtless reply that he would do nothing to turn out the present Government, if he saw any chance of getting Home Rule out of them. But he knows that to be impossible. Mere friendliness is all very well; but the Parnellites have lived upon that now for more than nine years, and they are beginning to grow impatient of the diet. They are wanting something more substantial. They see that the Government is helpless. It is no good to keep them in office merely for their good intentions, which can never yield any profit. Home Rule can never succeed till there has been a declaration in its favour from the predominant partner. It can never pass till there has been another dissolution; and even supposing the result to be unfavourable, it would be in no worse a position than it is now. Both Mr Redmond and Mr Balfour have equally good grounds for desiring a dissolution, though of an exactly opposite character. This is the simple explanation of Mr Redmond, Mr Balfour, and Mr Chamberlain being found in the same lobby, "sitting down at the same table," as Mr Asquith derisively observed. But it is better, at all events, to sit down with Mr Redmond than to be sat upon by Mr Healy.

A third point was well driven home by Mr Chamberlain. Both

Anti-Parnellites and Gladstonites—Mr Morley himself and many of his colleagues—confess, as already stated, that a dissolution of Parliament means the dismissal of the Ministry. With what face, then, can they continue to assert that their present programme represents a popular demand? If a general election is to turn them out of office, it must be for some reason. Where can that reason be found except in the measures they have announced? Yet they still maintain that their warrant for proceeding with these measures is the mandate of the people? Absurdity can go no further.

It only takes another form in the ludicrous complaint that a dissolution would break up Parliament in the midst of its work. This was Mr Morley's melancholy statement—"The midst of its work!" Mr Morley doubtless remembers Mr Thackeray's remarks on the prevalence of shams in Ireland. Sydney Smith, too, has said something of the same kind. Mr Morley has been a good deal in Ireland, and must have caught the disease. Any member of the present Government talking seriously of the work they are going to do this session, reminds one of the paralytic old gentleman in the novel, who every night ordered his thick shoes to be ready for him in the morning, because the next day he meant to go out of doors again, and walk about his usual. And what makes the language on the part of Government all the more wonderful is that, when they complain of not being allowed to pursue the ordinary business of the session, they are talking of business which is not ordinary. The disestablishment of Churches and the expropriation of landlords cannot be said to come under the category of ordinary parliamentary

business ; and even if there were no other obstacle in the way, it would be impossible for a Government with a majority of little over a dozen to carry out such ambitious projects. But there is another obstacle in the way. The two Houses constitute one Parliament : and Parliament cannot legislate on any important subject while in suspense about its own existence. It cannot bring to the consideration of great political or social measures the calm judicial spirit in which they ought to be discussed, while it is liable every moment to an attack from without levelled at an essential part of its constitution. The disestablishment of the House of Lords is a question which, once raised by the Government of the day, must be settled one way or another without further procrastination ; and unless this is done, nothing will be done.

This was the real question on which the House of Commons was invited, by Mr Chamberlain's amendment, to express its opinion : and nearly one-half of the House agreed with him in declaring that, if the action against the House of Lords is to be proceeded with at all, it should be proceeded with at once. It cannot be left in the rear while the Government go on to other matters. The consequence of trying this experiment will simply be that members, not knowing under what constitution they are to live in future, will be doubly doubtful of giving their support to measures of organic change. The conduct of members in the present Parliament might be seriously affected by knowing whether or not there was to be a dual chamber in the next : and they have a right to know it.

We are obliged to write, as we have pointed out on previous occasions, partly on the assumption

that the Government are in earnest, and partly on the assumption that they are not. If they are not, the trick they have been playing on the public will be neither forgotten nor forgiven—they may feel assured of that. If they kindle an agitation against the House of Lords for the sake of a party majority, only to treat it with contempt when their object has been gained, there will be a burst of indignation in the country which will very soon extend to the House of Commons, and blow their majority to the winds. If, on the other hand, they are so infatuated as to believe that it is really within their power either to abolish or disable the Upper Chamber, they will, of course, take some steps in that direction, and then nothing that we have said is either extravagant or exaggerated.

A fourth point in the present situation, which perhaps ought to have been mentioned first, is that Home Rule still remains "the primary policy" of the Government. This was the pith and marrow of Mr Chamberlain's speech in moving his amendment. Whatever different form the policy of the Government may assume for the moment, it is one and the same at bottom. Now it may be the destruction of the Lords, now the Disestablishment of the Church, now compulsory abstinence, now the disfranchisement, and now the spoliation, of property. Scratch any one of them and you find Home Rule underneath it. Here, then, we see at once the work that lies before the Unionist party during the interval that remains before the dissolution of Parliament. It is week by week, day by day, hour by hour to impress this truth upon the British electorate. Every man, when appealed to on

his own particular whim, is bound, if he deals honestly with himself, to consider whether he is willing to pay the price that will ultimately be exacted for the gratification of it. We will assume him really to believe that he will get the article—how, when, or where we will not pause to inquire: and we repeat that if he is seriously opposed to Home Rule he is bound to ask himself whether, for a promise which can only be fulfilled at some remote date, he is willing to accept a bill for the dismemberment of the empire payable on demand. It is only by putting the case in this way that the tactics so admirably described by Lord Salisbury in his speech on the 16th of February can be successfully encountered. The Government throw down ten or a dozen questions before the people for each man to pick what he likes best, and support the Government upon *that*, few or none of them knowing at the time that the whole dozen mean in reality but one, and this Home Rule. Whichever one of the number any man may make his reason for supporting the Ministerial candidate, he is only in effect voting for the repeal of the Union. And as this is the one end to which all the Government measures are but means, all precedent and parliamentary usage would dictate its being presented to the people as a single issue, unobscured by any other visions dangled before the electors' eyes. It is necessary to put it out of the power of the Government to claim as a Home Ruler every man who is in favour of any particular article of the Newcastle Programme. We want the opinion of the country on Home Rule and on the Government which is pledged to it. Till we get that, the House of Commons

may pass as many Home Rule Bills as it pleases. The House of Lords will look calmly on, and reject them with perfect equanimity, till the people are afforded the opportunity of declaring in a simple and straightforward manner what are their views upon that question by itself.

Even the faddists themselves should be anxious for a general election. They are plainly told that they can get nothing out of this Parliament; and it would be much more to their interest to have Home Rule out of the way altogether than to have it kept hanging round their necks. But let us suppose a general election over, and a Ministerial majority returned, not large enough to make them independent of the Irish vote, though this was once an essential condition with Mr Gladstone, but still considerably larger than the present one. What would happen? If the bill was again thrown out, it would still stop the way. If it was carried, and the Irish members retained their seats at Westminster, how much longer would it be before the people of Great Britain rose as one man to throw off the yoke of the Irish janissaries, when this in turn would become the burning question of the day? If the Irish members were either not retained, or were afterwards excluded, we should like to know where the faddists would find themselves then.

We want a dissolution of Parliament on a single issue, in order to clear the air, and put an end to all suspense, not only about Home Rule but about many other questions as well; and the British people ought to insist on being honestly dealt with, and told what it is that they are really voting for when summoned to the poll. The outrage to which the British public have been exposed by the action of

the Government was singled out for special censure by Mr Balfour.

Mr Courtney followed the line of Lord Salisbury in insisting on the necessity of a single issue being placed before the electors. This position was contested by Sir W. Harcourt, in a speech which did no great credit to his knowledge of political history. He declared that no general election had ever turned upon a single issue. We will undertake to say that in the great majority of instances where any one question of paramount importance has been before the people, the elections *have* turned upon a single issue. The general elections of 1831 and 1832 were on a single issue, Parliamentary Reform. The general elections of 1847 and 1852 were on a single issue, Free Trade. The general election of 1857 turned on a single issue, the support of British servants in foreign countries. The general election of 1868 turned on a single issue, the Disestablishment of the Irish Church. The general election of 1886 turned on a single issue, Home Rule. Of the sixteen general elections which have taken place between 1831 and 1892 inclusively, only eight were held when any one engrossing subject was uppermost in the public mind, and of these eight no less than seven turned upon a single issue.

Sir William was equally wide of the mark in his history of resignations. Nobody, however, at the present moment wants the Government to resign. Mr Chamberlain did not even ask them to dissolve. But Sir William Harcourt betrayed his consciousness of the undignified position of the Ministry by an elaborate defence of what no one had openly attacked. He asked whether Mr Pitt resigned when defeated by a majority of 74 on his own Reform

Bill. No; but there is this slight difference between the position of Mr Pitt and his own. Mr Pitt knew that his normal majority was 150. He knew that he enjoyed the entire confidence of the country, and that the majority against him on this particular question was no measure whatever of the confidence reposed in him by the House. Besides, what did Mr Pitt do? When he saw that not only in the House of Commons, but in the country at large as well, the feeling against reform was too strong to allow of his entertaining any hope of being able to carry it, he at once abandoned it. Will this Government ascertain the feeling of the country on Home Rule, and then follow Mr Pitt's example?

Then Sir William asks whether Sir Robert Peel resigned in 1835, though repeatedly beaten. The answer is, that he did resign. The struggle between the Ministry and the Opposition was not, in Sir Robert Peel's opinion, to be settled by one or even two or three divisions. There was a body of comparatively independent members in the House of Commons whose support Sir Robert Peel was in hope of securing if allowed to introduce his measures. The Whigs resolved that he shouldn't have the chance; and as soon as he saw that it was hopeless to try for it, he did resign. He struggled to obtain a hearing, and did not give in at the first blow; but he did when he found it useless to persevere. Moreover, the Conservative Government of 1835 was confessedly an experiment. Sir Robert Peel, thinking that the Reform Bill had to some extent broken up old party ties, was resolved to try whether it was possible, by throwing himself on the good sense and fair judgment of the

House in general, and introducing really good well-considered measures, to carry on the Government without a strict party majority. The experiment failed; but it was worth trying, and it is needless to add that the situation in 1895 is as far asunder as the poles from the situation of 1835.

Again, Sir W. Harcourt refers to Lord Melbourne, and here he makes the worst mistake of all. When in 1839 the Government had only a majority of five on the Jamaica Bill, what did Lord Melbourne do? He was not defeated in the House of Commons; he was not in a minority; but he had only a majority of five. He did not hesitate for a moment. He resigned at once; and though, after being obliged to resume office owing to circumstances which we need not recapitulate, he was several times defeated in the session of 1840, he did not resign then, because it was distinctly understood that Parliament would be dissolved the year following.

So much for Sir William's history of resignations. No one of the statesmen he has quoted ever dreamed of retaining office after once being convinced that they were too weak to carry on the Government with credit, and still more when they found that the country was against them. A chance defeat on an isolated point may happen to the strongest Government. It happened to Sir Robert Peel. But when either actual defeats or dwindling majorities are only so many signs of growing infirmity and unpopularity, the case becomes widely different; and Ministers who cling to office under such circumstances are both wasting the time of Parliament and destroying their own reputations.

Sir W. Harcourt did not speak to the amendment any more than Mr Asquith. Neither made any attempt to answer Mr Chamberlain's speech, and neither gave the Opposition speakers much to answer. Some showy rhetoric, some specious plausibilities, some audacious distortions of parliamentary usage and precedent, passed off very well in the House, and made up two speeches certainly above the average. But they left the main question where they found it; and Mr Balfour had nothing to do but to restate in other words all the objections to the Government procedure which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had ignored. A Resolution of greater magnitude than anything which has occurred for the last two hundred years is to be used exclusively as a mere party weapon, to be pulled out of the Prime Minister's pocket whenever he thinks it can be employed with the greatest effect, and till then to be kept a profound secret. In the eyes of the Government politics are a game at skittles, and institutions are no better than ninepins.

The conduct of the Government during the debate on the Address has given rise to considerable comment on both sides of the House. On Wednesday afternoon (February 13) the debate on the Irish Amnesty was left to drag on until the next day, when it was the plain duty of Sir William Harcourt to move the closure and put an end to it. His object was simply to gratify the Irish Nationalists, who hoped so to manage matters that Mr Chamberlain's speech might be delivered during the dinner-hour, when the House would be half empty. This high-minded and honourable intention, to which we daresay Sir W. Har-

court was no enemy, failed to take effect, and Mr Chamberlain's motion was deferred till Friday the 15th. The natural consequence of this was, that the Government were obliged to confine the debate within two nights instead of three, and to refrain from any attempt to answer Sir Richard Webster's speech in reply to Mr Asquith. As no occupant of the Treasury Bench rose to speak when Sir Richard sat down, the adjournment of the House was moved by Mr Courtney; and when the debate was resumed on Monday, the silence of the front bench was broken only by Mr Campbell Bannerman and Sir W. Harcourt, who excused himself from answering Sir Richard Webster because, he said, he had been answered by Mr Asquith, who actually spoke before him. As, however, the Government had no serious answer to give, and as the Chancellor of the Exchequer meant to take the comic part himself, perhaps the public would have learned nothing more had the debate been prolonged till now. But Sir William Harcourt, when he neglected to move the closure on the previous Wednesday, must have foreseen the probable consequences, and it is no want of charity to suppose that he intended them. He was glad to shorten the debate, to prevent the poverty of argument on the Ministerial side of the House from becoming too conspicuous. Here we have a foretaste of the spirit in which public business will be conducted throughout the session. A question of the highest constitutional importance, affecting the honour of the Ministry, the dignity of Parliament, and the rightful claims of the public, is raised in the House of Commons by one of its most distinguished statesmen, and only three mem-

bers of the Government take the trouble to reply to it! Either Ministers could not or they would not say any more. If they could not, they stand condemned, upon their own showing. If they would not, they only exhibit that contempt for Parliament which identifies them with Radicalism of the most extreme type, and thoroughly unfits them to be the counsellors of a constitutional sovereign.

The necessity for a dissolution to ascertain the real feeling of the country is doubtless of the most urgent character. But there are reasons more important still which make every moment's delay in getting rid of the present House of Commons a national misfortune. As far as the Ministry are concerned, they might safely be left to the retribution which they are preparing for themselves. As Mr Balfour very truly said in the debate on Mr Redmond's amendment, and Sir R. Webster also a week afterwards, it mattered very little to the Unionist party whether either that amendment or Mr Chamberlain's was carried or not. The longer the Government remain in office in such a position as they now occupy, the more complete will be their forfeiture of whatever public confidence they still retain, and the more absolute the exposure of their true character, as the feeble and feulent relics of an exhausted faction. If this were all, Government might be left to their own devices, the Opposition being satisfied with punishing them severely at every available opportunity. But this would be an expensive amusement if purchased at such a price as the prolonged existence of the Ministry would necessarily entail. The Opposition no less than the Government are the guardians of the House of Commons. It is equally their duty to

take care *nequid detrimenti capiat*; and they are bound, therefore, to leave no stone unturned in order, if possible, to terminate a system which not only robs private members of all responsibility, but interposes a cloud between themselves and their constituencies calculated to defeat the very objects which representative institutions are intended to secure.

It is easy to see how both these results are brought about. Responsibility is clearly destroyed when it is known beforehand that the division on any given question is a matter of form, and that every man may vote for a measure which he hates to please Ministers, with the consciousness that it is sure to be rejected elsewhere to console himself. A man consults his interests by voting for Ministers, and satisfies his conscience with the knowledge that his vote is worthless. And this is the system which the present Ministry are prepared to sanction during the remainder of their term of office. A number of measures are to be brought into the House of Commons for the express purpose of being rejected by the House of Lords, and private members most strongly opposed to them are to be enthusiastic in support of them because they are never meant to pass!

It is almost an insult to public morality to ask the country what they think of such a system as this. Talk of discreditable alliances! corrupt compacts! backstairs intrigues! Where was there ever so disgraceful a transaction as the one before us — inciting men first of all to dishonour themselves and deceive the public in reliance on the intervention of the House of Lords, and then to condemn the House of Lords to death because they inter-

vene? When the member of one House can thus shuffle off all responsibility on to the shoulders of another, he destroys the final cause of his own existence as a legislator; while the premium on insincerity held out by such a system would have shocked an age on which we are accustomed to look down from a lofty height of superiority.

But it is not only the country at large which is deceived by this abominable system. When the public conduct of a member ceases to be any test of his private opinions, how are his constituents to learn whether his professed agreement with themselves is real or pretended? Members returned to Parliament at the last general election as Gladstonians were certainly understood by their constituents to be in favour of Home Rule. It is likely enough that their constituents cared very little about the matter. But they might have done; and a sincere Home Ruler would be rather annoyed at finding out that he was represented by a member who only voted for the bill because he knew that it would fail. We are justified, therefore, in saying that what occurred in regard to the Home Rule Bill and the Employers Liability Bill fully justifies all that we have said; and that the continuation of such a system, by bringing in more bills which shall give private members fresh opportunities of behaving in the same manner, should be contested by the Opposition inch by inch, and with every weapon which the Constitution places at their disposal. It undermines, as we have said, both personal responsibility and political morality, and leaves our very anomalous party system without a pinch of salt to keep it sweet. It allows every member of Parlia-

ment to possess an esoteric and an exoteric creed, and is incompatible with that perfect confidence which ought to exist between representatives and their constituents.

The demoralising effects of this method are too obvious to stand in need of much enforcement. When members are required to support or to oppose bills, not upon their merits, whatever the ostensible profession, but for the sole purpose of making the other House of Parliament unpopular, the falsehood underlying the situation must taint all who are parties to it. The decline of political character in this country, the necessary consequence of conducting public life in total contempt of all but purely personal interests, would deprive us of the only safeguard we possess for the security of property and law, for the maintenance of individual freedom, for the safety indeed of the most elementary principles on which society is based, to say nothing of our commerce and our empire. We have no other guarantee. The character of the English people, largely formed by its institutions and the accumulating traditions of centuries, has hitherto been sufficient to assure us that we had little to fear from those predatory and violent instincts which slumber under the surface of civilisation. So implicit was the reliance of our ancestors on this national virtue, that they never thought of establishing any constitutional barrier against the power of the multitude. It has been pointed out several times of late that England is the only country in the world which possesses none. It is as though a man believed himself to live in a house so completely fire-proof that it was totally unnecessary to insure it. But national character may be changed or lost; and nothing

is so likely to produce that effect as the relaxation of those sober, masculine, and practical habits of thought and action which our own form of government, when not corrupted or distorted, is so well calculated to foster.

We hope we shall not be thought unduly pessimistic if we hint that "character" has now less influence in politics than it used to have. By character we mean that assemblage of qualities which causes men like Lord Grey, Lord Althorpe, and Lord Grenville, Mr Pitt, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Eldon, to be always trusted, and the absence of which causes others, who, however, shall be nameless, to be more or less objects of suspicion all their lives. This is not the place in which to analyse this assemblage of qualities, but the world has agreed to call it character, and we all perfectly well understand what is meant by it. It appears, then, to us, that the value of character in politics has been slowly but steadily on the decline ever since 1832. It is very singular, if it is a mere accident, that neither Lord Grey nor Lord Althorpe found themselves at their ease under the new *régime* which they had worked so hard to introduce. But to waive this suggestion, it is clear that the first Reform Bill opened out many new paths by which the objects of political ambition could be attained, and established a much less critical tribunal for questions of political morality than that which threw a doubt on the sincerity of Fox, Canning, and Lyndhurst. Increased facilities for obtaining a seat in Parliament, combined with a less discriminating public to sit in judgment on politicians, have naturally somewhat lowered the standard, both moral and social, to which the House of Commons

once conformed. The change was very gradual, and for many years hardly perceptible, but it received an impetus from subsequent extensions of the franchise, and at all events is sufficiently perceptible now. But for this, we believe it would have been totally impossible for any party leader to manipulate the House of Commons with the success achieved by Sir William Harcourt. If there is any truth in these speculations, we cannot be too careful how we tolerate a system of management which directly contributes to the growth of what we can no longer call an incipient evil. It has now attained considerable dimensions, and can only be arrested by the most vigorous and sustained resistance. The introduction of measures, not because they are demanded by the public opinion of the country, not because there is any intention of placing them on the Statute-book, not because the statesmen who propose them have the least faith in them, but simply to serve some ulterior purpose conducive to the interests of men in power, is to make the House of Commons a tool, legislation a farce, and political honesty a byword.

Radicals are fond of talking of what they are pleased to call the "bad old times." But when parliamentary corruption was at its height, which, roughly speaking, was during the forty years immediately preceding the Peace of Paris in 1763, it was employed for great ends, which to some

extent justified the means. Sir Robert Walpole was aware of the existence of that great Jacobite conspiracy of which, Sir Walter Scott tells us, "the insurrection of 1745 was but a small part"; and though it was his own interest also to keep the new family on the throne, it was nevertheless a great stake that he was playing for, and a great public service that he performed. In the second place, there was no deception practised on the public. It does not seem to us that the nation was any sufferer from the Walpolean system. Walpole paid his supporters in hard cash, and there was an end of the matter. The country was none the worse. Lord Rosebery pays them by promises which, if fulfilled, would disorganise society, would keep the whole kingdom in a ferment, and totally unfit men's minds for the humbler but more useful work of domestic and economic progress which is the proper daily work of our English House of Commons. More than this, as the people gradually perceive that these promises are never kept, their belief in the honour and integrity of public men must inevitably be destroyed, and their faith in the efficiency of parliamentary institutions be seriously shaken. Sir Charles Dilke has detected this danger. Walpole never did anything so bad as this. The seven devils driven out a hundred years ago have been succeeded by seven others of a far more formidable type.

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CHINA'S EXTREMITY.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN CHINA.)

TIENTSIN, *January 25.*

HER best friends would fain look for radical reforms in China as the result of her present tribulation. Such expectations have been formed after every exposure of her incapacity for self-defence which has occurred during the last half-century. But they have been disappointed, as they are not unlikely to be once more. The principle of regeneration seems wanting in the Chinese; possibly the nation is overgrown, and wants adequate vitality in its nervous centres.

Other countries, it is argued, have emerged from as deep abysses as that in which China is now engulfed. The abasement of Prussia, for example, under the Napoleonic scourge may be pointed to as a degradation which worked its own cure, for the whip of the conqueror in that instance did rouse the spirit of the people. But the case is not parallel with that of

China, and the apparent similarity of the two situations is deceptive. Two substances may look much alike, and yet give very different chemical reactions. So with men. You must look behind the visible to the invisible which animates it before drawing valid comparisons.

Between the condition of China and that of Germany in the Napoleonic era, the radical difference seems to be, that the Western country really was degraded, had fallen from a higher to a lower state, and might therefore recover itself, while the Eastern has not been degraded at all in any proper sense of the word. She has not fallen, but has only been discovered and found out in the state in which she has ever been. With China, therefore, recovery would be a miraculous birth, lifting her to a plane of existence never before touched.

The diversities between the

Chinese and other races, though proverbial, need to be insisted on if we would avoid erroneous conclusions from false analogies; and it is highly important, in the present critical situation of Eastern Asia, that Great Britain, at all events, should avoid fallacious inferences from the disclosures that are there taking place. Doubtless underneath all diversities lies the bed-rock of common humanity, the sensations of hunger and thirst, and the passions of love and hate. Above these diversities, again, there is a region of superficial likeness between the Chinese and ourselves; for, when we get to reading the same books and talking the same language, it is difficult to realise the gulf that may still separate the Chinese mind from our own. A Europeanised secretary of legation, or naval officer, or raw student, or what you will, may descant on the corruption and impotence of China more unsparingly, perhaps, than the harshest of foreign critics. A score or two of his sort, one is apt to say, would surely reform the empire. Yet among their native surroundings these prophets of altruistic purity usually drop the lip-born virtues as easily as one slips off a cloak, and opportunity only is needed to prove their kinship with the unregenerate.

These superficial strata of consciousness furnish a medium which serves the purposes of business intercourse, though it does not carry us beyond the merest commonplaces of social relations. When we dip into the middle strata, we are met by contradictions of thought and of feeling which defy accommodation. The duties, the aims, and the pleasures of life, the bonds which bind men together, and the forces which drive them apart, all assume a complexion so

different that we cannot longer reason from the one to the other as if they were things of generic identity. As far as the east is distant from the west are the mental springs of the Eastern divided from those of the Western peoples.

These fanciful mental compartments may serve to suggest a possible reconciliation between apparently opposite views of Chinese character as seen through European spectacles. Primitive humanity uniting us all at the bottom; an impassable chasm in the middle; and again an illusory concord of mental processes at the surface. Through the refractions of this upper medium, we are apt to be led astray in our attempts to follow the operations of the Chinese mind; for as soon as we travel beyond the well-mapped province of simple commerce, we begin to mistake Cape Flyaway for solid land. Using the reasons and deductions stamped with the hall-mark of Christendom as if they were current coin also in the Chinese mart, is like ploughing the sand. This is by no means an academical, but an eminently practical thesis; for from our fallacious appreciations proceed our fatuous dealings with the Chinese outside of the commercial sphere—our Tibetan and Burmese farces, our Opium Conventions, and the rest of our sterile attempts to conciliate, by sacrifice, a people and Government who are moved by our caresses no more than the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's would be moved by scratching the dome of the cathedral. Conciliation is no doubt good if gone about on a basis of fact, but the method of Great Britain towards China has been both expensive and destructive of the very end in view. And if the British Gov-

ernment, misled, it may be, by people having a personal interest in feeding the fallacy—although it had its own qualified agents on the spot to tell the truth when required—could be so far deceived as to the character of the Government of China, it is small blame to the general public if they also have failed to make a juster appreciation.

Without further preamble, then: the world has been looking on for the last nine months at the strangest thing it has seen for many centuries, perhaps indeed the most notable thing that has ever been seen in the Eastern hemisphere. It is not only that one part of the great East has risen in arms against another, for that has frequently happened; but it is a nation new-born, which, though the farthest east—so far east, indeed, as to approach the meridian of the extreme west—has equipped itself *cap-à-pie* in the whole armour of the West, which has risen on the grand Rip van Winkle of nations, and has not only conquered but routed it, and walked over one of its provinces, like a sportsman among the September turnips. From all the accounts that have come to hand, it appears that, with the exception of the naval battle off the Yalu, and the stubborn stand made by General Tso pu Kwei at Ping Yang, there has been no real fighting. The campaign has been a series of autumn manœuvres, in which the obstacles were standing crops, in different roads, and slow transport. The Chinese troops which have been massed at various points have—with the exception of General Tso's Mohammedans and part of the force under General Sung—fired a few random shots and “skedaddled” along prearranged routes. The men have thereupon made the

best of their retreat, helping themselves as they went along to the necessities of life, and the more evil-disposed among them falling into violence and outrage. Many have no doubt strayed off and taken to brigandage, some have returned with spoils to their homes, and perhaps the better half have rallied round their leader, ready to repeat the same formalities a hundred miles nearer home. Eyewitnesses declare there has been—as there always is—much exaggeration in the popular apprehension of the outrages of the beaten soldiers, and that wherever the men received reasonable hospitality, and were enabled to satisfy their hunger as they passed, the villages had little to complain of in the way of violence.

In the beginning there may have been some hope that by masses and sheer doggedness the Chinese might make some stand against their invaders. But when, at the very first encounter, it was proved to them that with their defective arms, their loose discipline, and antiquated organisation they had no chance whatever, the Chinese forces thenceforward abandoned all idea of fighting. Fugitives with their backs full of bullet-holes impressed all the troops they met in their retreat with exaggerated terror of the enemy; and resistance practically was at an end.

The causes of the military collapse of China are many. The system of administration is like a ship with a hundred leaks, any one of which is sufficient to sink her. Whether the men under a different system could be formed into an army fit to cope with a serious enemy is a matter of speculation. For the present it is the men under existing conditions that claim our attention.

One epithet describes not only the military, but every other State department in China: it is "make-believe." No matter how excellent any system may be in theory, it would break down in practice under this fatal qualification as soon as it came into collision with anything that tested it. In war, the Chinese are in the wooden-gun-and-painted-tiger stage, illusion pervades everything, and there is a general tacit acquiescence in deception. This base coinage serves internal needs, since it passes current in the country, but for external use it is naught.

Thus, when we speak of numbers, there is no possibility of ascertaining them. Nobody knows, and nobody immediately concerned cares to know, how many troops are here, there, or anywhere. In making up estimates, the total number ordered, or authorised, is reckoned as already with the colours, even though not a single recruit may have gone through the goose-step. It is the same with arms. The order is deemed equivalent to the execution in any returns that may be called for. Armies are in this manner conventionally represented as already in the field, at specified points, fully equipped, which have not, in fact, passed into the paper stage of existence. The Emperor and his Court, the men who may be considered the authorities of China, are firmly persuaded that there are 250,000 men now under arms in Northern China, and Wu Ta-chêng, the Imperial Commissioner for the defence of Shan-hai-kwan, and Liu Kun-yi, lately appointed to the supreme command of the forces, both of them civilians without any military training whatever, are said to be perfectly confident of their power to repel any Japanese attack. Thus the confidence of the Government is built up

on transparently fictitious grounds. There is no conscious fraud in this. It is but the mental habit of a people who use facts and numbers in a more or less abstract sense, — always excepting when they relate to the one subject on which the Chinese compass-needle never deviates, money. And it is the paramount authority of money that perverts Chinese executive methods, so that the service of the State is wholly subordinated to the personal profit of the officials.

Almost everything connected with public affairs is made up of a reality and a fiction, and is understood so to be. This duality seems to belong to the mental structure of the people, so that it is customary to make use of the fiction to save the truth for perhaps great occasions. The true reason is neither given nor expected to be given even for the simplest thing; and when the right thing is done, it is usually on false grounds. An official, for example, may be condemned deservedly, but it is ten to one that he is not guilty of the charges actually preferred against him. The natural instinct of the race prompts them to this peculiar form of economy of truth. An English missionary doctor who had a very small and inconvenient hospital, into which Chinese stragglers were crowding while he was attending to the patients, told his attendant to clear them out, and he did so. But the man explained to them that they had all sorts of infectious diseases there, which some of them would be sure to catch, then there would be great trouble, and "who would be responsible?" So, exhorting the crowd, he hustled them gently to the door. To lay falsehood to the charge of the Chinese on account of this peculiarity would be as

inept as to charge a butterfly with frivolity. What would in another hemisphere stand out like a rock as falsehood or rank perjury, is in China covered by the tide of the prevailing morality. Deceit itself ceases to deceive in such surroundings.

Obviously these loose mental habits of the nation admirably subserve the private schemes of officials, which are anything but loose. That nebulous region of numbers is their richest pasture-ground. No device could be more seductive than the faculty of drawing pay for non-existent troops, nor could there be imagined a more convenient stepping-stone to extended and comprehensive frauds on the State—frauds which must be tolerated because every one who could criticise is himself in need of toleration, and there is none to raise the hue and cry. Let us imagine a commander intrusted with funds to raise 1000 men. He does not in his own mind contemplate more than 500, and perhaps has not got beyond 100 when he begins drawing funds for arms for his full complement. As nobody is looking on whom any one cares for, the general, if an economical man, will perhaps consider it a waste of good material to arm more than half the men who answer the roll-call. Of all the forces of Chinese in the field, it is, in fact, only a small proportion that are armed at all. And so the vista of temptation opens wider and wider in a system which is one gigantic make-believe. The generals in the army and the officials in all other lucrative posts in the empire of course protect their good husbandry by liberal *douceurs* to their superiors, which secure them in their posts, and consequently in their means of living and doing well by their families. Needless to say how

perfectly the clan and family arrangements fit into these schemes of economy!

It is, then, under this system that thousands of troops have been hurried to the front—not, however, above one-third of the official numbers—without any drill, great numbers without arms of any kind, a small percentage armed with rifles, the rest with spears and extemporised weapons. A foreign military *attaché* who was in Manchuria in November, and came across the advanced-guard of General Sung's force, consisting of about 1000 men, observed that the bulk of the troops were armed with gingalls, a small proportion with rifles of sorts, and of that small number he counted arms of thirteen different patterns, requiring different ammunition. The most important fortress, Port Arthur, was defended by untrained recruits, the proper garrison having been sent to the front through the blind orders of the Court, nobody contradicting. In the catalogue the recruits went for men, and that was all that the severest etiquette required.

In the army there are troops which have been drilled commanded by officers who have not. Students from the military schools have the mortification to see the enemy manœuvring in the very way they had themselves been taught by their German instructors, while their own unschooled leaders were conducting them in battalions to destruction or in mobs to disgrace. Small wonder if, after a few such experiences, the troops should follow their officers to places of safety. Retreat has in fact become the order of the day in the campaign, but even that modest movement has not escaped the taint of sham and fraud. Generals march off, and report themselves at such and such places

with their troops, and official reports state that there is General So-and-so with his army. The naked truth is that the general escaped in the garb of a peasant, and, like Sir John Cope, left his troops to their own devices, while he, with one or two attendants, followed his.

These are but the simplest expression of the great principle of simulation which pervades Chinese life like a vapour. Outside the province of trade it may be generally assumed that nothing is what it professes to be. The inadequacy of arsenals, fortresses, ships, armaments, and armies is but the partial exposure of the universal sham. They were all imitations, with the saving element, the spirit of the thing, studiously left out, from motives of economy. China is in fact held together in the most marvellous way by her mere pretensions, with incredible economy of solid support; and she has also managed to impose her pretensions on the world. She lives on a prestige which has outlived its vouchers, as a merchant's credit sometimes outlives his substance. What China now suffers from is that her paper money is presented for payment, and there are no assets.

But it is, in truth, an appalling consideration that a nation of 300 millions of people should be in this derelict condition, their Government under the virtual dictation of foreigners, whether friendly or otherwise. And one involuntarily casts about for a remedy. Can the abuses not be eradicated by some drastic surgery, the officials purged of their vices, and the people rendered patriotic? Perhaps, when the leopard changes his spots. For the malady is not an ulcer which can be cut out, but an infection of the blood and the tissues. It is no family taint,

which might be got rid of by judicious selection, but a disease which is innate in and common to the race. Individual exceptions, indeed, are not so rare as albinos among negroes; but practically the case is one of a pravity of public spirit so universal that bad has to be borne with because the alternative would be worse. Reform requires something sound to work upon, some whole cloth in the garment that is to be repaired; but this is just the condition which is lacking here. Reform would mean repentance and amendment. Who is there to repent? The officials who have done so badly? They only want the opportunity to do worse. Regret no doubt exists, but it is mostly on the part of those who envy their rivals the chances they have enjoyed of enriching themselves. If it be supposed that China, shamed and humbled, will henceforth mend her ways, all that can be said is that evidence of such wholesome feeling is absolutely wanting. There is, in this sense, neither a "China" to be ashamed nor a China to be ashamed of. There is no "country" in our patriotic acceptance of the term, only a vast fortuitous concourse of individualities. On which of these is the sense of shame to operate? Every one will put it far away from himself. The people are intent on quite other matters, chiefly on the problem of keeping body and soul together. They are absolutely indifferent as to who governs them; loyal to the dynasty and grateful for its merciful rule, but with a loyalty which glows as the warmth of the sun on the surface of Neptune.

Statesmen and public officers whose plans have been upset by the turn of affairs no doubt feel personally interested in the issue. Conspicuous among these is the

great Viceroy, Li Hung-chang, who was primarily responsible for the coast defence which has so utterly broken down. He would, of course, do anything to retrieve his lost prestige, but the empire, as such, is, comparatively speaking, nothing to him; the sovereign scarcely more; and, like other bankrupt statesmen, he would peril all in any scheme which promised him a new lease of power. But would he use it more worthily than he has done in the past? There is not the slightest ground to suppose anything of the kind: all that is known, indeed, points rather in the opposite direction. Of the Viceroy's subordinates and colleagues it is sufficient to say that they have the defects of their chief without his redeeming qualities.

If, then, there be no loyalty—to be reckoned with as an active force—either to the country, or to the dynasty, or to the reigning sovereign, no national feeling, where does the higher corrective sentiment come in which is to supply the motive-power for improvement of the national status? Were it even only the absence of the ennobling sentiment that stood in the way, some inspired man might possibly arise who would shake the dry bones into life. But, unfortunately, there is a definite as well as a vague and negative obstacle to reform. Military disaster, which can usually be counted on to stir nations to energy, through the desire of revenge, produces no such effect on the Chinese, who hold all military affairs in the sincerest contempt. They are no more ashamed of defeat than a middle-aged householder of Clapham would be of being overpowered by a burglar. And they will pay ransom with all the resignation of a superior person who buys off a brigand. "Silent deep disdain" is the attitude of the East towards the thundering

legions. War they consider the attribute of savages, but as for them, they have ages ago passed through the barbarous stages of national existence. They hold war in detestation, and cannot even bear to learn the art. Chinese attempts at national defence consequently resemble the spasmodic efforts of the non-combatant householder, who, after the thieves have got over his garden-wall and into his plate-chest, yields to persuasion and procures himself a weapon. He will not, however, take the trouble to understand the horrid thing: it will presently become useless from neglect, and should the attack on his house be repeated, he will search in the dark for his cartridges, and will have forgotten how to load his revolver. This epitome of Chinese national defence would be still more complete if we suppose the servants of the good burgess leagued with the traders to rob him egregiously in the purchase of arms which he could never use.

But the prostrate condition of China as a Power does not rest on mere arguments from general observation, for the Government has given to the world specific proofs of its helplessness and hopelessness. The military collapse did indeed alarm the Court: the Emperor's advisers realised that the capital itself was not safe from invasion; and that, in short, the dynasty was in danger. They were at their wits' end, and cast about blindly for counsel. They were advised to adopt one of two courses—to conclude peace at once on any terms, or to prepare for a long war. If the latter alternative were decided upon, the Emperor must be prepared to migrate with his Court into the interior of the country, and so place distance between himself and the invaders, while the defensive resources of the empire are being

organised on a new and efficient plan. As generally happens, however, where conflicting views have to be reconciled, and when the decision finally rests where there is no personal knowledge to support it, an illogical compromise was made. The Government chose the worst half of both alternatives, and in so doing exposed once more their shiftlessness to the mockery of their enemies and of the world. Their efforts to make peace can only be described as blindfold; they did not know how to set about it. They appealed to one neutral Power after another to come to their help against the mighty, and they made an abject public surrender to the Powers collectively, imploring them to intercede with their implacable foe. They despatched one mission after another to make their submission to Japan. Without continuity of counsel, either native or foreign, the Government seemed to rush into one blind alley after another. Japan meanwhile calmly surveyed the convulsions of her victim, and was in no hurry to terminate his tortures. Thus was the peace-at-any-price side of the alternative advice followed out.

The other alternative which made for war was attended to with the like spasmodic zeal. Secret—or what passes for secret on the Chinese political stage—preparations were made for the flight of the Court, not to a very great distance at first, but sufficient to keep well out of reach of the enemy. The ladies of the Court were, however, to be at once sent to an inaccessible position, which would have involved, for them, an arduous journey, such as the Empress-dowager, even in her youthful days, found a real *via dolorosa*.

The military forces were to be put into fighting order. The old

native system had broken down in every part in the most ignominious manner: there was not even a reserve which could be called out to retrieve the fortunes of the army, nor one of their hundred “generals” who could shed a ray of hope on the fate of the empire. The wisdom of the wise and the valour of the brave had been tried, and alike found wanting.

In this extremity the princes of the empire summoned to their counsel the man who had earned great renown in their service—the foreigner who had performed the prodigy of making the Chinese fleet fight in the battle of the Yalu. General von Hanneken had served the Government already fifteen years in connection with the coast defence. Under his direction the fortifications of Port Arthur, Wei-hai-wei, and Talienhwan had been erected. These works required infinite patience, for whosoever undertakes service for the Chinese must be prepared for unspeakable obstruction from the very people he has engaged to serve. Von Hanneken had learned to cope with the vexatious intrigues of corrupt officials, had gained experience in commanding Chinese, and had mastered the language and official ceremonial. His had become a name to conjure with; he was the providential man.

General von Hanneken proceeded to Peking and met the members of the Tsungli Yamên, headed by Prince Kung, uncle of the Emperor, recently called back to power after ten years' retirement, and Prince Ch'ing, who had been President of the Board during these ten years, but who had now yielded place to the former President. To their Highnesses and Excellencies General von Hanneken expounded in the downright fashion which becomes a soldier—and of which he had already given some samples in

his report on the navy and the action of the Yalu—the true state of their army, and the measures which would be required to make it fit to perform the great function of defending the empire from foreign attack. The conditions under which the new army should be organised included some which were fundamental, as, for example—

That it should be imperial, not provincial, under the direct control of the Emperor, who should delegate the actual command to a Prince of the Blood;

That it should consist of 100,000 men as a *minimum*;

That the organisation should be on the most approved European model, and that there should be 2000 European officers;

That as the nominal commander-in-chief would have no knowledge of military affairs, he should be assisted by a Chief of the Staff, who must be a foreigner, since there are no Chinese competent; and

That the supply of arms and disbursements of money should be under the control of the central authority.

These, with sundry subsidiary conditions, having been laid before them in a speech of great force and directness, the Chinese and Manchu Ministers expressed themselves convinced of the necessity of the measures suggested, and requested the author of them to reduce the scheme to writing, which he did forthwith.

Now, this was a nauseous draught to administer to the Emperor of China. It amounted to a root-and-branch condemnation of the whole military system of the empire, to a confession of the incompetence of Chinese officers, and the absolute superiority of foreign-

ers. We have only to put ourselves for an instant in the place of the rulers of China to perceive that such admissions could only be drawn from them as the result of irretrievable disaster and the abandonment of all other hope. It is true that a similar admission had been made tacitly when Ward, Burgeoine, and Gordon were employed to suppress the Taeping rebels; but that was a local and temporary expedient, and it challenged no Chinese principle, for the thing was done first and explained afterwards. It is one of the great merits of the Chinese never to seek to go behind accomplished facts; and when this sequence can be followed—fact first, theory afterwards—almost anything can be rendered palatable. In Von Hanneken's case this line of least resistance could not be followed. The dogma in its repulsiveness had to be accepted before the first step could be taken towards realising the wishes of the Court.

It is necessary also to remember, in considering any such relations between Chinese and foreigners as those which were established between General von Hanneken and the Chinese Foreign Board, that the foreigner always proposes something lasting, comprehensive, and capable of expansion, while the Chinese is thinking only of the exigencies of the moment. Whether the question be the conservancy of a river or the settlement of some great dispute, the slatternly order of mind invariably asserts itself, and the trouble is patched up, only to break out again on the earliest provocation. Dirt and squalor accord well with the indolence which tolerates nuisances of all sorts until they seem to be part of the normal order of things; and it is the same "cannabe-fashed" temper which is at the bottom of the ragged and rotten

condition of the army. The Imperial Court did not really want an imperial army—had never, indeed, conceived the idea of it. What they did want was a plaster for the sore, not a cure. The enemy was at their gates, and they wanted him taken away by any means whatsoever. Their anxieties extended no further.

The anti-scientific Chinese mind runs so much on miraculous strategy or supernatural interference in the affairs of men, that it was as much as anything else the hope of eliciting some flash of intuition from a man whose name had become famous, that the Chinese Ministers sought this conference with their foreign general. In China a name goes for much; and, even after the experiences of the present war, everything is expected of commanders, without reference to the machinery with which they have to work. In their wars, as well as in famines and other calamities, the Chinese are apt to look helplessly for a sign from heaven, and they are ready to take it from the most squalid of fortune-tellers. If heaven favours them, they will be saved. If not, vain is the help of man. The *Deus* is everything; the machine nothing. They are full of chimerical strategy of the wooden-horse order, and are consequently the ready-made prey of the charlatan. To the Western mind it is incredible that even children could believe what the greatest of Chinese statesmen believe. A couple of quacks were intercepted in Japan with a scheme in their heads for destroying the Japanese navy, which they were going to sell for a great price to the Chinese Government. An American of no repute appeared a little later with another scheme for the annihilation of the Japanese army, also to be sold for a great price. The

Chinese officials who were responsible for military arrangements were elated beyond measure; they spoke of the project in whispers; and the very men who stint ammunition for the troops would readily vote millions for an *ignis fatuus*.

Such being their normal frame of mind, the Chinese Ministers must have received a shock from the blunt and brutal proposals of a real man. They had doubtless flattered themselves that he would come, like Elisha, and lay his hand over the place, and recover the leper by his magic touch and a little *hocus-pocus*. When they were told to put their house in order, to go and wash themselves in a stream of clear water, their countenance fell.

Taking all the circumstances into consideration, the Tsungli Yamên gave a creditable reception to the representations of General von Hanneken, the merit of which is undoubtedly due to the two Manchu princes, the President and Vice-President of the Foreign Office. Those who have had experience of both have noted marked differences of character between the Manchus and the Chinese, the former being frank in speech, reasonable in action, just and gentlemanly, and can be spoken to as man to man. The traditional arrogance and exclusiveness are essentially indigenous products, opposed to the Manchu genius. Prince Kung, called back to office with the prestige of a statesman of age and experience, and Prince Ch'ing, who had worthily filled the office of President of the Yamên since 1884, secured for the innovations of General von Hanneken a sympathetic hearing such as no Chinese statesmen, not even the most enlightened of them all, Li Hung-chang, would have accorded to them.

If we would still more fully realise the opposition which any scheme of military reform in China must encounter, we have only to reflect that what the Government is called on to do is to resign its armed forces to the control of foreigners. In other words, it is invited to escape from the frying-pan by jumping into the fire. This is the crux of the whole matter. How is it possible for the Government of any country to make this great renunciation, still more a Chinese Government? For is not their whole administration built upon a foundation of distrust? It permeates every corner and crevice of their political and social system, and is a ruling factor in the adjustments of official authority, from the highest to the lowest grades. Distrust of their own people more than any other cause has prevented the creation of an imperial army in the past, a distrust sufficiently justified by history. But if they so profoundly distrust each other whom they know, how are they to bring themselves to trust strangers, who, besides being unknown, have the faculty of eluding the unpleasant consequences of their acts by the simple device of withdrawing from the country, which in no case would they ever make their home?

Nor is it only the individual who may initiate the military reform that they have to consider. He may, from his antecedents, inspire full confidence; but what of the thousands of officers of all grades who would have to be employed, or even the leader who should from time to time succeed to the *de facto* command? The Chinese Government has hitherto been singularly well served by its foreign employés, who have, as a rule, been men of integrity. And, considering the character of the employer, and the constant temptation to fall into Chinese ways, the loyalty of the

foreigners has been quite remarkable. Yet even among them there have been examples to the contrary. Did not Burgeoine, when provoked beyond endurance by the obstruction of his mandarins, propose to Gordon that they should go over bodily to the rebels and carry on the war against the Government? Burgeoine's provocations are precisely what every foreigner employed by the Chinese Government has to endure.

The aversion of the Chinese to intrust their defences to foreigners is one of the principles to which the Government has been constant, as has been proved on various occasions by indisputable evidence. Even during the most critical days of the Taeping rebellion, when the foreign fleet arranged for by the Peking Government, of which Prince Kung was then, as he is now, the head, offered to assist in the recapture of Nanking, the high Chinese officials who were engaged in fighting the rebels refused the offer, on the ground that the acceptance of the conditions required by Mr Lay and Captain Osborne would have made them masters of China. At a severe sacrifice the Chinese Government got rid of the flotilla. It is this rooted fear of the ascendancy of foreigners which has excluded them from every position of authority — with the remarkable exception of the Customs Service—which led to the scurvy treatment of Captain Lang, and which has all along paralysed the energies of the most meritorious foreign officers, by placing them under the control of ignorant mandarins.

It was in the face of this array of anti-foreign feeling that General von Hanneken propounded to the assembled Ministers his scheme of army organisation. "You have ordered me to give my opinion on the present military situation, and

I have given it to the best of my knowledge. You have asked my advice as to the protection of the empire, and I have explained the only conditions on which it can be defended. It is for your Highnesses to decide." To their credit, be it said, their Highnesses listened respectfully both to the modest but manly oration of Von Hanneken on the military question, and to the no less important and plain-spoken address which followed from Mr Detring, an old servant of the State, on the question of general reforms—financial, educational, administrative—imperatively required for the success of the military reform. It may almost be said that the Ministers heard them gladly: the speeches must have been as refreshing as a blast of pure air to one mewed up in a sick-room. It is just possible the Manchus caught a momentary glimpse of emancipation from the incubus of Chinese officialism, and of a chance of striking out, with the aid of foreigners, a line of policy more in harmony with the best traditions of their race than the rather contemptible rôle they have been playing for the last hundred years. At any rate, they accepted the proposals made to them, and requested Von Hanneken to elaborate the scheme of army organisation.

But the Chinese, as usual, proved themselves more than a match for Manchu princes and foreigners combined. Before the new arrangement was completed, a telegram was received at the Yamên from a certain deep-designing *taotai*, who has much to do officially with foreigners and their affairs. He proposed an amendment. Army reform? By all means. But wherefore this waste? By a careful calculation, on data furnished by certain drill-instructors, put into shape by

the agent of a great gun-factory whose interest lay in the expenditure of money on arms; not men, the Chinese official was able to promise a scheme which required only 30,000 men. The economy self-evident! The army scheme of Von Hanneken would have spelt ruin to the race of *taotais*, for a reason which the zealous economist did not deem it necessary to explain to their Highnesses. It provided for central control *over the purchase of arms*. Their craft was in danger. No more plunder! No more contracts! What is the world coming to? The Japanese may wreak their will on the country without moving the mandarin to shame or indignation; but let any one touch the palladium, the sacredness of contract, and the hierarchy will rise as one man and fight *that* invader to the death.

The plot succeeded; the bogus scheme served its turn; their Highnesses paused; sinister reports began to crowd in upon them; they feared they had been too rash in placing so much confidence in a foreigner; and, in a word, they were helpless against the hierarchy which held in its unclean hands the whole machinery of administration. Too honourable to revoke the power they had given, as a Chinese official would have done without the least scruple, the princes nevertheless acquiesced in the withholding of the instruments of success. It is in the best oriental manner to maintain the office while tacitly reducing it to a sinecure. The power of frustration is the one weapon which Chinese officials wield to perfection: it suits their genius, for it is easier to throw a log across the track than to construct and run a locomotive.

The same clever official who as good as wrecked the army scheme holds several offices of

great influence. He is head of the Chinese Steamer Company, whose vessels are now running, for safety, under the German and other flags. He is the Superintendent of Telegraphs. And he is the Superintendent of Customs at the port of Tientsin, a highly lucrative appointment. Altogether a person of great influence, he is credited with keeping confidential terms with the venal corps of censors in Peking, which is part and parcel of the universal Chinese sham, and through them overawing his superiors and defying public opinion.

Important as he is, however, the Taotai Sheng does not stand alone in his opposition to army reform. Paradoxical as it may sound, the most formidable obstructionist is the Viceroy Li Hung-chang, the great reformer. For thirty years has this statesman stood before the world as the apostle of progress in China. He has enjoyed almost a monopoly of military, naval, and educational reform. But now, perceiving the sceptre slipping from his hand, honest human jealousy asserts itself in the heart of the veteran. Shorn, item by item, of his authority, the Viceroy vindicates once more his title to be called the Bismarck of China, by sulking in his tent and contemplating, not without a certain sombre satisfaction, the incompetence of his rivals. When so patent an explanation lies to our hand, it is unnecessary to seek for less worthy motives for Li Hung-chang's opposition to those reforms of the militant services which he himself undertook but failed to effect. The army with its foreign drill, the navy in its entirety, have been the

children of Li Hung-chang. That they have disappointed expectation may be as much his misfortune as his fault. They were half measures, for which, nevertheless, their author is entitled to the credit of an initiator, who should have been followed before this by improvers. But his work, unimproved, has been tested and found wanting; the blame and the chagrin of the failure can only rest on him, and to live and see others succeed where he has failed seems to be more than the unregenerate man can bear with philosophy. Thus it comes about that the most liberal, the most open-minded, the most progressive man in China, is at the present moment the chief obstacle to reform. The passage is narrow, and he blocks it.

Another curious subject of inquiry is opened out by the attitude of these powerful officials. By what means do they exercise such an influence over the Government as to be able to make it stultify itself whenever it suits their purpose? Li Hung-chang is more than under a cloud: he is in disgrace, and is only retained in his territorial office by the impossibility of replacing him.¹ A successor was indeed appointed in the person of the late Viceroy of Nanking, Liu Kun-yi; but he is old, indolent, and somnolent. Before he had reached his post, travelling as slowly as it was possible, even in China, to do, the Government received full information as to his incompetence from the caustic pen of Chang-chitung, his successor in Nanking. Not daring then to trust him with the responsible office held by Li Hung-chang, the Government had to provide otherwise for Liu without losing its

¹ Since this was written the telegraph has informed us of Li Hung-chang's complete restoration to the Imperial favour, and his despatch to Japan as peace plenipotentiary.—*Ed. B. M.*

own face. So the decrepid septuagenarian was nominated Generalissimo of all the forces in the field, the highest military authority in the power of the Emperor to confer. The appointment betrays the Government's appreciation of military service, though Liu had one qualification, his being a native of Hunan, which rendered him a fit person to be responsible for the Hunanese troops, who are now so numerous in North China, and who always require a fellow-provincial at their head.

The coast defence, the navy, and other extraneous offices which have given Li Hung-chang his special importance, have been taken out of his hands and placed in the charge of men far less competent, only the territorial governor-generalship being left to the Viceroy. His former subordinate officials, therefore, no longer owe him allegiance, and they make their reports direct to the Peking Government. The viceregal court, erstwhile thronged with sycophants, is deserted, and the great man has leisure to brood over the vicissitudes of fortune. How, under these changed conditions, Li Hung-chang is able to continue a policy of his own opposed to that of the central Government is one of those mysteries which belong to that unique political system in which the intrigues of underlings frustrate the designs of the strongest ruler. Chinese polity is a maze of filaments, among which only the deeply initiated can hope to escape entanglement, and in which occult forces are constantly offering themselves to the highest bidder. By means which are open to all who possess the key, Li Hung-chang maintains an undefined influence, which is potent to nullify the projects of other men, but impotent for creative purposes.

As for the Taotai Sheng, he wields his power over the empire in a more definite form. He is the Superintendent of Telegraphs, a post which is simply invaluable to a man of his address, and which he would not perhaps exchange for a Governor-generalship. For in a State where everything is venal it may be easily imagined what its telegraph service must be, corrupt to the core. Throughout the course of the war, and before its outbreak, the Chinese staff have been selling the products of the wires to Japanese agents. For forty pieces of silver, paid monthly in advance, a clerk in the Telegraph office may be hired to supply, hot from the anvil, the most important information that passed over the line. The fact was known to the authorities, but probably some family aegis was thrown over the culprits. Foreign news agencies, as well as local newspapers, which lived on the leakage of the telegraphs, were not likely to comment too severely on the practices which served their ends. Neither were the heads of the department in a position to cast stones at their juniors, being themselves more or less in the same condemnation. The telegraph, indeed, is understood to have been a fruitful source of wealth to the happy individuals who have enjoyed its usufruct. As a new thing in China, it was necessarily left in the hands of experts, over whom the Government proper, and even the professional censors, were unable to exercise effective control: it was a mystery beyond their intellectual grasp. A more providential instrument could not have fallen into the power of a daring and avaricious official. It makes him master of the secrets of the empire, since every telegram between the capital and the provinces passes under his scrutiny, which, if all tales be true, is exercised in no

perfunctory manner. The faculty of delaying, forestalling, circumventing, even of falsifying (by accident), exercised by an official purged of scruple, is sufficient to reduce government to a comedy of errors. In many respects the efficiency of the administration is less now than it was in the pre-telegraph days, for it was better to trust to slow written communications to and from the provinces than to have the messages tapped and tampered with by people deeply interested in baffling all attempts at honest government. And the central authority probably has no more conception of the cause of the nightmare which is rendering it impotent, than the poulterer in the pantomime has of the *fourberies* of the clown at Drury Lane. And to think of such practices continuing for years, systematically and on a really grand scale!

Speaking broadly, the Manchu rulers desire reforms, but lack the energy, business training, and the machinery to effect them; while the Chinese official body, the interested foe to change, does possess the machinery to defeat any attempt at improvement. The pathos of the situation of course lies in the fact that it is the Manchu dynasty which is marked by Cassandra for destruction. It is the only tangible entity to be attacked, and it must bear the brunt of invasion or insurrection, and the whole consequences of the imbecile venality of the Chinese bureaucracy. The dynasty, tried and found guilty—not unjustly in the abstract—may be condemned to extinction, while the guiltier accomplices escape with their plunder.

What is to succeed the Manchu dynasty no one is bold enough to predict. No one has been able to suggest an alternative, and the known resources of China do not

provide the material for an improved *régime*. There have been times when any bold man might have made himself master of China. Li Hung-chang has had such opportunities if his ambition had lain that way. Even now what should hinder the great satrap, with a body-guard of 500 men, from possessing himself of the imperial crown? But apart from his tried loyalty to the dynasty, probably even the veteran himself would hesitate to inflict on the country such a curse as his family would be. With the exception of the son who died young some three years ago, the relations of the Viceroy have done little to commend themselves to popular approval.

The Manchu dynasty, which has ruled China for 270 years, is admitted to be the best that has ever swayed the sceptre. Not only has the family produced statesmen of the first order, fit to rank with the great monarchs of the world, but under their rule the country has made considerable advances in civilisation. The tendency of the Manchu sway has been towards humanity and mercy. The revolting cruelties which were common under native dynasties have been greatly mitigated, and a marked advance towards justice in the government has been achieved. Even the present crisis shows up the milder character of the rulers, for whereas under the last Chinese dynasty officials who had failed were ruthlessly executed and their bodies literally thrown to the dogs, all past services being forgotten, now we see that Justice herself is slow and deliberate. Of all the cowardly and traitorous commanders which the present war has brought to light, only one has as yet suffered the extreme penalty of his crime, and even he was allowed chances of redeeming his

faults, and was beheaded only after he had proved himself incorrigible. The foreigners who are well acquainted with the circumstances admit that the sentence on Captain Fong of the Imperial Navy was just.

The rule of the Manchus is far indeed from being perfect; but if it were not for the dead-weight of Chinese corruption, there is no reason to suppose it would not be perfectible. If China is ever to be reformed through home agencies, the Manchu element seems the only factor that holds out a promise of success. With foreign support it might be feasible, but how that foreign force is to be applied is a problem not likely to be solved except in the actual conflict of

rival forces. Clouds very big and very black hang over the Chinese people, for it is they in the long-run who must pay for the negligence, ignorance, and criminality of their rulers.

China unreformed falls a prey to every assailant, but China reformed means China transformed. Therein lies the difficulty. To root out the tares from among the growing wheat may not be easy, but what shall we do when they both grow on one stalk? If China is ever to be reformed, it can only be by the agency of the foreigner, either within her or upon her; nor has she the power of choosing which, for that would imply that she also had some power of self-regeneration.

[*Note.*—Since the date of this article, our correspondent has informed us by telegram of the deserved execution of Wei for cowardice, cruelty, and extortion; of the suicide of the gallant Admiral Ting, whose honour refused to survive the surrender of Wei-hai-wei; and the breaking-up of General Sung's forces in the north, after a most tenacious resistance. —ED. B. M.]

THE COMING OF SPRING.

"Jam redit et Virgo."

—VIRGIL, *Eclogue IV.*, v. 6.

I.

SPRING came out of the woodland chase,
With her violet eyes and her primrose face,
With an iris scarf for her sole apparel,
And a voice as blithe as a blackbird's carol.

II.

As she flitted by garth and slipped through glade,
Her light limbs winnowed the wind, and made
The gold of the pollened palm to float
On her budding bosom and dimpled throat.

III.

Then, brushing the nut-sweet gorse, she sped
Where the runnel lisps in its reedy bed,
O'er shepherded pasture and crested fallow,
And buskined her thighs with strips of sallow.

IV.

By the marigold marsh she paused to twist
The gold-green coils round her blue-veined wrist,
And out of the water-bed scooped the cresses,
And frolicked them round her braidless tresses.

V.

She passed by the hazel dell, and lifted
The coverlet fern where the snow had drifted,
To see if it there still lingered on,
Then shook the catkins, and laughed, "'Tis gone!"

VI.

Through the crimson tips of the wintry brake
She peeped, and shouted, "Awake! Awake!"
And over the hill and down the hollow
She called, "I have come. So follow, follow!"

VII.

Then the windflower looked through the crumbling mould,
And the celandine opened its eyes of gold,
And the primrose sallied from chestnut shade,
And carried the common and stormed the glade.

VIII.

In sheltered orchard and windy heath
The dauntless daffodils slipped their sheath,
And, shimmering close in clump and cluster,
Dared March's tempests to blow and bluster.

IX.

Round crouching cottage and soaring castle
The larch unravelled its bright-green tassel;
In scrub and hedgerow the blackthorn flowered,
And laughed at the May for a lagging coward.

X.

Then tenderly ringing old Winter's knell,
The hyacinth swung its soundless bell,
And over and under and through and through
The copses there shimmered a sea of blue.

XI.

Like a sunny shadow of cloudlet fleeting,
Spring skimmed the pastures where lambs were bleating;
Along with them gambolled by bole and mound,
And raced and chased with them round and round.

XII.

To the cuckoo she called, "Why lag you now?
The woodpecker nests in the rotten bough;
The misselthrush pipes to his brooding mate,
And the thistlefinch pairs: you alone are late."

XIII.

Then over the seasonless sea he came,
And jocundly answered her, name for name,
And, falsely flitting from copse to cover,
Made musical mock of the jilted lover.

XIV.

But with him there came the faithful bird
That lives with the stars, and is nightly heard
When the husht babe dimples the mother's breast,
And Spring said, sighing, "I love *you* best.

XV.

"For sweet is the sorrow that sobs in song,
When Love is stronger than Death is strong,
And the vanished Past a more living thing
Than the fleeting voice and the fickle wing."

XVI.

Then the meadows grew golden, the lawns grew white,
And the poet-lark sang himself out of sight;
And English maidens and English lanes
Were serenaded by endless strains.

XVII.

The hawthorn put on her bridal veil,
And milk splashed foaming in pan and pail;
The swain and his sweetening met and kissed,
And the air and the sky were amethyst.

XVIII.

"Now scythes are whetted and roses blow,"
Spring, carolling, said; "It is time to go."
And though we called to her, "Stay! O stay!"
She smiled through a rainbow, and passed away.

A HIGHLAND CHIEF AND HIS FAMILY.

SOME REMINISCENCES.¹

BY LOUISE C. R. MACDONELL OF GLENGARRY.

No doubt our father and our uncle, afterwards Sir James Macdonell, were well accustomed to manly sports and exercises at Glengarry in their boyhood. On their father's death the one was sent to Oxford and the other to Cambridge. Their instructor at home seems to have given lessons in fencing or some such exercise. At Cambridge, my uncle was so expert that he drove his teacher back into a corner. The latter was naturally annoyed at this, and said no one had ever done so, "except that fellow at Oxford they call Glengarry," to which our uncle remarked, "My brother, sir." Both of them were very determined men. Our father had two other brothers, but I do not remember either of them. I believe our uncle's first service was in India; afterwards he was in Egypt, in the Peninsula, and at Waterloo he was the well-known hero of Hougomont.

Both brothers must have been well accustomed to speak and hear Gaelic, but at school they would hear nothing of it. At one time my uncle was in a Highland regiment, and I have heard him say that on one occasion while in action he was extremely anxious, as he observed a sort of hesitation along the line of troops under his command, when he in haste made up a sentence in Gaelic, on hearing which the men cheered and rushed forward. In afterwards telling the story, the sentence (which I never learned) was greeted with amuse-

ment and applause. No doubt it would be ungrammatical, but it did its work.

After leaving Oxford our father was in Rome. His great friend was the Hon. Lord Montgomerie. When in Rome they both had full-length portraits of themselves painted by Angelica Kaufmann.

Afterwards on his coming of age he raised the Glengarry Fencibles, a volunteer regiment, when with the assistance of some one he studied reading and writing in Gaelic, which I have heard him say he did chiefly through the oldest Gaelic songs. He was particularly fond of music, and had a perfect ear and perfect time, but not a good voice.

His marriage took place in 1802, at which time Loch Oich must have been quite a private lake, the stables being on the opposite side from the house.

The change since that time in respect of roads must have been very great, for by the time I remember there was a good carriage-road on both sides of Loch Oich. There were twenty-seven miles of a carriage-road between Glengarry and Loch Hourn Head, which was made in our father's time, no doubt partly by the road-money. Afterwards I remember something of that sort having been done in Knoydart—a good road made between Loch Nevis and Shennachie, a narrow one for riders only from Shennachie to Barasdale and Loch Hourn Head, no doubt partly with road-money also.

¹ See "Glengarry and his Family," 'Maga,' September 1893.

Our mother, as a daughter of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, always was an Episcopalian, and continued so till her death in 1840. She mentioned that she never was more surprised than when our father first spoke of having an infant baptised into the Episcopal Church, and of joining it himself. Stupidly none of us asked why he did so. We all knew that this must have taken place between 1809 and 1812, as our brother was baptised by a Presbyterian and Jemima by an Episcopalian minister; but so far as we were concerned his Presbyterian customs continued, for on Sunday evenings we had to repeat to him as formerly psalms or paraphrases, not collects, &c., out of the English Prayer-book. There was an Episcopalian chapel about two and a half miles from the house, which, we understood, was built by our father and a lady whose name we never heard. It seems never to have been consecrated, as for some years back it has been used as a Free Church. In those days we must have been far from a parish church, as Inverie was in the parish of Glenelg, and Glengarry in the parish of Kilmonivaig. About 1824 Glengarry got a missionary, when the population of the parish, or perhaps some district of it, consisted of 609 Roman Catholics, 589 Presbyterians, 8 Episcopalians, and 5 nothing. The last consisted of a Yorkshire gamekeeper, his wife, and three children; but they were soon after baptised into the Episcopal Church. I remember our elder sister expressing her satisfaction that the Protestant population was so large.

Our aunt, Mrs Mackenzie of Portmore, told us a good story of the experiences our mother sometimes had. One time, when in England, she heard very high words between a little English

woman and our footman. It turned out that, knowing our father's love of a fresh-laid egg, this footman went regularly, and usually got the wished-for egg; but on this particular occasion no egg had been laid, so he carried off the hen, that he might perhaps get the egg in time for breakfast. The little woman, in a high state of indignation, followed him, insisting that he had stolen her hen, which he stoutly denied, saying he had told her he would take back the hen as soon as it had laid the egg!

When the part of the Caledonian Canal which runs through Loch Oich began to be cut, that portion of Glengarry was to become Government property. About a week before the fixed time a boat was placed on the loch, but it was nowhere to be found the next day. The disappearance of the boat caused some excitement in official circles, and our mother's Edinburgh friends wrote to her saying that that sort of thing might have been done two centuries ago, but not now. She knew nothing about it, however. It seemed that a hunting-party had been arranged, and about 3 A.M. the boat was carried up to Loch Lundy, where it remained till their return, when it was replaced where it had been left a week before.

I do not know if it was before or after his marriage that the creel-house at Inverie was put up, but our father delighted in everything that reminded him of former days in the Highlands, and hence had this very curious house erected at Inverie. I greatly regret that there seems to be no sketch, drawing, or photograph of its interior. It was formed of very handsome fir beams and standards, probably 18 inches broad, with perhaps 3 or 4 feet of hazel basket-work between them. As there were three windows on each side of the

front door, the house was probably 49 feet long by 14 feet broad, or it may have been 63 feet by 18 feet. It was covered outside by wood and slates only down to the ground. The only mason-work was in the centre, dividing it into two equal parts. There was a fireplace in the masonry for each room, and at the end of each room were two small bedrooms 7 or 9 feet square, and about 8 feet high, plastered inside, and perfectly comfortable, at least in summer. I occupied one of them in 1837, during a visit to the Highlands from May till November. There was a door at the back between the rooms, opening into an ordinary stone-and-lime back wing, the floor of which was made of some sort of firm clay. It was taken down and replaced by a handsome set of modern rooms some years ago.

It was probably about 1804 or 1806 that our father got the guns formerly used on the old castle, and taken away after Culloden, restored to him, as in 1806 Allan Macdougall, our bard, composed a song in honour of our father's gallantry in getting back the guns, of which he says, "Many a one knows it is threescore years since they were taken away." The recovery of these guns must have been a source of much rejoicing. They were long wall-pieces, such as one man could carry for a short distance. On receiving permission to have them, our father set out for Fort Augustus with twenty-four men to carry them in turns. On reaching Fort Augustus he found that the Governor, either Lord Dalrymple or Lieutenant-General Alexander Ross, had received no orders to hand over the guns; but a week after our father and party set out again, and no doubt returned in triumph with them this time. They were not now quite

the same as when they formerly stood on the castle walls of Glengarry, having been altered by the Government. They were to be used on festive occasions, one of which was when Prince Gustavus visited Glengarry. I remember seeing the guns on the lawn supported on trestles, and there were tents, which had probably been used by the Glengarry Fencibles, making the place look very gay and military like.

In those days there were no such grand shooting-lodges in the Highlands as now. I am told that a young Duchess of Gordon asked the butler how the late Duchess managed to have so much company at Kinrara, for she could see no room, when he replied by telling her that for weeks at a time he had slept on the top of the kitchen dresser; and it was known that a niece and two other young ladies slept in her bedroom, probably not a large one, as they were sent out to wash in the burn!—no doubt some sheltered spot. There was a waterfall near Ochtertyre where the late Sir W. Murray told me he and his brothers used to go to for a shower-bath, having some sort of screen hung up to hide them from the road. Greenfield at Glengarry was quite small, three rooms below and two lofts above. No doubt the risings in the Highlands in 1715 and 1745 left the properties heavily in debt, added to which would be the loss to all seaward estates of the kelp industry, as described in the 'Transactions' of the Celtic Society of Inverness, pp. 405-407, besides other native industries.

I believe Highlanders are naturally very musical. They have, I may say, always a correct ear, perfect time, and in general good voices even when quite untaught. They used to sing at all their work, in their boats when rowing, and in

reaping the corn men and women all sang, as well as when making a stack and tramping down the hay. The women also sang when waulking the new cloth, and at their washing-tubs they could sing for themselves to keep time with their work. Up to 1837 this was the general custom, but it gradually fell off until 1845, after which there was little of it. I am told that the Free Church ministers at once set their faces against any sort of ordinary songs and dancing, and that when men were driving carts for miles along a country road, perhaps with the sun beating on them, they were apt to go to sleep and fall off, which if they were singing they were less likely to do. At marriages or "harvest homes," when many young people were collected, if they did not sing or dance, they must talk, which would often end in gossip of an ill-natured kind; certainly it would not always be of the best sort.

There were in my young days two gentlemen, brothers, frequent visitors at Glengarry, for whom our father had a decided liking. About 1822 they were named Ian and Charles Hay Allan, about 1824 they were named Stuart Hays, and about 1837, when in Edinburgh, they were talked of as "the Princes." Before Ian's death he was known as John Sobieski. At Glengarry they were believed to be related in some crooked way to the royal Stuarts, and were said to have been educated in a Spanish monastery. They had pleasant conversational powers, were accomplished, drew all sorts of old Highland armour, old brooches, &c., sang one or two Gaelic and English songs, sometimes joined in the Highland games, and danced some parts of the Highland Fling very well. They were obliging and good-natured, and went to the Episcopal

chapel with the family, though our Presbyterian servants suspected them to be Romanists, as they had a black St George's cross sewed on one corner of their plaids. I remember my eldest sister telling our governess that they were talking much about some dress Stuart tartan on a white instead of on a red ground; but for her part she thought it must be like a Scottish blanket (made of tarry wool and crossed with checks of blue), but no doubt they would soon be seen wearing it, and so they did, calling it the royal Stuart tartan. Some years after we heard of and saw what they called the "Stuart hunting-tartan" on a green ground. I have long since believed that both tartans were their own invention. On one occasion a party of gentlemen wished to cross Loch Garry to Greenfield, used as a shooting-lodge, but the loch was flooded, and the boat could not be reached, when, to their surprise, Charles came from Ton-an-doun, the small inn (where he had undressed), with a blanket round him, and swam for the boat, so that soon after they all got across.

In 1827 Ian had a long illness at Glengarry, and was confined to bed. Afterwards he got, for some hours in the day, to the dining-room sofa. On leaving the house he must have driven seven miles to Fort Augustus, so as to join the steamer on his way to Forres. He continued so ill that only Charles could come to our father's funeral in February 1828. I do not think I met them again till 1837, when my brother, myself, and others were on a visit to Lady Ramsay (my father's sister) at Erkless Castle, and we wished to call for them, as they then lived near. It was arranged that, as our aunt did not wish to meet them, we were to leave her and party at

a certain point until we returned, as this would prevent their meeting her, instead of which they met us, and, in spite of all we could do, insisted on coming to see us into the carriage. So poor Aunt Ramsay was in horror, but there was no escape. The horse of the dog-cart in which she was to drive became restive, and in a second one of the gentlemen stood at its head while the other handed her ladyship up to her seat, both of them looking as courteous and magnificent as possible.

We frequently, in 1838, met them at balls in Edinburgh, and again in Bute, about 1844. They also about this time published some books, one of which made me think very little of them, as it alludes to a funeral (my father's), and infers that Charles was treated as the most important person at it. Such nonsense! my father's only son, only brother, and my mother's brother, Lord Medwyn, and Mr George Forbes never would have given place to him.

Our father's intense love of, and pride in, all Highland things must have seemed very strange to members of the family from the South. Miss Patterson, who for six years was our governess, and a very good governess too, a native of Edinburgh, educated as a Presbyterian in the Merchant Maidens' Hospital, and Mr Green, for a short time our brother's tutor, must have found themselves in a very strange atmosphere, particularly the latter. I think Mr Green could only have been a very few years older than my brother, as they both came from Eton together. He distinctly resisted our father's opinions of Highland character, and to such an extent that he agreed to run a race of twenty-seven miles, from Loch Hourn Head to Glengarry House, against our piper,

Archie Munro, an active man, a native of Oban. I do not know how long this was settled before the challenge came off; but we knew that Mr Green on one or two occasions ran round Loch Oich by way of practice, a distance of from five to eight or ten miles!

The day before the race Mr Green, the piper, and perhaps our father were all at Loch Hourn Head ready for the next day. The competitors started from the house of Mr Macrae, one of our tenants, commonly called "Glenquaich," from the name of his farm. On starting, Mr Green promised an old wife some tea if she would start with them, which she did, but I never heard how far she ran! The first part of the road was extremely steep, the last half was a gentle descent. Our father rode along with the first, and no doubt the groom followed with whoever was last. Soon after the start the piper's nose began to bleed, which he knew to be an omen of success, and so it turned out, for in due time he overtook Mr Green, and won the race by about twenty minutes. I cannot be certain, but I think the race was run in about four hours. When the piper arrived he got the usual dram, and we were surprised to see our mother take out porter for Mr Green. I think it was warm, with oatmeal or something of the sort on the top. She had always been afraid of the race being bad for him, and he so far from his friends in England. Though he did not come in first, our father gave him the promised prize of a Highland dress, which no doubt would be a curiosity amongst his English friends.

Miss Patterson was a vastly more sensible person. She saw clearly the good points in the family arrangements, and the healthful manner in which her pupils were trained; and

our father always expressed his satisfaction at our vigour and spirits. She must, however, have found it difficult to understand the value set upon birth, old family being considered independently of wealth or poverty. I have long thought this feeling accounts for the native dignity and self-respect of the Highlander. He knows to what chief he is related by the ties of blood ; and whether he is fourth or fourteenth cousin to him, he is not ashamed of being poorer. He feels proud of his descent, proud of his clan and of the country his ancestors never disgraced. Miss Patterson could know little of such feelings : the daughter of an Edinburgh tradesman, brought up also as a Presbyterian, her ideas were rather more strict on the subject of a well-kept Sunday than ours.

My father had no end of anecdotes about our ancestors, parts of which I remember, though I was only a schoolroom child of under fourteen when I heard him relating them. I was, however, old enough to feel keenly interested in them. One story that impressed me very much was related to account for the origin of the Clan Macintyre. A party of Macdonells on one occasion were out in a boat, when a knot of wood sprang out, causing a serious leak ; whereupon one of the party stuck in his finger to fill the hole, and then cut it off with his dirk, thus saving the life of the whole party. From this circumstance his descendants were called the Macintyres, or Sons of the Carpenter.

Another story which I heard my father tell relates to the bloody hand which appears in our coat of arms. A doubt having arisen as to which of two brothers a certain estate belonged, it was agreed that he whose flesh and blood should first touch the property was

to be regarded as the rightful owner. Accordingly the two young men started in two boats for the land in question. One of them, seeing that he was losing the race, when near the shore pulled out his dirk, cut off his hand and threw it on land, thus establishing his right to the property, as his flesh and blood had touched it first.

Our father, like most Highlanders, was a firm believer in dreams and Highland prophecies. I remember him one evening after family worship (Episcopal), in which 2 Kings 20th chapter had been read, telling us that his father had a dream in which the day of judgment had come, and on the book being opened he was told that his life would be prolonged seven or fifteen years longer (I forget which) ; that he might be either better or worse ; and that about the end of the stated time he died. He also told us of a man who dreamt he saw a light floating down a river and turning into a creek, where it remained. On mentioning this dream to a friend, he was told there would be a dead body in the creek, and on going to the spot and removing some withered leaves he found the body of a man who had been drowned.

In 1831, when boarded in a London school, a companion, also from Scotland, told me that my father had dreamed he saw three birds on a tree, all of which flew away, and that he believed the birds represented his young boys who had died. I often wondered about this. We had lost six young brothers, and had only one brother alive. In 1834 I managed to ask aunt Fanny, our mother's youngest sister, still unmarried, about it, when, to my surprise, she told me that he had seen seven birds on a tree ; six (our little brothers) had flown away, but the seventh (our one brother) stayed

a long time and then flew away also. The two dreams came wonderfully true. Our only brother married in 1833 and died in 1851, leaving three sons, of whom two died unmarried, the youngest married but left no family, by which time the whole of both properties had been sold except a small portion round the ruins of the castle, the burial-ground, and a small monument our father had built. These became the property of his elder daughter, and are now the property of her only surviving child, J. A. Cunningham, Esq. of Balgownie, which is the fulfilment of a well-known prophecy that the whole of the properties were to pass out of the family, after which they were to be restored by the son of a black woman. This also may come true, as the descendant of one of our great-granduncles may be alive, and perhaps wealthy enough to purchase the properties, now in the hands of two people.

There was another prophecy, now fulfilled, of which I knew nothing till about 1845—that of the three last Glengarrys, one was to be drowned, as my brother's second son was when at Chatham; one was to die a lone stranger in a strange land, as his eldest son did in New Zealand; and one was to be poisoned. We can hardly say his youngest son was so, but improper food or medicine may have acted as poison, for he died at sea out of health on his way home from New Zealand.

We had very nice gardens just outside the orchard gate. We had each a rake, hoe, and spade, and a little wheelbarrow between us. We had each our own garden, and each year we got radish, cresses, and Dutch turnip seed to sow in them, and to feast upon as soon as they were ripe; also flowers, the gardener now and again giving a tuft

of polyanthus or other plant in flower, which pleased us greatly. When our brother was at home from school he helped Caroline with her garden, so it was sometimes in better order than Jemima's or mine.

One day we were much pleased at a visit from our father and mother. They told us to bring our barrow and to come with them. There had been some walks cut through the lawn, and the turf was all neatly built in heaps alongside. We were told we might have the turf to build a house with, and we were to wheel it to our gardens ourselves, which we set about at once, and began to build the walls close to the orchard wall. Our great difficulty was about a roof. We had no end of turf, but how could we make them keep up? One day, to our great joy, Jemima said she had seen some wood with which a splendid roof could be made, and so we resolved to use it. It was so large it took Jemima at one end and Caroline and me at the other to carry it. Our house was now soon built. It had a turf wall, perhaps 2 or 3 feet high, on which the roof rested, leaning against the orchard wall. The one end was filled up with turf, leaving an open space as a door near the wall. The other end was all built up except a square space which served as a window. There were two seats, probably of turf, one quite low, on which Caroline and I sat bending forward, as the roof at that side was very low, while the other seat was close to the wall, on which Jemima could sit erect, also a cousin, James Skene, about her own age, who sometimes spent his holidays at Glengarry. The roof was covered with turf, and the erection looked nice.

This house was our great delight. We took shelter in it if rain came

on—not that we in the least disliked being wet, but that we liked the fun of taking shelter. I do not know how long we had this house; but one day our father and mother visited us in our garden, and to our dismay told us our roof was the top of the box in which our father's full-length portrait by Raeburn had come to Glengarry, and that it was now to be returned. We had been endlessly asked if we knew where this lid could be, but it never occurred to any of us that it was the roof of our turf-house. When the empty box was to be returned the butler said we must know about it, for some time ago he had seen us playing about it as it lay on the grass in front of the servants' hall window. The picture remained in its box for some time leaning against the wall in the drawing-room, no doubt till the necessary arrangements were made to have it hung in its proper place. This is the identical picture of our father now in the National Gallery, Edinburgh. Our governess was quite sure we would not tell a lie, and said we knew nothing about it. So our poor turf-house had to be broken up; but our father said the piper would make us a nice moss-house at another part of our gardens, and soon we had a very pretty one, with a table and seats. This house was made of basket-work inside and with moss outside; the roof was nearly flat, and made of rough outside wood, also covered with moss. We were much pleased at having a table and seats on which we could sit upright, and we had more room; but before long the midges became so troublesome that we preferred sitting on the roof, also in wet weather the rain got through the roof and wet everything we left in it, and besides there were a lot of earwigs about it.

A few years ago, on telling our girlish troubles to a lady friend, she said, "But you would get another house?" No, not we. Our governess would have been shocked if our parents heard even a complaint about the house the piper had built for us.

Our father liked us to have as much exercise in the open air as possible, so each day we walked for about two hours with our governess, once or twice round the home parks,—the same walk week after week for five successive days; but we never felt dull or stupid, as we usually sang aloud the whole time, and our attention was called to objects of natural history, such as birds, trees, and foliage, fruits, or seeds of the trees. On Saturdays, having a half-holiday, we had longer walks, up to the waterfall or to the top of a small hill some way off; but for these extra walks our mother's leave had always to be obtained. No matter though it was rain, sleet, or snow, we were out our usual two hours, which was more than our governess was sometimes able for; and this was all the better fun for us, as we delighted having a race with dogs.

We went to the gamekeeper, who gave each of us a dog-couple, one strap of which was made into a loop for us to hold, while the other was strapped round a deer-hound's neck. In this way we started at once, and tried who would get to a particular gate first. The dogs enjoyed the race quite as much as we did, and in their keenness not unfrequently pulled us flat on the ground; but as we held quite firmly, they had to wait till we got up, and were off again. One day when our youngest sister, now Mrs Brown of New Hall, about six years of age, was beginning to enjoy this sport, the dog she had took the sulk, and would not run a step.

It had done so before, but fortunately this time it was so close to a fence that we fastened it there, where it continued yelping until we returned with the other dogs, and the result was that we had no more trouble with its sulks.

There was a pond in which we sailed boats of the commonest make,—a bit of wood sharpened at one end, with one or two turkey feathers to act as mast and sails; and we made long green boats of sedges. We had a very nice swing fastened to the branch of an oak-tree on the lawn. We played horses like other children, and sometimes found a branch broken off a tree, which made a nice carriage for our dolls. They were tied to the branch and drawn along the avenue in great style. On one occasion Sir Hugh Innes, Mrs Lindsay, and her only daughter, who was about Jemima's age, were at Glengarry for a few days. Her mother said she was a great romp; but we were far greater, and I fear she found it difficult to manage three such wild horses as we were, or keep her seat on such a swing as ours was. She afterwards became Mrs Lillingstone of Balmacarra.

My father encouraged us in all sorts of exercise. He used to throw his stick, a very stout heavy one, on the ground, and tell Caroline and me to pick it up between us and try which of us would take it from the other, he standing by to see fair play. My eldest sister told me she remembered when she and her sister had done the same; afterwards she had to take it against both her sister and her brother, and ultimately from her brother alone, who was about seven years younger than herself. We did all sorts of exercises. We lay down flat on our backs on the floor, and had to rise straight up on our feet without turning to either side or putting

our elbows on the floor. We did manage to sit up clasping our hands, and as it were pulling ourselves forward, after which we drew in our feet, and with another strong effort pulled our bodies forward till we stood upright. Another exercise could only be done in our nightgowns. Our thumbs were tied together behind our backs, and we had to pass our bodies, feet and all, between our arms, so that we stood with our thumbs tied in front of our waists. Both of these exercises we came to do with little difficulty, and greatly delighted in them. We also tried our skill at various feats performed at the Highland games,—leaping, racing, and putting the stone; but we were forbidden to try throwing the hammer, as our mother always feared an accident by the head parting from the handle.

There was a pair of white swans on Loch Oich, and it was my particular pleasure and charge to feed them during winter. The oats or raw potatoes sliced were given to me in the schoolroom, and off I started in my house dress, without bonnet or extra wrap, over the frosted grass or snow, to the edge of the loch, calling to the swans, who soon came to eat the food I threw into the water for them. The island on which they made their nests was frequently flooded in spring, so that they seldom reared cygnets; but in a year when they did we delighted to see the young birds, covered with dark down, often on the backs of the old birds, with a great white wing arched over them.

On one occasion a tea-kettle was left on the schoolroom fire when our governess was in the dining-room at breakfast. It soon began to boil, and I thought proper to take it off the fire. Not wishing to get my hand scalded with the

steam, I lifted it off with the tongs firmly closed ; but it slid over a bit, and some of the boiling water was poured on the instep of my foot. We rarely, I might say we never, cried for pain. We held that Lowlanders, not Highlanders, would do that. So we made no noise, and Jemima at once brought a basinful of cold water from the next room—our bedroom—into which my foot was plunged, and on the return of our governess she found me seated with my foot in the cold water. On removing my shoe and worsted sock she found my foot badly blistered. Of course I had done wrong to meddle with either the kettle or tongs, but in due time my foot healed without much anxiety.

At one time my sister Jemima was quite lame. When swinging down-stairs on the banisters, she fell over and sprained her ankle severely, and nothing seemed to do it good. Mr Macnab from Badenoch, who was a frequent visitor at Glengarry, advised that every forenoon she on a maid-servant's arm should wade up the river, and that before going to bed she should have a maid standing on a chair pouring cold water on the injured ankle out of a kettle. This cure proved most successful, as before long, though she was quite lame on first going down to the river, she soon walked up the steep brae with ease, and speedily the one ankle was as strong as the other. I think Mr Macnab must have been a tenant of Cluny's, and was considered a good judge of cattle. It was at his house, "Sheribeg," we lunched a few years after, when in 1828 our mother, with all of us, was on her way to Edinburgh.

About 1827, when walking as usual past the gardener's house, I saw a nice little terrier which I must needs pat, and to the surprise of us all it bit my hand. Our

parents were from home, so Mr Hood, our factor, had it drowned, for fear of hydrophobia I was told. I was entirely to blame, and we were all very sorry that Hector was to be killed. Next day we found his dead body near the pond in which he had been drowned. We soon settled he might yet be saved, and for a day or two we took some porridge and milk, which we left beside him, which must have been eaten up by some bird or beast instead of by him, for to our grief he never came to life again, and his dead body must have been removed or buried out of our sight.

No nonsense about our food was permitted. On one occasion we did not like our porridge and milk at supper, and were anxious to leave the milk, we thought it so bad ; but Miss Patterson insisted there was nothing wrong with it. One of our elder sisters, who happened to be in the schoolroom reading at the fireside, tasted the milk, which had a turnip flavour but was quite good, and she said we ought to be ashamed of ourselves to complain of such good milk. She also added that our two eldest sisters had visited the Rosses lately (Ross was a lock-keeper on the canal), and saw the porridge for the children cooling, and that they had nothing but water to take it with. Miss Patterson said she thought they had a cow, to which our sister agreed ; "but," she said, "their cow has no milk at present." This information had a great effect on us, as soon after we resolved to do as the Rosses did, and take our porridge with cold water too. No doubt we had to finish the whole of both porridge and milk ; but in due time we managed to eat a whole plate of porridge with a little cold water, and drank up the bowl of milk at the end. The lesson

was a very wholesome one, never to be regretted. Some years after we resolved (as much as possible) to eat nothing except what grew in Scotland. This made us refuse sugar with our stewed apples, and take plain milk and warm water instead of sugar. We could not, of course, help taking any sugar used in cooking puddings, &c.

After the peace of 1815 a number of foreign princes and noblemen visited Great Britain, some of whom found their way to the Highlands. One of them was much amused to see me, a child of five years old, standing as happy as possible where a perfect shower-bath was falling from the roof of the house, where two sets of slates met. We might get wet as often as we liked if only our clothes were changed as soon as we came in. To such an extent was this done, that our brother's usual punishment of us when we plagued him was to walk us into Loch Oich and lay us flat down in the water. We did not dislike his doing so, but rather disliked the trouble of having to change all our clothes in the middle of the day.

It must have been about 1822 that we first saw the two Mr Hay Allans, of whom I have already spoken. They were tall, and extremely handsome, and, like most gentlemen, arrived on foot, wearing the Highland dress. Their coats were not made of tartan cross-cut, such as most gentlemen wore, but of green cloth, and with uncommon sleeves at the shoulder, rather military-looking. The first morning they were not down for 9 A.M. breakfast, nor for some hours after, and we could all see that our mother was very ill-pleased at this. Our brother and Jemima said there was a nice ploy for me. I was to take a jug of cold water to the door, and very quietly open it. I went in, holding the jug behind my back.

Charles was seated in front of the looking-glass in his shirt and kilt, and Ian was in bed. They both seemed pleased to see me, and Ian held out his hands to welcome me, when I poured the jug of water right over his head, and ran off as fast as I could. Ian called out "Halloo!" and Charles laughed outright. I got no end of praise from my brother and Jemima for having done my work so well. Both gentlemen were down for one o'clock lunch, when we could hear our mother laughing with them over the children's trick; but no doubt our mother had much to do with it herself, for nothing of the sort could have been done without her sanction.

It was probably in 1826 that the Earl of Carnarvon, with his daughter, Lady Harriet Herbert, and a son, whose name I forget, visited Glengarry. They were delighted with the scenery and the air of romance with which they were surrounded. One warm summer evening, after a six o'clock dinner, Lady Harriet, our mother, and two elder sisters were seated outside the house, when Lady Harriet's attention was called to some twenty men in the Highland dress marching down from the square headed by the piper, as there was to be dancing that night in honour of our guests. Lady Harriet looked thoughtfully at them for some time, and then said, "How beautiful! how beautiful! and all alive!" which greatly amused the other ladies, who were well accustomed to such scenes. No doubt Lady Harriet must often have seen pictures of Highlanders, but had never beheld them in real life before.

One afternoon there was a demand for Gaelic and Jacobite songs, so Jemima and I were called down from the schoolroom and seated on chairs in the middle of the parlour

floor, where we sang song after song as desired. Our little sister, five or six years of age, was dressing her doll on a sofa, when its frock fell on the floor, and a young Blenheim spaniel carried it off, tossing it in triumph over its head. The dog passed close to my chair, and, without interrupting my song, I caught hold of the stolen frock, which my sister came for. This greatly amused our visitors, as to us it was as easy to sing as to speak.

This year Miss Patterson and her three pupils were in lodgings in Inverness for a few weeks, and got private lessons on the pianoforte and in dancing. I had only just begun music, and must have been about twelve years of age—a clear proof of how little value our mother set on such accomplishments. At that time we spent two days or so at Moy Hall on a visit to our father's aunt, Lady MacIntosh, who, with Sir Eneas, had been long in India. We were delighted with a cabinet of curiosities, containing an ostrich's egg-shell and the figure of a Chinaman, who always seemed to be shaking his head. We also saw the bed in which Prince Charles slept the night after the battle of Culloden, and a Highland bonnet he had worn.

Our uncle James's nurse was a little old woman about seventy years of age, who with her husband had a room and kitchen to themselves in a back wing of Glengarry house. The husband had to herd the house cows, some five in number, while her chief work was to have a comfortable fire on in the kitchen, where cottars or others who wished to see our father could wait till he returned from the hill or elsewhere, and she had to warm up the dinner which the housekeeper sent out for them. She also had charge of a large flock of turkeys, which she

was quite unable to manage. She was fond and proud of our uncle, of whom she had charge in his infancy. On his coming to Glengarry he always brought her print for a dress, in those days rather more expensive than now, as the commonest cost 1s. a yard, and was very narrow. He usually sent one of us round to say he was coming, when she was sure to have on the dress he gave her on the last visit, worn that day to receive him for the first time. Of a night when there was to be regular dancing he sent one of us to tell her he wished to have a dance, and would come for her soon. Shortly after that they might be seen coming arm in arm along the back passage, the little old woman so proud of the 6 feet 3 inches Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, and such a dance can be rarely seen now!—the little woman dancing so smoothly, with her hands never as high as her shoulders, snapping her fingers in answer to his wild whooping, with his arms right over her head, while he too snapped his fingers all the while. At the end of the dance they went as they came along the back passage, till he left her safely in her own kitchen. One day she was seated on a high bank of the river Garry while he was angling for salmon, his favourite sport. When asked why she was sitting there, she said she was watching for fear the "coronel" would fall into the river!

My uncle, Sir James, had distinguished himself in the following battles,—Maida, fought on the 4th of July 1806. There were only seventeen gold medals given for the battle of Maida, and he got one of them. Salamanca, 1812; Vittoria, 1813; Nivelle, 1813; Nive, 1813. For these four my uncle had clasps, which he usually wore with his Waterloo medal.

Once on a 1st of April a young, raw Highland footman resolved to make her a "gowk," and told her the "lady" wished to see all the turkeys collected in front of the drawing-room window. The little old woman could be seen with her staff beating about all the bramble-bushes, so as to herd all the turkeys down in front of the house. Our mother was very ill-pleased when we reported it to her. She found fault with the footman, had corn at hand for the turkeys, and sent us to help old nurse to bring them down. When they were fed, nurse was duly praised for their number and condition, and probably she never knew the trick that was played upon her.

Our mother was very methodical, and must have had some trouble with new Highland servants. One evening our father rang the bell for other candles, when the footman answered, "There are none, sir." "What, no candles?" "No, sir; the lady would not give them out." So our mother had to rise to give them out. Every morning at ten o'clock she might be seen in the house-keeper's pantry giving orders for the day, and then she gave out of her storeroom all provisions required. No doubt the footman had been too late in asking for candles, and she refused to unlock the storeroom door again, the key of which she always kept herself till we were old enough, when the eldest in the schoolroom got the key from her, and gave out what was required—a valuable lesson for us.

One day on returning from a drive father was very angry at seeing a bullet-hole in one of the windows. He was constantly in the habit of leaving his loaded gun in a corner of the parlour. We were all well taught not to touch it; but a young footman in his absence had taken a stable-boy into

the parlour, and one of them had fired the gun off, but fortunately without hurt to himself or any other person.

I was a very hot-tempered child at Perth, when at about three and a half years of age, after the measles. I nearly lost my eyesight. A leech was applied to them, which I in a passion dashed off. I was on my mother's knee at one side of the nursery fire, and my nurse, Peggie Stuart, was seated opposite her. They screamed out at the exertion I had made, when I distinctly remember seeing the black creature lying on the white boards of the floor. All through life my eyesight has been very defective, which my teachers never half believed; but when they complained of my obstinacy or carelessness, my mother was sure to arrange that I was to do no book-work by candle-light, but my copy or sewing. To this day I have always been a slow reader, with a retentive memory for facts, but little taste for fiction. I never could do "tent-stitch," or work with red or bright colours like my sisters, as it was sure to pain my eyes. I must have been sixty-seven years of age when an optician in London saw how defective my sight was. He quietly asked me if I could read. I said "Yes," but that I had never read through a book with pleasure in my life, at which he was not surprised. He then asked me to spell out some large-printed words which hung on his shop wall. My sister, Mrs Stuart Forbes, was with me, and was vexed at the blunders I made. This discovery was a great satisfaction to myself, as I had often wondered, when my ear and time in music were so correct, that I had such difficulty in spelling well: in fact I had hardly seen what I read.

We spent the winter of 1823-24

near Perth, which I liked very much, many things being so new to us. The sound of the church bells across the Tay we thought beautiful. We had none at Glengarry, as in those days parish churches only had bells. The stage-coach named "The Saxe-Coburg" passed our gate on its way to Dundee, the guard wearing a red coat as the king's servant in charge of the mail-bags, and blowing a horn in case passengers might wish a seat in the coach. We had nice walks to the top of Kinnoul Hill; in Dixon & Turnbull's nursery-garden, in which we were shown grafts on fruit-trees; in Belmont garden, where we saw the sensitive and other curious plants. At Kinfauns Castle we first saw a cockatoo walking about on the grass; a toy caterpillar which, when wound up, crept across the table; and a clock from which a window opened and a man looked out when striking the hour.

That winter, when our parents were in the south of England, Caroline had scarlet fever, and Dr Macfarlane said we were all to remain in the same bedroom as usual, because if any more of us were to take it we had probably done so already, but the child in the nursery was not to come into our quarters. None of us took the fever, and we all had a holiday the first day Caroline got out to sit on the grass. She was always a very good child. In church we sat in Lord Mansfield's pew. One Sunday Caroline forgot to put her halfpenny into the plate at the door, being accustomed to the ladle being handed round after the service at Glengarry, and so in coming down-stairs she managed to get behind us all and passed her halfpenny into the empty plate. She often spoke of the kind look of a gentleman who observed her.

On our way back to Glengarry we were surprised that the carriages were stopped at a toll-bar. The groom should have been forward before we came up. The toll, however, was soon paid, and we went on. In due time the groom came forward, and father finding fault with him, Caroline wondered much how he could have been charged with drinking (swallowing) sixpences and shillings!

Peggie Stuart was a very valuable old servant. She must have been nurse for several years since 1814, but latterly kept Inverie House with a Highland girl of about eighteen years of age all the year round, making cheese, butter, and rearing poultry. She was a native of Loch Rannoch, and had not the best of tempers, particularly in June and July, when we all came there for sea-bathing, and brought a few of the Glengarry servants with us. Our parents had been at Inverie for a few days early in the spring of 1827, and told me on their return that Peggie was rearing a pet lamb for me, and that its name was "Flora." This greatly pleased me. I was her favourite, as she had charge of me when I was only seven months old. In June our two elder sisters, myself, and our brother were sent to Inverie. On inquiring for my pet lamb, I was shown six lambs nearly as large as sheep, and told which was Flora. Peggie said there was one for each of us. They looked as wild as possible, fed on grass outside, and probably slept at night in some empty stable. These six lambs frequently came into the house, the lot of them running up to the bedroom floor, making a great noise on the wooden stair. We were frequently sent to turn them all out, and to shut the passage-door, which Peggie rarely did. No doubt, when fed by the hand,

they had constantly followed Peggie through the house. At that time we had no governess.

One day Jemima, our two elder sisters, and our brother, when walking, found the tide so far in that they could not cross the river by the *croubhes*, or salmon-weir, so my brother rowed them across. On their return my brother had to wade into the river to get hold of the boat, and as he wore the Highland dress he had only to take off his brogues and hose, which he put on again when rowing them back, but not his garters, which Jemima threw into the river for a bit of mischief. He had to row down the river for them, and as a punishment for the trick landed her on the opposite side, so that she had to find her way home as best she could. This gave her a walk of some three miles up the river-side before she could cross, and some two miles more down to the house. On coming home she rather feared our father would be ill-pleased, but her relief was great when he only said, "Well, Miss Thunderbolt, where have *you* been?"

In the summer of 1826 as usual we helped Peggie with her young poultry. None of us could ever forget having seen a large kite carrying off a white chicken in its talons. We could see the white speck up in the sky and hear its piteous cry, knowing that before long it would be food for the young kites. We were accustomed to hear the old bird's cry of alarm, and to see how quickly the young ones hid under any broad leaf or tuft of grass they could find. We were quite happy herding the young turkeys or ducklings home if rain came on, or in the afternoon. We were no small help to Peggie, who sometimes asked us to rise about three

or four in the morning to help her to churn the butter, and this we were always willing to do. We managed to waken about the hour, dress ourselves, and go to the empty room for work. On one occasion Jemima and I were both down in good time with Peggie. We were the only persons in the house out of bed. About five or six Peggie left us churning, as she went to milk the cows and do her other work. We churned hard, but the butter would not come. About 7 A.M. we were quite tired, and hearing our schoolroom-maid in the passage, we asked her to help us. There were three of us now, and so we worked with a will. The churn was such as commonly used at that time, a tall narrow pail with a lid, through which the stick passed. This stick had at the low end a circular piece of wood full of holes, and this when drawn up and down through the milk thickened it into butter. In the middle of our active work the stick came up in our hands, leaving the circular wood quite useless at the bottom. Jemima and our maid saw at once that mischief was done. I could see no harm in emptying the half-churned milk, mending the stick, and going on with our work, but Jemima said Peggy would be very angry at having to let cold air into the milk. Our maid was quite frightened, knowing Peggie's bad temper, and just then Peggie was herself in the passage. Jemima called her in to see what state the butter was in. We all stood aside, and Peggie took the stick, cautiously turning it round between the palms of her two hands to gather the butter into a lump, and drawing the stick carefully up, got terribly angry when she saw it was broken. She soon drove out our maid, who got no breakfast that

morning, as she was afraid to go near Peggie, while Jemima and I were glad to walk quietly up to the schoolroom, where as usual we breakfasted on porridge and milk. Our governess breakfasted in the dining-room, and Peggie meeting her on her way to the schoolroom, told her of the mischief we had done. Miss Patterson was not sorry to tell Peggie we would never be allowed to do so again, and we were strictly forbidden to go into Peggie's quarters either by the passage or by the back-door. This was a very severe punishment, but Miss Patterson had always disliked our love of being so much with Peggie, who very soon felt the punishment quite as much as we did. The milk-pantry was on our side of the passage-door, and she often gave us a delightful drink of milk or cream; but I think she failed to make us disobey our strict order.

We constantly waded about when the tide was out, and brought home shell-fish or crabs of five or six inches for our dinners, which were considered safe food if a silver spoon was not discoloured when put into the pan of water in which they were boiled.

One day, when bathing, Jemima managed to get her foot on a small flounder and kept it fast till she took it up with her hands; but it was considered to be sickly when so easily caught, and we did not get it for dinner.

Peggie was also something of a doctor. Jemima got her toe badly cut with a mussel-shell, which nothing seemed to cure; but Peggie gathered some herbs at the spring well, which, with butter and perhaps oatmeal, she chopped into a salve on a red-hot slate, and this soon worked a cure.

Her dress during the week was

a shortgown and petticoat, spun, dyed, and woven in the district. On Sunday she wore a dress, also home-made, and being a strict Presbyterian, did no unnecessary work on that day. Most of the people were Roman Catholics, a parish missionary sometimes coming from Glenelg to hold a Presbyterian service. If we happened to be there in June or July it was held in the open air, when we children found it very difficult to keep good and look at the minister when, perhaps, a grasshopper or a lovely blue butterfly moved about near us, or the shepherd-dogs began to quarrel, and a stone well directed sent the offender yelping away. When our Episcopal minister came from Glengarry, the dining-room was quite large enough to hold the small congregation.

In the summer of 1826 our father told us we were to take a valuable puppy up to the goatherd's every morning in time for it to get a drink of warm goat's milk, and we got some of the milk also. This puppy sometimes gave us much trouble. If it refused to walk, we had to take turns of carrying it, as we must be there in time for the warm milk. We always admired the goats, some eighty of them, of various sizes and ages, many of them standing on a turf dyke or rock at hand. One end of the goatherd's house consisted of a large room, with a turf seat at each side of the fireplace, and a third seat in front of it. Each seat might do for two people, and no doubt there would be a movable low table and stools, though I do not remember them. The house itself was a turf one, perhaps with stone sides without lime. I quite think now that our father's true reason for sending us to the goatherd's was to give us a regular early walk when everything

at Inverie was so irregular, bathing having always to suit the tide.

We were to leave Inverie that year by a steamer which came into Loch Nevis for us on its way from Skye, and some of us were on board when we had all to go ashore again, as there had been some mistake as to how far it could take us on our way to Glengarry. It was quickly settled that Miss Patterson, her three pupils, the nurse and infant, under the care of Saunders Macdonell, or "Kyles" as he was called, from the name of his farm, were to go round in a boat to Barasdale. The elder members of the family were to go there, some on foot and some on horseback. After leaving Loch Nevis it became so stormy that we had all to leave the boat, and had a very long walk to Loch Hourn. We had some oat-cakes and milk brought to us from

a house about half-way, and it was almost dark when we got a boat to take us to Barasdale. It was only a salmon-cobble with a broad seat, from which the nets could be drawn up or let into the sea. On this, without any sort of back or rail, we three sat, having Caroline between us. She was so sleepy and tired, Jemima and I had to join hands behind her back to keep her from falling into the sea. We landed about midnight. Having been expected about 6 P.M., the elder members of the family were very anxious till the sound of oars could be heard. We were soon sound asleep, and next forenoon we got by a boat to Loch Hourn Head, where the carriages were waiting for us, and arrived at Glengarry perhaps about seven or eight o'clock at night.

Such are the happy reminiscences of our healthy childhood up to 1828.

OUR INDIAN FRONTIER.

It is now about seventeen years since the late Lord Beaconsfield defined in Parliament his "scientific frontier" for India; but that frontier has since been changed considerably. We were then in Kandahar, and it was intended we should remain there. Had the Beaconsfield policy been but persistently pursued, we should long ere this have had a railway pouring into it our Manchester cottons and other goods. However, my intention is not to discuss the withdrawal from Kandahar, but to deal with our frontier as it is defined at present.

A boundary like that of our Indian frontier must of necessity change constantly. All who have interested themselves in this question are familiar with what is commonly known as the "buffer principle," and even those who have not studied the matter will still readily understand what it means. We know what a buffer is, and we all know that in time buffers wear

out. Well, even so it is with this metaphorical buffer. The constant friction to which it must be subjected by the two Powers between whom it is said to exist materially thins the block. We have withdrawn from Kandahar; but we have been compelled in self-defence to considerably extend our frontier on the Belooch and Afghan side since the war of 1878 was forced upon us. But Russia on her side has made still greater advances. On our north-eastern and eastern frontiers we have lately annexed the enormous province of Upper Burma, and quite recently we have concluded a delimitation with China, which defines our frontier in that direction.

The line of our present frontier from west to east runs practically, as very roughly drawn below, from Quetta, at latitude 65° N. and longitude 30° E., to a place called Kentung in the Shan Hills of Upper Burma, at latitude 21° N. and longitude 100° E.



N.B.—In each case the line of actual frontier is some miles beyond these towns.

Quetta is now an intrenched camp of considerable strength and importance; but when I last saw it, early in 1879, it was an odious place boasting of one mud hut, and fixed, I thought, from a military point of view, on a bad site.

The spirited policy of the late Sir Robert Sandeman acquired this valuable outpost for us by treaty from the Khan of Khelat. Had he lived, I believe we should ere now have had it connected with the Arabian Sea, if not by a completed railway, at all events by a line under construction. From the sea-coast this railway, starting from some point near Gwadar and running north for some distance, would connect with our existing terminus on the Kandahar side of the Kojuk Pass. It would not only be of considerable military importance, but also of great promise from a commercial and political point of view. It would tap the markets, now almost entirely monopolised by Russia, from Herat to Seistan. It would enable us to sell our English and Indian goods in the markets of Persia, Afghanistan, and Seistan so cheaply that we should oust the Russian merchants who now command this trade. The small supplies of British merchandise which now reach those markets by caravans from India and Beloochistan are rendered so costly by the expense of the long land journey, that they are almost invariably undersold by goods from Russia.

The existing peaceful attitude of the people of Beloochistan is undoubtedly due to the strong hand that first represented our Government in that country. Beloochistan is nominally an independent country, ruled by a potentate called the Khan of Khelat and by the headmen of the several different tribes. It is virtually, however, an Anglo-Indian province, governed practically by our Political Officer,

who is styled "Agent to the Governor-General in Beloochistan." Even when I visited it in 1878-79, the different tribes we came in contact with were all unmistakably friendly. For years three of the native regiments of the Bombay army have been known as the 1st, 2d, and 3d Belooch Regiments (27th, 29th, and 30th Bombay Infantry), and have been chiefly, if not exclusively, recruited from that country.

They are a rough, unkempt, dirty race of people; but, like our Skye terrier, their long curly hair gives to them an attractiveness peculiarly their own. They are somewhat Jewish in their unwashed cast of countenance. Once, however, you have overcome the natural John-Bullish repugnance to uncleanness, the more you see of them the more interesting they become and the better you like them. They are honest in their own way, and if they find you trustworthy and reliable, you may rely upon their being true to you. They are very independent, and at first one is apt to think this independence of theirs to be what we vulgarly define as "cheek." It is anything but that. It is the natural characteristic of the freebooter, of the man who demands blood for blood, and who lives by his manliness. They ride well, and ride always, for the charming Belooch mare is as common in their country as pebbles are along our sea-shore. Hardy, jolly, independent little cobs, they are not unlike their masters in disposition; but in appearance they do not partake of their masters' unkempt untidiness. These well-bred animals look well too, with their long manes and tails that have never been profaned by the scissors. I remember well the first I bought, and named "Shambani" after the tribe

from which she came. She was a delightful animal thirteen-three in height, with a mouth almost as light as her heart, and a heart as sound as her wind and every limb. How fresh and pleasant this handsome, gentle-eyed, half-Arab mare was to ride after the journey of some forty or fifty miles I made on her the first day I rode her! I have also a keen recollection of the care with which I guarded her at night for the first few days she was in my camp. I obtained a good insight into the real nature of the rough-exteriored Beloochi through the man from whom I bought her. I was then on the march from Multan to Quetta with General Sir Michael Biddulph, and upon the third morning after my purchase was astonished to meet her former owner just as we were about to start on our day's march. After the usual salam, he told me he had come simply to see his little mare once more. Though he must have travelled some thirty or forty miles to reach our camp, I had no reason whatever to doubt his statement. With the feelings which I have always entertained for my horse-friends, I was at once drawn towards this rough illiterate peasant by the affection he then evinced for the little friend he had reared. I thought of that charming old ballad, "Thou art sold, mine Arab steed," and of the inward struggle the poor fellow must have had between love for his pet and the proverbial *auri sacra fames* of his countrymen, before he could make up his mind to sell her. How true it is that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin"! It is the poet Cowper, I think, who says that God made the country, but man made the town. Well,

of Beloochistan it might, perhaps, be fitly said that God made the country, and the country made the man; for there is quite a unique similitude betwixt the Beloochi and his fatherland. They are both, to all outward appearance, equally barren, bleak, and uncared for. Yet beneath the arid surface of the land, as all who have travelled in the country are aware, there not unfrequently run hidden streams, which only require to be tapped by the local *karaise*¹ to bid the land bring forth her increase, and turn her wind-swept, inhospitable-looking plains into fertile valleys, smiling with corn and blossom. And, similarly, beneath the hard and weather-beaten visage of her sons there usually lies a hidden element of promise which needs but sympathetic "karaising" to develop into genuine good feeling and refinement, and to revolutionise the whole spiritual wellbeing of the man.

Turning northwards, in following our frontier line, we come next to that interesting country which is just now being thoroughly scoured by Sir William Lockhart, I mean Waziriland. A mountainous and in many parts a lovely country, whose inhabitants are still unsettled and resemble the Beloochis as they were before the Sandeman civilising influence had taken effect. However, these hardy Wazirees are gradually being brought to see, just as their southern neighbours have been, the advantages which accrue from good fixed government and immunity from incessant maraudings. They are beginning to realise that legitimate and prosperous trade is infinitely preferable to the precarious livelihood of the

¹ A *karaise* (I spell the word phonetically) is merely a well sunk where the instinctive skill of the Beloochi or Afghan tells him he may rely upon striking the flow of some sunken river.

freebooter. On the outskirts of this country we have strengthened a few small posts that have been acquired since the last Afghan war.

My personal knowledge of the Waziree is limited. He is a fine hardy mountaineer, who will in time, no doubt, help us to protect that portion of our frontier which is also his. I believe he would fight any invading force as heartily and as ably as the Beloochi would in his country. The Wazirees are really Afghans, and their tribes are as varied and as numerous as those of Afghanistan and Beloochistan. Most of them are supposed to owe allegiance to the Amir of Afghanistan, but few, if any, have ever really acknowledged his sovereign rights. From time immemorial there has been internecine warfare between these tribes, and since we have come in contact with them their raids upon British posts have been numerous. These and other unfriendly acts have from time to time necessitated the despatch of little expeditions into their country to bring them to a proper sense, or rather to our sense, of what their attitude towards us should be.

Proceeding farther northwards, or bearing rather slightly north-east, we come to our most northerly station in India—Peshawur, together with its outpost, Londi Kotal, in the Khyber Pass. This outpost is an acquisition of our last Afghan war. Here we come in immediate touch with the real buffer between Russia and British India. Should Russia, in her desire for Eastern supremacy, ever be unwise enough to court a battle with us by marching south across the Oxus, and should we, with equal unwisdom, allow her to occupy Afghanistan without fighting a pitched battle with us in that country, it is here, in the neighbourhood of Peshawur, the great

final battle between the two empires will have to be fought out.

Almost due north of Peshawur, and only 180 miles from it, we come to our latest occupied outpost, Chitral. Almost due east of Chitral is Gilgit, where the present Military Secretary to the Viceroy of India, Colonel Durand, was for some time our Political Agent, and beyond which a couple of years ago he and his brave little force penetrated into Hunza and took the fort of Nilt. Dr Robertson is now, I believe, our Resident at Gilgit, where, as we have recently learned from Mr Curzon in the columns of the 'Times,' the people are at present quite friendly. For political reasons, which no doubt were sufficient, Nilt was abandoned almost as soon as captured; and whether the policy which led us to undertake that seemingly useless little expedition was justifiable or not it is not for me to express any opinion.

We have now reached the Ultima Thule of our northern frontier, and have to bear away well south and south-east through Cashmere before we reach Simla, the summer residence of the Viceroy and of the Government of India. Simla is not a military station, nor do we require any show of military strength along this portion of our boundary-line. Simla is virtually situated upon the north-east frontier of India, and beyond it on all sides there are independent hill tribes, but they are neither warlike nor unfriendly. Moreover, an invasion of India from that direction is altogether out of the question.

Proceeding still south-easterly, we come to a small hill-station, Almora, where we have localised two battalions of the Goorkha portion of our Indian army. An ugly, treeless little place when I last saw it, but rapidly, I hear, reassuming its former well-wooded

aspect. We acquired it after our last Nepaulese war, during which, or immediately before or after it, the hills round Almora were entirely denuded of timber.

Continuing our south-easterly bearings, we next come to Darjeeling, the hill-station which is the summer resort of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and the sanatorium where our British soldiers are sent from the fever-stricken plains of Bengal.

We have now to take a jump from India proper to Bhamo, our most northern station in the province of Burma. It is on the Irrawaddy, and was an important outpost when I last visited it in 1891. The actual position of the little fort erected there was, I think, ill-chosen. It is below the old Chino-Burmese town, always an unhealthy bad site for an encampment, and the outlay of money upon its barracks, &c., was, I think, excessive. Proceeding down the Irrawaddy—the Burmese Nile—we come to Mandalay, the capital of Upper Burma and the seat of King Theebaw's ex-Government. Turning thence, still in a south-easterly direction through the Shan Hills, we at length reach Kentung, the southern limit of our newly defined boundary with China.

Kentung is really a district, but I have given it a local habitation at a spot marked on the map where the Boundary Commission apparently ceased to define the line of demarcation between the Chinese and British territories in that direction.

Having thus briefly run over the line which marks our Indian frontier, from Quetta to the Shan Hills not far north of Siam, I proceed to offer a few remarks upon the protection of a country

in which we have had a foothold for over two hundred years. Of late we have had some disquieting rumours as to our position in India. But it appears to me that we have only to exercise a little tact and careful diplomacy towards its princes and people to continue our peaceful rule there so long as England and Afghanistan are real allies. The idea of a direct invasion of India through an inimical Afghanistan has always seemed absurd to me. I believe that all who have been through that country and who know the Afghan people will agree with me. With the whole resources of England and India at our back, we found the mere getting to Kandahar and Kabul in 1878-79 a very costly and difficult undertaking. Yet the armies moved were small, and we had had the experience of our previous invasion to guide and instruct us. I am aware, of course, that in the opinion of many the Indus is our best line of defence for India, and I know of some who even go so far as to assert that a Russianised Afghanistan would in no way imperil our hold upon it. That intelligent men with any considerable Indian experience should hold such views is to my mind one of the extraordinary freaks of the human mind which nothing can account for. Still, such views are held by men who on all other points are apparently sane. Unless party government should at any time upset the existing policy and also the guarantees of the late Viceroy and his predecessor, we are bound by existing treaty to protect the present Prince of Kabul and his subjects from all foreign invasion.¹ I think, therefore, it may be accepted as a fact that in reality we have two Indian frontiers,—one,

¹ *Vide* Lord Dufferin's statement at the Guildhall early in 1889.

which for convenience sake we may accept as I have here endeavoured to define it; the other, an advanced one in Afghanistan wherever best obtainable, but near the present Russo-Afghan frontier. The first is a peaceful line of demarcation for purposes of administration between the English Government and the Amir of Kabul. The other will be the actual battlefield with any army coming from the north with the intention of disturbing our existing understanding with the Amir, or of invading India through that neutral zone which is loosely known as Afghanistan. It was our vacillating policy that really let us in for the last Afghan war. It is now well known that before the Amir Shere Ali sought Russian protection, or rather unwillingly accepted the proffered friendship of that country, he had earnestly if not repeatedly striven to obtain help from us. In fact, it was not until he had utterly failed to obtain it that he was driven to receive a Russian embassy, and ultimately to throw off the allegiance to us which he had vainly striven to strengthen and make real. A Russian invasion of India through a hostile Afghanistan ruled by an Amir in close alliance with the Indian Government is a very improbable event; but still it must be carefully guarded against and prepared for by negotiation with the present Afghan ruler.

The Amir, Abdur Rahman, is an intelligent prince who has been in Russian territory and has lived under Russian influence. He abandoned his connection with St Petersburg to come under our protection. It was we who placed him on his throne, and since then English money and English munitions of war have been liberally bestowed upon him. We

may therefore, I think, conclude that, so long as we keep faith with him, we may rely upon his adherence to our policy of peace. The tenacity with which Russia has kept every inch of newly acquired territory must tell favourably for us when it is contrasted with our moderation after the last British occupation of Afghanistan. Not only Abdur Rahman, but the great mass of his subjects also, must remember that when we placed him upon the throne we retired altogether from his country, retaining only an outpost in the Khyber Pass, and a few small posts in the Pishin and Koorum valleys. The inhabitants of every village through which we passed or occupied during the two years the war lasted will, I think, bear testimony to the just and liberal way in which we dealt with them. Our requisitions were considerate, and it may be truthfully said that in no instance were supplies ever taken from them without payment. There is much talk just now about a proposed visit of the Amir to England. If he comes, which is very doubtful, he will be able to see for himself what London is like, and to form for himself a sound estimate of the greatness of England and the vastness of her possessions. It appears to me, however, that the early organisation of his government and of his army under British influence and guidance is a matter of infinitely greater importance to him and to us. To do this well would be of more lasting benefit both to India and Afghanistan, and to the permanent maintenance of peace, than any results which could be hoped for from the mere visit to England of an elderly man of not over-strong physique.

To institute and maintain a mutual confidence, such as I have merely hinted at, between the

Amir and the British Government, between his army and the Anglo-Indian army, would, in my opinion, remove one of the greatest of the existing dangers to which we are exposed in India. I do not believe in the seriousness of that danger; but at all events a real and cordial goodwill between the British nation and the rulers and people of an Afghanistan possessing a well-organised army would render that improbable danger almost an impossibility. This end could, I believe, be achieved if the Amir and his chiefs were convinced that we had no wish to annex their country. A few British officers, who would select places for defence along the Russo-Afghan frontier, who would instruct under their own immediate personal supervision the soldiers of the Amir to prepare those sites for defence, and who would train the garrisons required to hold them, are perhaps all that would be necessary at first. By degrees this influence might be extended, till we had brought the Afghan army, or a certain portion of it, to the same state of excellence as that to which of late years we have brought the forces of many of our own Indian princes. Achieve this, and India is practically safe from invasion through Kabul and the Khyber Pass.

The next important step towards the protection of our Indian frontier is the opening up of the road from Peshawur to Chitral. The importance of Chitral, and the possibility of an invasion being organised somewhere along the Oxus—possibly between Kilif and Faizabad—to be pushed home through his line, has long been studied in India. This has led us quite recently to station a British officer at that out-of-the-way place. It is

at present, so far as I know, only accessible to us through Kashmir and Gilgit. This state of things is not satisfactory; for if it be necessary to hold it, we ought to place it in direct communication with our nearest base—that is, with Peshawur. Nothing should be allowed to interfere with our opening up this road if it be intended to defend Chitral. If our embassy to that country and the help we rendered to its Mehtar¹ or ruler have any meaning at all, it must surely be to assist that province in its preparations to resist invasion. The capital of Chitral is situated on a river of the same name, but which is known in different parts of the valley as the Mastuj and the Yarkhun. It flows in a south-westerly direction to empty itself into the Kabul river near Jelalabad. It thus affords an easy route into Afghanistan. The line of invasion, however, would naturally be to Peshawur *via* Dir and Bajaur. It is only within the last few days that we have heard of the death of the unfortunate Nizam-ul-Mulk, whom we placed upon the throne. Seemingly without rhyme or reason he was ruthlessly murdered by his brother, a lad still in his teens. They are an indolent, good-natured, cheery race, these Chitralese, and yet how veritably they seem to be a living instance of our Ritual's truism, "In the midst of life we are in death!"

Another line by which India may be invaded from a base on the Oxus is *via* Gilgit. The recent occupation by Russian soldiers of some portion of the Pamirs—those "deliberate paradoxes of Nature," as Mr George Curzon defines them—has drawn attention to this line. The good road lately constructed from the Walur Lake in Kashmir to our advanced post at Gilgit, the

¹ A Persian word with an English rhythmical synonym—greater.

north-east apex of our frontier, renders the chances of any serious invasion by this line even more hopeless than by either of the two I have already mentioned. The recent strengthening of this post, and the training of the Kashmir Rajah's troops to occupy and defend it, still further reduces the possibility of any invasion by this route.

In this brief reference to the three main lines of advance upon India from a base on the Oxus, it will be observed that steps have been already taken to guard against attack by two of them, and that it needs but the careful and consistent diplomatic action I have recommended in Afghanistan to virtually close the third also to any possible attack by it. Indeed it seems to me that if this action be wisely adopted and skilfully and cleverly carried out, we shall free ourselves from that bugbear of invasion which periodically frightens us in India. To Anglicise Afghanistan to the extent here proposed is therefore the pithy solution to the most pressing of our Indian difficulties.

I do not wish to discuss the question of Herat. The invasion of India by Sarakhs and that city has been described by numerous writers, civil and military, and we all know that Herat has long been called the Key to India! Russian outposts are only about half the distance from Herat that Herat is from Kandahar, and if Russia were ever to invade Afghanistan, this would be her real line of attack, whilst she contented herself with demonstrations on the Oxus, in the Pamirs, and elsewhere. These latter lines of advance, if left unguarded, would be, as I have said, a serious danger to India; but if duly provided against in time, they

could only be used for purposes of invasion in the event of England becoming embroiled in Europe. Herat is really England's greatest Indian danger. I realised this when on the Helmund, in 1879, and I am more convinced of it now than ever. A few years ago, when the Shah of Persia visited England and was feted and made much of by England's Queen and people, our relations with that monarch were of the most friendly nature. But it is doubtful, we are told, if at this present moment Persia is not more friendly inclined to Russia than to England. Let us hope that our relations with the Shah may improve under the able handling of our new minister at Teheran, Sir H. M. Durand. No one understands the Anglo-Russo-Afghan question more thoroughly than he does. We do not ourselves wish for an acre of Persian territory any more than we want a yard of Afghanistan. What we do need is unmistakably friendly relations with Persia on our flank and Afghanistan in our front, and the careful preparation of Herat, Kandahar, Ghuzni, Kabul, Chitral, and Gilgit, with their respective garrisons, to oppose any attack that might be made upon them. We have no offensive policy in India, and our wish is never to cross its frontier. But if we would hold that great possession in peace we must be ever ready to march into Afghanistan, in furtherance of our existing treaty and understanding with the Amir of Kabul. That treaty was not made in a spirit hostile to any nation, but neither was it made from purely philanthropic motives. Its real object was and is, the safety of our Indian frontier.

G. B. WOLSELEY,
Major-General.

THE ENGLISH FOOD GIFTS AFTER THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

WHEN the siege of Paris was drawing to its end, and when lamentable reports of the starvation that was going on inside were circulating about Europe, everybody took it for granted that, for a time after the opening of the gates and until regular supplies could be obtained once more, a considerable portion of the population would be in serious straits for food. The stocks in the place were known to be on the point of exhaustion; the railways had been much damaged, and required to be got back into working condition before traffic could be reorganised and provisions brought in; and it was imagined, additionally, that a good many people would have no money to pay for bread. For these various reasons it seemed certain to outsiders that a period of serious want would have to be bridged over. The gaze of the world was fixed on Paris; everybody felt personal sorrow for it; the deepest interest in the griefs of its inhabitants was everywhere expressed. In England, as elsewhere, the talk of the time was full of sympathy; and in England—though not elsewhere—active measures were taken to show the reality of that sympathy. The Lord Mayor of London called a meeting at the Mansion House, as he usually does when a great suffering claims alleviation, appealed to the British public to help Paris, and opened a subscription. With the product of that subscription (which was large), food was bought in quantities in anticipation of the surrender, and was sent off to Havre and Dieppe, in the hope that, by fort and good luck, it might,

somehow, be got up to Paris in time to be of use.

The situation appeared to be made worse still by one of the conditions of the capitulation, which stipulated that no food for Paris should be drawn from any of the portions of France then occupied by the Germans,—the reason being that the conquerors needed for themselves all that those portions could produce. This restriction signified that, as all the Northern Departments, up to the Belgian frontier, were in German hands, and as German regiments had stretched out beyond Normandy in the west, and beyond Burgundy in the south, supplies for the capital could only be practically sought in distant departments. But the Germans, very generously, did not enforce this clause, and allowed food to be bought for Paris wherever it could be found, even at Versailles, where they really required it for their own people. The result was that, as the railways were patched up wonderfully fast, stocks got in with a relative abundance and a positive speed which astonished the beholders.

It happened in reality, after all this apprehension, that Paris had scarcely starved at all, in the strict sense of the term. Everybody who had money to spend was able, throughout the siege, to obtain necessities in sufficient quantity, and even certain luxuries. The starvation that was so much talked of by commiserating Europe rarely meant, for the mass of the population, any absolute absence of food. I did not hear of one proved case of death from hunger; but, of course, I do not pretend

that none occurred, for, even in ordinary times, people in large agglomerations die frequently from want. Throughout the siege, too, charity was at work with open hands; the richer people contributed abundantly to the relief of the needs around them. There was discomfort for the wealthy; there was scantiness for the middle classes; there was privation for the poor; all sorts of unaccustomed nourishment were utilised; but there was always food of some sort, though generally inferior in quality, and in many cases insufficient in quantity. A certain number of persons, especially women, had, towards the end, great difficulty in obtaining bread at all, because at that time it had to be fetched, with tickets, from the bakers' shops, a process which involved hours of waiting in the cold. Various forms of dyspepsia, and even of organic diseases, were brought on by bad eating; inflammations of the chest were numerous; but, so far as I could learn on the spot (and I took a great deal of trouble to inquire, at the time), most of the damage done was to persons of previous weak health. I must say, also, that the consequences did not always manifest themselves at once,—in many cases they appeared months afterwards; deaths from illnesses caused by the siege were heard of more frequently perhaps in 1872 than in 1871. The men were better off than the women, because, during the whole duration of the investment, nearly all of them could get two francs a-day as National Guards, while the women could earn nothing, and suffered, consequently, more. There were, of course, many cases of exceptional distress; many persons were unable to digest, or even to swallow, the abominable bread that was

supplied to the public during the concluding weeks (those who could afford it did their baking at home with flour they had laid up at the beginning, or else ate rice instead of bread): of course the scarcity of fuel and the bitter cold of the winter of 1870 added to the suffering; but that suffering, though occasionally intense, was not universal, and, especially, it never presented the character of true siege famine. Another fortnight would have produced that famine; but the capitulation was signed in time, and, taking the population as a whole and putting aside the exceptions, Paris went through only the earliest stages of the consequences of a prolonged investment. Occasional instances of acute misery cannot be counted for anything under such circumstances and amidst so vast a population. Considering what war really is, what it really means, and what it may entail, Paris made scarcely any acquaintance with its limitless horrors. There was a good deal of illness, but no general starvation properly so-called. For a city of brightness and pleasure the trial was very painful and humiliating; but for a beleaguered fortress it could scarcely be regarded as a trial. As a moral and material hardship inflicted suddenly on people who had always lived in *insouciance*, the siege was extremely worrying and painful; but as a military operation, involving possibly all the frightful followings of battle, it induced, comparatively, very few woes at all. The situation might have been so immeasurably worse than it was that, putting aside isolated cases, it cannot be regarded as having been thoroughly bad.

At the immediate moment, however, nothing of this truth was

known; the facts only came out by slow degrees. The exact contrary, indeed, was believed outside. And that was why the world wept for Paris, and why the English of the period desired to aid in mitigating her sorrows.

The capitulation and the armistice were signed about 27th January, and on 4th February (if I remember correctly) Colonel Stuart Wortley and Mr George Moore arrived in Paris as delegates of the Lord Mayor's Committee, bringing with them a first small supply of stores. They set themselves at once to prepare for the distribution of "the English gifts" that were following them, formed a Paris Committee to help in the work, and were good enough to ask me to join it. I had just come in from Versailles, where I had passed the siege time: I was very curious to see with my own eyes the state of Paris, and was particularly glad of this opportunity to examine, in a special and practical form, the true condition of things inside. The work in that committee made me acquainted with details which I could scarcely have got to know in any other way, and my recollection of it enables me to tell some of the points of a story which at the time attracted much attention, but which is now, I resume, almost forgotten.

Our Committee had nothing to do with the transport of the stores to Paris; its function was limited to their distribution when they got there. I knew, therefore, nothing, except in a very general way, about the difficulties of carriage and the labour of surmounting them; I remember only that great energy was employed, that much credit was due to those who had charge of the forwarding from the forts, and that Colonel Wortley and Mr Moore

were indefatigable. Their first act was to organise depots all over the town, especially in the poorer districts. I forget how many there were, but I am under the impression that the number was between a dozen and twenty. There were, frequently, delays in conveying the stores from the railway station to the depots, because of the scarcity of horses; and the unpacking and division into portions for each applicant took up a good deal of time. If we could have given a whole cheese to one, a whole ham to a second, a box of biscuits to a third, and a bag of coffee to a fourth, and have left them to settle the sharing between them, we should have got on much faster; but, as it was, we were often forced to keep the people waiting while hundreds of heaps of varied provisions, in a transportable condition, were prepared in rows. When once that was done, the handing out went on very fast. At each depot a staff was installed, and, during the earlier days, the task of giving went on uninterruptedly, even at night. Paris knew within twenty-four hours that food was to be had for the asking, and Paris came in crowds to ask for it. The crowds, in themselves, supplied no reliable testimony of the existence of great want, for they would appear again to-day, in equal numbers, if food were once more offered for nothing; but in their aspect and their composition there were details which showed, in some degree at least, that the nature of the occasion was special. Again, the food was, of necessity, distributed haphazard, and the process in itself revealed little on the surface; but on the rare occasions when it was favourable to penetrate into it, to learn the secrets of the starvelings, and to discover the personal causes

which led them to come and beg, it assumed a totally different character, and became at moments intensely interesting.

For many days I passed a considerable portion of my time in the depots, or outside them talking to the waiting mob, and I heard a quantity of tales of suffering, the majority of which were, I fancy (judging from the manner of telling, or from the nature of the statements), mainly imaginary, while some few of them were, I daresay, painfully true. I repeat, however, before narrating stories, that I regarded the authentic ones as exceptions, and that the famine provoked by the siege alone, and not by general or accidental causes, was not so serious as the European public had supposed. Other witnesses may, possibly, hold a precisely contrary opinion: I speak solely for myself, after a careful study of the situation, so far as I could measure it, and after diligent inquiry amongst those who were best placed to know the facts.

The first depot opened was somewhere near the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires; and, as it was the first, the rush to it was great. The column of people was indeed so long that it stretched, six or eight thick, almost a quarter of a mile away, past the Bourse. Several of us went down on the first evening and found men and women standing or sitting on the pavements, a few with wraps, many without. Various classes were represented amongst them: some looked not only respectable, but almost as if they belonged to the lower middle strata; the vast majority, however, were the poorest of the poor, and seemed wretchedly unfit, with their tattered clothes, to support twelve or fifteen hours of waiting in the bitter air. It was so dark (there was no gas,

for the reason that there was no coal to make it with) that we could not see clearly; but our eyes had grown somewhat accustomed to the gloom, and we were able, on looking closely, to perceive approximately the features of the people, and sometimes the expressions of their faces. As we peered into the thicknesses of the crowd and sought for revelations of the nature of its elements, a lady with us—Madame de V.—happened to notice a woman leaning wearily against a lamp-post. She spoke to her, and was told one of the usual stories of children starving, a drunken husband, no fire, and no food; and as she looked nearer still, she became aware that the woman was far advanced in pregnancy, seemed miserably weak, and was assuredly in no condition to pass a night on the icy stones. So, after exchanging a few words with Colonel Wortley, Madame de V. said to the woman in a low voice, in order that the others might not hear, “I know the English people who are distributing the food, and as you are so unfit to await your turn, I have obtained permission from them to go into the depot and to bring you out some provisions. Wait at this lamp-post till I come back.” Then, after taking a few steps towards the depot, it occurred to Madame de V. that she had nothing in which to carry loaves and meat; so she went back to the woman and whispered to her, “Give me your apron to bring it in.” At this proposal the woman shrank back suspiciously, thinking evidently that it was a mere trick to steal her apron; whereon Madame de V. went on, with ready thought, “And as I shall need both my hands to hold the corners of the apron, I will ask you to be so kind as to keep my muff for me

while I am gone." This pacified the woman, for she had sense enough to recognise that a sable muff was worth more than a blue apron; so she untied the strings, muttering, "Well, I hope it's all right; but don't be long." Ten minutes afterwards Madame de V. was back again with as heavy a weight as her arms could carry, and then a new difficulty arose. The woman in her eagerness almost flung the muff at its owner, seized the bundle feverishly, did not stop to thank, and hurried off; but the neighbours in the crowd, observing what had happened, claimed noisily, almost brutally, the same privilege, declaring that it was a shame to do for one what was not done for all, and asserting that the woman had no rights superior to theirs. As they began to grow threatening, and as there were no police, two or three of us stood in between them and Madame de V., while others got her away, pursued by abuse, into the shelter of the depot. The incident was not pleasant, but it gave us the measure of some of the characters we had to deal with, and it supplied new evidence in support of the theory (which is so widely held) that it is folly to be kind.

Inside the depot the sight was curious. It was our first experience, and we all looked on intently. The people came in, singly, through one door, and passed out at another; and, as each man or woman advanced suddenly into the light, the astonishing variety of their expressions struck us all. Many looked so brokenly fagged that their faces had lost all other meaning; others, on the contrary, had become uncontrollably excited; some were savage with ill-temper, and some trembling with joy; some were sullen, and some were eager; the eyes of some stared at us scowl-

ingly and defiantly; the eyes of others brightened gluttonously as they caught sight of the piles of biscuits, cheeses, and hams, and the packets of coffee and sugar; some (a very small minority) thanked enthusiastically, with tears in their eyes; others grasped almost fiercely the objects handed to them, and rushed out into the darkness to begin munching. On the whole, it was a distressing sight, and I imagine that we all went to bed that night with an uncomfortable sensation in our throats.

On other occasions, in the daytime, I was able to look with more scrutiny and more fruit at the composition of the waiting crowd, and my general impression was that it was more miserable, more ill-conditioned, and, especially, more evil-faced, than even the dirtiest crowds usually are. A good many persons in it were relatively decent; honesty and goodness—mixed with anxiety and fatigue—could be perceived in the features of several of its members; but the general effect produced by it was one of extreme wretchedness; and, worse than all, it contained, here and there, some of those strangely awful faces—the faces of habitual criminals—which, when perceived suddenly, almost choke those who catch sight of them. In some Paris prisons, and in all Paris street-fightings, I had beheld, with bewilderment and horror, an infamy of expression in many countenances which exceeded all that imagination usually conceives. In the ordinary conditions of life such faces are never to be found in Paris; it is only in jails and during revolutions that they can be seen in any numbers; and it was behind bars or barricades that I had perceived them so far. Yet there they were in the

street, physiognomies so appallingly depraved, so befouled with degradations and defilements, so denaturalised by hideous appetites, that gorillas would have seemed angels of purity beside them,—physiognomies that, without actually staring at them, no one could have supposed possible in man. They could not be described as animal, for no animal is capable of expressing such pollution or of exhibiting such vice; they had a meaning which humanity alone, dragged down to its deepest corruption, can convey. Well, in the crowds awaiting food those faces were rather frequently represented: I saw them there in the open air for the first time—except during a revolution. Of course, they were not really abundant; but the excessiveness of their horror, so infinitely more out of place in the brightness of sunlight than in the darkness of prison or amidst the violence of a riot, seemed to multiply them, until, in a waking nightmare, I saw them everywhere. There they were, in liberty and peace, conditions which, till then, I had never associated with them; and they showed no shame. Their right to the “English gifts” was as real as that of all the others; and yet the others, even the most wretched of them, shrank instinctively away from them, and left around them a ring of empty space. But the creatures with those faces did not perceive their solitude,—they did not even seek to collect together and support each other: each one of them stood apart, alone; from each of them seemed to exude a separate and distinct atmosphere of abomination. And as I watched them, a friend whispered to me, “Where do those gentlemen live when they are at home? I should like to know, so as not to call on them.”

The spectacle of the weary column was so saddening that it did not need the additional impress of the presence of those monsters. Yet there they were, and there was no disputing their title to be there. The food was for anybody who chose to ask for it: they asked. It will be a comparative relief to my memory to begin talking again about the depots.

Yet the scenes in them were neither varied nor agreeable; they were, indeed, both monotonous and disagreeable, and, after the first effect upon us had worn off, we looked on at them with weariness of spirit. It did not suffice to keep up our attention to tell ourselves that the men were French electors, and therefore politically our equals; that the women were wives and mothers (or, at all events, daughters), and our fellow-beings; and that all of them deserved our sympathy because they were hungry: we did not, when a day or two had passed, find those considerations effective. We discovered we were there to discharge a duty, not to satisfy a curiosity, and the duty became ugly. Never did I perceive so clearly the value of curiosity as a stimulant and encouragement. As it faded away, that mob, which, at the beginning, had seemed to me so full of the promise of passionately interesting discoveries, assumed more and more its proper aspect of dirty misery and un instructive repulsiveness: it told me nothing, and it smelt very nasty. And I could not disguise from myself that it lowered my idea of humanity, and that it became unpleasant to me to recognise that, after all, I was identical with those repellent persons, and was differentiated from them solely by the accident that I had received an education and they had not. Fortunately I had

not much time to indulge my disagreeable sensations; but I mention them because they formed part of the day's work, and because they showed that some training is needed (in many cases, at all events) to fit us to endure contact with filth and unwholesomeness. Those processions through the depots were distinctly trying, and, with individual exceptions, distinctly tiresome. Now that I have sufficiently described their main features, I can turn away from them, and can begin to talk of the more attractive subject of the individual exceptions.

One of the most important of these depots was installed in the then unfinished shop of the Bon Marché, which had been built just before the war broke out. The proprietor of the establishment—M. Aristide Boucicaut, who was an excellent man, as well as a prodigious linen-draper—had offered the use of his great ground-floor, with a special entrance at the angle opposite the end of the Rue de Sèvres, where there was a large open space. As the neighbourhood was poor and populous, a considerable supply of food was accumulated there, in anticipation of a large crowd, and public notice was given of the moment at which the distribution would commence. More than twenty-four hours before the hour named people began to collect at the corners, and when the morning came the entire space was filled with a restless crowd, the greater part of which had passed the night there. There must have been ten thousand persons assembled, two-thirds of whom were women. About eleven o'clock the members of the Committee reached the Bon Marché, and were joined by several friends. The first news given to us was that the impatience of the mob

was growing dangerous, and, especially, that the pressure at the corner was so violent that, if it could not be relieved, there would inevitably be accidents. Unfortunately, the preparations for distribution were not complete: another hour was needed before a sufficient number of portions could be got ready, and the question was how to hold the people steady in the interval. Some of us went to the window on the first floor and looked out. It was an ugly and a painful sight. The instant we appeared, thousands of white faces, some furious, some beseeching, turned up to us, and cries arose that we were deceiving them, that the hour was past, and that they ought to be let in. Screams of terrified, half-stifled women rang through the air, as the mob swayed and surged. There were half-a-dozen of us at that window, staring at the sight, but the only two that I remember were Laurence Oliphant and Mr Landells, the artist of the 'Illustrated London News': there were two or three of the Embassy as well, but I forget which of them. We shouted to the people, entreating them to stand still, and promising that the door should be opened the instant we were ready; but they could not hear for the noise they were making, and we grew more and more certain that some of them would be crushed if we could find no means of making them stand back. While we were hesitating what to do, we saw that a woman had fallen beneath the window and was being trampled on. Thereon we all ran anxiously down-stairs; M. Boucicaut managed to force open the upper half of the iron shutter of the ground-floor corner window, and he and I scrambled on to the top of some empty cases, so as to be able to

look out above the mob and try to save the woman. Directly we put our heads out, some eight feet from the ground, we beheld just under us, between the people, portions of what looked like a bundle of rags mixed with arms and legs, the others stamping on it from sheer impossibility of resisting the thrust from behind. It was sickening to see the poor creature killed under our eyes in that way, and we roared out supplications to the mob to spare her and to hold back, if only for an instant, while she was lifted out. In some strange way, by a fierce effort of the front ranks, there came two seconds of recoil; three other women got space enough to stoop and to pick up the lamentable bundle, and, stretching out our arms till we nearly fell out of the window ourselves, we managed to get hold of it and to bring it up to our level, the nearer portions of the crowd cheering as we got it in. A moment later we were on the floor with our burden, and laid it on a counter. It was a youngish woman, white, insensible, bleeding from small cuts, covered with dirt, her clothes in pieces. We bathed her face and hands, and, after a while, got her round, so far at least that she could begin to speak a little. At first she was only dimly conscious, and very breathless, and seemed bewildered with terror; but by degrees she became calm, gained a little strength, and told us she had passed thirty hours standing at that corner, had felt the pressure gradually increasing, and, suddenly, had known no more. We gave her cold beef-tea (the only liquid food we had), with bread soaked in it, and, as soon as she was able to stand, got up a little subscription for her amongst ourselves, filled a basket with various food, and when, after an hour of rest, she had

grown comparatively strong, sent her on her way by another door.

By the time she was gone everything was at last ready, and the door was opened. The first rush rather overpowered us: the pushing was violent; the weaker were thrown down; but, on the whole, the people behaved well, and waited for their turn without too much complaint.

And now I am going to tell the story of the woman we dragged in, for the reason that it supplies an example of a really bad case brought about by the siege alone, and shows exactly what was the nature and the course of the siege distress, when that distress was real. I felt, instinctively, a sort of personal responsibility about that woman, and had a vague impression that, as I had helped somewhat to save her life, I ought not to stop there, but was bound to go on and to try to discover what her needs were, and whether anything practical could be done for her. I had asked for her address, privately, when nobody was near, and next morning, without telling any one of my intention, I went to her. On my way I was oppressed by a peculiar sensation of awkwardness, almost indeed of shame, such as is experienced, I have been told, by most people when they attempt for the first time to perform "good works." I certainly had never done a "good work" in my life, and I well remember how nervously I hoped that nobody would suspect me, and that I should not be found out. I can talk about it tranquilly now, but at the time I felt like a culprit on the point of being arrested. The woman lived in the Rue St Jacques, on a fifth floor, in a poor but decent house. When I got up to her door my feeling of timidity and clumsiness increased.

I felt stupidly bashful, reproached myself for coming at all, and was duly tempted to go away. I recollect that I found consolation solely in the fact that no one met me on the stairs. I stood for a moment at the bell (I can see it still: it was a little brass chain, with a chamois-foot hanging at the end), and, finally, rang it with a somewhat convulsive effort. The situation was so new to me that all the details are impressed on my memory. No one came, but I heard a faint cry of "*Entrez*," and I opened the door. In a large but almost empty room my acquaintance of the day before was lying on a bed. She blushed violently, rose hastily, and began to excuse herself, saying that she had supposed it was the *concierge*. She was evidently extremely uncomfortable, but I cannot believe that she was half so uneasy as I was. I had prepared a speech, but it faded out of my head, and all I could do was to beg her to forgive me for coming, and to pretend that I wanted to know how she was; and then, abruptly—rather roughly, I fear—I asked her to tell me the details of her life during the siege. She seemed surprised at my request, and unwilling to comply with it; but by degrees, in a disorderly fashion, she did confess what I wanted to know. Here is the substance of the story I got out of her.

She had been an artificial-flower-maker, with abundant occupation. She had indeed developed such a particular capacity for the manufacture of tea-roses, that she had obtained for the two preceding years almost the exclusive supply of three of the large shops, employed two girls to help her, and earned the high average profit of ten francs a-day. Being a thrifty woman, she laid by money, and

had bought four debentures of the Northern Railway, which brought her in an income of more than two guineas a-year—"a beginning of a fortune," as she observed, with a faint smile. When the war broke out she did not realise its meaning; she supposed it would be over in a few weeks, and, as she had two hundred francs in a corner of a drawer, felt quite safe about money, even if her work remained stopped for a while. But prices went up so fast and so high that the two hundred francs were gone in a month. Then she began to sell the railway debentures at a great loss, and this product disappeared also very fast. So by the end of the second month she had to turn her clothes and furniture into such cash as they would fetch, and at last, in December, she found herself entirely destitute, with scarcely anything left except her bed and the gown and shawl she wore. Happily, as the payment of rent had been suspended by the Government at the commencement of the siege, the landlord could not turn her out for default, and she was able for the moment to remain in her room. Then came the worst part of all—the waiting, for hours a day in bitter cold, at the baker's door for her pittance of black tallowy bread that made her ill. A cough began; she grew weak; and when at last the investment was over, she was exhausted in body, in mind, and in purse, and was, furthermore, haunted by the terror that in a short time the protection about rent would come to an end, that her arrears would be due, and that she would be turned into the street. Then she heard that food (not the nastiness of the siege, but real white bread!) was going to be given away for nothing at the Bon Marché, and she was

one of the first to take a place at that corner door.

She told me all this very disjointedly, with a great deal of hesitation and of evident dislike to talk about herself to a stranger, but with an air of truth that convinced me. I learnt from her also that she was known to one of the curates of the parish of St Jacques du Haut Pas, so, on leaving her, I went straight to him and asked him what he could tell me about her. He happened to be a very noble specimen of a priest, full of practical common-sense, and of infinite acquaintance with the forms of suffering. He informed me that he had been acquainted with the woman for some years, and that her story was perfectly exact so far as it went, but that there was a good deal more behind. First, that she had a drag upon her in the shape of a paralysed old aunt, who was finishing her days somewhere in Auvergne, and to whom she had paid a pension of a franc a-day. Secondly, that, although she managed to lay by money, she had always some to give to those who were poorer than herself, and that, during the siege, she had shared her savings and the product of her sales with any one who needed help. Thirdly, that her health had become so weakened, and the moral impression on her of the events that had passed around her had been so damaging, that he feared she would have great difficulty in recovering strength, and that he was trying to get money from charitable persons in order to send her (and others) to the seaside, for change and rest.

He told me also a good deal of detail about the sufferings of which he had been a spectator during the siege, and added strength to the impression I had already be-

gun to form, that there had been no general starvation. He told me, of course, of many people who were, more or less, in want, and asked me to take a list of women to whom food could be given privately, with the certainty that it was both needed and deserved; and then, when I begged to be allowed to contribute my mite to the necessities around him, refused to accept anything from me, saying that the English had done quite enough in organising the food gifts.

By the time our conversation came to an end, I had pretty nearly got over my sheepishness, and was beginning, with the sudden ardour of a neophyte, to be immensely interested in "good works," which, like many others, I had regarded until then from the top of my indifference. So, in my new enthusiasm, I went back to the Hôtel Chatham, told Oliphant in secrecy the story of my morning's work, and consulted him as to what we should do about the woman. We devised a beautifully constructed little plan, quite within our small powers of realisation, and of the invention of which we felt very proud; but, alas! we were unable to carry it into execution. The poor creature became too ill to leave Paris; she dragged on through the Commune, and died of exhaustion in July. At all events her latter days were calm, and not poisoned by money worries. We two, with a group of her own friends and that good priest, saw the last of her in the Montmartre Cemetery. Often did Oliphant and I talk of her afterwards, for we remembered her as a patient, brave, good woman. Yet neither of us ever told her story: somehow we both shrank from speaking of it. Now, however, that a quarter of a century has passed, I think I may venture, with deep respect

for the memory of the poor flower-maker, to put the tale in here, because, as I have already said, it supplies a reliable illustration of the worst consequences of the siege.

The experience of a few days, and the rapid multiplication of the demands for private assistance, irrespective of the public distributions at the depots, decided Colonel Wortley and the committee to open a special store for the issue of provisions by ticket, so as to free the better class of poor from the strain and shame of waiting in the streets. A convenient place was obtained for the purpose in a quiet corner near the Boulevard Malesherbes, and I suspect that much more real good was done there, and more true suffering soothed, than by all the indiscriminate public givings. It was, of course, extremely difficult to obtain information about the people who went there, for in most cases the tickets were placed by other persons, and we had no more means of following out the work we were doing than in the ordinary universal distributions; but I was able occasionally to lift up a corner of the veil, and to get a glimpse of what was passing underneath.

Most of the cases of this category about which I managed to collect information were of the ordinary kind, and are not worth describing: clerks and *employés* of all sorts, and high-class workmen and workwomen, had found their pay stopped, had exhausted their slender resources, and had struggled with the usual difficulties. In a few instances, however, the circumstances were special and grave, only I was rarely able to learn the whole truth, so as to have an entire story before me, and can therefore say nothing in-

teresting about the majority of them. So far as I can recollect, there were but two of which, by accident, I heard full details, and which were sufficiently outside the ordinary types of distress for it to be worth while to tell them here.

The first concerned a retired artillery officer, with a wife, a son, and a daughter, who lived together in a little apartment near the Place de l'Europe. Until the war came they got on fairly well: they were very poor, but they managed to subsist without running into debt; the father gave lessons in mathematics, the son was clerk in a bank, the daughter taught the piano. The siege stopped their various incomes: the father's little pension continued, perhaps, to be paid to him, but of that I am not certain; all the rest disappeared. The father, old and feeble as he was, offered his services on the ramparts; but on the second day, in getting a gun into an embrasure, his leg was broken in two places, and he was carried to a hospital, where he remained until the capitulation. The son became a National Guard, and rarely showed himself to his mother and sister, who, from the very beginning of the investment, found themselves alone. In their case, as in so many others, it was on the women that the burden fell. The daughter got into an ambulance as nurse; but she was a weakly creature, of little courage, with susceptible nerves, and when some wounded men were brought in after the first skirmish, she had a hysterical attack, and was turned out by the doctors. The mother, who also was a weak woman, became utterly upset by her misfortunes, reproached the daughter with her uselessness, and a quarrel ensued, whereon the daughter ran out and

threw herself into the Seine. At this point of the tale my information became incomplete, and I did not learn how the girl was saved; but saved she was, and was taken in somewhere by some one: so her mother, hearing no more of her, and believing her to be dead, lost the little reason she had, and was put into a lunatic asylum. A few weeks later the daughter reappeared at her home, found it empty, and was told her mother was insane. Thereon she too grew demented, and, returning to the river, drowned herself for good. Soon afterwards the son disappeared, and it was never known what became of him. So, when the father came out of hospital, at the beginning of February, he found his wife mad, his daughter dead, and his son missing. The poor man's sorrow was terrible, and as he had no means of subsistence, his material distress also was extreme. Happily, when he was absolutely without food, his case became known to some one who was in communication with the English committee; tickets were obtained for him, and so long as the distribution continued (that is to say, till about the end of February, I think), he received a daily allowance. I heard the story from one of the men employed at the private depot, and he informed me some months later that the poor man had been removed into the country by kind people, and that he was to live on his pension, such as it was. But he was alone; his home and family were gone. Decidedly the siege had been hard upon him.

In the second case a designer in a manufactory of bronze figures, a man who counted rather as an artist than an artisan, and who earned easily from seventy to a hundred francs a-week (but who had lived

largely and had laid by nothing), lost his eyes six months before the war, by an accident in casting a statue, and became incapable of earning his bread. His wife was dead, but he had two sons and a daughter, all good workers and doing well, and they undertook to pay him, between them, an allowance of three francs a-day until he could be got into the Blind Asylum. When the siege came on, the sons entered the National Guard, and one of them was killed—though seemingly out of range—by a lost bullet in the first skirmish. As the other son had no longer any income other than his pay as a temporary soldier, and as the daughter—who, being tall and slight, had been a lay-figure for the exhibition of mantles and fashions in the rooms of one of the great dressmakers—had of course lost her place by the closing of the establishment, the father and daughter were left, from September, without means of subsistence. For a time, nevertheless, they managed to exist: their former employers gave them small sums; other people helped them somewhat; and during the first few weeks they scraped on. But by the end of October these aids came to an end, and they found themselves face to face with destitution. Furthermore, the daughter fell ill; and to make the situation still worse, the surviving son, who until then had been a steady fellow, took to drink, like so many others during the siege-time, and instead of being a help, became an additional source of affliction to the two poor people. As none of them had any religion, they had never made acquaintance with the clergy of their parish, and could not apply to them for assistance. At last they were reduced to the humili-

ation of putting down their names at the Bureau de Bienfaisance at the *mairie* of their *arrondissement*—and those who are acquainted with the pride of most of the skilled workmen of Paris, and with the horror they have of public charity, will know that they must indeed have been in deep distress to have resigned themselves to that step. Between hunger, anxiety, and shame, the daughter (who had been a very smart, almost elegant, young woman, discharging in perfection her function of wearing clothes so skilfully as to tempt buyers with them) fell into a condition of nervous prostration, which, at last, rendered her incapable of walking. And there they were, the blind father and the shattered daughter, alone in their two rooms, from which, happily, as I have already explained, they could not be turned out while the siege lasted—waiting for death to put an end to their distress. About the same time, the second son, weakened by intoxication, caught typhoid fever and died. Suddenly, unexpected aid appeared. A girl, who had been employed by the same dressmaker as the daughter, had been sheltered by a fairly rich old lady, to whom her mother had been maid, and who, having a generous heart, was looking about for deserving people to assist. The girl bethought herself of the “tryer-on,” of whose deplorable situation she was vaguely aware, and went to look for her. She found her, and told her story to the old lady, who went at once to see her, and undertook to provide for her. A period of relief followed: food, fire, and medicines were supplied to them, and they began to look with some hope to the future. But in December the old lady got a chill,

and died in three days; whereon the situation of the father and daughter became even worse than before, because of the fierce cold, against which they could not battle. The other girl (who continued to be cared for by the relatives of the old lady) behaved well, shared with the two the little she had, went to the baker for their bread allowance, and kept them both just alive till the capitulation. Then came the public announcement of the “English gifts,” whereon some of my friends, knowing that I was concerned in the distribution, came or wrote to me recommending cases. At first I tried to make some examination for myself, but very soon I was beaten by the accumulation of demands, and, after consulting Colonel Wortley, told my friends they must assume the responsibility of their suggestions, and placed tickets at their disposal. In this way I was asked for help for the father and daughter by a connection, as I discovered afterwards, of the deceased old lady, to whom the other girl had spoken about them. One morning I was in the private-distribution depot, looking on, when that very girl came in. I spoke to her, asked whether she was there for herself or for others, and got from her in minute details (rather too minute indeed, for she was an hour over them) the story I have just told. I did not visit the poor people, for by that time I had too much to do, and also was growing a little hardened; but I inquired often about them during two or three years from the friend who had first spoken of them to me, and was pleased to hear that the father was alive, and that the daughter (who was maintaining him) had returned to her place, where she continued to be as ele-

gant as before, and displayed the apparel she was commissioned to put on with a seductively languid new grace, which she was supposed to owe to her sufferings during the siege, and which the others envied. I thought sometimes of going to look at her; but my curiosity seemed to me somewhat indiscreet, and, besides, I fancied that to behold her all over satin and lace might damage the keenness of my sympathy with her sad story.

The case was illustrative. The blindness of the father had nothing to do with the war; but the deaths of the two sons were due to it, one directly, the other indirectly, and the miseries of the daughter were caused by it alone. A better example could scarcely be found of mischief brought about by the siege; yet here again the damage did not assume entirely the shape of starvation—want of food certainly played a part in it, but the deaths of the brothers were not caused by famine, and both the father and daughter lived on and got well.

And there ends my personal knowledge of remarkable sorrows resulting from the investment. I was in a position to look somewhat behind the scenes; I was exceptionally placed, as a member of the English Committee, for hearing of particularly bad examples; I listened to the talk and the experiences of a large number of persons, with many priests amongst them,—and yet I cannot call to mind any other very distressing examples. I heard, of course, in general terms, of many more; but I had no means of testing them, and therefore, though I in no way pretend that there were not hundreds quite as sad as the few I have narrated, I hold nevertheless to the

conviction that the siege did not produce anything approaching to the starvation that was gratuitously attributed to it. If evidence cannot be found when it is carefully sought for (and I did seek it carefully), it does not seem unjust to infer that it scarcely existed in any abundance. The effect of the siege was, as I have said and shown, to kindle much disease and much moral and physical distress: its consequences, for years afterwards, showed themselves in many cases of enfeebled health and of damaged constitutions; but those consequences were generated, I believe, by cold, by anxiety, by gloomy surroundings, and by unwholesome nourishment, far more than by positive absence of any food whatever. If the siege had occurred in the summer, instead of the winter, the larger part of those consequences would not, in all probability, have come about at all.

I am therefore disposed to doubt whether the "English gifts" did all the good that was intended and expected by their promoters. That they did some good is certain; that they enabled a good many people to make the first fair meal they had eaten for a long while, is equally certain; that, here and there, in a few cases, they supplied food just at the last moment, when it seemed to be unobtainable elsewhere, is, I think, proved by the stories I have told; but, as there was no general absolute starvation, their influence went no further. It was a satisfaction to every one concerned to feel that those results were attained; but the hope was to do much more, and more was not done, for the decisive reason that it was not there to do.

Furthermore, though it pleased the English to send the food, I doubt strongly that it pleased the

French to receive it. The circumstances were delicate: the French were at that moment, most naturally, in a condition of nerve-tension, of rage, of humiliation, which led them to look at everything with a fiercely embittered eye; and a good many of them imagined, in their rankling susceptibility, that the object of England was to humiliate them rather than to assist them. And, honestly, considering what their state of mind was at the time; considering that they were writhing under defeat and pain; considering how unprepared they had been, both by their national character and by the previous conditions of their national life, to stand up under the fearful blow that fell upon them,—I admit that they had much excuse for their impression. The question was not whether the impression

itself was true or false, but whether those who formed it were led to it by what appeared to them, in their excitement, to be a reasonable feeling. Their irritation was such that, in many cases, it was almost unsafe for a foreigner to speak to them. That irritation was, if not justifiable, at all events comprehensible, and it influenced every thought they had. Even long afterwards I heard the "English gifts" referred to with resentment. The Government of the period professed, officially, to be very grateful, and to be much touched by the sympathy exhibited by England; and of course the people who got the food were glad to profit by it: but I am convinced that the nation, as a whole, disliked our interference, and would have preferred to see us "stop in our island."

DANIEL IN THE CRITIC'S DEN.

By "all people of discernment" the "higher criticism" is now held in the greatest repute. And discernment is a quality for which the dullest of men are keen to claim credit. It may safely be assumed that not one person in a score of those who eagerly disclaim belief in the visions of Daniel has ever seriously considered the question. The literature upon the subject is but dull reading at best, and the inquiry demands a combination of qualities which is comparatively rare. A newspaper review of some ponderous treatise, or a frothy discourse by some popular preacher, will satisfy most men. The German literature upon the controversy they know nothing of, and the writings of scholars like Professor Driver of Oxford are by no means to their taste, and probably beyond their capacity. The Archdeacon of Westminster's 'Book of Daniel'¹ will therefore supply a much-felt want. Ignored by scholars it certainly will be, and the majority of serious theologians will deplore it; but it will supply "the man in the street" with a reason for the unfaith that is in him. The narrowness with which it emphasises everything that either erudition or ignorance can urge upon one side of a great controversy, to the exclusion of the rest, will relieve him from the irksome task of thinking out the problem for himself; and its pedantry is veiled by rhetoric of a type which will admirably suit him. He cannot fail to be deeply impressed by "the acervation of endless conjectures," and "the unconsciously

disingenuous resourcefulness of traditional harmonics." His acquaintance with the unseen world will be enlarged by discovering that Gabriel, who appeared to the prophet, is "the archangel," and by learning that "it is only after the Exile that we find angels and demons playing a more prominent part than before, divided into classes, and even marked out by special names." It is not easy to decide whether this statement is the more astonishing when examined as a specimen of English, or when regarded as a dictum to guide us in the study of Scripture. But all this relates only to the form of the book. When we come to consider its substance, the spirit which pervades it, and the results to which it leads, a sense of distress and shame will commingle with our amazement.

What the dissecting-room is to the physician the higher criticism is to the theologian. In its proper sphere its value is immense, and it has made large additions to our knowledge of the Bible. But it demands not only skill and care, but reverence; and if these be wanting, it cannot fail to be mischievous. A man of the baser sort may become so degraded by the use of the surgeon's knife that he loses all respect for the body of his patient, and the sick-room is to him but the antechamber to the mortuary. And can we with impunity forget the reverence that is due to "the living and eternally abiding Word of God"? It behoves us to distinguish between the higher criticism as a means to clear away from that Word corruptions

¹ The Expositor's Bible. The Book of Daniel, by F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Archdeacon of Westminster. Hodder & Stoughton.

and excrescences, and to gain a more intelligent appreciation of its mysteries, and the higher criticism as a rationalistic and anti-Christian crusade, whose end and aim is to eliminate God from the Bible. Regarded in this aspect, it was the impure growth of the scepticism which wellnigh swamped the religious life of Germany in the eighteenth century. Eichhorn set himself to account for the miracles of Scripture. The poetic warmth of oriental thought and language sufficed, in his judgment, to explain them. The writers wrote as they were accustomed to think, leaving out of view all second causes, and attributing results immediately to God. This theory had its day. It obtained enthusiastic acceptance for a time. But rival hypotheses were put forward to dispute its sway, and at last it was discarded in favour of the system with which the name of De Wette is prominently associated. The sacred writers were honest and true, but their teaching was based, not upon personal knowledge, still less upon divine inspiration, but upon ancient authorities by which they were misled. Their errors were due to the excessive literalness with which they accepted as facts the legends of earlier days. De Wette, like Eichhorn, honestly desired to rescue the Bible from the reproach which had fallen upon it. Upon them at least the halo of departed truth still rested. But others were restrained by no such influence. "With the ignorance of Pagans and the animus of apostates" they perverted the Scriptures and tore them to pieces.

One of the old psalms, in lamenting with exquisite sadness the ruin brought by the heathen upon the holy city and land, declares that fame was apportioned according to zeal and success in the work of

destruction. A like spirit has animated the host of the critics; and Kuenen, one of the worst of the German sceptics, is Archdeacon Farrar's master and guide in the interpretation of Daniel. And the result is that he revels in puerilities and extravagances of exegesis and criticism which the best of our British contemporary scholars are careful to repudiate.

The Book of Daniel is not "the work of a prophet in the Exile" (if indeed such a personage as Daniel ever really existed), "but of some faithful *chased* in the days of the Seleucid tyrant." Its pretended miracles are but moral fables. Its history is but idle legend, abounding in "violent errors" of the grossest kind. Its so-called predictions alone are accurate, because they were but the record of recent or contemporary events. But Dr Farrar will not tolerate a word of blame upon "the holy and gifted Jew" who wrote it. No thought of deceiving any one ever crossed his mind. The reproach which has been heaped upon him has been wholly owing to Jewish arrogance and Christian stupidity in misreading his charming and elevating romance. For it is not only fiction, but "*avowed* fiction," and was never meant to be regarded in any other light. In a word, the book is nothing more than a religious novel, differing from other kindred works only in its venerable antiquity and the multiplicity of its blunders.

Accepting these results, then, what action shall we take upon them? In proportion surely to our appreciation of the preciousness of Holy Scripture, shall be our resoluteness in tearing the Book of Daniel from its place in the sacred canon and relegating it to the same shelf with "Bel and the Dragon" and "The Story

of Susanna." By no means. Dr Farrar will stay our hand by the assurance that

"These results . . . are in no way derogatory to the preciousness of this Old Testament Apocalypse. No words of mine," he declares, "can exaggerate the value which I attach to this part of our canonical Scriptures. . . . Its right to a place in the Canon is undisputed and indisputable, and there is scarcely a single book of the Old Testament which can be made more richly 'profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be complete, furnished completely unto every good work.'"

Christian writers who find reason to reject one portion of the sacred canon or another are eager to insist that in doing so they increase the authority and enhance the value of the rest. It has remained for the Archdeacon of Westminster, in impugning the Book of Daniel, to insult and degrade the Bible as a whole. An expert examines for me the contents of my purse. I spread out nine-and-thirty sovereigns upon the table, and after close inspection he marks out one as a counterfeit. As I console myself for the loss by the deepened confidence I feel that all the rest are sterling coin, he checks me by the assurance that there is scarcely a single one of them which is any better. The Book of Daniel is nothing more than a religious novel, and teeming with errors on every page, and yet we are gravely told that of all the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament there is *scarcely a single book* which is of any higher worth! The expert's estimate of the value of my coins is clear. No less obvious is Dr Farrar's estimate of the value of the books of the Bible. It is precisely this element which renders this volume so pernicious. The apostle declares that "every Scripture *inspired of*

God is also profitable for teaching," &c.; and in profanely applying these words to a romance of doubtful repute, Dr Farrar denies inspiration altogether. But "What is inspiration?" some one may demand. In another connection the inquiry might be apt; here it is the merest quibble. Plain men brush aside all the intricacies of the controversy which the answer involves, and seize upon the fact that the Bible is a divine revelation. But no one can yield to the spirit which pervades this book without coming to raise the question, "Have we a revelation at all?" The higher criticism, as a rationalistic crusade, has set itself to account for the Bible on natural principles; and this is the spirit which animates the Archdeacon of Westminster's treatise.

The absence of an index is embarrassing when we come to review in detail the author's attack upon Daniel. His exegesis, however, in no way concerns us here, and therefore the "summary and conclusion," which form the closing chapter of Part I. of the book, may serve to supply the defect. "The historical errors" are first enumerated. (1) "There was no deportation in the third year of Jehoiakim." (2) "There was no King Belshazzar." (3) "There was no Darius the Mede." (4) "It is not true that there were only two Babylonian kings—there were five." (5) "Nor were there only four Persian kings—there were twelve." (6) Xerxes seems to be confounded with the last king of Persia. (7) And "All correct accounts of the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes seem to end about B.C. 164." Such is the indictment under this head. Two other points are included, but these have nothing to do with *history*; first, that the decrees of Nebuchadnezzar are extraordinary—which

may at once be conceded — and secondly, that “the notion that a faithful Jew could become president of the Chaldean magi is impossible” — a statement which only exemplifies the thoughtless dogmatism of the writer, for, according to his own scheme, it was a “*holy and gifted Jew*,” brought up under the severe ritual of post-exilic days, who assigned this position to Daniel. A like remark applies to his criticism upon Dan. ii. 46 — with this addition, that that criticism betokens either carelessness or malice on the part of the critics, for the passage in no way justifies the assertion that the prophet accepted either the worship or the sacrifice offered him. So far as the other points are concerned, we may at once dismiss (4), (5), and (6), for the errors here ascribed to Daniel will be sought for in vain. They are “read into” the book by the perverseness or ignorance of the German rationalists. And as for (7), where was the account of the reign of Antiochus to end, if not in the year of his death! The statement is one of numerous instances of slipshod carelessness in this extraordinary addition to our theological literature.

The remaining points claim notice. The instructed and thoughtful student will turn to such a work as Professor Driver's ‘Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament,’ to find what sober and serious scholarship has to urge against the authenticity of Daniel. He will there find a warning that the argument based on the mention of Darius “should be used with reserve.” “There seems to be no room for such a ruler,” Canon Driver justly remarks; but he adds that the circumstances are not inconsistent with either his existence in his office, “and a cautious criticism will not build too much on the silence of the inscriptions,

where many certainly remain yet to be brought to light.” And as regards Belshazzar he will learn that “it may be admitted as probable that Belshazzar held command for his father in Babylon while the latter took the field against Cyrus.” And “there remains the possibility that Nabunahid may have sought to strengthen his position by marrying a daughter of Nebuchadnezzar, in which case the latter might be spoken of as Belshazzar's father (= grandfather, by Hebrew usage).” So also the author of the ‘Ancient Monarchies,’ our best historical authority here, tells us that Nabonidus (Nabunahid) “had associated with him in the government his son Belshazzar or Bel-shar-uzur, the grandson of the great Nebuchadnezzar,” and “in his father's absence Belshazzar took the direction of affairs within the city” (vol. iii. p. 70). The only question, therefore, is whether Belshazzar being thus left as regent at Babylon, when his father was absent at Borsippa in command of the army, he would be addressed by a court official as *king*. But Dr Farrar settles the matter by asserting that “there was no King Belshazzar,” and that Belshazzar was “conquered in Borsippa” (p. 54). This last statement is a mere blunder.

The accuracy of Dan. v. in this matter is confirmed in a manner which is all the more striking because it is wholly incidental. Why did Belshazzar purpose to make Daniel the *third* ruler in the kingdom? The natural explanation is, that he himself was but *second*. “Unhappily for their very precarious hypothesis,” Dr Farrar remarks, “the translation ‘third ruler’ appears to be *entirely untenable*. It means ‘one of a board of three’” (p. 57). As a test of the author's erudition and candour, this deserves particular notice.

Every scholar, of course, is aware that there is not a word about a "board of three" in the text. This is exegesis, not translation. But is it correct exegesis? Under the Persian rule there was a cabinet of three, as the sixth chapter tells us; but there is no authority whatever for supposing such a body existed under the empire which it supplanted. As regards chapter v., it will satisfy most people to know that the rendering which Dr Farrar declares to be "entirely untenable" has been adopted by the Old Testament company of revisers. And I have been at the pains to ascertain that the passage was carefully considered, that they had no difficulty in deciding in favour of the reading of the A.V., and that it was not until their final revision that the alternative rendering "one of three" was admitted into the margin. In the distinguished Professor Kautzsch's recent work on the Old Testament, representing the latest and best German scholarship, he adheres to the rendering "third ruler in the kingdom," and his note is, "either as one of three over the whole kingdom, or as third by the side of the king and the king's mother." Behrmann, too, in his recent commentary, adopts the same reading—"as third he was to have authority in the kingdom"—and adds a note referring to the king and his mother as first and second. And in reply to an inquiry I have addressed to him, the Chief Rabbi writes to me as follows:—

"I have carefully considered the question you laid before me at our pleasant meeting on Sunday relative to the correct interpretation of the passages in Daniel, chapter v., verses 7 and 16. I cannot absolutely find fault with Archdeacon Farrar for translating the words 'the third part of the kingdom,' as he follows herein

two of our Hebrew commentators of great repute, Rashi and Ibn Ezra. On the other hand, others of our commentators, such as Saadia, Jachja, &c., translate this passage as 'he shall be the third ruler in the kingdom.' This rendering seems to be more strictly in accord with the literal meaning of the words, as shown by Dr Winer in his 'Grammatik des Chaldaismus.' It also receives confirmation from Sir Henry Rawlinson's remarkable discovery, according to which Belshazzar was the eldest son of King Nabonidus, and associated with him in the government, so that the person next in honour would be the third."

The foregoing surely will suffice to silence Dr Farrar's objection, and to cast suspicion upon his fairness as a controversialist.

The Bible states that there was a deportation in the reign of Jehoiakim: the critic asserts there was none; and the Christian must decide between them. Nothing can be clearer than the language of Chronicles (xxxvi. 6), and even regarding the book as a purely secular record, it is simply preposterous to reject without a shadow of reason the Chronicler's statement on a matter of such immense interest and importance in the national history. But, it is objected, Kings and Jeremiah are silent upon the subject. If this were true, which it is not, it would be an additional reason for turning to Chronicles to supply the omission. But Kings gives clear corroboration of Chronicles. Speaking of Jehoiakim, it says: "In his days Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, came up, and Jehoiakim became his servant three years; then he turned and rebelled against him." Daniel (i. 1) tells us this was in his *third* year, and that Jerusalem was besieged upon the occasion. This difficulty again springs from the habit of "reading into" Scripture more than it says. There is not a

word about a taking by storm. The king was a mere puppet, and presumably he made his submission as soon as the city was invested. Nebuchadnezzar took him prisoner, but afterwards relented, and left him in Jerusalem as his vassal, a position he had till then held under the King of Egypt.

But the Scripture speaks of *King* Nebuchadnezzar in the third year of Jehoiakim, whereas it was not till his fourth year that Nabopolassar died. No doubt. And a writer of Maccabean days, with the history of Berosus before him, would probably have noticed the point. But the so-called inaccuracy is precisely one of the incidental proofs that the Book of Daniel was the work of a contemporary of Nebuchadnezzar. The historian of the future will never assert that Queen Victoria lived at one time in Kensington Palace, though the statement will be found in the newspapers which recorded the unveiling of her statue in Kensington Gardens.

The references to Jeremiah raise the question whether the book records the utterances of an inspired prophet, or whether, as Dr Farrar's criticisms assume, the author of the book wrote merely as a religious teacher. This question, however, is too large to treat of here, and the discussion of it is wholly unnecessary, for the careful student will find in Jeremiah the clearest proof that Scripture is right and the critics wrong. The objection depends on confounding the seventy years of the "Servitude to Babylon" with the seventy years of "the Desolation of Jerusalem" — another of the numerous blunders which discredit the work under review (p. 289). "The Captivity," which is con-

founded with both, was not an era of seventy years at all. The prophecy of Jer. xxv. was a warning to the people who remained in the land after the servitude had begun, that if they continued impenitent and rebellious, God would bring upon them a further judgment—the terrible scourge of "the Desolations." The prophecy of Jer. xxix. was a message of hope to the Jews of the Captivity. And what was that message? "That after seventy years be accomplished at Babylon I will visit you, and perform my good word toward you, in causing you to return to this place." And that promise was faithfully fulfilled. The servitude began in the third year of Jehoiakim (B.C. 606-605, Nisan to Nisan, as the Jews invariably reckoned the years of their kings). It ended in B.C. 536, when Cyrus issued his decree for the return of the exiles. By the test of chronology, therefore—the severest test which can be applied to historical statements—the absolute accuracy of these Scriptures is established.

"The philological peculiarities of the Book" constitute the next ground of attack. "The Hebrew is pronounced by the majority of experts to be of a later character than the time assumed for it." The Aramaic is marked by idioms of a later period, familiar to the Palestinian Jews. And not only are Persian words employed in the book, but it contains certain Greek words which could not have been in use in Babylon during the Exile.

As regards the general question here raised, we must of course accept the opinions of competent scholars. But the student will find that their decision is neither so definite nor so unanimous as Archdeacon Farrar would lead us to suppose. And, of course, their

evidence must be considered in connection with evidence of other kinds which it is beyond their province to deal with. Dr Pusey's magnificent work, in which the whole subject is handled with the greatest erudition and care, is not dismissed by others with the contempt which Dr Farrar evinces for a man who is fired by the enthusiasm of faith in the Bible. In his judgment the Hebrew of Daniel is "just what one would expect at the age in which he lived." And one of the highest living authorities, who has been quoted in this controversy as favouring a late date for the Book of Daniel, writes in reply to an inquiry I have addressed to him: "I am now of opinion that it is a very difficult task to settle the age of any portion of that book from its language. I do not think, therefore, that my name should be quoted any more in the contest." It is Professor Cheyne's opinion, also, that "from the Hebrew of the Book of Daniel no important inference as to its date can be safely drawn."¹

Here is Professor Driver's summary of the argument under this head:—

"The verdict of the language of Daniel is thus clear. The *Persian* words presuppose a period after the Persian Empire had been well established; the Greek words *demand*, the Hebrew *supports*, and the Aramaic *permits*, a date after the conquest of Palestine by Alexander the Great (B.C. 332). With our present knowledge this is as much as the language authorises us definitely to affirm."—P. 476.

Now, the strength of this case depends on the point last stated. Any number of argumentative presumptions may be rebutted by

opposing evidence; but here, it is alleged, we have proof which admits of no answer: the Greek words in Daniel *demand* a date which destroys the authenticity of the book. Will the reader believe it that the only foundation for this is the presence of *two* words which are alleged to be Greek! Dr Farrar insists on three, but one of these (*kitharos*) is practically given up. The story was lately told that at a church bazaar in Lincoln, held under episcopal patronage, the alarm was given that a thief was at work, and two of the visitors had lost their purses. In the excitement which followed, the stolen purses, emptied of course of their contents, were found in the bishop's pocket. The higher criticism would have handed him over to the police! Do the critics understand the very rudiments of the science of weighing evidence? The presence of the stolen purses did not "demand" the conviction of the bishop. Neither should the presence of the Greek words decide the fate of Daniel. There was no doubt, moreover, as to the identity of the purses, while Dr Pusey and others dispute the derivation of the words. But in the one case as in the other the question would remain, How did they come to be where they were found?

The Talmud declares that, in common with some other parts of the canon, Daniel was edited by the men of the Great Synagogue—a college which is supposed to have been founded by Nehemiah, and which continued until it gave place to the Great Sanhedrim. May not this be the explanation of all these philological difficulties? This is not to have recourse to a baseless conjecture in order to evade well-founded objections:

¹ Ency. Brit., "Daniel," p. 804.

it is merely to give due weight to an authoritative tradition, the very existence of which is *prima facie* proof of its truth. The attempt to explain in this way difficulties of another kind is to force the hypothesis unduly. But assuming, what there is no reason whatever to doubt, that such a revision took place, surely we should expect to find that familiar idioms would be substituted for others that were deemed archaic, that familiar words would be substituted for terms which then seemed strange or uncouth to the Jews of Palestine, and that names like *Abed-nebo* and *Nebuchdrezzar* would be altered to suit the then received orthography. And the "immense anachronism" of using the word "*Chaldeans*" as synonymous with the caste of wise men is thus simply and fully explained.

Archdeacon Farrar's argument from the absence of references to Daniel in the apocryphal literature of the Jews may be summarily dismissed. When he approaches the subject from another standpoint he emphasises the influence which that book exercised upon that very literature. And as for the silence of Jesus the son of Sirach, the argument only serves to indicate the dearth of weightier proofs. The reader can turn to the passage referred to (*Ecclesiasticus* xlviii. 20—xlix. 10) and decide the matter for himself. If an omission from this panegyric of "famous men" proves anything, *Ezra* and the book which bears his name must also be rejected.

The next point claims fuller notice. Daniel was admittedly received into the canon; but, we are told, "it is relegated to the *Kethubim*, side by side with such a book as *Esther*." In the Jewish canon the Old Testament Scriptures were reckoned as twenty-

four books. These were classified as the *Torah*, the *Nebeem*, and the *Kethubim*—the Law, the Prophets, and the Other Writings. Now, the objection implies that the *Nebeem* embraced all that was regarded as prophecy, and nothing else; and that the contents of the *Kethubim* were deemed inferior to the rest of the canon. Both these implications are false. In the former class are placed the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, and Kings. And the latter included two books at least, than which no part of the Scriptures was more highly esteemed—the Psalms, associated so inseparably with the names of King David, and Esther, which, *pace* the sneer of the critic, was held in exceptional honour. Dr Driver avers that it came to be "ranked by the Jews as superior both to the writings of the Prophets and to all other parts of the Hagiographa" (p. 452). The Psalms headed the list. Then came Proverbs, connected with the name of Solomon. Then Job, one of the oldest of the books. Then followed the Five *Megilloth* (*Song of Songs*, *Ruth*, *Lamentations*, *Ecclesiastes*, and *Esther*). And finally Daniel, *Ezra* and *Nehemiah*, and *Chronicles*. To have placed Daniel before the *Megilloth* would have separated it from the books with which it was so immediately associated. In a word, its place in the list is normal and natural.

The Psalms, as already mentioned, stood first in the *Kethubim*, and in later times gave it its name, for when our Lord spoke of "the Law of Moses, the Prophets, and the Psalms," He thereby meant "all the Scriptures" (*Luke* xxiv. 27, 46). Many of the Psalms were rightly deemed prophetic; but though David was a prophet in the highest sense, it was not as prophet but as king that his name was enshrined

in the memory of the people, and the book thus naturally found its place in the third division of the canon. For the books were grouped rather by authorship than by the character of their contents. Precisely the same reason existed for placing Daniel where it stood; for it was not till the end of a long life spent in statecraft that the visions were accorded to the exile. But this is not all. As Dr Farrar urges, though he is obviously blind to its significance, Daniel had no claim to the prophets' mantle. The prophets "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost": he merely recorded the words addressed to him by the angel, and described the visions he witnessed. And the question here, be it remembered, is not what weight would be given to this distinction by our modern critics, but how it would influence the minds of the men who settled the canon.

And now it is high time to raise a question which the critic systematically ignores, a question which possibly he is incompetent to deal with. For the higher criticism claims an entirely false position in this controversy. The critic is a specialist; and specialists, though often admirable witnesses, are proverbially bad judges. To some men, moreover, every year that passes brings more experience in the art of weighing evidence than the theologian or the pundit would be likely to acquire in a lifetime. And such men are familiar with cases where a mass of seemingly invincible proof seems to point one way, and yet fuller inquiry establishes that the truth lies in a wholly opposite direction. But the caution which such experience begets is not to be looked for in the critic. 'The Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament' is clearly the work of one who possesses, though he does not always

exercise, the judicial faculty. If the same praise is due to Professor Bevan, his 'Short Commentary on Daniel' does him serious injustice. And Archdeacon Farrar's book reminds us of a private prosecution conducted by that type of lawyer whose remuneration is proportionate to the vehemence with which he presses every point against the defendant. It never seems to have crossed his mind that there may possibly be two sides to the question. Here, then, we have everything which can possibly be urged *against* the Book of Daniel: the inquiry remains, What can be said in its defence? Let us call the witnesses.

The First Book of Maccabees is a work of the highest excellence. It has an authority which no other part of the Apocrypha possesses, and even Luther declared it not unworthy to be reckoned among the sacred books of Scripture. The author was indeed "a holy and gifted Jew," and though the suggestion that he was no other than John Hyrcanus is now discredited, it gives proof of his eminence both for piety and learning. Now, one of the most striking and solemn passages of this book, the record of the dying words of the venerable Mattathias, refers to the Daniel of the Exile and the book which bears his name (1 Macc. ii. 59, 60). Notwithstanding the extraordinary erudition which has been brought to bear upon this controversy, so far as I am aware the full significance of this fact has hitherto escaped notice. There is internal evidence that 1 Maccabees was written before the death of John Hyrcanus (B.C. 106). Allowing, then, for the sake of argument, that the canon was not closed till after the time of Antiochus, the book affords conclusive proof that among the learned of that day

Daniel was regarded as the work of the great prophet-prince of the Captivity. It was as such, therefore, that it must have been admitted to the canon. The theory is thus exploded that it was as a "pseud-epigraph" that the Sanhedrim received it; and its reception becomes evidence of its authenticity which would outweigh the mass of objections and difficulties which perverseness or ingenuity have heaped together upon the other side.

Want of space precludes my noticing numberless other points which might be turned against the argument in support of which the critic adduces them. And these may be safely ignored in presence of proofs of principal importance which still remain to be noticed.

It was Sir Isaac Newton's opinion that "to reject Daniel's prophecies would be to undermine the Christian religion." Bishop Westcott declares that no other book of the Old Testament had so great a share in the development of Christianity. And Dr Farrar quotes, though with special reprobation, the dictum of Hengstenberg, that "there are few books whose divine authority is so fully established by the testimony of the New Testament, and in particular by the Lord Himself." The truth of all this no thoughtful Christian can question. St Paul's predictions of the Antichrist point back to the visions of Daniel. With those visions the visions of St John—the Daniel of the New Testament—are so inseparably interwoven, that if the former be attributed to imagination, the latter must be attributed to lunacy. The Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse stand or fall together. But the matter becomes far more serious and solemn when we realise how defin-

itely the visions of Daniel have been adopted in the teaching of Christ. Dr Farrar imagines that he has disposed of the matter by the figment that in the 24th chapter of Matthew the reference to "Daniel the prophet" was added by the evangelist as an explanatory note. But even if such a suggestion could be allowed, every intelligent reader of the passage can see that the interpretation was based upon the obvious and unmistakable connection between the words of our Lord and the visions of the prophet of the Exile. Here is a dilemma from which escape is impossible. If the Gospels be authentic and true, our Lord has adopted, and identified Himself with, the visions of this now discredited book. If the Gospels be unreliable and fictitious, the foundations of our faith are destroyed, and belief in Christianity is sheer superstition. "To the last degree dangerous, irreverent, and unwise" this may seem in the Archdeacon of Westminster's judgment, but its truth is none the less obvious and clear.

An argument such as this appeals specially to the Christian. Proof of another kind remains, the cogency of which will be equally apparent to all. The Book of Daniel is rejected because, we are told, its predictions end with Antiochus Epiphanes, and proofs are abundant that it was written in the Maccabean age. The question arises, therefore, Is there any part of the prophecy relating to a later period? and if so, has it received fulfilment with a definiteness which ought to carry conviction to the minds of fair and reasonable men? The great central prophecy of the book, the famous prediction of the Seventy Weeks, supplies the answer. Here Dr Farrar's taunt is all too well founded respecting the divergence which marks the rival

schemes of expositors; and the effect which the study has had upon his mind has been to lead him to adopt Kuenen's exegesis, which is perhaps the most preposterous of them all. But let any plain man, ignoring everything which has been written upon the subject, turn to the passage with a determination to reject all strained or mystical interpretations, and to accept the words in their simple and obvious meaning, and at what results will he arrive? Here are the words of Dan. ix. 25:—

"Know therefore and discern that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the Messiah the Prince shall be seven weeks and threescore and two weeks: it shall be built again with street and moat, even in troublous times."

Now, it is not questioned that the "weeks" are sevens of years. It is not questioned that the Holy City was rebuilt—not the Temple, for that is not mentioned here at all, but the street and moat—*i.e.*, the town and ramparts of Jerusalem. It is not questioned that this restoration was carried out by Nehemiah in pursuance of a commandment issued by Artaxerxes Longimanus in the twentieth year of his reign. And it is not questioned that the reign of Artaxerxes dated from B.C. 465. Only two possible questions therefore arise, and to these a clear answer can be given: What was the date of the Jewish month Nisan? and of what kind of year was the prophetic era composed?

Though the details of the Jewish calendar in ancient times cannot now be ascertained, the general principles on which it was arranged are definitely known. The New Year was proclaimed at the first appearance of the moon at the season of the vernal equinox. The date of the new moon in question

was (at Jerusalem) 7h. 9m. A.M. on the 13th. March B.C. 445, and the phasis may be reckoned as occurring on the following day. The 14th March B.C. 445 therefore is unmistakably the epoch of the prophetic period.

That the prophetic year was not the ordinary year was noticed by Julius Africanus sixteen centuries ago. He fixed upon the lunar year. But the ancient year of the world was the luni-solar year of 360 days, and it is reasonably certain that this was the form of year in use both at Jerusalem and Babylon at the time the prophecy was given. It was the year in use in the Noachian age, 150 days being specified as the interval between the 17th day of the second month and the 17th day of the seventh month. Tradition testifies that it was the year which Abraham knew and preserved in his family; and Sir Isaac Newton avers that

"All nations, before the just length of the solar year was known, reckoned months by the course of the moon, and years by the return of winter and summer, spring and autumn; and in making calendars for their festivals, they reckoned thirty days to a lunar month, and twelve lunar months to a year, taking the nearest round numbers, whence came the division of the ecliptic into 360 degrees."

But this goes no further than to make out a *prima facie* case in favour of the luni-solar year. Decisive evidence may be appealed to in support of it.

First, we have the testimony of the Book of the Revelation, which, referring to the visions of Daniel, twice describes the half of the prophetic week as "forty-two months," and twice as 1260 days. And of course 1260 days are equal exactly to three and a half luni-solar years. And the last proof is equally clear and striking. The occasion of Daniel's

prayer was the near approach of the close of the era of the Desolations. He "understood by the books the number of the years, whereof the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet, for the accomplishing of the Desolations of Jerusalem, even seventy years." It is not certain whether this referred to the scrolls of the prophecies of Jeremiah, or to the scrolls of the canon as then received. Professor Bevan suggests that the passage he had before him was the warning of Leviticus xxvi., that a sevenfold punishment should be meted out to national sins. But surely it is straining the words to apply this principle *chronologically*. May I offer an alternative suggestion? It was not until their Holy Temple was dedicated, and the Temple worship established, that the people entered fully into their national responsibilities. Now, one of the most characteristic of these responsibilities was the observance of the Sabbatic years; and this ordinance—that every seventh year the land was to lie fallow—had been systematically neglected. The Temple was dedicated at the Feast of Tabernacles in the eleventh year of King Solomon, which year was therefore the epoch of the cycle of Sabbatic years. And the intervening period between that year and the end of the Desolations (B.C. 1005 to 520), when reckoned exclusively, was 483 years, or 70×7 luni-solar years of 360 days. Here, then, is the explanation why the era of the Desolations was fixed at seventy years, and it was probably the 25th chapter of Leviticus that Daniel had before him. In the language of the Chronicler, it was to continue "until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths: for as long as she lay desolate she kept Sabbath, to fulfil threescore and ten years" (2 Chron. xxxvi. 21).

One link only is wanting to complete this chain of proof. The connection between the seventy weeks of the prophecy and the seventy years of the Desolations is universally admitted: what, then, was the "year" of the Desolations? The era was computed from the beginning of the siege, for from the day on which the invading army invested the city, the land was laid waste, and all agricultural pursuits were suspended. This was on the 10th day of the 10th month, in the 9th year of Zedekiah (2 Kings xxv. 1; cf. Ezek. xxiv. 1). This, then, was the epoch of the era: can its close be ascertained with equal definiteness? Here a most striking fact claims notice. For sixteen years the execution of the decree of Cyrus for the rebuilding of the Temple was thwarted by the local authorities in Palestine, and it was not till the second year of Darius Hystaspis that the work proceeded. In this there was a divine purpose, for the judgment of the Desolations still rested upon the land. But in that year the prophets Haggai and Zechariah were inspired to declare that the "set time" had come. "Consider now," the prophet proclaimed, "from this day and upward, from the four and twentieth day of the ninth month, even from the day that the foundation of the Lord's Temple was laid, consider it, . . . *from this day will I bless you*" (Ezra v., vi.; Hag. i. 1, 2; ii. 18, 19). Now, if I have calculated aright the moon's place for these respective years, the 1st Nisan of B.C. 589 was the 15th March (the new moon was late on the 14th), and in B.C. 520 it was the 1st April. Therefore the period from the 10th Tebet in the one year to the 24th Kislev in the other was precisely 25,200 days. And 25,200 days make up exactly 70 luni-solar years of 360 days. I

may add that for four-and-twenty centuries the 10th Tebet has been commemorated by the Jewish people the wide world over as a fast.

It now remains only to indicate the results to which all this leads. The edict for the rebuilding of Jerusalem is to be assigned to the 1st Nisan, B.C. 445. From that epoch "unto the Messiah the Prince" was to be sixty-nine sevens of prophetic years. But 483 years of 360 days contain 173,880 days, and 173,880 days, computed from the first day of Nisan in the 20th year of Artaxerxes, ended on the 10th day of Nisan in the 18th year of Tiberius Cæsar—the day when, in fulfilment of Zechariah's prophecy (Zech. ix. 9), our Lord, for the first and only time in His ministry, made a public entry into Jerusalem, and for the first and only time in His ministry allowed His Messiahship to be openly proclaimed. The well-known words, so exquisite in their solemn pathos, may fitly be repeated here, "And when He was come near, He beheld the city, and wept over it, saying, If *thou* hadst known in *this day*, even thou, the things which belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes" (Luke xix. 41, 42). "Despised and rejected" He had been during all the days of His sojourn among them, but that was the destined day on which their decision was to be irrevocable, and their doom was to be sealed.

As the elucidation of this great prophecy of the Seventy Weeks is my personal contribution to the controversy about the Book of Daniel, I may be pardoned for

emphasising this conclusion. Elsewhere¹ I have fully discussed the incidental questions involved, and answered the objections which may possibly be urged against the scheme. Suffice it, then, to notice that, according to the 9th chapter of Daniel, from one historical event, then future, but afterwards definitely recorded, to another historical event, now also definitely known, the interval was to be 483 years; and that this prediction has been fulfilled, not vaguely, with a wide margin of error, but *with absolute accuracy, and to the very day*. And the logic of this is inexorable. Either the result is an accidental coincidence, or else it is an overwhelming proof that the visions of Daniel were a divine revelation. A coincidence! Suppose some one averred that the distance between St Martin's le Grand and the post-office at Leamington or Gloucester was 173,880 yards, and this were proved to be accurately correct: what would be thought of a man who objected that the result was "an accidental coincidence"? "Credulity of the incredulous!" we might well exclaim.

It is for the reader to judge whether the foregoing is an instance of "the acervation of endless conjectures," or a legitimate appeal to plain facts and the positive statements of Scripture. Is there not here abundant proof that there are two sides to this controversy, and ample evidence to lead even those who will not accept the Book of Daniel as Holy Writ at least to suspend their judgment as to its authenticity?

R. ANDERSON.

¹ The Coming Prince; or, The Seventy Weeks of Daniel. By Robert Anderson, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law, Assistant-Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis. Fifth edition. Hodder & Stoughton.

A FOREIGNER.

CHAPTER XXI.—MUSIC AND GERMAN LESSONS.

"HOME at last!" exclaimed Chrissy, springing out of the carriage which had brought them back to Laird's Hill on one of the last days of August. "How glad I am to be back! There is nothing like home after all—is there, Phemie?"

But Phemie did not answer at once, perhaps because she was bending down to pat Drake, the brown retriever, which, joyfully barking, had rushed to welcome back the family with effusive delight.

"But our trip abroad was very—pleasant, was it not, Chrissy?" she said at last slowly, in a voice that was not quite steady. "Surely you enjoyed it too?"

"Oh, of course," retorted the younger sister, carelessly, speaking like an ancient traveller who has long since exhausted every sensation which change of scenery can produce. "It was great fun while it lasted, but one is always glad to get back to one's own country, and to hear English spoken once more instead of those dreadful foreign languages. The journey was all very well for a change; but, you know, it was only a sort of interlude or prologue to what is to come, and I shall be glad to begin our real life at last. If we lose no time in getting things arranged, I daresay we can persuade papa to invite a few people here for partridge-shooting in September, and then we can have a few real dinner-parties."

Phemie attempted no answer at all this time. Instead of feeling, as Chrissy did, that life was now going to begin for her in earnest, she was vaguely conscious that something had come to an end.

In leaving Salzburg thus pre-

cipitately, Mr Dalrymple had been perfectly unconscious of any sense of disgrace incurred by Euphemia which necessitated this flight; but Leo Wolfsberg's unexpected proposal had somewhat startled him out of his usual indolent self-composure, and he thought it wise to turn his back on the country before any repetition of the incident took place. For anything he knew, there might be a dozen more foreigners in the background all wanting to propose for his daughter's hand. Foreigners are apt to entertain exaggerated notions on the subject of English wealth, and very likely Phemie and Chrissy had been regarded as a couple of heiresses by Salzburg society; whereas, in reality, if he were to die to-morrow—But this was a point upon which the easy-going father rarely suffered his thoughts to dwell for more than five minutes at a time. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, was the motto which ruled his life. Why look ahead when there was no necessity to do so? And if ever he thought of the future, it mostly appeared to him in the rosiest of colours. A favourable turn in the sugar trade could not fail to set in before long, and of course the securing of eligible husbands for his two daughters could only be a question of time. Baron Wolfsberg's proposal had inspired him with an accession of confidence on the subject of Euphemia's charms; for, as he not illogically reflected, men, whether they be foreigners or Englishmen, have much the same sort of eyes all the world over, and a pretty girl to them remains a pretty girl whether in Austria or

on British soil. He would seek counsel again of Lady Lauriston at the very earliest opportunity, and be guided by her advice. On one point, however, Phemie had somewhat incomprehensibly sealed his lips by earnestly beseeching him not to breathe a word to any one whatsoever on the subject of Baron Wolfsberg's proposal.

"I don't want any one to know about it," she had said to him before leaving Salzburg, with upraised clasped hands and a suspicious-looking moisture shining in her eyes—"not even Chrissy is to be told, and you must promise never, never to breathe a word of it to Lady Lauriston!"

"But, my dear Phemie," reasoned the father, regarding his daughter in some surprise, "there is no need to take the matter so tragically. Why, a proposal is rather a thing to be proud than ashamed of. It only seems to you such a dreadful thing because it is the first time. Why on earth should you be so upset merely because a man has asked you to marry him? You will have to get hardened to that sort of thing," he concluded, with a rather ponderous attempt at lightness.

"It is not that," she explained, somewhat lamely, "only I never, never could bear to think that any one knew about it!"

"Very well," consented Mr Dalrymple, half grudgingly; "I can keep silence if you prefer it, but there really is no reason at all for this agitation about such a trifle. Remember that in all probability you will never again in your life set eyes on the man."

This last argument effectually reduced Phemie to silence, and the subject was not again alluded to between father and daughter; but whether or not she was relieved by thinking that she was not likely ever again to see Leo Wolfsberg was not very apparent.

Within a fortnight of the Dalrymples' arrival at Laird's Hill everything had settled back into the normal groove as completely as though the trip to the Bavarian highlands and all that had come of it had been a mere midsummer night's dream. Except for a few water-colour sketches in Mr Dalrymple's portfolio, and a somewhat dreamier look in Phemie's hazel eyes which only a very close observer could occasionally have detected, there remained absolutely nothing to show that they had ever left their native land.

By Lady Lauriston's advice, Phemie was now launched into a mild vortex of gaiety. There were no county balls going on at present, but she made her appearance at several dinner-parties, and paid two or three visits to neighbouring country-houses. Opinions, however, were greatly divided as to the elder Miss Dalrymple's charms; for while there could not be two opinions as to her undoubted prettiness and grace of figure, many people considered that these advantages were greatly neutralised by her want of animation, and the icy indifference with which she frequently received the advances of the partners whom fate had assigned to her at the dinner-table.

At none of these convivial gatherings had she chanced again to come across Mr Hamilton; for, as she had been informed soon after their return to Laird's Hill, this gentleman had accompanied a friend in a yachting expedition to the Mediterranean, and would probably be absent from the country till the following spring.

It was likewise by Lady Lauriston's advice that Mr Dalrymple decided upon moving into Edinburgh soon after Christmas, both for the sake of society on Phemie's behalf, and in order to procure musi-

and drawing-lessons for both girls. Chrissy's education, despite her own very pronounced opinions on the subject, was far from complete as yet, and even Phemie would be greatly benefited by a few dozen lessons from Signor Batocchi, the fashionable Italian singing-master.

"If I am to take lessons at all," said Phemie, hesitatingly, when shortly after their arrival in town the scheme was suggested to her by Lady Lauriston, "I think I would rather devote my time to languages."

"What can you want with more languages, my dear?" said the old lady. "You are surely not thinking of learning Italian and Spanish into the bargain, when you know French and German already? That is quite sufficient, more than sufficient, for your purpose."

"No, it is not sufficient," pleaded Phemie, eagerly. "I mean that it is not that I want to learn either Italian or Spanish, but only to improve my French,—and German too, perhaps," she added, as though with an afterthought. "Our trip to Germany only showed me how very, very little we know in reality."

"But you are not likely to be going back there just at present, my dear; and surely it would be of more immediate use to be able to sing a few pretty songs in society whenever you are asked out to dinner. Signor Batocchi has an excellent method, I hear, and his lessons are well worth the half-pineas they cost."

"Perhaps I can take both singing and—and German lessons," pleaded Phemie, who seemed to be suddenly possessed by a perfect thirst for knowledge. "Please,

please, dear Lady Lauriston, do tell papa that indeed I ought to have more German instruction. You know he does whatever you tell him."

"Only German then?—not French?" said the old lady, adjusting her spectacles and gazing shrewdly into the girl's face.

"German first," explained Phemie in some confusion, "for that is what I know least, you see. All my former school-learning was good for nothing when I was brought face to face with real Germans. You cannot think what ridiculous mistakes I made over there when I tried to speak;" and at the recollection of what the most ridiculous of the said mistakes had been, a wave of bright colour crept over her face. "And it is also on account of the singing, for I brought a whole collection of German songs with me from Salzburg, and German songs will do quite as well for singing in society as Italian ones, and they are not nearly so difficult to learn."

"Well, well," said Lady Lauriston, who may or may not have felt convinced by this string of voluble arguments, "I daresay there will be no such great trouble in persuading your father to let you take German lessons as well. It is, at any rate, so rare nowadays to find a girl who cares to learn anything at all after she has left the schoolroom, that he cannot but approve. But now, my dear, don't think me inhospitable if I turn you out, but surely it is time for you to be going home to dress? I think I heard your father mention that he had asked Mr Blushwood to dinner this evening."

CHAPTER XXII.—MR BLUSHWOOD OF BLUSHWOOD.

This was the first time that Mr Blushwood had been asked to dinner

by Mr Dalrymple, whose acquaintance he owed to the fact of being

likewise the proprietor of a West Indian estate on the island of Santa Beata. The Blushwoods of Blushwood were a good old family hailing from the south of Scotland in the Tweed district, and the present owner of the property having but lately come into possession of the family estate, it was but natural to suppose that, the year of mourning for his father being over, his thoughts were taking a matrimonial direction. The Blushwoods were a long line of fox-hunters from father to son, and were chiefly remarkable for their proficiency in field-sports, and the intimate—so to say, inborn—knowledge of everything connected with hounds and horses which characterised each scion of the race. The present representative of the name had inherited just the same placid circular face, unmarked by any very strongly developed expression of intellect, and precisely the self-same florid complexion, which were to be seen on almost every one of the family portraits at Blushwood Hall. Fox-hunting, and all that concerned it, was to him the one main object in life, and he would have felt but a species of compassionate surprise for any one who ventured to assert in his presence that there existed a nobler ambition than that of tracking the sacred red-coated animal over field and fence, in strict accordance with laws that were as inflexible as those of the Medes and Persians. To shield a family of tender young foxes against the wiles of wicked farmers seemed to him a more praiseworthy action than to present a donation to an orphanage; while to produce a breed of ennobled and glorified hounds was surely a greater benefit to humanity than to write an epic poem or to invent a new kind of military rifle?

“You are fond of riding, I sup-

pose?” he said to Phemie in the course of that first evening, when, after the gentlemen had rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, he at last found the desired opportunity of seating himself by her side. He saw her to-day for the first time, and throughout the dinner had been furtively watching that slender young figure at the head of the table, and thinking to what remarkable advantage she would appear if mounted on a thoroughbred hunter and following the track of the hounds.

“I was fond of riding as a child,” replied Phemie, “but have had no opportunity of doing so since I was ten years old. I only left school in May, and we spent the summer in Germany.”

“Oh, Germany!” said Mr Blushwood, in a distinctly disparaging tone of voice.

“Have you ever been there?” asked Phemie, timidly.

“Never!” he returned with emphasis, “and never shall go there if I can help it.”

He spoke as if he were registering a solemn vow which had for object the abjuration of some particular form of degrading vice.

“Why not?” she returned, in surprise at the energetic negation which her seemingly harmless question had provoked.

“Because I have no opinion at all of the country nor of its inhabitants.”

“But how can you judge if you have never been there yourself?”

“I have heard quite enough,” was the sinister reply.

“But we found the country very beautiful, and we made some extremely agreeable acquaintances,” said Phemie, with a touch of unwonted boldness, dictated by an undefined feeling that it was incumbent on her to stand up for those foreign parts which she heard

so contemptuously spoken of. "I don't think it is fair to condemn a country wholesale unless you have been able to see things for yourself."

"I would be the last person in the world to frame a rash judgment," said Mr Blushwood, who on his side was feeling just a little surprised at the animation with which Miss Dalrymple had taken up the subject, and was regarding her with very clearly expressed admiration in his prominent grey eyes, for the slight flush which had mounted to her cheek was decidedly becoming, and gave to her beauty that crowning charm which it sometimes lacked. "I should be the very last person in the world to judge rashly or to condemn a nation without sufficient evidence, but here unfortunately there is no room for doubt. I have been correctly informed, and have made it my business to sift the matter. Are you aware,"—and here Mr Blushwood lowered his voice to a confidential and almost horror-stricken whisper,—“are you aware that in Germany they actually shoot foxes?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Phemie, startled for a moment out of her self-possession, for somehow she had not been prepared to hear anything quite so odd as this. "Are you quite sure of what you say? Can that really be true?"

"Quite true. I had it from the lips of a German Count himself who came over here for the fox-hunting some years ago. And the odd part of the matter was, that the fellow did not seem a bit ashamed of himself, but talked quite openly of the number of foxes shot on his estate in Bohemia every year, just as unblushingly as I myself would speak of the scores of hares or rabbits I had bagged. I had rather taken a fancy to the man before

this unfortunate circumstance came out, for he rode straight enough in the field, and had a remarkably good eye for a hunter's points; but after this disclosure, of course I thought it necessary to give him the cold shoulder. There was nothing else to do, don't you see?"

"Ye—s," said Phemie, hesitatingly. "But then, if it was the habit of his country, and he had always been used to see it done, perhaps he really saw nothing wrong about it?"

"That is precisely the very strongest argument in favour of my assertion," retorted the gentleman, with a pleased consciousness of the obvious infallibility of his own logical deductions. "Perhaps, as you say, it is not fair to blame the man individually, any more than we have a right to condemn a benighted heathen or fire-worshipper because he knows nothing of true religion. But do you not see that a country where such a dreadful state of things prevails, and where such principles are boldly avowed, must necessarily be rotten to the core?"

He spoke with such imperative decision that Phemie lacked the courage to contradict him further. Certainly Mr Blushwood was right; and when viewed in the abstract, the idea of shooting a fox was disgraceful, and utterly opposed to all British ideas of honour and fair-play. And then all at once she fell to wondering whether Leo Wolfsberg had ever been guilty of a fox's murder. "Impossible!" she said to herself, putting aside the disgraceful imputation with a sense almost of shame. "He does not at all look like that sort of man. I am quite sure he would never do anything that was not perfectly honourable and straightforward," and then aloud she added—

"What was the name of this

Austrian gentleman who told you about the foxes?"

"I don't quite remember. Something like Busky or Dubsky, I fancy; those foreign names are so hard to pronounce. He brought over some excellent horses with him, one of which was purchased by my father, and is still in my stables to-day—a splendid chestnut mare called Lorelei, of perfect temper and magnificent action. Just the very thing suited to carry a lady in the hunting-field," and Mr Blushwood bent a little closer over Phemie's chair, and shot another glance of significant admiration at her downcast face. For at mention of the name Lorelei she had flushed up suddenly, and, to cover her obvious confusion, which Mr Blushwood not unnaturally attributed to a perfectly wrong cause, was nervously playing with the blue silk tassels attached to her ivory fan.

After this first meeting, Mr Blushwood paid frequent morning calls at the Dalrymples' house in Charlotte Square, and was several times again invited to dinner, on each of which occasions he devoted the greater part of his conversation to the elder Miss Dalrymple. He punctually attended each ball or party where he knew that the Dalrymples were likely to be present; and although unable to distinguish between the air of "God save the Queen" and "Pop goes the Weasel," invariably took tickets for every concert to which Phemie had betrayed their intention of going.

There could be no manner of doubt in the eyes of the bystanders that this most eligible suitor was paying his court to Phemie in earnest,—the strongest proof in favour of the sincerity of his intentions lying in the fact of his prolonged stay in Edinburgh,

although the hunting season was at its height in —shire; and as he himself more than once pathetically remarked, half-a-dozen hunters were eating away their high-bred heads at home in forced inactivity.

It was in the cloaking-lobby of the Assembly Rooms, where one of the last balls of the season had been held, that the proposal took place. Mr Blushwood had been hovering about Phemie all the evening, without, however, finding the opportunity to say the words that were hanging on his lips; but just here they were almost alone, for Mr Dalrymple, whose overcoat had been accidentally exchanged for another, had rushed off in search of the missing article.

"Miss Dalrymple," said Mr Blushwood, as he carefully draped the long white cloak edged with swan's-down round her slender figure, "I have to-day received a letter from home, which will, I fear, necessitate my departure for Blushwood to-morrow morning."

"Indeed," said Phemie, looking up at him inquiringly, and noting with some slight surprise that his face had not quite its usual ruddy colour, though perhaps that might merely be the effect of the light falling from the gas chandelier overhead. "You have had no bad news, I hope."

"Thank you!" he returned, fervently. "You are very good to take such an interest—if I could only hope— Yes, the news is serious enough, and at any other time——"

"What is it? Can you not tell me?" asked Phemie, more and more puzzled by his manner.

"Well, the fact is that my game-keeper has written to say that the corpse of a fox—a fine full-grown male fox—has been discovered

drowned in a piece of water which touches my estate, and that a suspicion has been aroused that this death was not entirely due to natural causes. There is reason to suppose that there must have been foul play."

"Foul play?"

"It is hinted that this may have been some blackguardly piece of revenge on the part of a farmer whose crops have been damaged by foxes; and as the pond in question is situated exactly between the Blushwood estate and that of my neighbour Colonel Ashburn, it becomes a very important question to decide on whose property the deed was done."

"Perhaps the fox committed suicide," suggested Phemie. "He may have been unhappy, you know, or else he may have thought that life was not worth living merely to be killed by your hounds some day."

But Mr Blushwood, who was not the man to see a joke unless it happened to fit into his usual groove of thought, shook his head at the suggestion.

"No," he replied, gravely, "I do not think that is likely. I have never known a fox do such a thing before."

"And so that is why you are going?" asked Phemie, suppressing a slight yawn, and looking round to see whether her father was not yet coming to fetch her, for she was both tired and sleepy, and wanted to go home.

"There is to be an inquest held on the body the day after to-morrow, and all the evidence on both sides has been carefully sifted. It seems that when the corpse was discovered its tail was pointing towards the Blushwood side, which gives the matter rather an ugly look; though, on the other hand, we can prove by alibi that the same fox was seen

the previous evening on Ashburn's territory."

Phemie was finding it more and more difficult to keep up her interest in the subject. Still, by way of saying something civil, she now remarked, "But what good can you do by going down there? You cannot make the fox alive again, you know."

These words abruptly recalled Mr Blushwood to a sense of the reality of the position, from which his mind had perhaps unconsciously wandered.

"Miss Dalrymple! Phemie!" he exclaimed, rapturously, "your words have made me the happiest of men! You wish me to stay! You have only to say the word."

"What do you mean?" asked Phemie, drawing back a step, and wrapping herself so tightly in the white cashmere mantle that only her finger-tips were visible peeping out through the swan's-down trimmings. "I do not at all understand you."

Of course she understood well enough what was coming now; but all young ladies, even the most guileless, have a wonderful gift of obtuseness whenever they do not wish to understand a thing.

"I shall give up my journey, I shall abandon the fox to its fate: never mind what comes of it. I will even take the risk of a slur being cast on my farmers' character if only you bid me stay. For your sake I am ready to make any sacrifice. Only on your account have I stayed on here in town, and missed eleven runs this season. You cannot doubt my affection."

"I am sorry," replied Phemie, coldly, "that you should have lost your sport because of me."

"Do not think I regret it," he persisted eagerly, coming a step nearer, and possessing himself al-

most by force of her right hand, which she had incautiously suffered to peep out from under the hanging folds of the white cloak. "It is well worth the loss of my hunting season if I win you for my wife. The happiness will be all the greater next year when, with you by my side, I reappear in the field. The mere thought is bliss. Mounted on my chestnut mare Lorelei you will be——"

But his phrase was unexpectedly cut short by Phemie, in whose mind the mention of the name Lorelei con-

jured up the vision of another scene analogous to this one, that forenoon at Salzburg, now six months ago, when her fate had been settled to the tune of the Lorelei melody. Wrenching her hand out of his, she exclaimed almost violently—

"Oh no, no, no—not that! Not Lorelei! Indeed, indeed, I could never think of it!"

And as just at this moment Mr Dalrymple reappeared on the scene with his coat buttoned up, there was an end to all further conversation.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE WRONG MAN.

The inquest over the body of the dead fox was not attended by Mr Blushwood, for although Phemie had not bidden him remain, yet he felt as though his fate still hung in the balance. Thinking over the matter as he walked home to his hotel in the growing dawn of the chill March morning, he felt decidedly puzzled at the manner in which she had received his proposal. When she had called out so vehemently, "Not Lorelei! Indeed, indeed, I could never think of it!" it had seemed as though these words had borne more reference to the horse than to his own offer of marriage. Yet what could Miss Dalrymple know of Lorelei and of her qualifications as a lady's mount? Nothing more perfect in the way of temper and paces could well be imagined. Could it—oh, could it be?—horrible thought!—that Miss Dalrymple was a coward on horseback? and that her agitation had been wholly due to terror at the notion of being expected to follow the hounds? "No, I do not believe it," he said to himself, half aloud. "She does not look the sort of girl to funk any fence, however big. There is sometimes a

look in her eye which is not to be mistaken, and I know a thoroughbred when I see it. But, then, if she meant to say yes—and of course she must mean it—why did she not say so at once and be done with it?"

After pondering over this question for several minutes, Mr Blushwood came to the conclusion that the matter was too complex for his own unassisted reason to unravel, and resolved to lay the case before Miss Dalrymple's father to-morrow, or rather to-day—for by the time he had regained the hotel his watch was marking half-past five o'clock. Another half-hour and he was fast asleep, while through his tangled dreams conflicting visions of his lady-love and of murdered foxes contended for the mastery.

Mr Dalrymple, when informed of what had taken place in the cloaking-room of the Bachelors' ball while he had been hunting for his greatcoat, felt considerably provoked. Was it possible that his daughter was turning out a greater fool upon his hands than he had bargained for? and was going to give him no end of trouble just when he had thought himself on the point of getting rid of her

in such a thoroughly satisfactory manner? He questioned himself irately, What did she mean by getting into this state of preposterous agitation every time she received an offer of marriage? for he now recalled how strangely upset she had appeared at Salzburg after that young German baron's proposal. He had been willing enough to excuse her behaviour on that occasion, but this was of course quite a different thing. He felt sure that Mr Blushwood was not the sort of man to stand being played fast and loose with, and it would be infinitely provoking to lose the chance of such an unexceptionable son-in-law merely through a piece of hysterical folly. He must certainly have an explanation with Euphemia—he always spoke of her as Euphemia when he felt displeased—and call her to account for her conduct. But when he saw his daughter again at luncheon next day, and noted how pale she looked, and what an unusually weary expression had come into her eyes, he abruptly changed his mind, and resolved to seek counsel of Lady Lauriston. She, who had so much experience in such matters, would better know how to deal with hysterical damsels.

"Send her over to five-o'clock tea to-morrow afternoon," said that lady, when she had taken in the state of the case, "and make your mind quite easy as to the result, my dear Mr Dalrymple. Depend upon it, that is only a way which some girls have of making themselves precious beforehand, which makes them hang back from speaking the decisive word. Very likely she doesn't know her own mind as yet, but trust me for bringing her to her senses."

But when, on the following afternoon, Lady Lauriston broached the

subject to Phemie, she had to confess herself almost as puzzled by the girl's manner as Mr Blushwood himself had been.

"You are playing a dangerous game, believe me, my dear," said the old lady, when she had replenished Phemie's cup for the second time, and pressed upon her another helping of the excellent home-baked shortbread which had not its equal in Edinburgh.

Phemie, who had seated herself on a low footstool near the fire, and was absently crumbling the piece of shortbread between her fingers without attempting to eat it, now looked up quickly.

"I am not playing any game," she said, a little defiantly.

"Yes; I call that playing," said Lady Lauriston, in a sterner tone of voice than she had hitherto used since the beginning of the conversation. "Any man has a right to a distinct answer from the girl he has asked to marry him, and there is no use in putting off till to-morrow what may as well be settled to-day."

"But I don't want to settle anything."

"It will be all your own fault if he goes away without giving you a second chance," pursued Lady Lauriston, disregarding Phemie's last half-muttered remark.

"Let him go," said Phemie, in the peculiar, quick, breathless fashion which always characterised her whenever she was moved or excited. "Let him go back—to his foxes, by all means. He is welcome to do so!"

"So that is it!" said the old lady, repressing a strong inclination to laugh, now that she had—as she thought—penetrated the motive of Phemie's reluctance. "You are jealous of the foxes, and of the place which they undoubtedly occupy in your suitor's thoughts. I

am certainly bound to confess that Mrs Blushwood of Blushwood will have to put up with a good many red-coated rivals in her husband's affections; but, after all, there is nothing so very dreadful in that, is there? Every man has his hobby, you know, and fox-hunting is surely one of the most healthy and harmless pursuits which a man can have? Would you have preferred, for instance, to hear that he was a drunkard or a gambler?"

"I should not have cared a straw," said Phemie, rather recklessly.

"Phemie!" now exclaimed the old lady, in genuine horror at the girl's audacity; "how can you dare to speak thus of a man whom you intend to marry? It is positively wicked."

Phemie had turned away her head, so that Lady Lauriston could only catch sight of the outline of the cheek and one little pink shell-like ear, as, after a pause, she said slowly and distinctly—

"But I don't intend to marry him. I told him so, and it is not my fault if he didn't understand."

For a full minute there was silence between them, for Lady Lauriston was too utterly taken aback by Phemie's categorical declaration—admitting of neither misconstruction nor mistake—to be able to answer all at once. When at last she did so, it was to plunge into an eloquent enumeration of Mr Blushwood's merits, and of the advantages, direct and indirect, which any girl would enjoy as his wife. "Perhaps he is not exactly what you would call a brilliant man," she wound up her eulogium by saying. "But oh! my dear, when you have lived as long as I have, you will come to see that it is not always the most brilliant men who make the best husbands; and this man I do know for being thoroughly

honest and trustworthy. Why, you might search the three kingdoms without finding such a suitable match."

"I daresay," returned Phemie, a little wearily; "but all the same, I could never become his wife. Indeed, indeed, it is quite impossible!"

"I cannot think what you are waiting for, my dear. Is it perhaps strawberry-leaves you have set your heart upon? Because you are young and bonny, you imagine that you have only to pick and choose among the most eligible men in the country! But that is a mistake. I have seen many bonnier lassies than you miss their fortune from being over-fastidious at first. Depend upon it, you never will have such a chance again. Why, what possible objection can you have to Mr Blushwood?"

Phemie was now gazing intently into the fire, as though seeking to read in the fantastic architecture of the glowing coals the answer to Lady Lauriston's last question.

"It is not that I have any particular objections to him any more than to any other indifferent acquaintance," she now said, slowly, "but only that I do not care for him. He is not the sort of man whom I could ever love."

"And pray, what do you know about love, you silly bairn?" asked the old lady, playfully,—“nothing but what you have learnt out of daft novels, of course. Come, let us hear the description of what your hero is to be like. Something in the Guy Livingstone style, I suppose? or else like one of Ouida's creations, with dark inscrutable eyes and a melting tenor voice?"

"Lady Lauriston!—now you are laughing at me," said Phemie, aggrievedly; "and why will you not believe me when I tell you that I

am in earnest? It is difficult to explain, but surely you must understand that there is all the difference in the world between the wrong man and the right one; and Mr Blushwood just happens to be one of the wrong men, that is all."

In spite of herself, and of her previous foregone conclusion that no girl in her senses could refuse such an unexceptionable offer, Lady Lauriston was beginning to be impressed by the decision and evident earnestness of Phemie's manner. This was no mere hysterical fancy to be lightly dispelled by a few words of judicious counsel, she had to acknowledge; but still, remembering what a sore disappointment it would be to her father if Phemie in truth persisted in refusing Mr Blushwood, she now said tentatively, in answer to the girl's last phrase—

"But supposing the right man, according to your ideas, never comes at all? And pray, tell me by what mysterious signs will you recognise him as such when he does make his appearance?"

Lady Lauriston, who had said these words in the same half-bantering tone in which on her side the latter part of this conversation had been conducted, was not at all prepared for the effect they produced; for suddenly, and without any warning of what was coming, Phemie had covered her face with

both hands and burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"Dear, dear! who would ever have thought of such a thing! Poor bairn!" said the old lady to herself in much consternation, as she bent over the sobbing girl; and presently she said aloud, with an unusual softness of voice—

"Who is it, Phemie, my dear? Will you not tell me? You may trust an old woman with your secret." Then seeing that Phemie only shook her head and went on sobbing the louder, she hastened to add, as a sudden shaft of suspicion shot through her brain—"It is not Ronald Hamilton, I hope? I trust to heaven it is not! Unlucky the girl or the woman who loses her heart to that worthless callant?"

"No—it—is—not Mr Hamilton," Phemie at last managed to gasp between her strangling sobs. All further questions on the old lady's part were, however, baffled by Phemie's gently passive resistance, for neither persuasion nor coaxing could induce her to pronounce the name that was locked up so securely in her heart. On one point only was she explicit—namely, as to her firm resolution not to marry Mr Blushwood. This was all that Lady Lauriston had succeeded in finding out, and with this she had to rest content for the present.

CHAPTER XXIV.—P.S. AND P.P.S.

That burst of tears which had so puzzled Lady Lauriston had, however, enabled Phemie to see daylight in her own heart at last. It was like the tearing away of a veil, the uplifting of a mist which had been hiding away from view something which until now she had not dared to acknowledge even to her-

self. Now at last she knew that she loved Leo Wolfsberg, even though he was a foreigner, and despite the circumstance that she had only spoken to him twice altogether. Hardly, indeed, was she aware of this latter fact; for, recalling the words that had passed between them on those two occa-

sions, it seemed to her as if she knew him quite well, as if she had known him all along, and as though he knew and understood her far better than any Mr Blushwood could have done, even had she spent twenty years by his side. For one of the characteristics of a deep and absorbing affection is its utter incapacity to realise what has been before its birth. He was a foreigner, it is true, and spoke her tongue not much better than she did his own; yet what matters that, when the souls speak the self-same language, and one glance interchanged says more than pages of the most fluent rhetoric?

Bitterly Phemie now upbraided herself for the cowardice which had made her keep silence at Salzburg. Why had she at the very first word of discouragement that had fallen from her father's lips suffered herself to be cowed back into passivity? Why had she not boldly proclaimed her secret, even at the risk of being ridiculed and misunderstood? Why had she suffered Leo to go away without knowing that his words had found an echo in her heart? Why, even just now, when surprised into that sudden fit of emotion in Lady Lauriston's presence, had she not made of the kind old lady her confidant? Had she done so, who knows whether even now some ray of sunshine might not have been forthcoming! Why, indeed, had she kept silence but for that senseless instinct which often makes us hide away and belie that which is filling our whole being, even though well aware that concealment means death to our hopes? Had her lips not remained so absolutely sealed during the last six months, who knows how differently things might not have turned out! How right Leo Wolfsberg had been when he had said to her that day in the Aigen churchyard, that English people

were in the habit of locking up their hearts and losing the key! That is just what she had done. "And now it is too late, and it is all my own fault," said Phemie to herself, as she sat up alone that evening in her bedroom, long after Chrissy had gone to sleep. "He will never know that I loved him, and in a few weeks he will have taken the vows that bind him to remain single for ever."

She opened her desk and drew out a letter that had been lying there unanswered for several days. It was from Baroness Gabelstein, the only person who from time to time kept her informed of the sayings and doings of the little Salzburg world. Chrissy had, it is true, written on two different occasions to Rudi Giffingen, but to neither of these missives had there come any reply; whereas Baroness Gabelstein was an excellent correspondent, for it was one of that lady's principles never to let herself lose sight of any advantageous acquaintance, for, as she sagely said to herself, one never could tell what might turn up in the future—and in view of all the possible chances which might come about, the outlay of a few florins yearly in postage to distant acquaintances was a very safe investment.

The present letter, after giving a lively description of the Salzburg carnival, and of the skating and sleighing parties which had been the principal features of the season, contained the following passage relating to the two Wolfsberg cousins:—

"Poldi Wolfsberg's engagement to Riki Giffingen is not yet declared, but he cannot well hang back much longer after the undisguised attention that he has been paying to her throughout the carnival, although I verily believe that he had no other object in doing so but to spite his colonel, who, it is rumoured, has

already twice proposed to, and been refused by, Gold Riki. It certainly is high time that somebody at Salzburg should marry, for it is quite three years since there has been a wedding in the fashionable society. Every man seems to have been proposing to the wrong girl this long time past, which reminds me of the elder cousin Wolfsberg, who had not the fortune to please you last summer. He has not been seen here since autumn, and I hear that the ceremony of his entrance into the Teutonic Order is fixed for the 18th. . . ."

The 18th! and they were now at the 6th of March. In less than a fortnight he would have pronounced the words which could never be unsaid again. As yet, indeed, he was free—free to draw back and to take a wife; but what availed that freedom, since he never would know that she meanwhile at the other end of Europe was breaking her heart for his sake? Oh why did he not guess it? Why has not love the power of an electric spark to fly through space and carry conviction with it more swiftly and surely than a telegraphic message?

"And yet how strange it is to think that I might even now, if I chose, send him a message! It only takes four days for a letter to go from Scotland to Austria. Four days there and four days back again. In little more than a week I could have an answer. What prevents me from writing? Nothing but my own self. I have read over and over again in novels of heroines who do that sort of thing. They always do it in the third volume, when the hero has lost his fortune and dares not propose. But I am not a heroine, and my life is not a novel, but only sad, serious, stern reality, and I never,

never could do it—no, not even if I know that I am to be wretched for the rest of my life."

Phemie pushed away the letter and sprang up from her chair, but after having paced up and down the room for several minutes with agitated steps, she sat down again at the writing-table and carefully selected a pen.

"After all, there can be no harm in replying to Baroness Gabelstein's letter to-night," she said half aloud, as though to excuse her action in her own eyes. "I am not at all sleepy yet, and during the daytime I have so seldom time to write."

At the end of half an hour Phemie had filled three pages and a half with an account of their life during the last few weeks, written in tolerably correct German, for she had now acquired considerable proficiency in that language, and had particularly requested Baroness Gabelstein never to write to her in English. The letter itself contained no allusion to Leo Wolfsberg, but after signing her name on the middle of the last page, there remained still a space large enough whereon to place the following postscript:—

"*P.S.*—On reading over your letter again, I see that I have forgotten to allude to some of the news you give. Please let me know when Riki Giffingen's engagement is announced, as I should like to write and wish her happiness in her marriage with Baron Wolfsberg—and also about the other Baron Wolfsberg—the elder one, I mean, who is going to become a German knight. If you happen to see him before he has taken the vows, will you tell him from me that I wish him happiness as well in the life he has chosen?"

Phemie read this postscript three

or four times over, without exactly being able to make up her mind as to whether it would do; for it seemed to her alternately that she had said either too much or too little in it. Finally, she decided upon adding a second postscript to the first one, and accordingly wrote—

“*P.P.S.*—Of course my message to Baron Wolfsberg is of no real importance, so do not take the trouble to write to him expressly on account of that, but only if you are writing at any rate, or

should you happen to see him. In that case, will you please not forget to give my message.”

Phemie did not trust herself to read over this second postscript, in which she was fearful of discovering that it might either have had the effect of neutralising or else of unduly enforcing the latent meaning contained in the first one. So, hastily folding up the letter, she sealed and addressed it without drawing breath, then locked it away securely in her desk, as though it had been some guilty thing.

CHAPTER XXV.—NOVITIATE.

The letter, which had by Phemie's own trembling fingers been posted at a pillar in Princes Street on a mild, dull, foggy morning, found Salzburg still buried in ice and snow.

Baroness Gabelstein had just donned her fur cloak to go out to the ice—for skating had lasted unusually late this year, and the lake at Leopoldskron was the very best place for meeting one's acquaintances—when the letter, bearing an English postage-stamp, was put into her hand; so, stuffing it into her pocket, for she had no time to open it just then, she put off its perusal till later in the day, and presently had forgotten all about it.

There were not many skaters on the lake to-day, for a small driving sleet, which probably would turn to rain by-and-by, had prevented all but the most enthusiastic ice-lovers from coming; but the three Giffingen girls were there, as well as Captain Immhausen and his wife, who, of course, never skated but with each other; and there were also Colonel Farkas and his handsome aide-de-camp Poldi Wolfsberg.

It was rather chilly work for the

non-skaters looking on at the not very animated scene, and Baroness Gabelstein almost thought she had been unwise in coming out there to so little purpose, especially when a violent fit of sneezing aroused her to the consciousness that this was undoubtedly the very best place for catching one of the bad colds to which she was unfortunately subject. But that fit of sneezing necessitated the use of her pocket-handkerchief, and in pulling it out, the letter, which had been stuffed in alongside, fell out unperceived, face downwards, upon the ice. And perhaps it might have lain there unnoticed and forgotten, for the colour of the paper almost matched the dirty white of the snow-coated ice, and in another ten minutes it must infallibly have been hidden away under a fresh layer of snow, had not at that very moment Colonel Farkas chanced to come skating that way. Seeing that there was no chance of securing a *tête-à-tête* with the object of his affections, who continued to be more than ever engrossed by his fascinating rival, the Colonel had resolved to take off his skates and go home, and for the

ninety-ninth time at least he vowed to himself that nothing on earth should induce him to pursue his fickle charmer any more. Then, just as he was about to gain the landing-place, his eye happened to fall on the narrow white envelope lying near the bench where was seated Baroness Gabelstein. He stooped to pick it up, and then having turned it over and read the address on the other side, he handed it to its rightful possessor. Five minutes later he had completely forgotten this little incident as he walked back to town through the Neuthor in an unusually surly frame of mind.

And yet how strange are the ways in which our destiny is sometimes accomplished! If Colonel Farkas had but known it, in picking up that letter from the ice he was in reality picking up his own fate. But for that seemingly trifling action, poor Phemie's letter, which had been written with such painful trepidation, would have remained unread and unanswered, and the lives of four persons—perhaps five—would have taken a different direction.

As there was nobody in particular to talk to, Baroness Gabelstein, oblivious of the cold which she would in all likelihood catch by her imprudence, sat down again on the bench and opened Phemie's letter. When she had read to the end of the second postscript her eyes lighted up with sudden animation. "So there was something serious in it, after all!" she said to herself. "Why, then, did the silly girl go and refuse him last summer? And now it is too late, I suppose, for the day of his being knighted is already fixed, I believe.—Baron Wolfsberg! Baron Wolfsberg!" she now called out aloud to Poldi, who was passing at no very great distance, skating hand in hand with Riki Giffingen.

"Can you come here a moment? I have something to say to you." Then, when the young man, deserting his fair partner, had drawn near, she continued—

"Have you heard from your cousin lately? and has any day been yet fixed for the ceremony of his *Ritterschlag*?"

"I had a letter yesterday. The ceremony is to be on Tuesday week, he writes. Lucky fellow!" concluded Poldi, with a half sigh. "Within a year he will be in possession of a comfortable income, and he never again need be afraid of falling into a matrimonial trap."

"But he was very nearly parting with his liberty last summer," said Baroness Gabelstein, significantly.

"More fool he! I cannot think what made him lose his head in that preposterous fashion, so very unlike his usual calmness. He may thank his stars that it all came to nothing."

"Then you think he is glad of it?—that he never was seriously smitten?"

"Oh, serious enough, if it comes to that: everything about Leo is serious from top to toe. But he is such a peculiar fellow that one never knows exactly what he is thinking, and as he has never alluded to the subject since, I cannot pretend to say what retrospective view he now takes of the case."

"Are you going up to Vienna to assist at the ceremony when your cousin takes the vows?"

"Well, hardly, I think. Leo will get on well enough without my brotherly assistance and support. He is scarcely likely to swoon away from emotion in the church, or to require being plied with brandy to give him courage sufficient to pronounce the awful vows. To be sure, my colonel was kind enough to suggest that I might like to be present, and warmly pressed upon

me the leave of absence which I never asked him for. He is just a little too anxious to get rid of me for a day or two, and precisely on that account I am resolved to stay here."

"I suppose Comtesse Riki has refused her permission. That is why you dare not go," laughed the Baroness. "Quite right. If I were in her place, I certainly would not let such a slippery customer out of my sight for a single day if I could help it."

"Not so fast, Baroness, if you please. You are jumping to conclusions in a most unwarrantable fashion. As yet I have given no lady the right to control my movements."

"Not actually, perhaps; but after making a girl so conspicuous by your attentions, you can hardly well consider yourself free any longer. You will have to accept your chains sooner or later, you know."

"Who knows! There is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, and there is no use in counting chickens which may never be hatched. These are the sort of nice comfortable proverbs I like best. They serve to keep up a poor man's courage under the most trying combination of circumstances."

"I am afraid you are incorrigible, and there is no use wasting good advice upon such an irreclaimable flirt. But have you no message to give to your cousin? I shall probably be seeing him soon."

"You are going to Vienna, Baroness?"

"Yes: I was thinking of making a run there this week. You see, Princess Regenbach is in search of a cook, and she would take it as a great favour if I were to see with my own eyes the persons that have applied for the situation. She has great confidence in my judgment, and five minutes' conversation is so

much more satisfactory than pages of written description. And then, when I am about it, I can order the new spring toilets that Countess Giffingen wants for her daughters, and see about the perambulator for Frau von Rothhahn's little boy, and about a dozen other things besides. I should, at any rate, have had to go before Easter, so it is best to go now and have done with it. Then you really have no message for Leo?"

"Only my best wishes for the auspicious occasion, and tell him that I consider him an extremely lucky fellow, and that I heartily wish I were in his shoes instead of in my own," returned Poldi, laughingly, as he took leave of the Baroness and flew off to rejoin the slender blue figure that had been hovering with ill-concealed impatience at no great distance from the edge of the lake.

The rules of the Teutonic Order demand that each aspirant, before being promoted to the dignity of a knight, should pass through a certain time of probation—his novitiate, as it is called, though the word sounds strangely inappropriate when used in connection with the gay young rakes and dashing cavalry officers whose religious vocation chiefly consists in an ardent desire to refill their empty purses. But in order to do this it is incumbent upon them to conform—in appearance at least—to the statutes which prescribe that a period of several weeks should be spent by the neophyte in prayer and penance. He must withdraw for a time from the frivolous amusements of the world, and within the sombre walls of the old building which in Vienna still goes by the name of the German Home spend lengthy hours in meditation over past errors and in forming good resolutions for the future.

It is, however, greatly to be feared that most of the devotions practised in the shade of these venerable walls would not bear close analysis; and were those pious men who founded this illustrious Order in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, for the purpose of defending the Holy Sepulchre and ministering to the wants of wounded German Crusaders, to rise suddenly from the grave and resume the government of the Order, they would be doubtless sorely puzzled and amazed on realising how strangely their institution had lapsed from its original signification.

No such startling anachronism would, however, have been found in either appearance or thoughts of the youngest novice just undergoing his term of probation; for, as people often remarked of Leo Wolfsberg, he was by nature far better suited to have lived in the chivalrous age when simple faith and enthusiastic loyalty were the order of the day, than in these prosaic times of cold-blooded realism and cynical egotism.

Of what are his thoughts as he sits there this morning in the little chapel of the German House? For this is the hour which, according to the rules, is to be spent by the neophyte in solemn meditation. Is he thinking, perhaps, of his dead bride Melitta, whose portrait he still wears on his heart? or else of that other living girl to whom on a sudden unaccountable impulse he had offered his hand and his heart but a few months ago? That short fleeting dream he regarded as irrevocably closed—so at least he thought. Yet, more than he himself was aware of, did the face of that young English girl haunt his dreams both sleeping and waking; while ever and anon, by a strange trick of fancy, the Latin words in the Prayer-book which he held in his

hand would resolve themselves into the wholly absurd and preposterous phrase: "*Willst Du mit mir tanzen?*"

Had Mr Dalrymple's refusal not been worded in such very positive words, admitting of neither doubt nor misconstruction, Leo Wolfsberg would not have hesitated to try his luck again; but, regard it in whatever light he would, he was forced to confess that there remained not the tiniest peg on which to hang his hopes of a more favourable view being taken of a second proposal. As he had said before to Baroness Gabelstein, nothing could alter or undo the fact of his foreign birth: that was apparently the sole obstacle to his marriage with Euphemia Dalrymple, but it was an insurmountable one.

The idea that Phemie herself had conceived for him a strong and earnest attachment hardly even occurred to his mind. She was so young and timid, so shrinking and girlish, he thought with regretful tenderness, that of course she had suffered herself to be guided solely by her father's wishes in this case, just as she would be likewise ready and willing, no doubt, to accept as husband at his hands any other man whom he happened to consider eligible. This was only natural and fitting, thought Leo, who, being a German, would have had some difficulty in realising that the degrees of submission to parental authority are entirely a question of latitude and longitude; and that, therefore, many a girl who in Germany would doubtless be branded as a Goneril or a Regan, would in England pass muster as a fairly good Cordelia.

A voice now broke in upon his meditations to say that a lady outside desired to speak to him.

A lady! Why should such a simple announcement send the

blood all rushing to his heart in such tumultuous fashion? Only, of course, because of the train of thought which had been abruptly cut short by this summons. In the next minute he felt ashamed of his own folly, as in the visitor awaiting him in the stranger's room he recognised Baroness Gabelstein.

The Baroness, who had failed to find Leo at his hotel, had only come here, it seemed, in order to deliver cousinly greetings from Poldi, and warm congratulations on the subject of the impending ceremony next week.

"Uncommonly kind of Poldi, to be sure—most unusually so," reflected Leo, feeling slightly puzzled, and perhaps just a little disappointed, on learning the lady's errand. Was it only for this that she had taken the trouble to call at the German House?

After a few minutes' conversation of a general nature, the Baroness half rose from her chair, with a movement suggesting departure, then sat down again abruptly.

"By the by," she said, as with an afterthought, "I was very nearly forgetting a message I have been charged to deliver to you."

"A message? From whom?"

"From a lady—a young lady. Can you not guess who it is?"

Then seeing that he attempted no answer, she drew the letter from her pocket.

"There now! Do not pretend to say that you do not know the handwriting."

Leo had never seen the handwriting before, but he saw that it was unlike a German hand, and that the envelope bore a foreign stamp. His heart began to beat faster.

"What does she say?" he asked, slowly, making no attempt to disguise his emotion.

"There! read for yourself," said the Baroness, tossing him the letter, and rising now in earnest to go; "and you may keep the letter, too, if you choose, for I have no further use for it at present—and if by any chance you should care to answer it yourself, you will find the address on the first page."

THE GREAT UNCLAIMED.

IF there is any subject in which the "mind of the many" can be said to exhibit a more unconscionable interest than another, thereby affording the psychological specialist unusual opportunities for study, it is that of unclaimed money, with all its pathos, its romance, and — bunkum! For many years past the mere thought of the "great unclaimed" languishing in durance vile "unknown," without heirs or owners, has painfully tantalised many otherwise happy and contented persons. Men and women have been known to go mad (our asylums are full of them) because of their fruitless quest after moneys that, for them at least, never had any existence, save in imagination or on paper. An old man, for instance, kept calling for many years at a well-known banking establishment asking to be paid certain moneys which, he declared, were left him by a deceased relative. Of course it was all a delusion, but the poor fellow would never take any denial or rebuff, and would retire consoling himself with the imagination that, as the rate of interest was compound, the capital was every day growing more and more! Yet who has not some interest in the question of unclaimed money, especially if, as has been quite seriously suggested, there is—nay, there must be—a veritable Treasure Island undiscovered, a "mine of Golconda" unexplored in almost every commercial community throughout the length and breadth of the country, not to speak of the vast stores of wealth—the accumulations of many years—"banked up" in such reservoirs as the Bank of England, Chancery, and the department of the National

Debt Commissioners? In fact, an opinion has been affirmed that if all the mass of moneys presently lying unclaimed, and, so far, inoperative, in the hands of bankers in the United Kingdom alone could, by some means or other, be put into circulation, such a momentum would be given to the trade of the world as has never before been experienced. By the receipt of the streams of gold thus set free the stagnant pools of commerce would, in many departments, begin to flow with a fresh life and vigour, making the wildernesses to blossom as the rose, and the waste places to shout with exceeding joy! But even were it possible to conceive of such a flood-tide of fortune being suddenly set free to flush the channel-ways of trade and commerce, the result would, it is feared, be grievously disappointing to many persons. Expecting the "spate," when nothing more than a dew-fall comes in answer to their petitions, how they would rail at the gods! Let us, however, look into the subject fairly and without prejudice, and in the first place admit that there are, as every experienced banker knows, not a few valid reasons why the moneys of their customers do sometimes fall under the category of the "great unclaimed." A few of these reasons may be enumerated and considered:—

First, *The money, or deposit, is absolutely forgotten by owner.*

It might well be supposed that money is one of the last things about which the memory of ordinary people should become oblivious. In these times especially, the experience is perhaps

too much the other way. And yet, in every one of the four or five thousand banks (inclusive, of course, of branches) doing business throughout the United Kingdom at the present time, it has been estimated that there are not a few depositors whose balances are either "dormant" or "unclaimed" from this cause alone. In some instances the number must obviously be much larger than in others, but the fact is enough, surely, to indicate the existence of an enviable idiosyncrasy with respect to money matters in the minds of hundreds of persons, and in spite of many incentives to concern themselves therewith! Not long ago an old and apparently poor woman, who had become incapable by reason of infirmity of caring for herself, was removed to the workhouse. On entering one of the dormitories, she was handed over to the care of a female warder to have a necessary change of clothing. Her old garments—filthy rags—were about to be destroyed, when the attention of the warder was drawn to a crumpled paper of some kind sewn up within the folds of a gown. With a tuition born probably of experience, the attendant, on ripping up the garment, found a deposit-receipt for one hundred pounds in the name of the new inmate, and dated twenty-five years previously! With a sublime disregard for her possessions, the poor woman declared she remembered nothing about the receipt, and, in fact, almost disowned it. There can be little doubt but that in this case the money was absolutely forgotten, even though it was apparently carefully concealed.

Second, *Owner of money dead: receipt lost or destroyed, and money unknown to next of kin.*

Were it possible to obtain statistics bearing on this "reason,"

it would most likely be found that by far the larger portion of moneys "unclaimed" are in this position because of the death of the original owners and the consequent loss of the vouchers, or from the fact that the existence of the deposits is unknown to the next-of-kin. It is the everyday experience of bankers to have inquiries addressed to them by relatives of deceased persons as to the *probability* of deposits being at credit: for it is strange that, invariably almost, the inquiries assume there are funds! Every banker is familiar with them, sometimes too much so. Occasionally the inquiries do actually lead to the discovery of what is, in a sense, "found money" to the relatives of deceased depositors, but far more frequently they lead to nothing, and of course there is the inevitable disappointment. "The money *must* be here: we know that our friend has been seen to enter the office!" is often the answer the patient official gets when the search has resulted in *nil*. And because a man has been seen once or twice to enter the door of a bank, he must, forsooth, have left a pile in its coffers! Such is by no means an uncommon notion on the part of the relatives of deceased persons, in whose affairs they have suddenly developed a really affectionate interest! An amusing incident in illustration of this amiable concern happened some time since, in the office of a public bank, where it has been the practice for some years to advertise from time to time for lapsed depositors having pretty considerable balances at their credit. One of these depositors was a lady—a spinster—whom the bank officials thought to be dead. A few days after the advertisement appeared, however,

she walked into the bank and presented her receipt for re-indorsement and the addition of arrears of interest. Receiving back her voucher, she promised not to be so long again in returning to the bank, and then took her leave. She had not long left the premises when a young woman stepped forward to the counter, and declared with some degree of pride that she was a niece of the person advertised for, whom she now called to represent, believing honestly her relative was dead, as she had not heard of her for a long time. "What do you want to know?" cautiously inquired the official. "Oh, how much money my aunt has left me," replied the young woman. "I can't very well tell you that," said the banker; "but if you take the trouble to call at No. — — — Street" (giving the aunt's address), "you will see somebody there who can tell you how much she is likely to leave you *when she is done with it!*" Surmising the truth, that her aunt was alive and able to look after her money matters herself, the next-of-kin left the bank with some precipitancy.

Third, *Owner living, but has lost receipt and actually thinks the deposit is forfeited.*

It will scarcely be credited, but such actually is a not uncommon reason why money becomes unclaimed in the hands of bankers. Of course it applies to a very restricted class of persons, to whom the penalty sometimes attached to the losing of a deposit-voucher appears to be more formidable and annoying than it really is, and so becoming indifferent after a time, they grow into the belief that they have forfeited their right to their money!

Fourth, *Owner keeping money as*

a provision for the inevitable "rainy day," but that emergency, if it ever has actually occurred, not having required that the money should be uplifted as anticipated, owner permits the money to lie dormant, and eventually forgets about it.

Fifth, *Owner abroad, or removed from locality where the money is deposited.*

Sixth, *Owner has deposited money against sickness, or perhaps to provide for funeral expenses, and religiously leaves it untouched.*

Seventh, *Legal dispute between owner and other persons places an embargo on the money, pending a settlement of the dispute, which perhaps is not arrived at till after many years.*

How suggestive does the term "In Chancery" seem in this connection! Of the tides of fortune that are ever emptying themselves into that Niagara of gold, as Chancery may not inaptly be described, perhaps the most important, at any rate the most interesting from a humanitarian point of view, is that whose waters have been troubled by legal imbroglios. Indeed here rests, undisturbed and dormant in the most literal sense possible, as much money, "embargo'd" from this cause alone, as could, were it conceivable to apply it to such a purpose, wipe out the National Debt of England, and leave the Chancellor of the Exchequer a few millions sterling as a surplus! But, of course, it cannot be said on any pretext whatever that all money thus at the bottom of the sea, so to speak, in Chancery, comes under the category of the "great unclaimed." As a matter of fact, many and strange are the quests thereafter that are being made from day to day without cessation. Some of the "seekers"

do now and again succeed in attaining the "golden goal" after much weary and heart-breaking effort, though many more find at last that they have only been in pursuit of a phantom, about which they never had the least right to concern themselves. Still, the amount of money dormant or unclaimed, because in dispute, not only in Chancery, but in many of the banks and similar establishments throughout the country, must at the present date have reached a truly fabulous figure.

Eighth, Owner gets married, and has some private reason for concealing the fact of having money in bank, and therefore leaves it untouched.

Certainly the ways of some people with their money are past finding out! Few persons might be disposed to believe that money should become dormant for the foregoing reason; and yet what banker is there in the United Kingdom who, from his own professional knowledge of his customers, will not readily indorse it as sound, and as accounting for not a few balances in his ledger that have remained "unclaimed" for years? A knowledge of human nature and its strange idiosyncrasies, in at least everyday concerns, may be as readily acquired, perhaps more readily, at the banker's counter as at any other place of public resort.

Ninth, Money has been lodged by friend or relative of owner unknown to the latter; friend or relative dies; receipt not found, or destroyed or withheld.

Tenth, Owner wilfully neglects, though perhaps does not forget money, by reason of some strange idiosyncrasy in money matters.

Eleventh, Owner having left no next of kin or executor, the money

remains in bank indefinitely, unless the Crown authorities happen to get wind of the fact and authorises its transfer to their keeping as ultimus hæres.

In these matters, however, the banks keep their own secrets; besides, such *ownerless* moneys are every whit as safe in their custody as lying dormant in the hands of the Exchequer.

Such are some of the reasons that lead to moneys coming every day within the category of the "great unclaimed." It is hardly possible there can be many other equally good reasons besides those enumerated: if so, then such moneys cannot be very "canny"—i.e., to use an expressive Scottishism, "the deil has finger'd the stuff!" But there are two questions suggested by the consideration of the subject from a popular point of view. *First*, Is it possible to arrive at any approximation of the total amount of unclaimed money, say, in this country alone? And if so, what may that amount be? *Secondly*, Ought anything to be done by Act of Parliament to ascertain the facts, as far as possible, *pro bono publico*, or at least for the benefit of whom it may concern? As to the first question, no trustworthy data indicating an estimate of the amount is available at the present time. It is quite possible, of course, to guess and even to come within a few millions of the actual figures, but surely it can serve no good purpose to attempt this. As a matter of fact it has sometimes been done, but the bases of calculation being generally of an unsubstantial and therefore unreliable character, the conclusions arrived at are practically of no value whatever. Speaking broadly, however, and making the most liberal allowance for moneys lying dormant and

unclaimed in the most out-of-the-way places, the amount of the "great unclaimed" in the United Kingdom alone is nothing in comparison to what it has often been guessed at.

One or two ascertained facts will so far bear out this opinion. For instance, when the City of Glasgow Bank failed some years ago, it was found on its affairs being wound up that the gross amount of deposits remaining unclaimed did not exceed 5s. per cent, or £25,000! At the date of its stoppage the bank's liabilities in respect of deposits were about £12,000,000 sterling, so that this £25,000 was—in the very special circumstances of a bank whose disastrous stoppage was known, immediately on that event happening, throughout the entire civilised world—a very small item of unclaimed money in proportion to the magnitude of the bank's business and the number of its depositors. At the present time, the amount of the public deposits in all the banks in the United Kingdom, including the Savings Banks, may be quoted at from £650,000,000 to £700,000,000. Assuming for argument's sake that the apparent causes that lead to moneys becoming unclaimed are somewhat more general now than they were even ten or twenty years ago, and that 7s. 6d. per £100 is perhaps nearer the amount in that position than it was then, it will be seen that about £2,250,000 or £2,500,000 may be fairly taken as the sum of the "great unclaimed" in the banking institutions in this country at the present day. Of course there are also other commercial concerns where moneys lodged get into this undesirable condition (undesirable, that is, in the sense that the great bulk of unclaimed money is, just because of its

dormancy, unavailable for the purposes of trade and commerce); but until Parliament compels all banking institutions and places of public deposit to publish periodical returns on the subject, and to take such steps as might lead to the owners of unclaimed moneys or their representatives being found, it will be quite impossible to ascertain with any satisfactory degree of accuracy what the amount of such moneys actually is, and how distributed in the hands of its custodiers. And this brings us to the second question, Ought Parliament to take any action in the matter? Most emphatically, Yes!

In America the citizens are not, and are not likely ever to be, tantalised by visions of unclaimed money, in amount "beyond the dreams of avarice," such as do vex the people of this country, for the simple reason that a wise Act of Legislature, which was passed about twenty years ago, made it practically impossible for dormant or unclaimed moneys to grow to any extent. That Act provided, among other things, that "public notification be made once in five years of the names of the parties interested in the dormant moneys, with their last known residence, and of the sums held over and above the amount of interest allowed." By this simple expedient the rightful owners to dormant moneys *in danger of being lost to them* are easily traced; and thus it is that in the American States, and in France also (for there, too, the same common-sense practice prevails), the "great unclaimed," as popularly understood here, is a term that has little or no significance for the peoples of those countries, who are therefore blissfully free from the "snare and delusion" that so often belong to it!

IN MITYLENE WITH THE LATE SIR CHARLES NEWTON.

A RAMBLE IN THE INTERIOR.

THE late lamented death of this distinguished archæologist brought to my mind the recollections of a short tour we had together, during which we met with many and curious adventures. We lived and slept in Turkish and Greek houses, and travelled through an almost unknown district—Mitylene being then, as now, almost entirely out of the beaten track of the European globe-trotter. Mr Newton's position as vice-consul, and the friends he made, equally with Greek and Moslem, enabled us to get behind the scenes of their domestic life; and although it is now many years ago, the events are as fresh as if they had occurred only yesterday. I was also much indebted to his knowledge of modern Greek for information about the history and antiquities of the island, and his searching and acute eye discovered many strange things which might have passed unheeded by ourselves. When I can say that in the short space of a week one of us was taken for a prince, and received as such; that then we appeared as a band of robbers; that we saw a veritable drama in a Turkish court of justice, which might to-morrow be acted on the stage; and that we slept in a Turkish house close to the jealously guarded harem,—I think I need offer no further apology for these pages, especially as they throw a side-light on the question, then as now disturbing Europe, as to the difficulties of harmonising Turkish rule with a Christian population.

We had been for some days storm-bound at Assos, just opposite Mitylene, having left Con-

stantinople some weeks before to make a riding tour through those parts of Asia Minor which extend from Broussa through the Troad to Assos.

Our party consisted of a German gentleman, whom I had met on the Danube, and a Turkish servant, who spoke German, and thus was able to act as interpreter. We had determined to rough it, for the sake of economy and other reasons, and found ourselves accommodated in both respects to the utmost of our desires; for our fare was Spartan but most healthy, and only for our sleeping accommodation we should have enjoyed ourselves in every way. Our beds, however, were beyond description. We usually lodged in stables with a raised platform, with a fireplace at the end, with cows, horses, and buffaloes as our neighbours. The animals were company; but we could have dispensed with the hordes of insects which seemed to accompany them, and which are the traveller's bane in Turkey, and our nights, although lively, were most exhausting, and it required all the fresh air of the days, the lovely climate, and the beautiful scenery of the Sea of Marmora, to make us forget them. Our best lodging was at a barber's shop, from which, however, we were evicted early to make room for customers coming for an early shave; our worst one was here at Assos, and we felt it more, as it was amid the remains of a past civilisation—amid the ruins of palaces, temples, baths, and private dwellings, mostly of white marble, and which looked as new and

clean cut as though they had only been tumbled over by an earthquake the month before.

Our dwelling here was again over a stable, fortunately without animals, but also without windows or a door that would close. There were holes with shutters, and a huge chimney through which the rain descended in pailfuls, so that we could not have a fire, while the wind through the openings was so violent that we could not light a candle, and had to sit in melancholy darkness, without fire or light, and only able to comfort ourselves with our pipes, trying to make ourselves heard amid the roar of the thunder and the howling of the storm.

After some hours, when it had abated a little, we were able to light a fire and procure some provisions: a very ancient chicken—just killed—some large purple grapes as fine and sweet as our hothouse ones at half-a-guinea a pound, which cost us a few pence for a large wooden bowl full, and some milk for our coffee, which we brought with us, and slept better than usual on our Turkish cloaks, with our saddles for pillows, fatigue for a sleeping-draught, and the absence of our usual insect companions, who probably found the hut too cold and uncomfortable for a permanent residence.

The next day we shot partridges, flushing them from under marble columns and beautifully carved capitals; explored the cyclopean walls and lofty Acropolis of Assos with a new interest, as we remembered that some 1800 years ago St Paul was possibly walking where we wandered now, but amid the crowd and bustle of the once great city, which counted its inhabitants by thousands, and was one of the most beautiful of the Greek cities of Asia Minor, and among the

most civilised and splendid of the ancient world.

We had some difficulty next day in persuading the sailors, who dwelt lower down near the harbour, to take us across to Mitylene. They did not seem to have much of the daring of their ancestors, or perhaps we were ignorant of the dangers of the coast: however, towards evening they started with us, and, after a rough passage, landed us in a small bay some miles north of the town of Mitylene, and not far from the little town of Mandamna, where we were put up for the night in much more comfortable quarters than our last ones. We were lodged in a beautifully clean house, where we sat on a raised divan which extended all round the room like the Turkish ones, the floor being apparently bee's-waxed and polished, and covered with small carpets and rugs. In the corners were handsome carved cupboards filled with china. It was our first experience of a Greek house, and contrasted considerably with that in Turkey, as did also the manners and customs of our host and his friends with those of the water-drinking Turks. The entire inhabitants of the place crowded into the room to see the new arrivals; bottles of rakee, a very potent spirit, were produced, and the glasses were filled and emptied during what seemed to us, who were tired and hungry, a most interminable time. Our visitors were the most seasoned vessels I had come across in my travels. They disposed of several bottles of strong rakee in a most methodical and business-like manner, and then walked straight out of the room in a way that did credit to their heads and understanding. Our dinner was next served, and consisted of poached eggs swimming in oil, and rye-

bread, but all served up exquisitely clean, and we enjoyed a night's sleep such as we had not had since we were at the vice-consul's at the Dardanelles.

The next morning we started for Mitylene with as many horses and mules as we could procure, and with the very smallest boy I ever saw in my life in the shape of a guide. He was surrounded by all his friends and relatives, who invested him in several large-sized men's jackets, and then mounted him on a tall horse, where he looked to the life like the picture of David Copperfield in Mr Dick's clothes. Our way was rough, but romantic, roads being then, as they possibly are now, a rare luxury in the Levant. Sometimes we rode through the dried-up bed of a stream, where our horses skated and slipped, but never fell. The horses in the East, being shod with a thin plate of iron over the entire hoof, and being always allowed to take care of themselves, are much safer than ours, who are held up, and whose frogs are exposed. Sometimes we forded a river shaded by beautiful chestnut-trees, then through olive-gardens and vineyards, until we approached the town, whose tall castle, overshadowed by mountains, was romantic and beautiful enough to be the birthplace of the poetess Sappho.

Although it was late in November, the air was mild and balmy as a fine June day at home. The vines, olives, myrtle, and arbutus, and innumerable other evergreen shrubs and trees, which grew down to the shore, where they mingled with the calm sunny blue of the *Ægean*, completed the illusion, and we could scarcely believe that we were near the middle of winter.

While looking at the view, I was accosted by a Greek, who, to my astonishment, addressed us in good

English, "Shall I get your passports vised, gentlemen? I am the dragoman to Mr Newton, the English consul."

I gladly gave them to him, as it would save us a great deal of trouble. He was a small, thin, wiry, cunning-looking fellow, not dressed in uniform, but in the hideous dress of the country, common to all Greece except Athens, where they wear the beautiful Albanian costume. He wore a blue jacket, blue braided waist coat, ballooning trousers fastened tight at the ankles, and a red fez cap. His manner was familiar, but after he had read the passports I saw a sudden change come over him; he addressed me most obsequiously, evidently as the owner of the English passport—

"If your Excellency will ride into the town, I will go on before and inform Mr Newton of the arrival of your Royal Highness!"

I was rather taken by surprise for a few moments, but knowing that English milords were still believed in abroad, and thinking that our servant had perhaps given an exaggerated account of us, I took no further notice of the matter, and we rode on quietly, while he hurried on at a rapid pace before us.

Our short stay in Asia Minor had given us a decidedly picturesque and somewhat brigand-like appearance. First of all rode our Turkish servant Yacob, who was the cavass belonging to the German Minister of the Hanse Towns at Constantinople, who had kindly lent us his services as he could speak German, and had accompanied his master—a distinguished archæologist—through some of the parts which we visited. I at first thought it must be Yacob's uniform which had inspired such respect, as his entire get-up was

gorgeous in the extreme. His dress consisted of a blue braided frock-coat, confined at the waist by a gold-embroidered belt, in which he had stuck a pair of immense rusty silver-mounted pistols, and from it hung a long brass-sheathed scimitar, which had the usual bloodthirsty look of all unusual-shaped weapons: but he especially gloried in a tall wooden saddle, on which when perched he looked down on us all as if from the top of a very tall dromedary. His saddle trappings and bridle were the gaudiest which the bazaar of Constantinople could furnish, the bridle shining with silver and coloured glass beads, and I think fluttering ribbons, the saddle-cloth was embroidered with yellow lace, the iron stirrups were as large as those of an ancient mailed knight, and the very crupper was profusely adorned with numerous silk tassels and bright glass beads. Added to this, he had a thorough imposing and barbaric air of dignity, and flourished a large whip, with which he had been accustomed to drive away the dogs and beggars and clear the way before his master in the crowded and dangerous streets of Stamboul. He was always regarded with awe and respect by the Turkish boys, who used to crowd round us imploring "Back-sheesh," and whom he cursed in the choicest Turkish oaths, of which I was naturally ignorant, but always had an idea that they were somehow connected with "Dogs defiling their fathers' graves."

Our own appearance, if not equally imposing, was decidedly startling, and I well understood how the people got the idea that we had been shipwrecked. Large slouched felt hats, long boots, and coats tastefully slashed by the thorns of Asia Minor, hair,

beards, and moustaches unkempt and dishevelled, and a great array of pistols in our belts, gave us a picturesque if not ferocious appearance.

As we entered the town it was evident that he had spread the news of our approach far and wide. The entire population turned out to see us, and we met with quite an ovation as we rode up the main street, when the dragoman appeared, and was greeted with great delight by the crowd.

"This way, your Excellency. Mr Newton is anxiously expecting you at the consulate."

Uncertain whether I should feel annoyed or amused, we followed him to the consulate, and were ushered into the drawing-room, where Mr Newton was awaiting us. I introduced myself and Herr P——, and related what a reception we had met, and asked the cause of it. He appeared very much amused.

"Do you not know, then, what you are taken for?"

"I have not the least idea, but certainly for some great personage. Is any such expected?"

"My dragoman rushed in in great excitement with your passport, saying that an English prince had been shipwrecked on the coast near Mandamna. On looking at it, I saw that you were described as such in the Turkish passport. Can you form any idea as to how the mistake occurred?"

"Well, one of my Christian names is 'Pryce.' That may have led to the mistake. I hope you contradicted it."

"There would not be the least use in doing so: they would only think you were travelling incognito, and wished to conceal your rank, so you must be content to remain a prince while you are in the town of Mitylene; and as you

will be charged double or treble for everything, I will be happy to put you and your friend up while you remain."

I naturally accepted this kind offer, and while we were laughing at the incident, a servant from the Russian consulate called to say that the consul had just learnt that a distinguished traveller had arrived, and hoped that his Excellency had not suffered much from the effects of his journey. This was followed by the other consuls, and each morning I had similar inquiries as to the state of my health, and how I had rested. And I had to make up my mind to be a shipwrecked English prince travelling incognito, and every time that I went up and down the stairs, I met crowds of the friends and neighbours of the owner of the house where Mr Newton lived watching for me, and among them no inconsiderable number of really beautiful girls, who fully vindicated the ancient fame of the island of Sappho for being the home of some of the most beautiful women of the world.

I also had an invitation from the Greek Archbishop of Mitylene to a grand ceremony in the cathedral, when he was to be installed as one of the Council of Twelve (representing the twelve apostles), who are the next in dignity and position to the Patriarch of Constantinople, the Papa or Pope of the Greek Church. He also invited me to breakfast with him after the ceremony, which I accepted most graciously, and this put a finishing touch to my position as a prince, had any lingering doubts remained in the minds of the innocent inhabitants of Mitylene.

Mr Newton told us that he had been planning an excursion into the interior of the island, in the

hopes of finding antiquities, and offered to take us with him if we could spare time. He said that he could introduce us into Greek and Turkish houses, and that there were many strange manners and customs to be seen, as the route was quite out of the beaten track and seldom explored. I explained that we were not archaeologists, and would only be in his way; but he quite disabused our minds of that idea by saying, what I had so often felt myself, that the society of an English or European traveller was a godsend in a seldom-visited place like Mitylene, and that if we could not aid him in his researches, our society would cheer and help him; so we naturally yielded, and although we got but little antiquities, we saw many strange things which even now are worth relating.

I had made it a point to secure any coins I was offered in our journey from Broussa, and he now deciphered these for me; and out of a handful which I had purchased for a few piastres, worth about sixpence, he found some rather rare silver ones worth from five to ten franks, and I was glad to present them to him for a collection which he was making for the British Museum. He kindly named my other ones, and gave me some duplicates which he did not want, among them some of the poetess Sappho, who was worshipped there after her death, and her features put on coins and medals: the latter are over two thousand years old, but not rare.

As we started on our expedition, the day but one after, we saw a procession of the women of Mitylene going to the cathedral to offer a veil to the Virgin Mary. Mr Newton at once pulled out his pocket edition of Homer, and read out for us the part of the 'Iliad,'

sixth book, 286, the line where the Trojan women are described as offering up a similar veil or *peplos* to the virgin Minerva. This old heathen rite is a very favourite one in the Greek Church, at least at Mitylene, for some days after we recognised a similar veil in the church at the monastery at Molino.

"This," said the guide, "is a veil offered up by the women to the *Taxiarcheos*" (or commander-in-chief).

"Is it to the commander-in-chief of Molino?" asked my German friend.

"No, signor," said the guide, rather stiffly, I thought, as if he had an idea that he was poking fun at him.

"Oh," said Herr P——, quite innocently, "I suppose to the commander-in-chief of Mitylene?"

"No, signor. To the archangel Michael, the commander-in-chief of heaven!"

As we sailed out in our light graceful caique, the rugged old castle stood out in bold relief against the purple range of mountains behind it. The air was soft and balmy, the sky blue and cloudless; the dusty green of the numerous olive-groves mingled with the bright green of the arbutus and myrtle as we coasted along innumerable fairy harbours, whose white glittering strands seemed composed of fine white marble, coral, and amber. On our right, about fourteen miles off, the coast of Asia Minor lay bathed in a rich warm haze of light, and it was only when we put our hands into the water that its icy coldness warned us that we were really nearing the shortest day, and far on in November.

Mr Newton had brought letters with him from the Pasha of Mitylene to the various Turkish governors in whose towns he thought

there was a chance of finding antiquities, and it was rather dark when we entered the little town of Molino, where in the old castle in the Acropolis he hoped to find some inscriptions.

We were brought to a halt at the police-station by a soldier, who inquired rather roughly what was our business there so late in the evening. He was a little more civil when he heard that we were English, and Mr Newton drew out his letter to the Aga and desired to see him at once, and we were ushered into his presence, and had an opportunity of studying the interior economy of a Turkish Aga's dwelling.

We first passed through a stable, in which were some horses and cows, then through a very dirty and vilely paved courtyard, and up a stair to a lobby in which appeared several doors, each hidden by a roll of cloth, reminding me of the proscenium of a Greek play from which we might naturally expect King Œdipus or Antigone to appear instead of a Turkish governor. We were ushered through one of these, and found the Aga seated cross-legged, like an English tailor, on his divan, smoking a narguilly, and looking as important and pigheaded as an ancient country magnate of a past generation.

He was a character in his way, and was reported to have been, when a very young man, one of the celebrated Janizaries, who, being at the time absent, had escaped the massacre in the reign of Sultan Mahmood. He was a short, fat, pock-marked, broken-nosed Turk of the old school, with a mingled expression of cunning, simplicity, and ferocity on his low narrow forehead, and in his small piggish eyes, and looked on us with a scowling glance as

we entered the room. He made no salutation, and did not even ask us to be seated, which Mr Newton did at once, motioning us to do the same, to the great indignation of the ragged guards who surrounded him, with belts stuck full of long rusty pistols and yatagans, and who from their looks seemed to think that a small dose of the bastinado would be a very suitable opening to the conference with the infidel foreigners.

When our interpreter handed to him the letter from the Pasha of Mitylene, he gravely took out a huge pair of brass-mounted spectacles and unfolded the document, and seemed for some time to study it gravely, moving his head from side to side like an old monkey, holding it, however, to our great amusement, upside down—for, as we learned later on, he could not read or write. Having spent a proper proportion of time over it, he gravely handed it to his secretary, and desired him to read it aloud to him. As he listened to it his countenance changed, his look of ferocity gave way to one of mingled servility and dislike, but the impression was evident. He made Mr Newton come and sit beside him, sent for fresh pipes, coffee, and sweetmeats, and then actually gave Mr Newton his own narguilly to smoke, and expressed his willingness to do anything in his power to serve or oblige us.

Mr Newton said he wished to visit the fortress, as he had heard that it contained some antiquities.

"Antiquities," said the Aga; "what are antiquities?"

On being informed that they were stones with inscriptions, old monuments, &c., he asked him gravely whether he had any idea of searching for hidden treasure among the ruins? On being assured that such was not the case,

he gave us a most cordial permission, only stipulating that if we did happen to come on any treasure he was to go halves in the find. On Mr Newton promising this he cheered up immensely, seemed really glad to see us, treated us most kindly, and sent and procured us accommodation in the best Greek house in the town. We sat chatting and smoking, while our house was being prepared, two of the soldiers standing up holding lighted flambeaux, which shed a lurid light on the figures of the Aga and his attendants, who, with their belts stuck full of pistols and daggers, looked most thorough but picturesque scoundrels. Nothing could exceed his attention. When I complained of cold he sent for an old military cloak and wrapped me carefully up in it. He gave us pomegranates with his own hand. At length on parting from him the secret came out.

"Ah," said he, "Mr Newton, you are a great man. You had me dismissed from my last governorship."

It turned out to be exactly true. He had bastinadoed some Ionians—then British subjects—and Mr Newton had brought it under the notice of the Government, and he had been dismissed and they compensated; but it was a lesson I never forgot as to the real way to manage Orientals. Had Mr Newton been the cause of his being appointed Prime Minister he would not have been half as grateful.

The next day we visited the fortress. We were accompanied by the greater part of the population, who seemed—if we might judge from their looks—to think that we were about to perform some feats of diablerie or magic.

The entire garrison turned out to meet us, and would have made

a very good stage representation of Falstaff's ragged regiment. Two, who seemed of superior rank, were armed with long hooked scimitars: the rest were a motley crew; the few who had rusty firelocks shouldered them; the others, who seemed to consist of servants, scullions, and pipe-bearers, impressed for the occasion, shouldered their pipe-sticks and tried to look as military as possible, to the delight of the populace. Some of the warriors had blue frock-coats in the French fashion, others had no coats at all, and the majority neither shoes nor stockings.

The fortress was on a par with the defenders. It was a rambling old place, armed with cannon of every age, date, and country, and all of different shapes and calibre. The platforms were, as a rule, all rotten, and would have crumbled to dust at the first shot; and the guns were propped up with sticks and stones. In all things it was a pattern Turkish fortress of the old time.

We found no inscriptions of any value. There was an old marble gateway with a Byzantine inscription, which related the services of a certain citizen of Mitylene, to whom his fellow-countrymen had given a crown of gold. We certainly found no hidden treasure, and departed, to the great disappointment of the garrison and crowd, who had evidently expected better things of us.

Our route next lay along the sea-shore. We were as usual very badly mounted, and our horses and mules slipped and floundered in a very dangerous manner; for roads are as scarce in Mitylene as in Asia Minor, or in Greece itself. I think we must have looked a very disreputable party, and the natives eyed us suspiciously. Herr P—— was mounted on one of the

smallest of ponies, which was led by the guide, a huge Abyssinian as black as ebony, made more remarkable by a huge white turban and long flowing white beard and moustache. Herr P—— was inordinately fond of grapes, and before leaving Molino had procured a large basketful, and sat on his pony calmly and placidly eating these, while the gigantic black guide looked as if he could easily have carried the grapes, the Herr, and the pony.

Our horses stumbled and gave us one or two bad falls, and it required the entire strength of the Abyssinian to prevent Herr P——'s pony from sitting down on the road constantly like a circus horse, so that we hailed with delight the appearance of a small walled town called Petra, to which we were bound. However, when we arrived close to it we found the gates locked and ourselves brought to a standstill. The guide thundered loudly, but without producing any effect. We could hear voices inside arguing together amid apparent confusion. After some time the guide, when he had listened for a while, gravely addressed us—

"They won't admit us, signors. They take us for a band of robbers!"

Mr Newton then tried to parley, but they evidently took his pacific speeches as snares to lull their suspicions. He, being able to speak modern Greek well, could understand them. He explained that there was a war and also a peace party; the first voted to fight us, the latter to buy us off. At length the peace party prevailed, and a voice called out—

"Will you go away quietly for two hundred piastres?"

At length Mr Newton named the merchant to whom he had a

letter of introduction, and spoke in English, which some of them must partly have understood, for they opened the gates, evidently in fear and trembling, and expressed great delight when we really turned out to be peaceable English travellers, and not Turkish robbers.

We rode in the dark, for it was now late, up a long paved street, as slippery as ice, tired, hungry, and out of temper, and disposed to rail at fortune, when we stopped in front of a large house, which we naturally thought was that of the Turkish governor; and we groaned at the idea of the long and stupid conference, the eternal pipes, coffee, and sweetmeats, while we were starving for our dinners, when the door opened, and a vision greeted us that recalled the 'Arabian Nights' vividly to our recollection. Amid a flood of brilliant light—doubly bright from the darkness outside—we saw a large and lofty hall, apparently of white marble, in the centre of which the sparkling waters of a fountain fell into a large alabaster basin; richly coloured rugs and carpets were strewn over the floor and divan, and near the door was one of the most beautiful young girls I had ever met in any part of the world. Her Grecian features—exactly the shape of Sappho on the coins—were shaded by glossy dark silk hair, which fell in masses down to her waist; her large liquid eyes were veiled by long dark eye-lashes, and her dazzlingly fair creamy skin seemed to vie in purity with the alabaster fountain, whose waters danced and gleamed in the brilliant light in which everything was surrounded. We possibly had seen as beautiful women in our own land; but coming thus from the dark and sullen streets, and the various misadventures which

we had met, she formed a picture never to be forgotten.

She was dressed in the most graceful of Greek costumes—a blue silk jacket trimmed with fur, an amber silk petticoat confined at the waist by a bright silk shawl. The jacket was open, and the beautifully moulded bust was scarcely concealed by a thin muslin kerchief. Every movement of this beautiful child of nature was as graceful and free as a fawn, and as she stood before us looking welcome, we could scarcely believe that we had not entered into a scene from the 'Arabian Nights,' and, like Abou Hassan, were not in the presence of "Neck of Alabaster" or "Lip of Coral," or other beauties of that enchanting period.

A tall dignified man, who proved to be her father, now came forward to welcome us. He was a rich merchant, one of the wealthiest men in the island, and greeted us in the most cordial manner, having been prepared for us by the letter of introduction which had been forwarded in advance.

We were soon luxuriating before a comfortable fire smoking our chibouques, which the fair Haidee—for so, of course, we christened her—lighted for us with a small silver tongs that hung at her girdle for the purpose, and she and her sister—another equally beautiful girl—went to prepare our repast.

It is a well-known fact that the real types of the old classical Greek beauty are not to be found in Athens or the towns either in Greece proper or the islands, but in the interior, where the same families have remained for centuries unmixed by the hordes of barbarians and colonists from every quarter, who invaded the towns, but left the interior untouched.

We were summoned to supper, and followed our host to another

room, where we found a table ornamented with silver and flowers, and covered with dishes and flagons of wine. The room was large, lofty, and well lighted, and the beautiful sisters standing ready to wait on us, as in Mitylene the women never sit at table with the men, but wait on them. First one poured water on our hands from a silver flagon into a basin of the same metal with a perforated cover, while the other handed us an embroidered napkin to dry them. Our host then helped us, and the lovely Haidee and her sister attended to our wants, one assisting us to a delicious dish of chicken served up with rice, the other pouring out wine for us into silver goblets. It would be impossible to describe the effect of their beauty, set off by the picturesque dress as they bent over us, every unstudied movement lending some new grace to their attractions.

Like all the women of Mitylene, they were heiresses, it being the custom there to divide all the fortunes of land, olive-groves, vineyards, &c., among the daughters—an admirable proviso for encouraging matrimony. I need scarcely say that there are no old maids, and I have no doubt our two beauties were already betrothed, and after bringing their respective spouses all their wealth of beauty and possessions, would settle down as patient and obedient wives—never sit at table, but wait on their husbands and their guests as they now waited on us, look after their children, and be completely indifferent to the “Rights of Woman,” or any of the burning questions which trouble their English sisters.

With many tender adieux and sorrowful glances back, we left our hospitable abode, and arrived at Agia Paraskene about mid-day.

Mr Newton expected a most cordial reception here, as he had been able to serve considerably the principal inhabitant of the town, and felt certain that he would give us a splendid welcome—kill the fattened calf, in the shape of a lamb stuffed with pistachio-nuts, the great delicacy of the country.

His house, which we soon reached, was very interesting, and spoke eloquently of a disturbed country and of dangerous neighbours. It was situated in the middle of a large courtyard, surrounded with a high strong wall pierced for musketry for defence. The house was built on tall wooden pile-posts, being only accessible by a ladder, which could be drawn up, thus converting it into a veritable stronghold, out of which the dwellers could only be burnt or smoked, the under part being fitted up with stalls for the cattle.

We climbed the ladder and knocked at the door, which was opened by a meagre, sour-faced, ugly old woman, who surlily demanded our business. Her reception was enhanced by a painting on the wall near the hall door of a huge, savage, chained dog, with the inscription in modern Greek answering to the *Cave Canem*, or “Take care of the Dog,” as seen on the walls at Pompeii. It was interesting, classical, archæological, but certainly not inviting, and, coupled with the old woman, it was decidedly inhospitable. She told us coldly that her master was away at another farm; was careful not to state that he had got our letter, but said that his brother would be back later on, if we wished to see him. We were forced to be content with this, as all the other houses were of the poorest description, all built in the same way, on piles with a ladder, and all with an enclosed courtyard,

showing plainly that, as at the present day, the Turkish Government gave little or no protection to their subjects.

Outside the town we came on a Christian chapel, cut out of the solid rock, the entrance being through a Byzantine doorway. It was evidently very old, and told of a much simpler worship than the gorgeous interiors and ceremonies of the later Greek Church. It was about 21 feet long by 13 wide, the size of an ordinary small room; two square pillars, with a veil between them, divided the chancel from the altar, which was a column of stone with a square slab on it covered with a cloth; two small tables, formed by rectangular projections from the walls, the one on the north being higher than the other, held the sacramental bread and wine; on the altar were the priest's vestments covered with a cloth.

The chapel was entered from the side through a small door cut in the rock, as was also the only window,—the altar, behind which was a semicircular apse, being on the right.

We returned to the house in the evening tired and hungry, and were much amused at the feast provided for us by the owner, who was so much indebted to Mr Newton, and contrasted it with the way we were treated by the Aga whom he had had dismissed from his governorship. It was a veritable Barmecide feast, and we did not wonder at the owner of the place absenting himself when he thought of the shabby reception we were to get. We were three men strong and fasting, who had been out all day in the open air, and our dinner consisted of one small, skinny, consumptive chicken in the middle of a large dish of rice, where it looked like a lost ship in a large field of ice.

It was flanked by a loaf of sour black rye-bread and a bottle of very thin wine. Two of us got a small wing each, the other a tiny leg, and our entertainer took the other leg, although he stated that he had already dined, by way of being companionable; but this was the only way by which he showed it. We could have filled ourselves with the rice, but unfortunately it was dressed with very rancid butter, and the wine, like most Greek wines, was like vinegar flavoured with resin. We went to bed literally starving, and had to fill ourselves with a species of Mitylene biscuit which Mr Newton had brought in case of accidents, but which was so hard that we had to break it with the heels of our boots and then eat it beneath the bed-clothes, so lively was the sound we made crunching it.

Up to this our route had lain through the most barren parts of the island, consisting of low rocky hills. Now it changed imperceptibly to hills clothed with the pitch-pine, and beyond them a range of tall mountains, amid which Olympus, the loftiest mountain in the island, reared its head. We then passed through an alluvial plain, stretching far inland, in the midst of which was a tall ridge of rocks, showing where once the tide had washed, while to our right lay the blue waters of the *Ægean*. At about three we reached Iasso, where the Aga was a personal friend of Mr Newton, reputed to be one of the most perfect specimens of a Turkish gentleman in the island.

We found him dispensing justice in a court held in his own house, which proved to be the general sitting-room belonging to it. He was seated Turkish fashion on a small brilliant carpet at the far

end of the room, which was fitted up with the usual divan running all round it, covered with a bright red cloth. Opposite him were the doors closed by rolls of leather, giving us the idea that we were in a theatre, where the drama of real life which we were about to witness was almost immediately enacted.

A guard of soldiers in the uniform of Bashi-bazouks — brilliant crimson jackets, loose Turkish trousers, belts stuck full of pistols which would shoot, and daggers fit for use—stood at each side of him, and, coupled with the Aga's own dress and appearance, formed a striking picture. He was exceedingly handsome, his long flowing white beard lending a dignity to his appearance, which his dark-blue pelisse, trimmed with rich fur, and turban enhanced. He was smoking a large narguilly, mounted with silver and adorned with jewels, which his attendants silently replenished. He received us with the greatest warmth, and made us all sit beside him, and after the inevitable pipes and coffee, proceeded with the case which he had been trying.

It is scarcely possible in our theatres at home to realise that the strange dresses, the brilliant dialogue, the violent passion which we see enacted, are, or ever were, really true to nature; but this is not so when one has witnessed the real passion, the terse, clear dialogue, the natural gesture, the tones of anger, tenderness, or sorrow in an Eastern court of justice.

The plot of this drama was very simple. An old Greek personage of the better class had promised a dowry to his only daughter on her marriage with the son of a neighbour. The father was a widower, but had soon after been captivated by the charms of a tall, fine-look-

ing, but rather masculine woman, whom he had married. She had soon gained unbounded influence over him, and persuaded him to break his promise to his daughter and her lover, who now came forward and opened the case.

He was a tall, handsome young fellow, preserving in his straight classical features and flashing eyes some traces of the ancient grand Greek race. He proceeded up before the Aga, made a profound but not in the least servile obeisance, raised his hands, and began to state his case with a natural eloquence and fervid oratory which seemed perfectly natural and unacquired. He detailed vividly all that had occurred, and as he pointed to the mean-looking father of the girl and his virago wife his voice seemed to hiss with sarcastic scorn. His tones then changed to deep and thrilling tenderness as he spoke of his intended bride, and all that she had suffered from her weak father and the woman who had so shamefully influenced him. As he warmed with his subject his eyes seemed to flash fire, and he poured forth a stream of impassioned eloquence, each word accompanied by a natural and graceful action, which recalled the days when the race, now so degraded, was the first in eloquence, literature, and art.

The girl's father now came forward: he was a little, weak, wizened, elderly man, with a cringing manner and a whining voice. He prostrated himself before the Aga and seemed to lick the very dust in his presence; tried to kiss the hem of his robe, which the Aga drew away in disgust. The old fellow shed tears as he fawned and grovelled, bewailed his poverty and inability to pay the money. He drivelled on for such a length of time, saying the same thing over

and over again, without bringing any evidence to rebut the proofs of his wealth which the young lover had brought forward, that at length he had to be silenced by the Aga, after having left a most unfavourable impression on us all, still whining, grovelling, and weeping.

The young man's father now came forward. He was the inevitable comic character in the piece—a genuine Trinculo, and three parts drunk. He was a small, fat-faced, pot-bellied fellow, with a bacchanalian nose and a wandering, watery eye. He approached the Aga with a countenance of drunken gravity, trying to look too intensely sober, and gazed round the court with the air of one who would defy malice to say that he had ever drunk anything stronger than cold water all his life. He gave a drunken leer at the Aga, a dignified one at us, balanced himself with a lurch, and commenced with a hiccough. He gave a long description of his own feelings as a father, and expatiated on all the care and anxiety he had expended on the bringing up of his son, and as he proceeded he shed maudlin tears. His drunken leers, his hiccough, the way he rolled his head, his sidelong looks of drunken dignity at us, were irresistible. He then changed and grew jocular, and we could almost translate his broken Greek into drunken English.

"'Twas a greashame—ole fool—young wife—better zink of 'is soul."

He became more familiar as he proceeded, was about to whisper into the Aga's ear the proper way to settle the dispute, when he was ordered in a stern voice to stand at a distance. Suddenly, and without the slightest notice, he became highly exasperated, and burst into

a torrent of abuse against the Aga, the Government, and the people generally. The Aga never moved a muscle of his noble, dignified countenance; he merely held up his hand, and two soldiers rushed forward, seized Trinculo by the arms, and bore him off, cursing, swearing, and vociferating, and we saw him no more.

The stepmother and the girl were now ordered to stand forward. The one was gentle, timid, and pretty; the other a handsome masculine woman with a hard voice and coarse manner. She spoke almost menacingly to the Aga, and seemed ready to fly at the girl, who evidently held her in the greatest terror. She told her story volubly and loudly, speaking with extreme contempt of her husband, who looked on her with mingled admiration and dread. At length, when she seemed inclined to continue for the entire day, talking on all subjects but the one at issue, the Aga ordered her to have done, which she did with many expressions of indignation and threats against her stepdaughter, who was now ordered to speak.

She immediately won upon us all by her modest, gentle manner, as she told in a low clear voice the harsh treatment which she had sustained. As she proceeded to entreat the Aga to have pity on her, she fell on her knees before him and kissed the hem of his robe, which he did not draw away from her. It was a perfect tableau for a play. The noble dignified Moslem, seemingly as unmoved as a statue; at his feet the gentle graceful girl; the furious looks of the stepmother, swelling with rage and hatred; the picturesque dresses of all, and the utter strangeness of the scene, formed a most striking tableau.

The last scene was too much for

the stepmother. As the girl rose from her knees, she flew at her with fury in her eyes, caught her by her flowing hair, and struck her violently on the face. We all started up to take her part, but the Aga never moved a muscle. He raised his hand, and again two soldiers seized the virago and bore her out, kicking, struggling, fighting, and screaming to the last. The girl was a good deal hurt; but if her stepmother had specially wanted to destroy her own case and help that of the girl, she could not have acted better, and we were delighted to hear the verdict given against her and her husband, who was ordered to pay his daughter's dowry down, being handed over to two of the guards until it was done, while the girl was intrusted to her intended's family, to be married at once, and was borne off in the arms of her happy lover.

Almost immediately the room was cleared; we had fresh pipes and coffee; the guards retired, and the drama of the day was over. The Aga informed us that, as this was a Church festival, none of the Greeks could receive us into their houses, and that we must take up our abode under his poor roof, where we would be better than in any of the khans, which were, as a rule, uncomfortable. We accepted his hospitality most gratefully, it being one of the greatest compliments that could be paid us, as, from the jealous nature of Moslem life, it is almost impossible for any one not an actual near relation, such as a brother or father, to see, let alone sleep under the same roof with, the womenkind of the establishment. As far as we could judge, it was a large rambling house, of which we were not permitted to see more than two rooms. At the end of a long passage we

saw a door, outside which were some slippers; and here was probably the mystic harem, about which we know absolutely nothing except from lady travellers, etiquette preventing any but a near relation even asking after the health of a wife, or even hinting that such a being existed.

We made our ablutions in a room adjoining the one in which the court was held, and returned to find it swept, aired, and garnished, and our dinner laid out on a small exquisitely shaped octagon table, round which we took our seats—parts of the divan, which was movable, being placed round it. There was one other guest besides the Aga to whom we were introduced—the head of the police, a handsome man dressed in a crimson jacket embroidered richly with gold, short knickerbocker trousers, and gaiters; the flowing robes of the Aga being useless for all employed in active service. His belt was stuck full of the usual pistols and daggers, which he wore during the dinner; and I often thought since what a useful adjunct he would have been in an Irish country-house during the reign of peace and prosperity which succeeded the Land Act.

A servant brought in a large brass tray, which nearly filled up the small table, and we sat round it in English fashion, the Moslems of course cross-legged. The Aga apologised for the poorness of the fare, as it was a fast-time, and no meat was allowed to be killed in the town. The principal dish was one of poached eggs swimming in oil, and one of a beetroot salad. Large round slices of bread served for plates, on which we placed our viands, and at the end ate up our plates also, which saved a great deal of the washing and scouring of our more sophisticated arrange-

ments. Knives and forks were laid for us, and the Aga used them, but evidently was not in the habit of doing so. As for the officer, he ate with his fingers, dipping them into the dishes, but in so perfectly a gentlemanlike well-bred manner that we felt no disgust at it. Our second course was a dish of fish and sausages, dressed together and not unpalatable, and a pillau of rice, followed by some very fine grapes. We drank pure water, and rose from our dinner more pleased than with any entertainment we had met with except the one at the Greek merchant's, which had been enlivened by our charming and beautiful hostesses. Here the perfectly well-bred manners of our host, the novelty and strangeness of everything, would have reconciled us to much worse fare, and we sat round the divan and discussed English and Moslem and Greek habits and manners with our charming host until it was time to retire for the night.

Our sleeping accommodation was as simple as our dinner. Small narrow mattresses, with pillows and a counterpane, but no sheets or blankets, were placed on the divan for each of us. The chief of the police slept on the floor in the centre of the room, to keep guard over us and protect us from all dangers. He took off his turban, placed his pistols and yatagan under his pillow, loosened his girdle, and was soon fast asleep.

It was exactly what we had often read of. The Turks are encamped, not settled, in Europe. Here was one who exactly followed the custom of his marauding ancestors five centuries ago, denoting a race of brave, haughty soldiers who swept over the West, destroying all civilisation, and encamping in Constantinople.

There they remain to this day, having in those five centuries added nothing to art, letters, science, or civilisation, but amid all preserving the simple virtues of bravery and the high-bred manners of a race of conquerors and rulers.

We had gone to look for antiquities, but had found none of any consequence. We had seen instead a civilisation of a very antique order, both Turkish and Greek, and we turned homewards, having breakfasted with the Aga on bread and coffee, and parted with many sincere wishes for his health and prosperity, and thanks for his hospitality. We had seen the good and evil sides of Turkish rule, which depends entirely on the character of the Pasha or Aga. Our first host was a savage, ignorant brute, and was capable of inflicting the utmost cruelty and injustice on the unfortunate Greeks placed under him; the other was like a father to his people, and the peace, prosperity, and happiness of his subjects bore witness to his rule. We passed now through a most fertile, beautiful, and well-cultivated country. Large well-built farmhouses could be seen on every side; the sunny slopes bloomed with well-tilled gardens. Olive-groves, orange-trees, arbutus, myrtle charmed the sight, while the air was full of the perfume of flowers, and the ear was charmed with the singing of the birds and the murmuring of innumerable water-courses. Lofty elm-trees, around whose massy trunks luxuriant vines were trained, mingled their few late purple clusters with the autumnal tints. It was a veritable Garden of Eden, made grand by occasional views of the lofty heights of Mount Olympus and the deep blue waters of the *Ægean*.

Towards evening we arrived again at Mitylene, and riding through the remains of aqueducts, were soon under Mr Newton's hospitable roof, counting our coins to see if any rare ones had slipped in among the handfuls we had purchased,—for coins are like books, rarity being the great point, the most beautiful gold one, if common, being of little more value than the metal it is composed of, while a brass or silver one, if rare, may be of any value.

We were due next day, which was Sunday, to the great festival when the archbishop was to be enrolled among the Council of Twelve (representing the apostles) at Constantinople.

Previous to my visit to the East, I had always been under the impression that the Greek Church was only another form of the Roman Catholic one: however, when I spoke to members of it, I quickly changed my opinion. Of course they consider that they are the only true and orthodox Church; but in faith and dogma they assimilate much more to the Reformed than to the Roman branches. They do not acknowledge the Pope as anything more than the Bishop of Rome. The priests must marry, but only once, following literally the text that a bishop must be the husband of one wife. They do not believe in Purgatory, which they scoffingly call "Quarantine." They do not believe in transubstantiation, and give the cup to the laity. Here, however, the resemblance ceases. They are very superstitious, their churches being crowded with sacred and miracle-working pictures. They acknowledge the First Council of Ephesus, which we reject, which gave Divine honours to the Virgin, and named her "the mother of God."

It is in reality a sort of fossil-

ised Church, preserving its doctrines, ritual, and observances unchanged from the early and most superstitious period when it separated from the Church of Rome, or rather from the united Eastern and Western Church, of which the Eastern was always the more ancient, numerous, powerful portion. All the great earlier councils were held in the East—Nicea, Ephesus, Antioch, Chalcedon, Constantinople. They had more Patriarchs, bishops, clergy, and laity than the Western, and always considered themselves the older and more important portion. The ritual is magnificent and gorgeous in the extreme, and dates from the earlier days of the Byzantine empire.

On Sunday the 6th of December we started early to the cathedral to witness the ceremony, by the express invitation of the archbishop. Mr Newton wore his uniform as vice-consul. I appeared in the uniform of a captain of militia, which I had found very useful when travelling in countries where the sword had not yet been converted into the ploughshare, especially in Austria and Hungary after the revolution. It was a very striking one of the old pattern, with silver epaulettes, and stiff with embroidery in the shape of silver oak-leaves; and I was generally taken for a general at least, it being so much handsomer than any of the foreign uniforms. If there had been any doubt on the minds of the innocent Mitylenians as to my rank, they were set at rest for ever by my uniform, and I shared the honours of the day with the venerable archbishop, and came in a good second.

He was a tall, dignified, and very handsome man of about fifty, with a dark beard sprinkled with grey, which was set off by the tall

black cap and dark veil, hanging down behind, which threw his handsome features out in bold relief. The priests, who wore the same head-dress, were in large numbers, some holding tall silver candlesticks, with the two outside candles crossed over the third one, and boys bearing ornaments of silver and a large silver cross. The cathedral was a very handsome domed building, with four ormolu and glass lustres hanging from the ceiling, and small glass lamps, in shape like an inverted bell, painted with flowers, round the sides. Opposite the door was a magnificently carved screen of oak, behind which the priests performed what they call the mysteries at the communion service. This screen was covered with sacred pictures, and in the middle was a door covered with a veil or curtain, answering to those which we had seen offered up to the Virgin and the commander-in-chief of heaven.

The decorations were far superior to the music, which was chanted in the harshest and most discordant manner. In fact we all agreed afterwards that we did not think that human voices could compass such a pitch of discord.

The archbishop was now invested with robes of the most costly and splendid description, embroidered profusely with gold. Two priests bore these; two more followed, one carrying on a cushion a Bible blazing with gems and gold, the other an imperial crown of purple velvet, also glittering with gems and gold. The first robe was of pale yellow satin, stiff with gold embroidery, which fitted close to the figure; then came a second one, only shorter; a thick gold band was then hung over his shoulder, and a square piece of gold-coloured silk hung from his side. The outer robe was loose,

with large sleeves. Then the priest placed the crown on his head, and the other handed him the Bible and a silver sceptre; incense was scattered in the air from innumerable censers, and the archbishop walked down the church a crowned and sceptred ecclesiastical prince, representing one of the apostles, or Council of Twelve, who direct the affairs of the Church along with the Patriarch at Constantinople. As he passed down the cathedral he made the usual salutation, holding the second finger extended, and then retired behind the veil into the sanctuary, whence he came out twice—once with the bread, once with the wine—on which occasions all the people knelt down.

In about a quarter of an hour he came out, ascended the pulpit, and preached a short sermon; he then gave a short address, in which he recalled all his ministry in the town, and took leave of the people. He was constantly interrupted by the sobs of his hearers, and I was pointed out our friend who had treated us so inhospitably, and could perceive that his remorse for his past sins took the shape of deep grief and sobs, but was not followed, I suspect, by any remorse of a pecuniary and practical nature.

I heard on all sides that the archbishop's life had been most exemplary, that he was a highly learned man, a great encourager of literature, charitable and benevolent, and tolerant as far as lay in his power.

After the address the priest and choir chanted a loud and most discordant psalm, and the ceremony ended. We went by invitation to breakfast at the archbishop's palace, where we found a large number of the principal inhabitants of the town assembled, seated round the divan, ostensibly to

breakfast, but in reality to drink coffee, smoke, and eat sweetmeats.

The archbishop, who was now again in his plain black dress, received us most courteously, seated me beside him on the divan, and conversed with me through an interpreter for some time. He said that he had been informed of my rank, and that I was travelling in the East to see things with my own eyes, and would probably write an account of them when I returned home. He besought me when I did so to remember under what disadvantageous circumstances the Greek people laboured, having been demoralised by centuries of slavery, which had destroyed all the best and exaggerated all the worst parts of the national character, so that the astute, clever, diplomatic race, of whom Ulysses might be taken as a type, had been changed to a cunning lying people under Turkish rule. He did not conceal their bad qualities—their drunkenness, which showed so disastrously beside the sober Moslems—but he certainly made out a good case in

their favour, and removed many prejudices from my mind. In vain I tried to deny my imputed rank: it was useless, and only added the virtue of modesty to all my other ones. When I took leave of him he gave me his benediction, and I left with a deep feeling of respect and admiration, inspired by his benevolent face, noble bearing, grave courteous manners, and intelligent conversation.

The next day Herr P—— and I started for Smyrna. We took leave of Mitylene with far different feelings from those with which we had entered it, and viewed for the last time its old castle and mountains, its groves of olives, myrtle, and arbutus, and fairy harbours, fading away in the amber light, and mingling with the deep blue of the *Ægean*—all to live with the recollections of the pleasant times we had spent, the memory of the adventures we had encountered, its lovely Grecian girls, to last as long with me as with them probably did the halo of the celebrated English prince who had once visited Mitylene.

THE SHORT SEA CROSS-CHANNEL ROUTES.

THE contemplated changes in the cross-Channel services *viâ* Dover and Calais and Folkestone and Boulogne will be indeed epoch-making if they lead to a reform of the present very inadequate arrangements for mail and passenger service between England and France. The latter route (twenty-nine miles) is served wholly by the South-Eastern Railway Company, and the former (24·7 miles) by both the South-Eastern and London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Companies; but while the South-Eastern carry the mails to Dover, it is the London, Chatham, and Dover who run the steamers to Calais, — a somewhat anomalous division of labour. We do not deal here with the Newhaven and Dieppe line, for though the London and Brighton Company have shown commendable enterprise in the steady improvement of that route, culminating in the continuation of the day service throughout the year, it does not enter into the present pending question of the short sea-routes. Now, no one can legitimately contend that the existing arrangements for the latter service are satisfactory. Although in the run from London to Dover or Folkestone there is not so much to complain of, matters are very different as soon as the shores of England are left behind. The very largest vessels employed are only half the requisite tonnage, the favoured route is twenty-eight miles longer than need be, and a considerable saving of time, varying from half an hour up to two hours and more, could be easily effected on the entire journey from London to Paris, to say nothing of subsidiary improvements, such as

restaurant-cars and toilet accommodation on all the trains, expedited trans-shipment of luggage, and the like. The distance between London and Paris *viâ* Boulogne is 255 miles, as compared with 283 miles *viâ* Calais, the *only* advantage in the latter route being the difference of four miles in the sea-journey, a slight saving in favour of Calais, which is, however, dearly bought at the expense of five-and-twenty miles additional railway journey over a tortuous and even dangerous line between Calais and Boulogne. Not only this, but the present saving in the sea-journey, slight as it is, could be equalised and improved away altogether, were larger boats employed (say, something of the calibre of the *Marguerite*, which now runs in summer between London and Boulogne), and a satisfactory mail and passenger traffic established between Dover and Boulogne. It is true that the bulk of the Continental traffic at present travels *viâ* Dover and Calais; but why is that? We make bold to say that it is certainly not on account of the shortest possible sea-transit so much as because of the larger boats attached to the eleven o'clock service, and still more because there are *three* services in the twenty-four hours between Dover and Calais, as against only *one* *viâ* Folkestone and Boulogne (for it is impossible to regard the night-service by the latter route, which is chiefly for cargo, as of any importance for passengers). Yet Folkestone and Boulogne take a good deal more than one-third of the total amount of traffic which passes through Dover and Calais, whereas, if the slightly longer sea-passage were a

real deterrent, the Calais route, with the advantage of its three services and larger day-boats, should do more than three times

as well as Folkestone and Boulogne.

Let us look at the figures for the last five years:—

	DOVER AND CALAIS. (Three services.)	BOULOGNE AND FOLKESTONE. (One service and a cargo night-service.)
1890	261,793	92,019
1891	258,465	89,301
1892	248,347	86,528
1893	224,267	84,772
1894	235,021	90,507

From the above we cannot help noticing that while the Calais route is evidently affected by the increasing competition of the more eastern routes *viâ* Ostend, Flushing, Hook of Holland, &c., the Boulogne and Folkestone passage is once more rising into something like its pristine popularity, which ought to be furthered by the fine new steamer which has just been launched by the South-Eastern Railway Company.

Even then, though much will require to be done before the two companies bring themselves up to the level demanded by the present development of our international steamboat traffic, the Southampton-Havre, Newhaven-Dieppe, Dover-Ostend, and the Harwich lines have all improved their services within the last few years by new, fast, large, and well-appointed steamers, and some of these now carry the mails which used formerly to travel *viâ* Dover and Calais; while a new and rapid service to the East, in competition with the Calais-Brindisi line, is being opened between Ostend and Constantinople. But while fresh enterprise is thus displayed on every side, the Dover-Calais route continues to be served by steamers the majority of which are small, and built over thirty years ago. Fancy the fate of any transatlantic line which attempted to hold its own, in these days of German and

American competition, with vessels a third of a century old! And yet part of this fleet is to be transferred next year to the Northern of France Railway Company, who have arranged to run the early morning mail service, which is subsidised by the French Government, with their own boats, instead of, as at present, with English ones, running under the French flag. The vessels will henceforth, therefore, be run by that company under the French flag, and will be manned by French sailors.

It will inevitably suggest itself, from our point of view, that if any radical change had been decided on, it would have been better had it tended in the direction of improved and enlarged steamers, to begin with. But the London, Chatham, and Dover Company are handicapped while compelled to run their packets to Calais, which is difficult of access for large boats, and from every point of view a far more unsuitable harbour than Boulogne, so far as John Bull's time and pocket are concerned.

For a better understanding of the point at issue, however, it is necessary to consider the respective positions of Calais and Boulogne. In doing so we must take preliminary note of a physical feature of the English Channel, which since the dawn of history has profoundly

modified, and is still modifying, the conformation of the coasts on both sides thereof. The tidal wave from the Atlantic, coupled with the predominant south-west wind, produces a never-ceasing "eastward drift" up channel of gravel and sand, which are deposited by both the powerful flood- and the more languid ebb-tide. The effects of this ceaseless operation have been graphically described by Professor Montagu Burrows in his 'History of the Cinque Ports,' and the same causes which have brought about the extinction of nearly every port from Seaford to Reculvers have naturally not been without their effect on the opposite side of the Channel. In fact, we may go further and say that the deposit of sand is more powerfully exercised and more plainly perceptible along the French and Belgian coasts than on our side. This silting up has thus prejudicially affected both Calais and Boulogne, and it is only by great expenditure of money in dredging and scouring that the entrances to the ports have been kept open. Boulogne has, however, benefited enormously by the construction of the splendid break-water which now protects the approach to the harbour on the south-west. The accumulations of sand at the pier-heads during the south-west gales have practically ceased since the completion of the Digue Carnot, and the minimum depth in the fairway is 13 feet at lowest tides. There are other features in Boulogne harbour which help to give it important advantages over Calais. The "unsheltered arc" between the extremity of the breakwater on the west and Cape Grisnez on the north is only 90°, while at Calais, where there are no such sheltering projections, the unsheltered arc ranges over 170°. The only winds from which

Boulogne is unprotected are those between north and west, which, from the narrowness of the straits, seldom gather sufficient force to develop a really heavy and dangerous sea. The greater unsheltered arc of Calais renders it far more-exposed to the heavy south-west and north-east gales, which are most to be feared. Again, the tide rises at springs $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet and at neaps 6 feet more at Boulogne than at Calais, while between the coast at the former place and the shoal called the Bassure de Baas there is a strong current, which helps to prevent sand accumulating. It will be seen how far more advantageously situated Boulogne is from every point of view. Even the minimum depth of 10 feet at Calais in the approach to the harbour can only be maintained by constant dredging (especially after north-east gales) at an annual cost of £4000.

Notwithstanding these natural disabilities, it might be possible to improve the trans-Channel service to Calais, and we understand that the London, Chatham, and Dover Company are actually constructing a new fast vessel for the night-mail traffic.

But the thought irresistibly recurs, Is it worth while to devote so much care to the improvement of a service which is confessedly on the wrong lines? Now that the Ostend route is so well served, and affords such rapid access to Brussels, Cologne, Bâle, &c., the number of persons travelling thither by way of Calais has sensibly diminished, while with regard to the large majority bound for Paris, or *via* Paris to parts beyond, we have already seen that they are taken twenty-five miles out of their way by going *via* Calais. We cannot compel the Nord de France Company to adopt

the shorter and more direct route (*viâ* Boulogne) for their mails, but there is no reason why we should play into their hands by sending our mails and passengers to a port which is inconvenient and costly for both. If a fleet of adequately large steamers were provided for conveying the Paris passengers and the French mails direct from Dover to Boulogne, the journey between London and Paris would be considerably shortened, and we should hear nothing of the accidents and delays continually caused at present by the defects of Calais Harbour.

With regard to the Indian, China, and Australian mails, the loss caused by sending them through Calais is even more serious. We must remember that the shortest and quickest route from Dover to Brindisi is not *viâ* Calais, but *viâ* Ostend, Brussels, Bâle, and the St Gothard. Moreover, the cost of sending them over French territory is still very high. In mentioning this we do not for an instant belittle the invaluable service rendered to his country by Mr Buxton Forman, Assistant-Secretary of the General Post-Office, in the reductions of charges he has been enabled to effect. It is indeed something to be proud of to have beaten down the claims of our lively neighbours across the Channel from 15 francs to 4 francs per kilogramme for postal matter! But even 4 francs per kilogramme is just double what the Italians are content with, and there is certainly no surer way of getting fair terms from people than by showing them that you are quite prepared to transfer your custom elsewhere. The present mail contract does not expire until the end of 1897; but if before that time the French Government have not reduced

their present high charge to a minimum, our course is clear. Even if they do, it might, nevertheless, be to our advantage to adopt the Ostend route, on account of the saving in time.

Meanwhile, as announced in the House of Commons a few weeks ago by Mr Bryce, the London, Chatham, and Dover Company are not prepared to tender again for the conveyance of the morning mails between Dover and Calais, and from after September 1896 the contract for that service will be given to the Northern of France Company. The French company are actually building their own vessels for this service; but it is understood that if they should be unable to provide a sufficient flotilla for the purpose by September 1896, they will supply the deficiency by borrowing the necessary vessels from the Chatham Company.

If, as Mr Bryce seems to imply, this arrangement has been already sanctioned, there is no more to be said on that head. We must be still content to pay the extra mileage for both mails and passengers, and to submit to the vexatious delays and dangers of Calais harbour. But there still remains the useful alternative route *viâ* Folkestone and Boulogne, and the South-Eastern Company will be well advised to cleave stedfastly to that. It of course labours under the disadvantage of a very indifferent harbour at Folkestone, but that is a defect which can be remedied. The company are actually empowered to raise money for constructing a new harbour, and the Folkestone Corporation would no doubt be as willing now as they were some years ago to subsidise an undertaking of such vital importance to the ratepayers of the town. A moderate poll-tax on passengers embarking and disembarking (there

is none levied at present at Folkestone) would form a scarcely appreciable addition to the through-fares, and would go far to provide a harbour which would most usefully subserve national as well as local needs. It might be advisable to fix the hour of departure from London, if not from Paris as well, a little later than at present, so as to avoid clashing with the Dover and Calais service, and to enable business men and others to spend a morning in town, start immediately after lunch, arriving in Paris the same evening. This was the aim of the Club train service, but small packet boats and high fares, coupled with the longer distance to be traversed, not unnaturally handicapped that project, and doomed it to a premature failure.

Of late years large sums of money, 45 million francs in all, have been spent by the Calais authorities on their harbour, the money being obtained partly from the State and partly from the proceeds of the special poll-tax and tonnage dues levied on passengers and foreign ships entering Calais respectively. The poll-tax was first instituted in 1884 at a franc a-head, and in 1888 it was increased to 1 franc 75 centimes. These imposts are levied by the Customs authorities for the Chamber of Commerce, while the State contributes 886,339 francs per annum towards a Sinking Fund for the repayment of the loans contracted by the Chamber of Commerce, which are repayable in eighteen years. But the money so raised, instead of being spent in improving the approaches to the harbour (confessedly the weakest link in the chain), has been devoted to vast interior works—docks, sluicing basins, the new eastern pier, spacious warehouses, and—a torpedo-depot!

After all this expenditure, we need only glance at the recent stranding of the *Empress* on the 4th January close by the spot where the *Invicta* went ashore in 1888, not to mention other similar casualties, to realise the futility of trusting to Calais harbour as a safe port of entry. At Boulogne, where the same poll-tax is levied, and liberal contributions are also made by the State, 20 million francs have been spent on the outer works, and only 4,800,000 francs on the reconstruction of the quays and dredging. The approach to the harbour is now effectually protected from the south-west, and when the remainder of the contemplated works are carried out—i.e., the construction of the breakwaters on the north-east—the deep-sea harbour for commercial and defensive purposes will be completed in its entirety.

It is a matter for our profound regret that England on her side has been unable to emulate the alacrity and energy of the French. At Dover a deep-sea harbour, to be built by convict labour, was at one time in serious contemplation. The project had been favourably reported upon by numerous Committees during the last fifty years, and in 1881 the Government appear to have screwed their courage to the sticking point. A costly prison was erected for the accommodation of the convicts, but, for reasons which have never been satisfactorily explained, the whole project was eventually abandoned or indefinitely postponed. The £100,000 or so spent on the prison buildings at present unoccupied represent a sheer and absolute waste of public money. It is very creditable to the Dover Harbour authorities that they should have stepped forward and undertaken the construction of

a portion of the largerscheme, which will, it is believed, afford adequate accommodation to the packet service. But the crying needs of the mercantile marine for a harbour of refuge on this part of the south coast, and still more the demand of the nation for a harbour between Portsmouth and Sheerness capable of accommodating the Channel Squadron, are likely to go unsatisfied, in spite of the example and warning exhibited to us across the Channel.

In the meantime good progress is being made with the new Dover harbour, a full description of which was given in the 'Times' and other journals in 1892, about the time of the laying of the foundation-stone by the Prince of Wales. The harbour, however, cannot be completed for some years to come, so any curtailment at present of the existing Channel transit facilities is much to be deprecated. Of course, one cannot disguise from oneself that the Folkestone-Boulogne service, as at present organised, is carried on at an annual loss; but the loss appears to be diminishing, and the number of passengers increasing—a feature of some encouragement and importance, when we remember the reverse tendency of the Dover-Calais figures, in the face

of the severe competition of the Dover-Ostend route. The London, Chatham, and Dover Company have displayed enterprise and gained a name for the improvements in their steamboat arrangements; while the South-Eastern Company have recently made great strides in the provision of superior carriages for their Continental trains. Let the two companies only agree, with the aid of their energetic general managers, to unite their resources in reorganising their Continental traffic, with rather less regard for the fears of the Northern of France Railway, and rather more regard for the interests of British travellers, and the result would be a greatly improved and expedited mail and passenger service between London and Paris, the direct and indirect benefits of which would be of solid advantage to both countries.

C. E. D. BLACK.

Note.—Within the last few days Mr Robertson, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, has made the welcome announcement that the Government have decided to put in hand the long-deferred construction of a national harbour at Dover. This undertaking will be of the greatest importance both to the locality and to the country at large.

MEN AND WOMEN.

THE public inclination for biographies seems to have received unusual satisfaction during the past year. It is perhaps a good symptom, among the many bad ones of contemporary literature, that the potent flood of gossip with which we were for a time swamped, and which led most of the best known ladies who delight us on the stage to believe themselves equally fascinating in the library, has to some extent ceased,—perhaps only by natural exhaustion of material, perhaps, let us hope, from exhaustion of a different kind on the part of the reader. The washy stream of recollection and reminiscence has anyhow, if only temporarily, dried up, and in place of that deluge of dishwater we have the more nourishing fare of a number of memoirs of which we can scarcely say that any is unnecessary, though perhaps the world did not exactly clamour for the information presented to them in each. We should ourselves be slow to restrain the art of Biography, especially if it were ever to become a real art, pursued by those who can do it, and avoided by those without skill or perception in that way,—which, however, is past praying for, we fear. The kindred art of Portrait-painting is a fine art, too, but we cannot keep it from invasions of the incapable—every man who knows how to put paint on canvas having a conviction that he can at least “take a likeness,” if he can do nothing else. But it requires no mean talent even to “take a likeness,” and it requires a very high one to make such a portrait of either man or woman as shall represent them without flattery,

yet without depreciation as they are. Truth to tell, it is the depreciation which is most to be guarded against. We know an instance of a portrait where everything has been done to flatter the sitter, who is represented as a younger, prettier person than she has any claim to be: but the flattery has done the lady grievous wrong by taking all the distinction from her individuality, along with the meaning, the feeling, the something more than beauty, which is really in her face.

Still we cannot do without the portrait-painter. When photography came into fashion a great and chilling blight fell upon at least the lower order of painters. Like most wonderful things in science, the art of photography came in with a great “boom.” Talk of painting, always a doubtful process, dependent on the eye that sees, but does not always see, the best in a face, and the cunning of the hand! whereas the sun, we all protested, could neither be deceived nor mistaken, and could always see whatever there was to see. Nowadays the boom is against science, and we are free to declare that the sun was not always right any more than other people. He misses the point, we all know, just as readily as the bungling painter does; and it is very well that the general public has made this discovery.

The art of Biography is still more important than that of Portrait-painting. There are few lives that have not something worth remembering in them, if they are only fortunate enough to fall into the hands of a capable artist. But we confess that we should like to

have the training of that artist. We should like to show him examples and warnings, to point out to him what to avoid, to indicate how small a matter may throw the most living light upon his subject, and how often the things that seem most important turn out mere cloud and shadow. It is a pity we think that there are not schools for the arts of literature, for what one may call its more practical branches. We should not attempt to train a poet nor even a novelist. If a man (or woman either) has it in him to produce a song or a story, let him do it, in heaven's name, as he best can, without any snipping or polishing of ours. Nowadays it is believed that training in music can make a singer of a person to whom Nature has denied a voice: but not a singer, *bien entendu* of the kind of Patti, or Jenny Lind, or any other famous person. Training can modify and improve mediocrity—of which we have always too much, and which it is the worst policy in the world to cultivate. And in literature this is still more true than in art. The novelist's note-book, by which the imbecilities of society are to be taken down in order to give life and liveliness to his dialogue, we utterly abhor: we object to train or attempt to train a poet. We do not believe in the much practisings and elaborate mimics of an education in style. Let the man speak in the voice that God has given him, if God has given him anything to say. But there are other paths in which training would be good. We should say, with diffidence, in the writing of history; for though the instinct of a historian is one of the greatest gifts of genius, there is so much scaffolding necessary, so many arts of construction, so nice a weight

and balance of the necessary and unnecessary in detail, that we should hear with pleasure of the setting up of a studio in which these matters might be studied under the eye of a master. Still more in the writing of the lives of individual men would this training be good. Could Lockhart guide the pen, could he show when to leave out, what to pile on,—might he teach the learner himself to grow in knowledge, gradually, lovingly, with the character he expounds, making it also to grow upon the reader in natural development, like the unfolding petal by petal of a noble flower! Perhaps this is beyond the power of education, and there is no Lockhart nowadays; but still how greatly expedient it would be to have such a training, no reader with a number of books of this description before him can doubt. There at present is no rule in the art. Like the poor painter, the unpractised writer, if he can but add one sentence to another, and write such prose as M. Jourdain without knowing had spoken all his life, thinks himself quite able to "take a likeness," with what disastrous issues the world well knows.

In the works that are before us at the present moment the Church has an unusual preponderance. We might indeed, by adding a few volumes, have placed a different title at the head of this page and called it "Churchmen," with the certainty of finding the most ample material for a general examination of the lives of many varieties of dignified ecclesiastics, embodying in themselves a most important period of recent Church history, which it would be possible to review intimately through their eyes, in as many different aspects as the history of Pompilia is re-

garded by Mr Browning in the "Ring and the Book." From Dr Pusey to Archbishop Tait, and from both to Dean Stanley, what a bewildering wideness of view, what opposition of argument, what diversity of nature! But let not the gentle reader be alarmed. Here he will see no flashing of spears; he will not even hear the name of the Oxford movement, nor know that such things were as Tract XC., or even a pulpit where University sermons could be preached to the confusion of good men. The first dignitary whom we will introduce to him is one who was a Dean¹ and no Dean, like a conundrum,—a Churchman and no Churchman, an ecclesiastic in outward guise, but a lively navvy of the better sort, in fact, a miner, a man of pickaxe and hammer, a "thing all eyes," as Wordsworth says of the race with which he was little acquainted—

"One who would peep and botanise
Upon his mother's grave."

Dean Buckland, had his mother's grave been in the blue lias or the red sandstone, would certainly have geologised and picked up specimens therein. If we were to speak with perfect sincerity, we should say that never was a book less called for than this book about the last Dean of Westminster but three, one of the first celebrities of a science which has run its complete course since then, and come to the distinct stop which seems for the moment to have been attained by most sciences of the natural order. Why should he be trotted forth now, this old gentleman who has had his day? Two of his successors in Westminster,

and how many of his successors in geology, have also had their day and departed, and have had their lives written, since Dean Buckland. Nay, his own son has done the same, has also had his life written, in which, probably, all that was interesting about his father is to be found. The rise of geology, and its early triumphs, and the age, B.J.H.N. 15—before Newman, let us say,—is as far off nowadays as Herodotus. If Buckland had been at all of that character, we should have said, What sheeted ghost is this which is brought before us from the ancient tombs? But happily he was one of the men who have no connection with ghosts, nor even of the order that was likely to have had such a thing belonging to him dead or alive. He is all life, activity, work—a man with a hammer and a bag, ready to assail the most sacred rock, and pop in the most hideous specimen; a man surrounded by beasts, horrible reptiles, and crawling things, both in the body and out of the body; practical, jocose, curious—running after every dirty hole and slimy bank he could get hearing of, and ticketed himself in the museums of the world as a great natural philosopher by dint of these rummagings in the dirt.

It was the belief of the age till a very short time ago that these were the finest things in the world, and their discoverers were more cock-a-hoop and crowed more loudly over their achievements than any other candidates for praise. His hammer and his jocosity pushed Dean Buckland up to the rank he held at his death—a rank which curiously seemed to indicate one

¹ Life and Correspondence of W. Buckland, D.D., F.R.S. By his Daughter, Mrs Gordon. Murray: 1894.

skilled in Theology rather than Geology, and which afforded no facilities for the cultivation of reptiles, being supposed to be identified with the cultivation of men. Many qualifications, other than the apparent ones, have been considered as giving a claim to such distinction. We are all used to the creation of deans, bishops, and even archbishops, out of school-masters. But we doubt if there was ever anything more quaint than the claim of a geologist to the stately seclusion of Westminster, the digger-up of primeval bones to the care of an ancient mediæval sanctuary, with all the traditions and ceremonials hereto appended. How could he ever drag himself past the Black Stone of Scone without aiming at it a furtive hammer? and how forbear to pursue into the crevices of royal resting-places a stray—ignorance prevents us from specifying what—the fossil most likely to be encountered there. We never hear that he did so; but perhaps in the silence of the night, in the great darkness of the Abbey, without any indiscreet verger to dog his path, with a dark lantern and a dauntless heart, who can tell what might have been found—not hyenas, indeed, but a tooth, a skull, a teleomnite Westminsteriensis, to the glory of the English shrine and the honour of the Dean.

The manifestation of the man of science afforded us in the life of Dean Buckland and in that of Professor Owen, which naturally follows it, is remarkable. It is a perfectly wholesome, sound, well-conditioned image, amid all the self-communings and introspections common to biography. The Dean evidently never stopped to ask himself "What am I?" or "What is the good of me?" He

knew very well what was the good of him, and how to do it, and believed it to be a very important thing—more important, perhaps, than we now think, but not more than it was usual to think in his time. He believed that he was making a revelation to the earth of its own structure and early history, which was more or less true. And his opponents believed that he was turning that earth upside down, overthrowing its foundations and upsetting religion. We have lived through a great many of these scares, and Dr Buckland's ice age has not abolished Christianity any more than the operations of Robert Elsmere: nor do we believe that he had any intention whatever of doing so. He had, in short, as far as appears, no intention at all. He was not a man of books, and he was born on the blue lias, and endowed with the most active and curious spirit, eager to find out everything that was capable of discovery: and he was so near the beginnings of geological science that there was almost everything to discover. The activity of the man, his power of careering about the world, poking into every corner, hammering every stone, inquiring, sometimes with violence, what secrets were hid in the bowels of the earth, were boundless. He—it would be more exact to say they—never seems to have been tired, discouraged, deceived in his hopes, depressed or disturbed by his discoveries, as other men are. One would say that everything he did had proved quite satisfactory to him. He is always on the surface, not so much floating as bobbing with the tide, always uppermost, always with all his wits about him, looking out for surprises, and delighting in them. If there is occasionally an air of

hurry about his proceedings, it arises not from excitement, but from the healthy and natural reason of having too much to do. But these are not the troubles of the man whose tastes lie in the direction of books or thought. Thought, no doubt, the man of science must take, and even a certain degree of imagination must be his; but the severest thinking how to fit a bone into its place, or even to evolve from his consciousness a new (and hideous) animal, does not wear out the brain or excite the head. It is severe work perhaps, and perhaps noble work: certainly it has received much honour and glory from the world; but it is work which partakes very much of the nature of a puzzle, and awakens a very wholesome set of lively faculties—curiosity, ingenuity, and a happy knack of guessing—which are most useful, most cheerful, most desirable qualities, but not of the highest order, nor specially interesting as human phenomena, nor serviceable in the discovery of men.

There is this to be said always, however, in behalf of the natural sciences—which by dint of having been unnecessarily exalted, may now, it seems possible, be proportionately undervalued for a time at least—that this work is eminently healthy work. The hope of an immediate practical result to be attained is of itself a great thing. A man can rarely have so much satisfaction in the manufacture of a book, which depends upon various extraneous matters as well as its own excellence for its success,—upon the audience, upon the mood of society, to a smaller degree even upon the critics—and which must be judged by intangible standards, among which mathematical certi-

tude has no place,—as in the building of a distinct *thing*, be it palace or skeleton or section of the earth. We remember to have noted with amusement and pleasure the difference existing among a number of young men at Oxford, all pursuing their studies with more or less interest, if not too deeply devoted to them. One of them had taken up that branch uncivilly but not inappropriately entitled “Stinks” in the phraseology of the University—*i.e.*, chemistry: and the advantage of the practical element was conspicuous. The contact with things in distinction to thoughts, the manual work to do, the use of the hands as well as the head, the lively material element of experiments and combinations, gave to our student a freedom, an alertness, a cheerful ease, which his fellows could not attain to. He had not his head in the air, like the men whose brains were stimulated by Plato or Æschylus, or sick with Hegel. The special youth in question was a medical young man, which made the distinction still more conspicuous. Nothing could be, one would imagine, more gruesome than the studies which qualify for that profession, or less calculated to develop cheerfulness of spirit. Yet, except in the case of a fantastical person here and there, whose heart or stomach revolts from them, there is nothing so jovial as your medical student. The contact with earth seems always favourable to high spirits. We do not say to good taste, which would, perhaps, be too much to ask, but certainly to jollity and the habit of mirth.

Dr Buckland was one of the most cheery and jocose of men. He crept into corners and holes of the earth with endless jokes and laughter. He was accompanied

everywhere by comic versifiers and a caricaturist of his own, and celebrated the discovery of the grim hyena-dens with shouts of delight. Bones were to him the most cheerful, the most exhilarating, of all the accompaniments of life. Indeed, he had good enough reason, apart from his bones and stones, for cheerfulness. Everything went well with him throughout his long life. He was born exactly when a geologist ought to have been born. His A B C was composed of ammonites and belemnites. "Near his home in the picturesque valley of the Axe are large quarries of lias, abounding in fossil organic remains: in this same valley are also found abundant traces of a buried forest; here, too, lay embedded among the roots of the trees the bones of fossil elephants." As a boy at Winchester he had easy access to the large chalk-pits on St Catherine's hill, "which abounded with sponges and other fossils." Thus he went playing through his studies, and found himself Fellow of his college as soon as he was out of the swaddling-bands of University routine, not in those days pinned all over with examinations, as in our less fortunate time.

The description of his rooms at college, his home when he got one, carries on the joke throughout the years. His breakfast-table a merry historian describes as "loaded with beef-steaks and belemnites, tea and terebratula, muffins and madrepores, toast and trilobites,"—all of which would be more novel and amusing to the reader if his son Frank's life had not taken precedence of the father's. He drove about in a travelling-carriage, "built extra strong," to receive the masses of stone it sometimes had to carry—promiscuous boulders picked up on the wayside

—and "fitted up with a furnace and implements for assay and analysis." By means of all this paraphernalia he made a collection of geological specimens unrivalled in its day, and laughed his way through all manner of readerships and minor offices to the position of professor, in the most legitimate and well-deserved manner of promotion: then was lifted suddenly by the wisdom of a judicious Prime Minister, stimulated by popular appreciation, to the office of Canon of Christ Church, which really could not be imagined, in any but a derisive and disrespectful sense, to have anything to do with fossils; and, finally, to the Deanery of Westminster,—a delightful exemplification of that fine theory of English government which places a successful man of business at the head of the Admiralty, and confides the care of a troubled province to a fastidious man of letters. Dean Buckland could not be said in these pieces of promotion to be the right man in the right place, but he was at least quite an agreeable man in all positions. "A merrier man, within the limits of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal," says Professor Story Maskelyne—making, we think, a little mistake with his quotation. And Mr Ruskin's testimony to the jovial Canon is still more strong: "The family were all sensible and good-natured, with originality enough in the seven of them to give sap and savour to the whole college. All were frank, kind, and clever, vital in the highest degree—to me medicinal and saving. Dr Buckland was extremely like Sydney Smith in his staple of character,—no rival with him in wit, but like him in humour, common-sense, and benevolently cheerful doctrine of divinity.

Geology was only the pleasant occupation of his own merry life."

The "savour" communicated to the college was, however, sometimes a peculiar one, and we wonder if other refined dwellers in "the Cardinal's Square" liked it. Beasts of all kinds abounded in the house, as well as bones. "There were cages full of snakes and of green frogs in the dining-room, where the sideboard groaned under successive layers of fossils, and the candles stood on ichthyosauri's vertebrae." Guinea-pigs were often running over the table, upon which occasionally unhallowed dishes, made of strange and unclean beasts, were served—"a dish of crocodile, which was an utter failure," for one. Thus the Canon was not altogether, perhaps, so delightful as a neighbour in his surroundings as in himself. Mrs Buckland was like-minded, herself a geologist and microscopist, whom the Professor met in a coach while travelling in Devonshire, and "reading a new and weighty book of Cuvier's which he had just received." The lady had the same book (how deeply ashamed ought we to feel who prefer the flimsiest of novels in such circumstances!) with her, to enliven her journey, and the two began to talk on the strength of this fact. The drift of their conversation "was so peculiar," that Dr Buckland at last exclaimed, "You must be Miss Morland!"—and so she was. The oracles who tell us that men do not like women who know anything, ought to shrink into silence after this little romance of knowledge. But perhaps the cheerfulness above remarked upon of natural science may make a difference.

Dr Buckland, however, could not have been a cheerful sight at this period of his career, to judge

by the portrait in which he stands, looking something between the illustrious Chadband and a mute at a funeral, in the lugubrious costume of his day, with his umbrella in one hand and his bag for specimens in the other—so that it must have required no small courage to venture upon him. His wife owned a feminine weakness by making models in leather of the fossils in which she was so deeply learned—a welcome introduction of fancy work into the dingy character of the favourite pursuit. The learned pair took their children out in the heavy carriage, built to carry loads of stones as well as babes, to hunt for moles in the woods, or gather gryphites in the quarries. "My dears, educated people always talk of *things*; it is only in the servants' halls that people talk gossip," said this dear lady, beguiled by the innocence of her traffic with the primeval. We may allow, though no champions either of heredity or evolution, that Dr and Mrs Buckland had their fitting apotheosis in FRANK, their eldest son, who carried this devotion to things—usually very ugly and generally ill-smelling things—to its utmost climax.

It is to Dr Buckland that we owe the British Association—that now familiar yearly holiday assembly which combines research with jollity in a manner most fully characteristic of what we may be allowed to call nowadays the Gay Sciences,—very distinct from the art of poetry which once bore that delusive title. Here, however, is a difficulty, very quaint and old-fashioned nowadays, which arose at the beginning of that institution:—

"Everybody whom I spoke to on the subject argued that if the meeting is to be of scientific utility, ladies ought not to attend the reading of the

papers, especially in a place like Oxford, as it would at once turn the thing into a sort of Albemarle dilettante meeting instead of a serious philosophical union of working men. I did not see Mrs Somerville; but her husband decidedly led me to infer that such is her opinion of this matter, and he further fears that she will not come at all. . . . In the end Mrs Somerville decided not to attend the meeting, for fear that her presence should encourage less capable representatives of her sex to be present"!

The poor ladies! thus shut out in the cold. But what would the British Association do without them now? The whirligig of time generally, in one way or another, brings about its revenges. It was especially hard upon Mrs Buckland, we can't but feel, that these unpleasant things should be said, for she shared all the scientific diversions of her husband. He was puzzled—to give one instance—by the footmarks left upon a slab of sandstone, which he could not decipher, or at least identify:—

"He was greatly puzzled; but at last one night, or rather between two and three in the morning, when, according to his wont, he was busy writing, it suddenly occurred to him that these impressions were those of a species of tortoise. He therefore called his wife to come down and make some paste, while he went and fetched the tortoise from the garden. On his return he found the kitchen-table covered with paste, upon which the tortoise was placed. The delight of this scientific couple may be imagined when they found that the footmarks of the tortoise on the paste were identical with those on the sandstone slab."

If it was on a cold night that Mrs Buckland was called from her bed to make that paste—and thereafter shut out from the company of the savants as a dilettante and uninstructed person, it was hard—more hard than words can say.

These simple stories are about all that we can glean of human nature in this belated book. There is nothing which gives Dr Buckland a title to be considered as a man—after all a being more interesting than any saurian—except the few lines from Mr Ruskin above quoted, which give a little glimpse of a house where everything was topsy-turvy, yet a certain salt of common-sense preserved the brutes, alive and dead, from becoming paramount. Professor Boyd Dawkins, at much more length, and with curious professional instinct, gives another view: "He belongs to a type of man now extinct," says this scientific authority. We should not have ventured to say so much on our own unauthorised responsibility; but when the Professor says so, no doubt it must be true. If it were not that the unique collection which Buckland left to Oxford has been left to rot and fall out of recollection, we might say that he himself was the last fossil of the series, though not properly ticketed or described. At least Professor Dawkins might say so: for our part we do not indeed believe that the type is quite extinct even now.

There is a little sketch inserted here, more original and interesting than the Dean, of an independent worker of whom the world otherwise hears little—a certain Mary Anning, who "from the early age of ten gained her livelihood and supported her widowed mother by collecting specimens on the beach." This woman had, it appears, a little shop at Lyme, where the familiar sea-side curiosities, fantastic arrangements of shells and scraps of coral, with which we are all acquainted, were diversified by the most important and curious discoveries. "It was in 1811 that she made her first great discovery

of the ichthyosaurus," says Dr Buckland's biographer. Later she discovered the plesiosaurus, which she extracted from the Lias rocks piece by piece—a process which took her nearly ten years. The shadowy figure, working in the background, of this obscure discoverer on the sea-shore awakes in our mind a warmer interest than the happy rotundity of the successful Dean.

Professor Owen¹ is a man of a very similar class. If the Buckland mould is broken up, the other type will run him very close, and prevent the absolute extinction of the kind. Here again is a cheerful, sanguine, open-air philosopher, in a great hurry, and with more on his hands than any two men elsewhere—getting along through all the fuss of work by sheer intense reality and naturalness and good-humour. Sir Richard Owen's *Life* is in two volumes, while Dean Buckland's is only in one. He is twenty years younger, and his work more near us, and his death an occurrence of the other day; so that naturally we should be able to see him more closely, and his form and fashion as a man should be more apparent. We cannot say, however, that it is so. We go over again the general description we have ventured to give before. He was, we think, but that is probably because he is a little nearer to us, a more lovable man than his scientific predecessor; not quite so jocose, not setting up for wit at all, but more naturally attractive, with the glittering eyes which struck Carlyle, and the long, lithe frame swinging along from one piece of work to another, with a bone in his grip like the staff of St Christopher—an ugly horror of

a bone, but famous; for did not the wisest of anatomists take it for the leg of a bull, till Owen demonstrated it to be that of a big bird, one of the most hideous of his kind, which is saying much.

What a nightmare of a world that must have been before man came upon the scene—when the crocodiles and the mammoths and the megatheriums and all the rest had everything their own way! We cannot sufficiently thank heaven that a kind Providence cleared them all away before anything that could express an opinion in words had come into being. What bad language must have flowed from the lips even of Adam innocent had his new-born eyes been cognisant of such a diabolical dream as the print entitled "*Ancient Dorsetshire*" in the *Life of Dean Buckland*! That they should all have exterminated each other was a mere necessity in the struggle for existence, for even the unsensitive eyes of the crocodile could scarcely have endured the horrors afloat about him, and lived. Nothing but delirium tremens could be equal to it, and we should be thankful to allow that God could have had nothing to do with so horrible a wallowing of everything frightful and unclean. Owen added several spectres to these monsters of the past, with which, in his day, the world was much more pleased than if he had discovered a Rafael, or found a new poet. He introduced the Pearly Nautilus to the acquaintance of society, which was a prettier thing. He dissected numberless beasts of every class and kind; he lectured everywhere, sowing the seeds of his knowledge—now to a large extent pronounced error—over England, and gained himself huge renown, applause, and

¹ The *Life of Richard Owen*. By his Grandson. Murray : 1895.

success everywhere—"a sir to his name," and a delightful cottage in Richmond Park as a special testimony to his greatness, from the Queen. We confess we envy him much that cottage in Richmond Park, not for our individual self, but for the art of Literature, which has no doubt amused and refreshed and tranquillised the minds of her Majesty and her Majesty's lieges far more in that time than the "Dinornis" of Owen, or any series of lectures on Palæontology, could have done: but when did our gracious Sovereign give *us* even a suite of rooms in which to make merry with our friends? To be sure, in Owen's day Natural Science was on the top of the wave. It promised a thousand things, which it has not been able to fulfil. It dazzled our eyes with its supposed revelations, and secured a place, such as very likely it has no chance of holding in the future, but which was very triumphant in its time.

The reader will find in this book a full record of these honours and glories: and he will hear a great rushing as of a man with wings—a sort of wooden wing like the sail of a wind-mill, we should say, by the sound—from one lecture-room to another, to the Zoo, to the dissecting-table, to all the meetings of all the societies,—and snatches of conversation, and echoes of laughter: a faint growl from a violoncello comes now and then through the other sounds, and a faint murmur of domestic talk: a child appears for a moment, more shadowy than a ghost; a faint, gentle wife journalises. He was, we repeat, we have very little doubt, a lovable man, though too much in a hurry. But no more. We know very little more of the man Richard Owen at the end than we do at the beginning. Mr Huxley tells that, though he laboured for fifty years,

the result of his labours has been very small. "Hardly any of those speculations and determinations have stood the test of investigation. I am not sure that any one but the historian of anatomical science is ever likely to recur to them. Obvious as are the merits of Owen's anatomical and palæontological work to every expert, it is necessary to be an expert to discuss them; and countless pages of analysis of his memoirs would not have made the general reader any wiser than he was at first." This is all the outcome, it appears, of the tremendous work of a lifetime, the exercise of faculties that seemed wellnigh miraculous, the success, the triumph, with which these were accompanied. Buckland is forgotten, and his own university has allowed his collection to go to ruin. This is what it is to be a man of science. Owen, Mr Huxley thinks, was not without use—notwithstanding "the wide difference of opinions which unhappily obtained between him and Myself"—by the stirring up and awakening of interest and intellectual, or rather scientific, curiosity which his exertions brought about. But that is all the one philosopher will allow to the other. When it is Mr Huxley's turn to go, with still greater reason some other pope will pronounce his sentence in the same sense. They come, they go, they create a tremendous pother in the world, and give themselves (in all sincerity, we doubt not) the air of having discovered everything. What they do not know is not worth knowing; and lo! to the next man what they know is ignorance, if not folly, and their discoveries things to be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulder and a smile. Dean Buckland is to Professor Dawkins a new and superior fossil, a type of man no longer ex-

isting. It is not the non-scientist who expresses these opinions, but the successors of the prophets, who, as we are here informed, have laboured in vain, and spent their strength for naught.

It is curious that Science should have this effect upon its high-priests: everybody remembers what, according to his own account, it did for Darwin, taking from him all relish for what are still, notwithstanding Science, believed to be the highest, as they certainly are the most beautiful, things in the world—Art, Literature, Music, the beauty of Nature; so that neither a fine landscape nor a fine picture, nor a piece of melody (but this we believe is considered the lowest thing in music), nor a great poem interested the Sage any more; and a trumpery novel with a good end was the only form in which literature had any pleasure for him. This is supposed to be a compliment to the novelist, but we do not think it is so. Owen, however, was not so dignified and retired, but a much more active person than Darwin—with whom he did not agree. He had his own theory of the Origin of Man, and it will be seen a very different one, according to the following peroration of one of his lectures, which we confess is to ourselves at least more agreeable than any of the discussions of anatomy:—

“Such are the dominating powers” (he had been describing the human constitution) “with which we, and we alone, are gifted. I say gifted, for this surpassing organisation was no work of ours. ‘It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.’ This frame is a temporary trust for the uses of which we are responsible to our Maker. Oh, you who possess it in all the supple vigour of lusty youth, think well what it is that He has committed to your keeping! Waste not its energies; dull them not by sloth;

spoil them not by pleasures! The supreme work of creation has been accomplished that you might possess a body, the sole erect, of all animal bodies the most free, and for what? For the service of the soul. Strive to realise the conditions of the possession of this wondrous structure; think what it may become, the Temple of the Holy Spirit. Defile it not. Seek rather to adorn it with all meet and becoming gifts, and with fair furniture, moral and intellectual.”

It is a pleasure to take leave of Owen with this utterance, which is so much different from the burden of the prophecy of most men of his kind. And we must add that there is a very much better portrait of him extant than anything attained in this book, to which the reader who takes any interest in the great anatomist would do well to turn. It is done by the hand of a true artist, and is to be found in a book of which we but imperfectly remember the name, but with much pleasure and appreciation the subject, being the history of Sir Thomas, or Tommy, Upmore, done by Mr Blackmore, which we believe was the chief evidence, moving our mind like a piece of personal knowledge, which has induced us to describe Owen as a genuine and lovable man. The reader we are sure will agree with us, who, after, those bustling and scrappy volumes, takes up the work of our old fellow-contributor, the author of ‘Lorna Doone,’ and of many an excellent portrait besides this.

It is with great relief, however, we cannot but admit, that we rise up and shake from us the dust of the bones, the stuffy atmosphere of the lecture-room, and come back to the familiar ground of literature, to the other kind of man, with whose motives and ways we are in sympathy, whose thoughts

are concerned with different matters, the "traveller between life and death," who walks as we do among the sorrows and joys of actual existence, and is more concerned with the secrets of the mind than the dark and noisome problems of the body. There are not many men in any region of human investigation that are like Dean Church,¹ although there is about him no noisy atmosphere of publicity, no shouts of popular admiration. The modest memoir which his daughter has given to the world, claiming no place for it as a biography, representing it solely as a collection of his letters, is like himself in its reticence and quiet. It is indeed too quiet, too little pretentious, giving him less than his due degree of importance and prominence in his generation, and so no doubt fulfilling with a very rare exactitude the spirit and nature of the man, who made so little fuss, and took upon himself so little the air of a man consulted and revered, whose very presence in the Deanery at St Paul's was a support to every good influence, a sustaining power in every struggle of good against evil. Amid all the warring ecclesiastics, and all the extraneous forces of his time, his unassuming potency was always refreshing. Not a scientist nor a schoolmaster but a priest and teacher, it is almost curious among a number of men chosen for other causes to find a high Church dignitary selected because he was suited to the needs of his office, as well as eminent in other ways. It is a variation never to be too much commended upon the commoner rule.

Church had been buried for many years in the quietude of the

country, doing the work of his parish with devotion, although still keeping up, by literature, by warm interest in everything that was going on without, by wise observations and advice, his influence in the world, when he was persuaded with some difficulty to go up to a higher place. And he came to St Paul's with no particular flourish of trumpets, but with a quiet conviction on the part of all who knew that he was emphatically the right man in the right place. It is generally known that he might have risen to the very highest place in the Church had not hindrances arisen on his side. The common world, perhaps, even remained in ignorance all through that there was any voice of special authority at St Paul's: but the better informed were aware that the man in the Church whose opinion was of more importance than almost any other clerical opinion in England, was to be found there ready for any emergency, having watched and tested and judged with a great calm of wisdom everything that was going on, and speaking with mild authority out of the midst of his hermitage in the heart of the busy city. There could not be a more striking position: no hurry, no rush of exertion, no breathless round of duties swept away his measured steps. He was always quiet, almost retired, with that reserve of power about him which is so impressive to the spectator. This attitude is almost too carefully kept up in the "Life." Neither the doors of the deanery nor those of the parsonage are thrown open to the public. The letters are too carefully selected: one striking proof of this lies in the fact that wher-

¹ Life and Letters of Dean Church: edited by Mary C. Church. London: Macmillan & Co.

ever the book was discussed on its first appearance, some one or other of its admirers or critics would say, "There are three letters——" and these three were invariably the same.

The only point of Dean Church's life in regard to which this reticence is a little broken is the early portion in Oxford, and the holiday times abroad. The Oxford period was too important to be missed out, and it was precisely one of those eras in the world's history when the laws of individual privacy are suspended, and every detail of a life connected with events of so much moment is forced into the light of day. Besides, the Dean had himself, in his masterly sketch of the Oxford movement, given up his habitual reticence. We cannot pretend to any desire to go over again the facts of that extraordinary moment of excitement and commotion, when the private details of a clergyman's habits of mind and devotion became as important as the causes of a revolution,—but they come back to the reader with a living force in Dean Church's letters, which help us to realise the great tension of nerve and sentiment, the importance of every detail. Afterwards, except in the irresponsible movements of holiday, his life resumes its habitual reserve. Curiously enough, the private letters from Oxford during this period are the least interesting of the collection. They supply, however, many life-like particulars of the conflict, and especially, as was to be expected, of that one remarkable scene of the Proctorial Veto, when, by the almost unprecedented use of a highly tyrannical and unreasonable privilege, Church, the least despotic of men, put, with his colleague, a summary stop to the persecution

of Newman, at the most impressive and picturesque moment, and in the most striking way. The element of surprise and unexpectedness, even of inappropriateness, gives the greatest piquancy to this remarkable event. Had it been followed by any definite result it would have been a great thing indeed. As it happened, it neither assisted the course of Newman nor produced any other consequences worthy the occasion. And with the exception of this striking bit of narrative, the Oxford letters are too local, weighted with detail and personal allusions.

"Heads of Houses were breakfasting, unconscious that Lewis and Morris were not breakfasting, it being St Peter's Eve. But breakfast and unconsciousness must come to an end, the clock must strike, and the resolute Welshman is at the V.C.'s door with a letter. The V.C. sends for the Welshman—does not deny that Mr E. is a Unitarian, but in England he conforms. The Welshman is inexorable. Jelf, who is by looks fierce and is rude, all but insults the Welshman. Eden also tries his luck," &c., &c.

This is like very small parish gossip. But Oxford, always the centre of the world to its academical population, was more than ever so in the early forties, when events calculated, as everybody believed, to convulse the whole Christian world, were going on. Peace be to the Oxford movement and its innumerable echoes! Nobody has contributed more to clear up its history than Dean Church; but we are too thankful to be free of it, and to feel no necessity upon us to stir up the everlasting fires that smoulder in these ashes still. We find, long after, a very wise and discriminating note made by Church upon that curious book, the 'Apologia' of Newman, which has a more living interest. The

judicious Anglican, always Newman's dear friend, "cannot help wishing he had spared himself, or at any rate that he had left Kingsley alone."

"The truth is, he has a hard task before him. When the whole question comes to be opened afresh as to what people, who don't agree with Newman, are to think of the legitimacy of the position which he took up, while coming round to be what they so shrink from and dislike, it will be a hard matter to make explanations which will satisfy even candid ones among them. There is nothing so trying and so hard in the world as the position of a man who is changing his views, and doing so with due time and deliberation and caution. The more careful and conscientious and hesitating he is, the more people insist on flinging charges of dishonesty and inconsistency against him. If Newman's 'Apologia' to the British public succeeds in bringing them round to judge him fairly, he will have accomplished a remarkable feat. He can do it if any man can; but he runs a risk."

What Newman attained was not perhaps exactly a fair judgment. Whether those strange revelations of a soul were followed by any with complete sympathetic conviction, we will not venture to assert; but the world did what was better so far as result goes,—it fell into an unreasoning, yet not unjustified, enthusiasm for the man, which dazzled its judgment, and made all argument unnecessary. Nor has there ever been, we think, sufficient coolness of apprehension since in respect to him to procure a perfectly sound verdict. Perhaps when the last forms of personal impression have passed away with the last survivor of the period, there will be a possibility of such a judgment.

There is, we think, a great deal too much travel, and prolonged diaries of travel, in this book for

its modest dimensions. Dean Church never went very far afield, and his ideas as to foreign parts are less interesting than would have been his ideas about many other things. The very few letters here which deal with the highest of subjects, those which express the everlasting groping of human nature after truths which shall be satisfying to its soul, are of a high kind of excellence, if not accompanied by much solution, or attempt at solution, of those great problems. We have mentioned three of these letters as having been over and over again selected by anxious and thoughtful readers, one of which is addressed to the Principal of Hertford, one to the Rev. Philip Mules, and the third to an anonymous correspondent. The most important of them, perhaps, is that which is intended as a reply to the inquiries of a lady who begs that there may be no "vagueness or platitudes" in the response she requires. This request the Dean receives, as is natural, with a somewhat melancholy smile. It is, he says, an embarrassing condition.

"For the subject has been before the minds of men, along with many others as perplexing, ever since they began to think. I do not see where any novelty about it is to come from. Without knowledge it is difficult not to be vague, and without discovery and the possibility of discovery, difficult to avoid platitudes."

He proceeds, with what in all respect and reverence for a thoroughly devout mind we can only call a deeply-religious agnosticism, to speak of our Lord's sympathy with pain, as having Himself endured it; and of the object of pain, at once in ourselves, and in the greatest of mysterious examples, in Him. "The wisest

thing," he says in another letter, "that men can do is to cultivate diligently a sense of their own hopeless ignorance, and to have the courage to say, 'I cannot tell.'"

"Of course this is Butler over again ; it is only vagueness and platitude. Every one knows it. But not only I cannot get beyond it, but I cannot imagine any one doing so. And thus it comes to the old story. Here are facts and phenomena on both sides, some leading to belief, some to unbelief ; and we human creatures, with our affections, our hopes and wishes, and our wills, stand, as it were, solicited by either set of facts. The facts which witness to the goodness and the love of God are clear and undeniable ; they are not got rid of by the presence and certainty of other facts which seem of an opposite kind : only the existence of the two contraries is perplexing. And then comes the question which shall have the decisive governing influence on wills and lives. You must by the necessity of your existence trust one set of appearances ; which will you trust ? Our Lord came among us not to clear up the perplexity, but to show us which side to take."

The attitude is very much the same, to our thinking, as that of Mr Balfour in his recent work. The philosopher may be pardoned for having nothing more definite to give us when we find an equal inability in the Divine. "Strange, ambiguous, perplexing lot for creatures made in the image of God !" Dean Church confesses. It is all that wisdom can say in the matter : but then wisdom has never been indicated to us as the authority. "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." How strange a matter for thanksgiving to our feeble faculties ! Yet in the immeasurable distance between the

human and divine, how small is the distinction between the wisest and the simplest ! and how much more steadfast and sustaining the dispensation and the faith of babes than of any creed of the Illuminati ever promulgated among men !

At the same time, nothing could be more clear than Church's apprehension of the foundation of all religion. Failing a better exposition of his views on the miraculous and supernatural, not easily to be found with the aid of an index which gives us nothing but proper names, what he says about his brother Dean, Stanley of Westminster, shows very clearly the nature of his thoughts on this subject, — he has just described Stanley as "a prophet and leader, full of eagerness and enthusiasm and brilliant talent, all heightened by success—but without a creed to preach."

"Stanley's insensibility to the immeasurable difference that miracle or no miracle makes in our ideas of religion has always struck me as the most singular mark of his want of depth. The course [Bampton Lectures] would be worth preaching if only to impress on people's minds how much turns on miracle."

Canon Scott Holland's account of the great work accomplished by Dean Church in St Paul's will be found to be interesting, if a little rhetorical and over-eloquent after the fashion of that dignitary. It is indeed no small matter to have turned that noble temple into the House of God it was intended to be, instead of the dusty museum and echoing emptiness which we remember it, with its small and rusty population of vergers agape for fees, and the extra sixpence for the Whispering Gallery, &c. The difference is indeed almost incredible. And no doubt the retirement of that dim Deanery, where so

wise an adviser was ever to be found to communicate the results of his much observation and thinking to a disturbed statesman or puzzled sage on an emergency, was a great advantage and benefit to many. But his heart was not in that work as it had been in his country parish, where he had gradually made himself a natural judge and arbitrator. There is a touch of humour, however, which perfects his character, in his sense of the equal perplexities, always perplexities, the ceaseless accompaniment of human life, which arose in dealing with the rustics who occupied the central twenty years, the best part of his life—as well as with their most exalted superiors. "I wish I could send you," he says, "the medicine you ask about for an anti-talking-to-poor-people diathesis."

"After four years' trial I find it as strong in myself as ever—i.e., I know as little how to go about it satisfactorily, and still read with wonder and admiration any small book which describes the easy-going glib persuasive way in which the typical parson is painted talking to the members of his flock. To me they seem to live in impenetrable shells of their own: now and then you seem to prick them or please them, but I can never find out the rule that either goes by. I think sometimes whether one ought not to give up reading, and all communication with the world one has been accustomed to, in order to try and get accustomed to theirs—but this does not seem a promising plan either."

Dean Church had a happy and prosperous life until he had passed the ordinary limits of man's existence. Then the almost inevitable cloud descended upon him, and he lost his only son.

"Nothing," he says, in his always reticent and quiet tones, "that has ever happened to me in life has been like that moment when we first saw

that no breath came through his lips. For more than forty years death has not come very near us; and now we have been made acquainted with his awful presence among us. We have been hearing much of him by the hearing of the ear; and now our eyes have seen him in our own home, and very close to us. We did not know what is such a common experience; now we do know."

With this pathetic quietness the still soul received what proved its death-blow,—the first mortal stroke, and the last. He died little more than two years after. To have heard more of the thoughts that were in his mind during these two years,—“The thought of what is to take the place of things here, is with me all day long since Fred's departure,” he says, “but it is with a strange mixture of reality and unreality, and I wish it did me all the good it ought,”—would have been more to us than a great deal of uneventful travelling, or even lucid description. Perhaps he had not much to say. “Books are not satisfactory,” he adds; “at least, I have always found it so. It seems to me that there is nothing equal to letting the Psalms fall on one's ears till at last a verse seems to start into meaning, which it is sure to do in the end. And the Collects are inexhaustible.” Perhaps to a man so reticent it would have been out of place to say more.

We rejoiced and uttered cries of triumph a few pages back, when, coming out of the dusty regions of science, we returned to the man literary, the man occupied with thoughts and fancies, rather than with bones dead or alive. We cannot but feel that the elation which possessed our mind was premature, we might even say mistaken, when we turn to the two

large and handsome volumes, sumptuously got up, and charged with the importance of an imperial history, in which the records of the often agreeable and always uneventful life of the late Mr John Addington Symonds¹ have been given to the world. If Mr Symonds had turned the world upside down, if he had let in some new and wonderful light upon the workings of thought, if he had produced the greatest wonder of the age in the way of literature, there could not have been a larger flood of words, a more high-flowing tide of description, to carry forth his name to the world. But the touch of the practical is always sane, and perhaps it is only possible for a man who has been of little consequence in the world, and achieved but small things, to have so much to say for himself. It is such a deluge of literary-ism—if we may frame an ugly and awkward word—as eye has scarcely seen or heart conceived; and proves beyond question how fatal it is to have large command of all the methods of literature, an excessive interest in oneself, and otherwise nothing particular to say. We foresee the appearance of another such work when the life of Mr R. L. Stevenson comes to be written, and would fain hold up to the friends and relatives of that man of genius the painful example of all this weak, washy, everlasting flood of self-appreciation and worship. Its inevitable tendency is to diminish, and not to exalt.

No doubt it is a painful predicament for a biographer, especially when chosen expressly for this purpose, to deal with the detailed and too extensive material

which a man of considerable but not supreme note has left behind him for the exposition and glorification of his own character. It is all very well written, it is not without interest, there is nothing in it that can offend public morals or wound anybody's feelings. Except that he had a weakness for the society of guides and gondoliers, and for taking part in the amusements of the foreign populace, we do not know that there is anything to object to in Mr Symonds' innocent and blameless life. We can well believe, indeed, that a straightforward and practical gondolier would afford great relief by his downright talk and company, to a man everlastingly occupied with what he himself thinks, feels, and imagines, and why he thinks, feels, and imagines it—so that there is nothing to be said on that score. He did no harm to any one up among his mountains; nay, he was kind, a friendly cordial man, speaking by times a good word to the languid and suffering. The mental pose or poses in which he was continually regarding himself did not show on the outside, and we can well imagine a brief and cordial book which would have made the name of the half-poet, half-philosopher, graceful (if not sometimes too graceful) writer and gentle thinker, to smell sweet and blossom in the dust. But we confess that we have a sympathetic and compassionate feeling for the biographer, specially chartered on this account in face of the elaborate and minute autobiography and innumerable shoals of letters with which he had to deal.

What was Mr Brown to do? He had an affectionate admir-

¹ John Addington Symonds: a Biography. By Horatio F. Brown. Nimmo: 1895.

ation (we may well believe) for Symonds, a man much older than himself, and to whom it is very possible he may have looked up in the beginning of his career. Had his friend's lucubrations been badly written, foolish, ungrammatical, no doubt he would have, for that friend's sake, manipulated or even abolished them. But they are very nicely written, chapter upon chapter of excellent copy, unexceptionable literary matter, quite fit for the printer. What in these circumstances was a young literary man with a natural reverence for copy to do? We feel keenly for Mr Brown. But we and John Addington Symonds must bear the loss for ever of a bolder hand and a more discriminating critical faculty in this young literary gentleman. He has made the kindly potentate of Davos a bore, which he was not in the flesh, and wearied the reader to death with the tiresome personality of a discontented yet self-admiring man, who, no doubt, thought that the "human document" he left behind him would make up for those partial successes or failures which he had accomplished during his life. To be sure, he was himself the original culprit. He it was who put this excessive quiver full of arrows into the hands of his legatee. Mr Brown on his part, it is evident, accepted with solemnity the trust given to him. He gives us in his highly dignified preface a fine view of the duties with which he feels himself to be charged.

"A biographer is in duty bound to form and express some co-ordinating view upon the mass of material he is giving to the world, and which in some way or other represents the man whose portrait he is seeking to delineate. A nature so rich, a temperament so varied, as that of Symonds, must inevitably have attracted by

different qualities and attached by various ligaments his many friends; and no doubt each one of these would describe and explain the psychology of the man under slightly diverse aspects. I can only say that the view I am about to put forward is one which I have held more or less subconsciously ever since I became his friend in 1872, and that it has been forced home upon me with irresistible conviction during the compilation of this book. I believe that, psychologically, Symonds was constructed thus: a highly analytical and sceptical intellect, with which was connected a profound sense of the one ultimate positive fact knowable to him, himself; a rich, sensuous, artistic temperament, with which was united a natural vein of sweetness and affection; an uncompromising addiction to truth, a passion for the absolute, a dislike of compromises, of middle terms, of the *à peu près*. The central, the architectonic quality of his nature was religious. By religious I mean that his major occupation, his dominating pursuit, was the interrogating of the universe, the search for God."

We quote this as a sort of pendant to our own amiably expressed wish at the beginning of this paper, to train the future biographer. Mr Brown, if rather above that pedagogic impulse, yet by thus giving forth a principle in the art, assumes more or less, with an importance to which we do not venture to lay any claim, the direction of the supposed neophyte. "A biographer," he says, "is in duty bound to form and express some co-ordinating view" ("co-ordinating" is a fine word) of the materials and the man upon which he is about to operate. He gives us accordingly a small cabinet picture or character of the man first, kindly tells us what he was, and then proceeds to arrange his proofs. We should not be disposed to give forth any such principle. We should say to the young writer—Never mind what is your idea of the man; no-

body cares what you think of him ; let him show us himself what he was : if he is not capable of doing that, he is not a man whose life needs to be written. We are bound to add in the spirit of fair-play that, notwithstanding the lofty pretensions of the preface, this is really what Mr Brown does. He allows his subject to tell his own story at very great and undue length, and he holds himself in the background with an ostentatious modesty. In short, he does quite right, not according to his own principles, but that which we have ourselves enunciated—for which unconscious agreement we ought to be grateful to him.

The attitude, the atmosphere which surrounds a figure so lavishly self-explanatory is curious. Dean Church remarks in one of his letters that whereas most of the sceptical writers of his time write with a strong consciousness ("sub-consciousness" Mr Brown would say) of the Christianity which has trained and bred them to assail itself, Greg alone writes as a serious Pagan might have written who had never known its hypotheses or sentiments. In such a man as Greg, the Dean acknowledges a mournful charm in this position. But it is the latest fashion in a world already considerably changed—in fashion at least—since Dean Church, to endeavour to assume a similar attitude with a sub-consciousness or suppressed suggestive sense of what is ignored, which is remarkable. Symonds is a searcher after God—as the first man (not Adam) might have been, that creature without antecedents other than Ascidian, whom nature is so obstinately silent about, and science even only assumes. He is apparently, though born in Bristol and with eighteen hundred years of a very

important literature behind him, quite unaware of what has come and gone, and been written about, and taught in the common schools during that time. There have been certainly some very grand theories on the subject promulgated, which must have been heard of in Bristol, and even at Clifton ; but he does not seem to have heard of them. His "dominating pursuit is the interrogation of the Universe," but he has no sort of data to go upon, nor does he inquire what has been thought by other men who might have been more easy to interrogate than the Universe. That is one very curious thing. But there is another still more curious. Mr Symonds tells us that at a very early age the beauty of man had deeply impressed him,—the physical proportion, not of woman apparently, but of the splendid vision of young manhood,—which drew tears from his eyes. "I had none to spare," he says, "for Priam prostrate at the feet of his son's murderer—none for Andromache bidding a last farewell to Hector. But the disguised Hermes in his prime and bloom of beauty unlocked some deeper fountains of eternal longing in my soul." This is a strange confession : but his boyish nonsense which follows is stranger still, in its curious sub-consciousness (we thank Mr Brown for that word) and still more curious fictitious ignorance.

"Walking to and fro between Clifton Hill and Wetherell Place, I used to tell myself long classic stories and to improvise verses on interminable themes. The subject I chose for these peripatetic rhapsodies was the episode of young Apollo in his sojourn among mortals, as the hind of Admetus. What befell him there I expanded into nebulous epics of suffering and love and sorrow-dimmed deity involved with human sympathies

The kernel of my inspiration was that radiant figure of the young Apollo doomed to pass his time with the shepherds, serving them and loving them. A luminous haze of yearning emotion surrounded the god. His divine beauty penetrated my soul and marrow. I stretched out my arms to him in worship. It was I alone who knew him to be Olympian, and I loved him because he was a hind who went about the stables milking cows. It is singular that a boy should have selected any legend so dim and subtle for treatment in the way I have described. But what is far more curious, it seems that I was led by an unerring instinct to choose a myth foreshadowing my peculiar temperament and distant future. I have lived to realise that obscure vision of my boyhood. Man loves man, and nature: the pulse of human life, the contact with the genial earth, are the real things. Art must ever be but a shadow for truly puissant individualities. In this way I have grown to think and feel. And just for this reason my boyish preoccupation with the legend of Apollo in the stables of Admetus has psychological significance. It shows how early and instinctively I apprehended the truth, by the light of which I still live, that a disguised god communing with mortals, loving mortals and beloved by them, is more beautiful, more desirable, more enviable than the same god uplifted on the snow-wreaths of Olympus, or the twin peaks of muse-haunted Parnassus."

Our brain turns with a sort of vertigo when we read this astonishing passage, given forth with such naïve and extraordinary calm. This little Bristol boy, in the year 1850 or so, had never heard, evidently, of another divine figure more weighty at least and important, let us say in literature, than that of young Apollo, who, being God, became man. But never having heard of Him, was so overwhelmingly powerful in genius as to invent a similar myth, and apprehend the truth, never presumably thought of before, "that a disguised god com-

muning with mortals, loving mortals and beloved by them," was a very great idea, to say the least. We do not know at which to wonder most—the extraordinary ignorance of the doctor's son, or that genius and intuition which originated in his mind so wonderful a thing. He never, alas! showed any trace of that genius afterwards. "This myth," he says, and amazing invention of a god living among men, "foreshadowed my temperament and future." "It ended by fashioning my course." Does he mean that he felt himself a god among the poor mortals around, on the heights of Davos or the canals of Venice, and that it was a disguised Apollo and not Mr John Addington Symonds who danced the tarantula with the peasants at Taranto? Perhaps Antonio thought so, whom we remember to have met, puzzled but dignified among the snows of Wesen, with the kind master who was making him acquainted with those mysteries of Terra Firma which do not move the blood of the gondolier, however wise and kind his instructor may be.

But what a strange inconceivable story, to be writ in cold blood by one Englishman and printed by another in the end of the eighteenth century! It is not like the mournful high-minded paganism of Mr W. R. Greg which Dean Church admired; but in its strain of assumed ignorance and miraculous pretention is more wonderful than Greg or anything else we know.

But we are extremely reluctant to dismiss Mr Symonds so. He was not on the outside of him at all this kind of man. There are, no doubt, many human creatures, chiefly of the feminine gender, who write interminable sheets of nonsense in their diaries, and yet are quite pleasant human beings out-

side of them. He tells us himself that he had a thirst for being remarkable, a profound desire to be known and notorious on his own account, and contempt for his position as the bearer of a name not beautiful or historical, only that of the famous doctor's son. Yet it was a good name enough, proceeding from various gentlemen of coat-armour and local distinction. Such an uneasy desire after fame, however, may have prompted his youthful mind to the dreary self-discussions of the autobiography. Perhaps it never did get itself fully impressed upon Mr Symonds' mind that the universe was absolutely indifferent to the momentous question of his personal development, and how he came to be the man he was. He was a very agreeable sort of man ; he was kind with a natural and spontaneous cordiality. He would have given any fellow-creature a hand cheerfully up an Alp or over a crevasse with the best will in the world. He wrote some very melodious and agreeable verse, and various other books, too "tall" in style, too elegant and rhetorical to be in the best taste, or beloved by the best readers. He made wild journeys over the Alps and among the avalanches for which the danger's self was lure alone, for there seemed no possible reason why he should have undertaken them otherwise. And whether he was content with that kind of fame or not, he yet did secure the reputation, founded upon a not very solid basis, which in many cases is the most agreeable form of fame, and produces more pleasure than that of a Tennyson—the reputation which belongs to a man rather than to his works, which makes him known everywhere and pointed out, without bringing upon him any overwhelming burden of honour which he

might have been unable to keep up.

As a matter of fact, however, he was never content, but judged his own achievements with perfect justice, and felt himself to be ineffective at the very moment when he took himself most seriously. All through his life, from his very boyhood, he expected a great deal more from himself than he was ever able to perform. He should have been the young Apollo when he was only an awkward little boy ; he ought to have been moving the spheres when he was nothing more than an amateur in literature, whom people congratulated on being well off, and therefore not forced into the battle and competition of life. And yet he was successful beyond the hopes of many men : though we can scarcely indeed tell why. He reasoned it all out in his own mind, thinking of that and nothing else for years together. We wonder whether this is more easy to bear—the conviction that we have not done all we could, or the more bitter sense that all we could do has been done and has not been appreciated ? But even failure has its charms when it is possible thus to discuss it with a fulness of self-description which has a great sweetness of its own. We all like to talk of ourselves, even if it should be to find fault. There is something in that, too, that has a pungent gratification in it.

It is piteous, however, to read how the endless strain of self-analysis was carried on through a great deal of broken health and much suffering,—some of it, the nervous portion probably, to be traced to this very indulgence. When a man keeps himself constantly under the microscope, it can scarcely be wondered at if his nervous system gets shattered.

But upon this followed the lung disease which was of no summary operation in his case, but yet weakened and troubled his life and diminished his vitality for many years. He died in Rome, closely attended by his favourite child and constant companion, his mind calmed by the approach of age; but he was not old, scarcely over fifty,—a man who had worked much, chiefly for love of work, and because he thought it a good element in life, without doing anything of great importance—and who was thoroughly sensible of this fact, yet went on doing it all the same. He died in a sort of calm unexcited indifference in respect to all that lay beyond the boundaries of this life. "The only sure thing is that we have to live and have to die; why either, we do not know; if we come to know, well; and there is no harm in seeking to discover the why and the whereto: but meanwhile, we ought to be able to get on without it." He did not himself wish, or he thought that he did not wish, to continue his existence beyond the grave. He had already enough of the struggles and pains of existence; but if it were to be so, well: he did not object either. The position is not without a certain dignity at least.

It is delightful and refreshing in the highest degree to turn from this laborious description of literary development to the life of a simple, busy, happy woman,¹ to whom it happened to write several books which gave her great popularity in her time, and did a substantial benefit to her country, and caused, which was almost best of all, the delightful praise of Sir

Walter Scott: but who never apparently thought of herself at all,—who did her composition in a corner of her father's library in the midst of all the account-books which occupied her more serious moments, and who was as little literary as it is possible to conceive. We will not say that professional literariness (impossible to form a decent word for it) is a growth of the present age, for we know that it existed in the eighteenth century, and at other depraved eras of history. But there certainly was as little of it as possible in the days when Sir Walter reigned, and when the art of writing was one which neither talked so big nor looked so small as it does at present. We do not know of any law by which that art should devote itself to study and admiration of its own gifts and achievements more than any other art, nor will we attempt to discuss how it should be so; but only gratefully step back into the happier atmosphere of the early century when books were dear, and the making of them a delightful occupation, and fame sweet: yet none of all these things took the place of human life, or those perennial occupations and principles which form the life of man.

Sir Walter kept a *Gurnal*, as everybody knows—such a journal, like a retired and noble chamber, in which we meet and talk with him as we will,—a friend of whom no one can ever get tired, in whom there are no superfine sentiments nor self-analysis nor concentration upon himself; but who is always a true friend, a true man, one who knows all the course of life and has his share in everything, and makes no wonder of his work

¹ Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth. Edited by Augustus J. C. Hare. London: Arnold.

though he likes it, and carries it on honestly and cheerfully with its due importance, yet not enough to eclipse a single field or forest, far less the mountains or the stars! Miss Edgeworth was not so great as Sir Walter—who was?—but something of the same atmosphere, modified by her womanishness, by her great domestic happiness and freedom from all revolutions or convulsions, is in the simple cheerful record of a life which had no particular individual reason for being brighter than other people's, and yet was so by some delightful alchemy of nature. Mr Hare has made out the story and character of his subject almost entirely in her own words. There is no journal, but there are shoals of letters,—from those of the cheerful girl who was the eldest of an immense family, and never without a share in its management, to those of the old, old pleasant and smiling woman who never lost her interest in life nor her pleasure and satisfaction in it, though none of its prizes fell to her share. It is true, however, that Maria Edgeworth had never learned to think that she herself was so great a wonder in nature as to require to be explained or accounted for. She took herself very easily indeed, not solemnly at all. It was very pleasant to her to think that people liked her, which was a manifest and delightful truth; and in a smaller degree liked her stories, which pleased her too, and much her father, a thing still more agreeable to think of. Perhaps, on the whole, Mr Symonds' way is the way most entertaining to the reader, if it were only for the irritation he occasionally feels, and impulse to contradict. There is nothing to contradict in Miss Edgeworth. We do not wish to take her down since

she never sets herself up. She sits and scribbles by the side of the fire, and looks up at us now and then with a smile. You could do it quite as well as I if you would try it, she says to us—there is no *mécanique*. But literature now is all *mécanique* together, and every kind of mild secondary novelist endeavours with profound gravity to explain to us how we may do it—or at least how they contrive to do it, to the admiration of earth and heaven.

Yet Miss Edgeworth during the first half of her career was two people, which was a position of great piquancy, and might have furnished occasion for many elucidations. She was herself and her father—a sort of innocent and delightful Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde—in which we are never quite sure where one ends and another begins. He did all the marrying in a lavish and exuberant manner, while she looked on; he inspired and criticised the books, she managed the estate. The rents and the *hanging gale*, and all the intricacies of the account-books, were in her hands, while he wrote comments upon the margins of her manuscripts, and acted the ruthless critic to the immense satisfaction of both parties. She might have made something much more amusing than 'Castle Rackrent'—though we maintain 'Castle Rackrent' to be excellent, and only regret that Ireland did not have a great many more such—had she entered more into the private humours of Edgeworthstown, and showed us how the copartnery worked in detail. But this was as much against the traditions of her period and nature as it would have been for Mr Symonds to let himself alone for a time, and to comprehend that there might be things in the universe more im-

portant than the processes by which he came to be.

Richard Edgeworth would probably have proved the most amusing of the pair, had we known more about him. He was as fond of marriage as Bluebeard, but did not apparently require to adopt any of that gentleman's methods, for each wife in succession (except the first) seems to have been as agreeable to him as possible, and everything that a wife should be. He was a mechanical genius in his way, having forestalled the later ages by inventing some sort of telegraph, and also within doors a series of complicated locks and bars by which the doors were prevented from shutting and opening, for all the world as if he had lived in 1893. He married his deceased wife's sister in the face of the law, and was not a pin the worse; in short, he did whatever he had a mind, in the most reckless proverbially Irish way, but with a luck peculiar to the man, or perhaps to the fact that Maria managed his estate,—came to no harm, but flourished all his life like a green bay-tree, and multiplied and replenished the earth to an extent which it is wonderful to hear of. His first marriage, made before he was twenty, was a failure; but the lady was obliging and died early, while all the four who succeeded her were models of sweetness and goodness, as were all the many daughters who proceeded from them. It says a great deal for the ladies of their day that among such a band of women, clustered about the ever-active and high-handed Irish squire, there should have existed so high a standard of excellence. Mr Edgeworth triumphed over rebellions, famines, and all the vicissitudes natural to the country during a long life, coming out at the end of

every crisis undiminished and undismayed, and credited with Maria's successes as well as his own. In those days it was natural to suppose when a woman did anything well that it was a father or brother, with the self-abnegation natural to these relationships, who had whispered it into her ear.

Maria Edgeworth was very small, very lively, we fear rather plain; but that does not seem to have had the smallest importance in her pleasant existence. She was little more than twenty years younger than her father, and their union was complete during the whole of his life. She received in succession his four wives, and was the devoted friend of each and all of them, distinguishing them apparently by their Christian names, "my mother Honora," and giving that title even to the youngest of them, who was about her own age. She seems to have become the business member of the copartnery, her father's agent, at a very early age, and continued the office with extraordinary success after his death in the reign of her brother. Her literary products were by the way—extra work or amusement: but this was the real business of her life. These wives reigned and passed away, innumerable children were born, who in their turn also passed away by all the common human methods—a few by death, many by marriage, the sons by careers of their own. But there were so many, that a constant stream of returns balanced the departures, and all was cheerful in the full house. Two sisters of the two Sneyd wives, Honora and Elizabeth, spent their later years at Edgeworthstown, and were aunts indiscriminately to all the four families. Mr Edgeworth's position is certainly somewhat like

that of a pasha in his harem, but a more complete answer to the popular conviction in respect to domestic quarrels could not be: the old aunts, the new wives, the children elderly and infantile, lived together in perfect accord, and vied with each other only as to who should be most affectionate and kind. The brothers went and came, the brides departed and returned, each "to bring her babe and make her boast,"—all the human vicissitudes were gone through, but for a long, long time the deep peace and happiness of the home seems to have remained unimpaired. Perhaps the moment in which it was most imperilled was that in which a bold Swedish gentleman, met in Paris, asked Maria to be his wife. Daring, unfortunate M. Edelcrantz! She says she had nothing but esteem and respect for him; but yet it is clear she had taken the question into consideration, and would have married him but for the duties which would not permit him to give up his native country. She would not consent to live in Sweden, and he would not consent to give it up. So she gave him up instead: easily she says, there being nothing but esteem and gratitude on her side.

But the reigning Mrs Edgeworth was not of that opinion. She believed that Maria loved the Stockholm official, and that it was a long time before his image was effaced from her heart. "She saw too plainly what it would be to us to lose her, and what she would feel at parting with us," says this lady. One cannot but feel that her unpaid Agency was not worth the sacrifice; but no doubt Maria knew best. "I think it right to mention these facts," Mrs Edgeworth adds, "because I know that the lessons of self-com-

mand which she inculcates in her works were really acted upon in her own life." This incident is the only salient point in Maria Edgeworth's story—and there was evidently no fuss made about it, nor even a sentimental reference, a hint in any of her communications with her many friends. It throws, however, a new interest into her modest story,—the interest which, whatever his other opinions may be, the reader most loves. It is almost a pity that so little is made of it; but that was in accordance with the feelings of a time when people had not begun to wear their hearts upon their sleeves.

Miss Edgeworth's visit to Scott is much more important in her life, and certainly is the second great event in it. It is delightful to think of the startled father reading out to his large assembled company, with all their different fancy-works, gathered round the table in the library, that passage in which the author of *Waverley* made reference to his sister-spirit. Maria, as calm as any, was busy doing—what? Vandyking, perhaps, since she sends to somebody an apron trimmed in this way,—but probably the ignorant reader does not know what a vandyke in needlework was,—or hemming a frill for somebody—when, lo! the reader's voice stopped and went on again with a new tone, and the blood flushed to the little elder sister's cheeks, and her eyes flashed in incredulous delight. To find one's self named by Scott, and one's small ventures classed boldly by his own voice with his! It seems impossible that even Mr Edelcrantz can have given the quiet little woman such a sensation as this. Her visit to Abbotsford appeared in the pages of Lockhart, and Sir Walter took her to his intimacy as a true sister.

Edelcrantz has only dawned upon the world now in Mr Hare's book—the other has always seemed, up to this time, to be the chief incident in her career. But she went everywhere, and saw all manner of distinguished people, and, unpretending as she was, never failed in calling forth the respect, sometimes almost enthusiasm, which was her due. We rarely read her books now; and even where she seemed most invulnerable, in the 'Parent's Assistant,' which we have all loved in our day, there are caping critics who see a certain inhumanity in the Purple jar, and would have liked to punish Rosamond's too virtuous mamma rather than Rosamond. But why think of these fault-finding people? The books which we may call grown up—those books in which Sir Walter found "the essence of good sense" as well as much national elucidation—will stand a second reading much better than many of greater pretensions.

Miss Edgeworth died at eighty-two, after coming in from a drive. "She was seized with pain of the heart, and in a few hours breathed her last." But little "pain of the heart" had the kind Maria known in her long life, and no doubt this was the gentlest way possible of translating the little lady into a better world.

It is one of the paradoxes of which nature is full, that the more close we come to the absolute commonplace, the more difficult it is to understand it. There is a biography of a good woman,¹ the most elaborate of all that we have been reading, a memoir on the old lines, descriptive, eulogistic, without any

attempt to make the subject of the work tell her own story or display her own qualities. There are three hundred and fifty pages about and about Mrs Wood, and we are as little acquainted with her as we were at the beginning. Nay, we feel that we do her a wrong even by calling her Mrs Wood in this brutal and over-intimate way. To take a scrap of the conventional from her is to do the good lady wrong. She is Mrs Henry Wood to the end of time, outside and in, on her visiting-cards and in the minds of her children, who, we are sure, would not sacrifice that distinction for the world. Her books and their prodigious success were wonder enough for a weak-minded generation, but herself is the crowning mystery of all. She is mysterious because there is no mystery about her. We have means of getting to know the most veiled and subtle personalities: by some corner or other the veil blows aside, and we can recognise them for human creatures more or less like ourselves. We know Mr Symonds on the ends of our fingers, though he was to himself a most unknowable individual. We think we a little understand Professor Owen, though a man so much further from our sympathies; but we stand overawed before the face of Mrs Henry Wood, though her countenance beams upon us in the conventional portrait, with all her collars and laces so nicely arranged, and a pretty bow of ribbon under her chin. In one way, indeed, we know her like our A B C. She is Mrs John Smith, Mrs William Brown, Mrs David Jones, however you may please to ring the changes on

¹ Mrs Henry Wood: A Memoir. By her Son, Charles W. Wood. London: Bentley.

these respectable appellations. We have been intimately acquainted with her outer woman as long as we remember. We know her to bow to, to call upon, to take tea with; but *que diable allait-elle faire dans cette galère?* We retire with awe from before her in her sublimer aspect, and confess that we know nothing about her. She is inaccessible by any literary instinct. So profound is the depth of the mystery which encircles the human spirit about whom there is nothing to say, who is not to be divined, for the excellent reason that there exists nothing to divine.

Can this be said of any human creature? Perhaps not. No doubt she had her mysteries, most probably of goodness, known only above. We are sure she was a good woman, and the price of that is, we know, above rubies; but, like the knife-grinder, she has no story to tell—like a great many of us, she has not even anything to guess at. She was not beautiful, according to her portrait, any more than Mr Henry Wood was handsome, by the same evidence, though their son, with true filial admiration, asserts the fact in both cases. Indeed, it is too fatiguing to the mind to inquire what this good lady was. She was Mr Henry Wood's good lady: she was Mrs Henry Wood. What more? Well, there is this unaccountable, unimaginable fact—that she wrote a prodigious number of novels, and that they have all gone into a prodigious number of editions. She is the best-read writer, perhaps, in England, and America grovels at her feet.

She was Ellen Price in her maiden days, which is a thing we feel we should have guessed even if we had not been told. She came, like St Patrick, of very decent people, who in their time

attained the additional distinction of having had losses—but not enough to disturb the comfortable tenor of their existence. She married, it is to be supposed, early,—but as the book is innocent of a date, it is impossible to tell,—and was carried off to the south of France, where her husband's business lay; and after getting over her first home-sickness, saw a great deal of French society, in which was found a lady who, quoting a very well-known line of Scripture, added, "*You see I know something of your beautiful Bible*"!! Mr Charles W. Wood was presumably brought up in France, and he is capable of reporting this—which is a thing that, by an extreme stretch of charity, might be forgiven to a British snob on his first visit, but to no one else. Here, indeed, is a mystery at last, but it is the mystery of invincible ignorance. Mrs Henry Wood and this lady agreed that Charlotte Corday ought to be canonised, but not Jeanne d'Arc; because "in the heroism of Jeanne d'Arc there was a good deal of exaltation, whilst with Charlotte Corday it was the opposite." Said we not that the ideal commonplace is more inscrutable than all the mysteries? "In France there is no antagonism between the classes, but on the contrary an amicable feeling," says the admirably well-informed Mr Charles W. Wood.

We are not told whether there was any particularly excellent reason why Mrs Henry Wood should have taken up the frivolous occupation of writing novels, presumably somewhat late in life; but there are vague intimations of troubles in which Mr Henry Wood was involved, and which caused him to give up his luxurious house or houses in France, and

lead a somewhat wandering life in England. Enough that Mrs Wood did take up the trade, with the story of 'East Lynne,' which brought her great, and more or less deserved, success. A flood of other novels followed, as everybody knows; and in her later years she invented a certain Johnny Ludlow, an amiable feminine *Deus ex machina*, through whom another troop of stories found their way into the world. They were all, with the exception of 'East Lynne,' the most harmless writing that could be conceived, most of them quite readable, chiefly about large families who were virtuous but had one scapegrace among them, a prodigal, either cured by the most beautiful sentimental methods, or disastrously destroyed—all fitted to be the delight of the back-parlour, and patronised in such shrines of literature to the extent of millions (see advertisement) of copies. We are told exhaustively how Mrs Henry Wood produced these admirable works, in a manner quite different from those of Mrs S. C. Hall and Miss Julia Kavanagh, with whom "the ebb and flow of inspiration" had to be watched and followed. "With Mrs Wood it was never fluctuating. She never knew what it was not to be in the humour for writing"—a fact which we can well believe, so enormous the number of books she left behind her. Miss Braddon and Mrs Oliphant have probably produced as many, but the lips of these ladies are sealed as to their methods, and we trust will ever remain so. Mrs Wood, if the reader would like to know, "would first compose her plot—a matter

of extreme care and deliberation, where nothing was passed over or hurried. This would take her about three weeks of very close application, and until the whole was accomplished not one word of the novel was written: characters, motives, incident, and action—everything was duly and deeply weighed, until all threads were well in hand." After this all was plain sailing.

Alas! in all this there is nothing to explain to us how it was that this excellent woman attained her mastery over her readers. The books hold, perhaps, the lowest place in anything that can be called literature of all the super-abounding libraries of fiction. (There are many, of course, which cannot, by any stretch of charity, be called literature at all.) They have not the fictitious charm of being bad or "risky," that favourite quality of the semi-cultured. They are as good as bread, they will do nobody any harm—except, peradventure, 'East Lynne,' in which it is clearly apparent that to run away from your husband, and to be miserable ever after, is at least an interesting thing to do—but that is the commonest of lessons. Why are they so popular? But, indeed, all that can be said is that nobody knows. It is fate, it is luck, it is that mystery of the unmysterious, in face of which we must all gape and be silent. No help towards the elucidation of the problem is to be had in this book.

We are glad for many reasons, and especially because we are so near the end of our space, that the genial Dean of Salisbury does not come before us to be judged in his own person. Dr Boyle¹ has

¹ The Recollections of the Very Rev. G. D. Boyle, Dean of Salisbury. London: Edward Arnold.

added to the great mass of Reminiscences, which have been so plentiful, a volume of entertaining but rather scrappy anecdotes, which ought to have been much more remarkable than they are. For most men whom it is worth while remembering have flitted across his path in his day—men of every kind and complexion, many of them his warm friends, almost all more than acquaintances, of whom he could, no doubt, have told us more if he would. Beginning with Sir Walter Scott, whom he saw as a child, there is scarcely a well-known name of the last half-century which he has not one time or other encountered, and that in all spheres, from the higher circles of the law in Edinburgh, and among the magnates of the English Church, to the statesmen and leaders of public life whom we are now half beginning to forget. This wealth of material, however, has been used with but little effect. He has not piled up a monument or even a cairn, but rather wheeled and flung out barrowful after barrowful, in which we have to grope here and there for the sparkling bit of treasure-trove which forms the valuable portion of the heap. The beginning with Sir Walter is a disappointment. When we hear of the “shy small boy” taken into his father’s study, to see that figure which grows greater as we recede from him, and which is now the object of a universal and affectionate worship which redeems many of the frivolities of the age, Dean Boyle can only tell us that he saw “sitting in an arm-chair an old man with a stick between his legs”—and that when he saw afterwards the statue of Sir Walter, now in the Advocate’s Library, “I recognised at once from the stick between the legs the figure I had seen many years before.”

This is indeed mere dust on the roadside, which it was not necessary to invite us to pick up. And though our mouth waters to hear that the proof-sheets of many of the Waverley novels were read by his mother and his sister on their way to press by the indiscretion of the “Cheeping Charlie” of those old Edinburgh days, nothing comes out of that dim recollection.

It is pleasant, however, to hear over again the echoes of that universal praise which surrounded the memory of Scott in a time when he was still a personal remembrance to many. “There are some deaths one never gets over,” says an old-fashioned gentleman unknown to fame in Dean Boyle’s record. “Life has been a different business to me since Scott’s death. He was the most delightful man I have ever known.” Another says: “I have generally remarked that men with congenital infirmities have some peculiarity; but there was one exception, Walter Scott,—on the whole, the most delightful being I have ever known.” It warms the heart to hear these echoes of that genuine feeling which, after a cold wave of partial ignorance and detraction had passed over him, has revived in all our hearts that beloved name. The young Mr Boyle long afterwards saw a good deal of Lockhart in London, and gives us a very pleasant account of a man by no means so universally popular. We presume that Lockhart’s reputation for the sharpest of satire, and a wit not always kind, proceeds from the brief and warlike period when ‘Maga’ in the first fun and mischief of her youth ran riot, and did not much mind where her lance struck. After that brief outburst the sharpness of the Scorpion quickly gave way to a milder temper. No one, we may believe, could consort with

Scott as he did without losing every acrid tone. "He was an exceedingly handsome man, and when he smiled his expression was delightful," says Dean Boyle; and he quotes several of his judgments, uttered in the rapid course of conversation, which are not without a touch of pungency. "Literary biography," he was in the habit of remarking, "is very ensnaring, and ought to be kept within due bounds,"—which probably was a remark called forth by the Life of Southey, which it fell to the critic's unfortunate fate to review in the very periodical which Southey had served so long. On Disraeli he was "always very amusing." It is still more amusing, perhaps, to see the confused remarks upon that remarkable man given forth at the middle period of his great career, when nobody at all understood what to make of "Ben," and when the faltering remark that he was not a charlatan was made with a little tremor, and listened to with doubt and shaking of heads. Mr Gladstone was always much more easy to characterise. "Gladstone," says Lockhart, "writes hazily, but he is a considerable divine." "I have heard him say that he thought a chapter in Gladstone's 'Church Principles' on Rationalism profoundly interesting, and made him wish that Gladstone had taken orders instead of entering Parliament." The suggestion opens a vista of conjecture which is full of alarming peradventures. Would the Church have been disestablished by this time, and the statesman who has so often brought us to the verge of shipwreck have developed into an archbishop, making the *gran rifiuto*, and flinging the loaves and fishes in the Dissenters' faces? The suggestion makes the hair stand upright on one's head.

Dean Boyle repeats the tantalising note of his only encounter with Sir Walter by a similar one in respect to De Quincey. "As I was standing on the steps of the shop, Mr Whitelaw pointed out a little man in a long shabby coat and said, 'Yon's the opium-eater.' At that moment the man of the coat turned round, and I saw for the only time in my life the well-cut features of De Quincey."

Of men like Dean Stanley, John Henry Smith, and others of his generation, he had much more ample knowledge; and perhaps it is only fair, having recently quoted Dean Church on the former of these personages, to show the different opinion entertained by a third Dean, whose appreciation of him of Westminster was of a warmer kind. "Though I am perfectly well aware," says Dean Boyle, "that he may sometimes not unfairly be charged with indifference to dogma, and thought to be too anxious for an impossible comprehension, I am certain that those who knew him most intimately must always have felt, as I did, what a grand vision of Christian unity lay at the bottom of his heart." Of Henry Smith, Dean Boyle's appreciation was still more warm: "'There is but one Henry Smith,' was a saying of Dean Stanley's;" and perhaps there are few who have not been made acquainted with some echo of his name. But the general world knows little or nothing of him. One wonders how this is. A faint recollection lingers in our own mind of the sudden rising through the damps and chills—or the arid and deep-drawn lines—of Oxford life, of something like a Sun,—warm, shining, with a little heat in his radiance,—which bore that name; but we have rarely met him in books, even in Oxford

books. "The memorials of Smith, prefixed to two volumes of his special writings, give, far better than I could do," says Dean Boyle, "a real picture of this great spirit." But surely it is a book that is little known? And Dean Boyle writes of him, in allusions and hints, as of a man who only requires to be recalled to the general reader. We wish there had been a little more of one of whom the writer seems fully competent to speak.

There is also a conversation with Mr Froude, which would have been still more interesting had not its chief statement been forestalled long ago. "Walking in a garden," in pleasant calm after a breakfast in a college hall, Lord Coleridge asked of Mr Froude an explanation of his treatment of Carlyle:—

"'I have written what I have written,' said the historian, 'and printed what I have printed, in the full belief that a hundred years hence there will be no more interesting figure than Carlyle's: and I believe that what I have done he would approve.' He then left us, and Lord Coleridge said to me, 'You must put this down, and if you survive Froude and myself, you must let the world

know it. Whatever error of judgment he may have made, I believe he is perfectly sincere.'"

We quite believe Carlyle's biographer was perfectly sincere—not in "painting Cromwell with the wart," as some one has said, but in painting him all wart, to the complete overshadowing of the features of his face; and it shows the curious twist in the mind of a great writer, of which we have as yet had no sort of elucidation. So, no doubt, he was quite sincere in clothing Queen Mary for hate in a red gown, as a final ostentation and dramatic trick on her part, when her dress was really black. And also, a very much smaller matter, in repeating as Mrs Carlyle's a trivial expression, which she used to quote and laugh at as a specimen of "gush"—"A good joy, as Mrs Carlyle says." It was Leigh Hunt's children who said this, to the much amusement of that injured woman. However, Froude's is the book, for those who will read a hundred years hence, and the objectors will all have died away into silence by that time. So that we may spare our indignation.

POLITICAL EVOLUTION.

THE speech of Mr John Morley in introducing the Irish Land Bill on the 4th of last month possesses more significance than perhaps he himself was aware of at the time of its delivery. There is, however, one question to be asked before quoting the passage to which we more particularly refer, and it is this—Mr Morley speaks of thirty-two Acts of Parliament which were passed between 1816 and 1843, relating to land tenure in Ireland, all in favour of the landlords, and it is to these Acts, in O'Connell's opinion and his own, that the failure of the Union and all the disorders of Ireland are attributable. What we want to know is whether these thirty-two Acts established any land system in Ireland essentially distinct from that which existed before the year 1800, and more favourable to landlords than the system which then prevailed in England. On what footing did the relations between landlord and tenant stand before the Act of Union was passed? If Irish legislation during the first half of the present century created a wholly exceptional state of things in Ireland, unknown at any previous time either to Ireland herself, to Scotland, or to England, these Acts may deserve the censure which Mr Morley bestows upon them. But if they were only intended to bring the agricultural system of Ireland into harmony with that of Great Britain, then Mr Morley's language is calculated to produce a wholly false impression. When the bill comes on for second reading, we shall look for some answer to this question from one side of the House or the other.

But the particular statement for which we ask special consideration has nothing to do with this question, and is as follows:—

"It is impossible not to see that the Act of 1870 contained a principle from which all that has been done since directly and obviously follows. What was that principle? It was this—that the tenant has a right, an interest of property in his holding independent of his improvements or of anything else, for which he was entitled to be compensated. I will not take the House into the metaphysics of dual ownership. It is not necessary. That the Irish tenant has, in the technical language of the English lawyers, an 'estate' conferred upon him by the Act of 1870 I do not for a moment pretend; but I do say that when you declare to the original legal owner of the land that he shall not put the tenant out of possession except on payment of a certain sum on a scale fixed by the Act, it is idle to deny—and some of the greatest text lawyers in Ireland agree with this—that you give the tenant a share out of the ownership of the land, and you make the tenant an owner to the extent of the sum required to turn him out. You may call it partnership, ownership, or what you like, but do not deny that you once for all invested the relations of landlord and tenant in Ireland with qualities and attributes absolutely foreign and strange to the relations which exist in this country and in Scotland."

We might infer from this, that prior to the Act of 1870 the agricultural systems of the three countries were in all essential respects the same. But whether they were or were not, the fact remains that Mr Morley justifies all that has followed, and all that is yet to follow in the shape of Irish land legislation, on the ground that it was wrapped up in the Act of

1870; that this was the acorn from which the whole oak has been developed—the whole agrarian revolution which, as he frankly tells us, is not ended yet.

Now we are not going to argue this question with Mr Morley. It may be that the several links in this long chain do not hang together quite so closely as he would have us think. But suppose they do, our own point is that in defending his present measure on the above grounds, Mr Morley is accepting and sanctioning an argument against which all practical statesmen have hitherto protested, and which, as the 'Times' truly said the next morning, is calculated to affect the House of Commons with something like dismay.

The opponents of Radical measures have often pointed out the ulterior consequences involved in them, if pushed to their logical extremes; but they have usually been met with the answer that legislation in England never *is* pushed to its logical extremes. The English are a practical people, and not to be persuaded to go further than they wish to go only because they have assented to a principle which would carry them further if they chose. This was the position: and when men used to talk about "the thin end of the wedge," such unlimited ridicule was lavished on the phrase that it has almost disappeared from use. And now it seems that after all there is such a thing, and that the wedge once inserted remains in its place, liable to be driven home at any moment by the statesman who appeals to logic. If people clearly understood, before passing any given measure, that they were accepting a principle from which they would never

afterwards be able to escape, they would think twice before adopting it. Till lately, however, the doctrine of consequence has been treated with contempt. Your practical man pooh-poohed them. We have always been told, he would say, that such and such things would happen if such and such a measure passed. But as a rule nothing of the kind ever did happen, and why should we expect it now? and in this happy state of mind the public slumbered securely, till comparatively recent events have startled them from their dream, and they begin to see that the practical and non-logical spirit on which they had so confidently relied is showing signs of weakness.

The quarter of a century that has elapsed since Mr Gladstone's first administration has done a good deal for the political education of all classes. It has enriched our political history with numerous examples of the dangerous tendency in question; and seeing that no further progress with the two leading Government measures is likely to be made before the time of our going to press, we propose to offer some remarks on this doctrine of evolution propounded in Mr Morley's speech. The Duke of Argyll is naturally anxious to escape from all responsibility for the legislation of 1881, and for the contemplated legislation of 1895. We may be quite sure that he speaks the truth when he says that in 1870 no one in the Cabinet saw in the Land Bill of that year the germ of the agrarian revolution which is now in progress.¹ But none are so blind as those who won't see, and it did not suit Mr Gladstone's Cabinet in 1869-70 to believe what they were told

¹ Letter to 'Times,' March 9.

about either the Church Bill or the Land Bill. It may not now suit Mr Morley to believe what he is told about "prairie value"; it certainly would not suit either Lord Rosebery or Sir William Harcourt. Yet it is undeniably true.

"I see one consequence," says the Duke of Argyll, "which will assuredly follow, if I understand rightly Mr Morley's doctrine about improvements. That doctrine goes directly to what has been called 'prairie value.' The principle asserted is that, when the hirer of land lays out his own money on the property of another man, no part of the result is to go to the owner of that property, although his contribution in the fact of tenure is the most substantial part of the whole cost. This principle, if sound at all, must apply to the ordinary cost of tillage, which is always the tenant's outlay; and if this principle be so applied to tillage, then rent is totally abolished; and if Mr Morley is so blind as not to see this logical application, it will emerge in due time under precisely the same confusions of thought, and with all the passion and impetus of men who desire to acquire that which is not their own."

It must come to this, if we follow logic as our guide. The whole tillage of the farm is done at the tenant's expense, and the result therefore is not to be taken into account in fixing a fair rent. But his "result" is the only thing which pays rent. There is nothing else: and thus by a stroke of the pen rent is swept away. Prairie value is "wrapped up" in Mr Morley's bill, just as the right of the tenant to sell his occupancy to the highest bidder was wrapped up in Mr Gladstone's. Mr Gladstone, as told in the debate of 1870 that he was making occupancy property. The Cabinet denied it. But now we have Mr Morley admitting that this was the principle of the bill; and that it conferred a property on the

tenant; and that it is the logical supplement to this concession that he should be allowed to sell it as he likes. Five-and-twenty years have passed away, and the logical result emerges. Let another five-and-twenty pass away, and another will emerge from Mr Morley's bill should it ever be placed upon the Statute-book.

It may be that in 1870 the members of Mr Gladstone's Cabinet were putting their trust in that English habit of mind to which we have already referred, and considering that all such fantastic alarms as were founded on abstract possibilities were not to be taken into account by practical statesmen. "We don't push things to their logical extremes in England." But we see that Mr Morley does: Mr Morley who was chosen to fill this particular department by Mr Gladstone himself, who had been the first to disavow what his *protégé* now tells us we might always have foreseen.

The bill of 1870 was the letting out of waters. It was the first inroad on the principle of ownership; and so far from differing from Mr Morley, we quite agree with him that the bills of 1881 and 1895 are its logical outcome. As the English common-sense, the English impatience of logical government, and other similar safeguards, seem less able now than formerly to discharge the functions once expected of them, we must be prepared for many similar developments. The Duke of Argyll foresees this, and admits that prairie value would be a real and true logical reduction from Mr Morley's propositions.

We contend, however, that the revolutionary Administration of 1889 were forewarned, and that warnings which were then despised are seen now to have been underserving of contempt. Mr Glad-

stone's first Irish Land Bill was the first false step—the first tampering with one of the elementary principles on which civilised society depends. Statesmen who would stem the current do not like to be told that it was their hands which let it loose. But so it was.

The details of the Irish Land Bill must be discussed hereafter. But we may add a word or two on what is the fundamental principle which underlies it: that is, that the productiveness or "inherent capacities" of the soil are not to be taken into account in settling the rent to which the owner is entitled. We have seen how the Duke of Argyll deals with the question. It may be stated also in another way. If a man takes a farm at £1 an acre, and raises its letting value by 5s. an acre, and this value begins to accrue say three years from the commencement of his outlay, then for the remainder of his term he is holding the farm at 5s. an acre less than the market price. That is to say, the landlord pays him 5s. an acre for developing inherent capacities of soil, instead of doing it himself. What right this can give a man to claim the inherent capacity as his own property we are at a loss to understand.

What Mr Disraeli said of "our old friend the assistant barrister" in 1870, might well be applied, *mutatis mutandis*, to an eminent person at the present moment.

"The now resident assistant barrister, educated in the Four Courts, acute and intelligent, is sent for to decide these questions between landlord and tenant, and probably, not being able to distinguish at first glance between a field of grass and a field of young oats, is required to decide on all the conditions and circumstances of rural life."

What in the world induced Mr

Gladstone to select Mr John Morley for the office of Irish Secretary, knowing beforehand what kind of legislation would be required of him, passes all understanding. Mr Morley is a man of brains and a man of culture, and in these respects he is at least the equal, if not the superior, of any man who sits beside him on the Treasury Bench. But he is a London litterateur, and knows as much of practical farming as a London sparrow of a farmyard.

Another false step was taken when a clause was introduced into the Parish Councils Bill empowering the Local Authority to deprive proprietors of their land for the use of the peasantry without the consent of Parliament. How much, we should like to know, may not be wrapped up in this enactment! what portentous progeny may not emerge from this capacious egg! Landed property is now left at the mercy of hostile neighbours, and deprived of the protection which it enjoyed under the ægis of the Imperial Government. It is generally agreed that the Local Government Board is no good substitute for Parliament, and that the decision of cases referred to it by landowners would too often fall into the hands of some one very like the "assistant barrister." It is by no means improbable that twenty years hence, or even much sooner, we shall hear it said that the nationalisation of the land was wrapped up in this clause of the Parish Councils Act, and is the natural and logical result of it. The agrarian revolution is not yet over in Ireland, says Mr Morley, and why should it be over in England? Radicals probably see a long procession of linked consequences issuing from the womb of the Parish Council Bill, though the more moderate of

its authors will very likely be heard arguing, when confronted by them, that if they had only foreseen all this they certainly would never have voted for it. Very likely not. But if they did not foresee it, it was not for want of being told.

It is quite true that on many previous occasions England has justified that confidence which she still apparently reposes in the interposition of a certain floating moral force calculated to keep the balance even between two extremes; that rough and ready common-sense which, caring nothing for symmetry, and tolerant of anomalies and inconsistencies if the practical result is good, may yet beat logic as it has beaten it before. But the odds in its favour are growing less every day, as political power falls more and more into the hands of fanatical theorists—men incapable of looking at the science of government all round, and considering the influence of law upon all classes alike; men either incapable of understanding that new laws must be made to fit into the existing fabric of society, or else willing to pull down the entire edifice for the sake of a single “fad.” The kind of common-sense which could be relied upon to check the process of evolution, so complacently regarded by Mr Morley, was the common-sense of men of the world, by no means confined to the educated classes, but to be found in Ofellus as well as in Horace. This was an excellent barrier at the time. But it is not a “scientific frontier”; and how far it may be found effective against the rush of the evolutionists, inspired by the same kind of fanaticism as the first followers of Mohammed, remains to be seen.

What is true of the Irish Land Bill of 1870 is equally true of the

Irish Church Bill of 1869. This laid down the principle that the majority of representatives in any one division of the United Kingdom had the right to determine constitutional questions for themselves: and it struck a direct blow at the principle of an Established Church, by making it dependent not on the inherent value of its connection with the State, but on its hold at any given moment on the population counted by the head. Lord Derby saw this clearly enough in 1834; and in opposing the appropriation clause, which he succeeded in defeating, he used these words: “If you once admit that the majority in every parish is the religion of the State, you acknowledge at once that the State has no religion.” This is obscurely expressed, but the meaning is clear enough. As soon as you substitute so arbitrary and fluctuating a test as mere numbers for a definite principle the national religion must be always shifting and drifting, so as in fact to lose the name of national altogether. The principle on which establishment rests demands that there should be a State Church in Ireland as well as in England and Scotland. The Imperial Government might have said to Ireland in 1869 that, as the people had never become reconciled to the changed ritual and worship introduced at the Reformation, the bishops and clergy might return to the old one, the State of course still retaining in its hands the appointment of the bishops. This is what certainly would have happened in England, had the people clung as tenaciously to the Latin rite as the Irish did. There would have been a religious as well as a political restoration, and the English bishops and clergy would have reintroduced the Roman services.

All this might have been done without impinging on the principle of establishment at all. But Mr Gladstone gave it away. He was solemnly warned of what he was doing. But, like Peter, he denied it with an oath. He declared indignantly that the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland had no bearing whatever on the position of the Church in England, and maintained that those were her worst enemies who said it had. But logic, like water, will find its level in the end. We may dam it up for a time, but it will break through or ooze out at last: and we now have a proof of it in the bill introduced by the Government for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales. We do not mean, of course, that those who denied the premisses are in any way bound by the conclusion: or that we are not to resist the Land Bill of 1895, because contained in the Land Bill of 1870; or disestablishment in Wales, because wrapped up in the Act of Parliament which enacted disestablishment in Ireland. Our intention is merely to warn the public against allowing themselves to be deceived in future by the protests and professions which have in many instances deceived them in the past. To try to conceal the withdrawal of a principle by fixing men's eyes on a mass of bewildering details, and pretending that these are all that is at stake, is an old and too often a successful dodge. And, as a matter of course, it is followed up by another in the form of an audacious assertion that we are precluded now from going behind previous legislation, or appealing to the authority of a principle, because it has been already stolen,—the parties who make this assertion having been themselves the thieves. The answer is, that we will not allow them to take advantage of their own wrong. We denied the

validity of their argument five-and-twenty years ago, and we deny it still. We accept no deductions, however logical, from postulates which we have always rejected.

But undoubtedly the fact of being able to point to certain antecedent measures as containing within themselves the germ of others now to be commended to Parliament, does give the authors of these last a certain advantage, and this for reasons which we have already given. The moderate spirit and peculiar kind of practical wisdom which are necessary for turning the edge of logical demonstration are now opposed by the forces of enthusiasm and fanaticism in far greater strength than they have ever before displayed in the political arena.

We have still to mention one other bill which the Government have now made their own, as it affords, perhaps, a better illustration of the truth we have been trying to enforce than bills of much greater apparent magnitude. We mean the Burials Bill of Mr Carvel Williams. This we shall be told was "wrapped up" in the Burials Bill of 1881, and so, of course, it was. The fatal false step which was taken by the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1877 caused the withdrawal of Lord Beaconsfield's Burials Bill, and the bill subsequently passed by Mr Gladstone does no doubt form a logical *point d'appui*. That it would not fail to do so was repeatedly pointed out by its opponents, and as strenuously denied by its supporters. According to the old common law, every Englishman was a member of the Church of England, entitled to be buried in the parish churchyard according to the rites of the Church of England, as he was entitled to be christened and married in the church. On this understanding

he paid church-rates, the State knowing no difference between those who worshipped in the church and those who did not. The abolition of church-rates was an infraction of this theory of course. But it can hardly be said, we think, that the Burials Bill was wrapped up in it. While it relieved Dissenters from a legal obligation, it conferred no new rights upon them. On the contrary, it distinctly disabled them from making any claims against a Church which they had now ceased to support. The Burials Bill of 1881 was a new departure, and were we to say that not only what Mr Carvel Williams now demands, but also the principle of disestablishment, was wrapped up in it, we should not be far wrong. It conceded the demand that the churchyard was the property of the parishioners, not in their capacity of churchmen, but simply as inhabitants of the parish. It being once allowed that all alike had an equal share in the ground, the step was an easy one to the demand in Mr C. Williams's bill—namely, that the Church shall have no special privilege, and that all alike shall have the use of every part of it, whether consecrated to the Church's use or not. The bill, indeed, goes still further, and forbids churchmen to lay out any cemeteries for themselves to which Dissenters shall not have equal access. We do not mean that this last outrageous proposition was contained in the bill of 1881, but the other one unquestionably was. And if Dissenters should demand to be allowed the use of the church itself for the performance of their own service, they would have logic on their side, just as much as Mr Morley has it for his Irish Land Bill.

Such is the progress of evolution. And in our humble opinion

it is a mistaken policy not to recognise it, or to deny the validity of the syllogism because we did not see at first sight the full significance and capacity of the major premiss. When we repudiate the conclusion, what we really though unconsciously mean is, that there is a higher logic which overrides it, though we have never shaped it out for ourselves. We would give Mr Morley the full benefit of his argument. The duty of a man to turn back when he finds he has taken the wrong road, and not to go to hell, because he has got halfway there without knowing it, could easily be thrown into a syllogism of the first figure.

Our main object so far has been to point out all the consequences that have flowed from the first false steps taken by Mr Gladstone's two Administrations, and the difficulties which they have confessedly thrown in the way of constitutional statesmen. Conservatives have been justified in every single protest which they raised against them, and in every single prediction of what must inevitably follow, from March 1869 to March 1895; and what should be still more deeply engraven on the mind of Great Britain is, that all these measures were devised in deference to party exigencies, and none upon their own merits. It was not till Mr Gladstone saw what would be the inevitable result of Lord Derby's Reform Bill, unless some measures were taken to intercept it, that he bethought him of Irish Disestablishment. Then he saw that he should not be secure till he had destroyed the power of the landlords. So far everything went on swimmingly. But he was soon to learn that his Irish allies were his masters, even in that Parliament. They mutinied, and compelled him to resign on the Irish Education ques-

tion; and when he returned to power in 1880, the thread of Irish land legislation had to be again taken up, in order to satisfy these same auxiliaries. This cost him the alliance of the Duke of Argyll, whose denunciation of the Irish Land Act of 1881 must still be fresh in the memory of our readers. From this link in the chain we rapidly pass on to the next—the adoption of Home Rule, in deference to the political difficulties in which Mr Gladstone found himself in 1886. And now we have a further attack upon the rights of property in Ireland, and a new battery opened upon the Church of England in Wales, due to exactly the same causes. The process of evolution and the purchase of power have gone on side by side; and it is easy to see that the school of statesmen formed by Mr Gladstone are resolved to persevere in the system as long as there is one stone of the constitution left upon another for the Radical party to pull down. When the Welsh Church has gone, the English and Scottish Churches will be drawn upon next, and when these have been exhausted, the agrarian revolution, of which, according to Mr Morley, we have only seen the beginning in Ireland, will be transferred to England. Nor will that be the last shot in the locker. Radical Ministers will still have something to throw to the dogs, in the shape of personal property and capital.

The doctrine that a majority of representatives necessarily represent the majority of the constituents on all the public questions of the day is no longer tenable, and herein lies our great danger. In Scotland a majority of Ministerialists would not necessarily represent a real majority of Liberationists. Yet it would be claimed as

such and be used as such. A majority consisting of groups, each caring only for a single object, will be concentrated in support of Ministerial measures by promises of Ministerial succour held out to each of them in return. Thus it may very well happen that a Scottish majority may be used for Scottish Disestablishment without any such policy being desired by the majority of the people. The only safe thing for Scotland to do is to return as few Ministerial candidates as possible. The Scottish Church will never be safe in the hands of such men if they think they can purchase any sectional victory of their own by the desertion of it. As the "germ theory" becomes fashionable, they will probably be told that Scottish Disestablishment was "contained" in the abolition of lay patronage. The answer should be George III.'s answer to Dundas, "None of your Scotch metaphysics, Mr Dundas; none of your Scotch metaphysics."

Scotland will do well to take these truths to heart; for the present condition of the Ministry is such as to cause its friends very grave anxiety. The debility from which it has long been suffering is now aggravated by internal complications, and though the patient may rally for a time, recovery is believed to be impossible. Ministries afflicted with this malady may linger on from week to week and from month to month, cheering those about them from time to time with delusive appearances of convalescence, but making no real progress against the insidious disease which is all the time preying on their vitals. The existing Cabinet is doomed. But a reconstructed Government might dissolve Parliament on the old cry against the Lords, and

then would come the tug of war. We have little doubt of the result of another general election; but Scotland must be prepared to do her duty, and to remember that the success of Welsh Disestablishment, should a Radical Government be again in power, will be followed by a similar measure for Scotland as surely as May follows April, unless the Scottish representation is changed. It will be useless for the Establishment to point to its efficiency, its history, or its undoubted rights. These will go for nothing, if only it can be asserted, with any semblance of plausibility, that a majority of Scottish members are in favour of its destruction.

It is time to make ready for the battle. It requires no great political experience to tell us that the visit of Lord Rosebery to Windsor, followed immediately by summons despatched to Lord Salisbury, forebodes no long term of duration to the existing Cabinet. The refusal of the Government to allow Mr Campbell Bannerman to be put in nomination for the chair is another such marked sign of weakness as to render the above conclusion still more probable. The only real objection to placing the Secretary at War in a position which would have been yielded to him without a contest—the only one at least entertained by the Cabinet collectively, whatever may have been the feelings of individuals—was that his removal from his office would have necessitated reconstruction of the Government, a process under which it was thought likely that it might tumble in pieces. It might hold together for a little while if left untouched; but if a single plank were displaced, down would come the whole structure. Such seems to have been the opinion of the experienced builders

who occupy the Treasury Bench. But, to compensate themselves for this humiliating confession, they are about to make a brave show by opposing the nomination of Sir Matthew White Ridley—incomparably the fittest man for the place—and endeavouring to hoist into the chair some unknown private member, whose only qualification is that he is too obscure to arouse any active hostility among the Government supporters. The idea of instituting any comparison between Sir Matthew White Ridley and Mr Gully or Mr Ellis is too absurd. Sir Matthew is not only a scholar and a gentleman, but he has the requisite knowledge and experience, and, what is more, the requisite position in the House, to qualify him for a post of which the occupant must possess some distinction to raise him above the rank and file if he is to make his authority respected. To preside successfully over the deliberations of a body like the present House of Commons demands a combination of dignity and suavity, with great patience, firmness, and knowledge of precedents and procedure. It is idle to ask which of the candidates proposed possesses these qualities in the greater abundance. Sir William Harcourt may be able, if he chooses, to thrust a nobody into the chair; but it will be an insult to the House and an exercise of power comparable only to the boast of the old borough-monger that he would return his black footman to Parliament if he chose.

Similarly he can, if he choose, force the Welsh Disestablishment Bill through the Commons; but it will be by an exactly parallel abuse of the letter of the law. We dealt with the general question in our issue of last January, and the debate on the second reading is

only just commencing as we go to press. We shall therefore merely repeat, for the present, that there is nothing which it is possible for the Government to advance in favour of Disestablishment in Wales which has not been triumphantly answered by Mr Gladstone himself in his 'Chapter of Autobiography,' published in 1868, in which his reasons for maintaining the Church Establishment in Ireland in 1835 describe word for word the condition and claims of the Church in Wales at the present moment. But the protest to be delivered against this unhallowed measure does not rest merely on the merits of the case. There is an objection to it which would justify the House of Lords in refusing even to read it a first time, in throwing it out without looking at it. Organic changes in the constitution cannot be permitted when parties in Parliament and the country are equally balanced, and there is no decisive preponderance either for or against them. If we are now a self-governed country, such changes can only be effected with the consent of the whole people, signified by such a commanding majority of votes as shall fairly represent, for all practical purposes, the national will.

But how stands the case! We will say nothing of any special weight to which the voice of Great Britain is entitled in the councils of the empire. We will drop all allusion to the predominant partner. We will look at the matter from the Government's own point of view, forgetting Lord Rosebery's *lapsus linguæ*, and allow that a majority is a majority however made up, or whatever flaws in it may lurk below the surface. Allowing everything that the Government can claim, we say that parties in the present House of

Commons are, as nearly as possible, evenly divided. When a body of 670 members is cut in two, with 343 on one side and 327 on the other, they are about as nearly balanced as in the nature of things is possible. It is hardly to be expected that there should be exactly 335 on each side. There is sure to be a balance of ten or a dozen votes one way or the other, it being probably very much a matter of accident to which side it inclines. When such is the result of the general election, it can only be accepted as a proof that the public has not made up its mind on any of the great questions submitted to it, if any have been, and must therefore be taken as a bar to any legislation concerning them.

Of course the Queen's Government must be carried on; and any majority at all is sufficient to decide which of the two parties shall be intrusted with the duties of administration. But no more. We do not appeal to tradition, prescription, usage, the spirit of the constitution—which have all been violated by the conduct of the Government. We appeal only to common-sense and the rules which govern mankind in the ordinary transactions of life. The Government majority is less than one fortieth part of the whole House. What business concern, what mercantile firm, what trading company in the whole world would allow its articles of association to be fundamentally changed by such a majority as this? The assent of two thirds is commonly required in such cases, which would mean in the House of Commons a majority of 178 instead of 15! A fairly able and popular Prime Minister, who can count his majority on his fingers, may conduct public business with credit, and retain office

for the whole term of seven years, as long as he abstains from any more violent or ambitious schemes. But he cannot be allowed to take advantage of such a majority as that to cram organic changes down the throats of his opponents, and to boast himself as the legitimate bearer of a popular mandate.

For this reason, if for no other, the House of Lords is bound to deal with the Welsh Disestablishment Bill in a summary fashion. In the House of Commons it is of course necessary that the falsehoods, sophistries, and calumnies on which it is founded should be thoroughly exposed and impressed upon the public mind by frequent repetition. If this is prohibited by those who boast themselves the special friends of free discussion, the duty must be undertaken by the Lords. But if it is not; and if, at all its stages, a full argument is permitted, the Lords will do well to deal with the question very briefly, and to take their stand on the broad principle that constitutional changes can only be effect-

ed by majorities representing a substantial and indisputable preponderance of public opinion. The Church in Wales is part of the Church of England, and Welsh representatives have no more right to a separate voice in the matter than the representatives of Cornwall or Lincolnshire. This has been often insisted on before, but it cannot too often be repeated. It is only by frequent iteration that truths of this kind come to penetrate the popular understanding, and to leaven the mass of the electorate. England and Wales are one whole; and Wales has no right to claim any other majority than that which is returned—we might say by Great Britain—but let us say by these islands. This majority is utterly, ludicrously, inadequate to signify the national assent to the separation of Church and State; and to prevent such a gross outrage on the British people, will, if the bill ever passes the House of Commons, become the primary and indispensable duty of the hereditary Chamber.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

IF it had been asked of anybody in this northern metropolis what figure disappearing from its streets would make the most difference to Edinburgh, there is little doubt that the name of Professor Blackie would be the one pronounced on every side. Perhaps it would be extravagant to say that he had ever been of the first importance either in social or in literary life, but he was the one recognisable figure about which not even the merest tourist perambulating Princes Street could be mistaken. Once it was Wilson who occupied this place—a man more imposing both in appearance and gifts, with his front like Jove to threaten or command, his noble presence, and his wide extending fame; but for a long time past, among all the ranks of contemporaries, the slim erect form, all energy and vitality, in which every tense muscle and high-strung nerve seemed a thing rather of the mind than the body, which moved like a brisk breeze, and swept the horizon with an eye like an eagle, has been far the most characteristic figure among us. Both these men, we say it with a melancholy pride, were Ours (and so many more!); and nowhere so fitly as in these pages can the first word be said of the oldest contributor, the faithfullest friend, by whom the tradition of the ‘Maga’ of the beginning of the century was handed on to the present day. Professor Blackie was the *doyen* of the band which carries now in the end of the century the standard set up in its early days. He had marched under that standard for some sixty years or more. He had never lost his interest in it. His pleasure in its successes was always sincere. We knew where to turn for a warm word of sympathy, a grip of the hand, a ready cheer, at the moments when a friend’s look and touch and word are most wanted. He would come in like a fresh breeze into the old Saloon, his voice coming before him, perhaps with a Hallo! and stir of greeting—perhaps with an old song: anyhow and always the most agreeable interruption, the most cheerful appearance. It is more sad for us than for most, that he should now have disappeared from mortal ways, and that the well-known form, which any schoolboy could have drawn from memory, and even the excursionist could recognise, should no longer be seen skimming along the broad flags, passing those breezy openings of steep streets, at every one of which the Scots Sea, the shining Firth, the hills of Fife, come suddenly into the pedestrian’s way—pacing with quick and cheerful echo the broad plainstones of George Street. Mr Ruskin did not admire that fine street, with its classic dome against the sunset, its solid level lines, its dignity of breadth and space and use. Peace to his waning years! the world is no longer under the spell of Mr Ruskin. But where Scott once trod, and his Lockhart, and Wilson, the ground is storied ground; and it is with a pang that we listen for the last footstep which has died out upon the pavement, the quick step that will come to us no more.

Professor Blackie was one of the last relics of that old Edinburgh which bore at one time an influence and importance quite out of proportion to its dimensions or wealth, the real and appropriate position of a metropolis of knowledge and genius in the midst of an everyday world.

The town has changed, the University has changed, in the most remarkable way. We do not say for anything but the better: it is only fair to admit the progress of the ages. Perhaps our University has never been so excellent a machine for teaching, so well adapted for all its technical purposes, as at present. We speak in faith, without any pretence of giving forth an oracular judgment: but so we are informed and believe. It would be a poor thing, however, if an old Tory, a lover of the ancient times, might not be allowed a moan for those days which are no more. We have never been such scholars as our fine friends in Oxford in their sense of the word, and now we have laid down our arms and accepted from that centre of learning the rule and inspiration of academical life. Edinburgh was never, perhaps, so learned before: she was never so prim, so correct, so subject to all the decorums. Perhaps it is a great deal better that we should have professors who never heard of Ambrose's—nay, that there should be no Ambrose's, no Noctes, no wild talk or laughter such as used to echo over half the world: but only tea-drinking and Greek plays, and things elegant and classical and adapted to the taste of a more refined generation. Scotland—shall we dare to say it?—was perhaps a little rowdy in the other time: there were, as we have said, echoes of a laughter which we will not call Homeric; a hundred fantasies were flung about with all kinds of irregularities and paradoxes and minglings of the common and profane. The classes were, perhaps, not so big—but the men were bigger, we do not say more clever, we are almost sure not so learned: but larger, with a breath in their going, a wind in their sails so to speak, of which we no longer know anything. It suited the country and the race. We liked something that could stand sturdily against the wind which, alas! is too fond of Edinburgh—fronting the very East with a laugh and a shout, not blown off southward with all its academic skirts blowing before it, as soon as the moment of relief comes. Is Professor Blackie the last of the distinct individuals who once occupied the chairs of Scots Universities? At least, perhaps, he is the last so fully known to the world. The race of the individual, the original, the vernacular, ends (does it?) with him. He was the Greek Professor, and in some moods and ways a fanatic for Greek, and yet the least Greek of all men. He pronounced it at times to be the very Gospel of instruction, the root of all things, without which there was no salvation; but he taught, perhaps, as little of it as he could, and as much of everything else in the world. Greek reigns now in its proper place: but there is no longer any Blackie, and perhaps never will be again.

The loss is great. Our Scots capital never has been distinguished, and never will be distinguished, for its wealth, or its enterprise in business, or its practical inventions. It has been distinguished by genius and by character and by the individuality of its men and women. We have heard this described with naïve simplicity by the remark, "One knows them apart" of a social observer, whose feminine eyes, though keen, had found a little difficulty in recognising which was which in London drawing-rooms. Blackie pushed this individuality to the limit the eccentric, we must allow. It was so true that nobody could mistake or overlook him, that we were tempted sometimes to wish that it were possible to throw a veil over his salient peculiarities: but these were subject to a certain modification from his surroundings. We re-

member once his entrance into the large dim dining-room of the Deanery at Westminster, in the midst of a decorous party, faintly literary, in the days of Dean Stanley—who, as is well known, took Scotland under his protection generally—where Blackie's sudden appearance was like a fresh breeze, the very atmosphere of the open day, amid the subdued tones of the place. It was when his head was a little turned by the worship round him, when he felt his own people, his own kind, encircling him with admiration and ready laughter, loving the wildest of his sallies, hanging upon his songs, a mood forced to intoxication by popular applause, that the laugh turned occasionally to be, not with him, but at him: though even in that case the spectator was generally a little ashamed of himself to be capable of ridiculing a nature so frank and generous and fearless. All that is over now—his plaid, his flying hair, his cabbage stick, his defiance of all rule. "We ne'er shall see the like of Captain Paton no mo!" says the old song. We shall probably never see the like of Professor Blackie: these days do not produce any longer the kind of man he was. For a long time we shall still think we see him about these streets, his head in the air, his finely-cut nostrils scenting the wind, the chant of an old ballad or the croon of an old tune accompanying him like breath. He should have been a minstrel: but no power on earth could have confined him to the praises of his chief, and we doubt whether he possessed the musician's first gift, an ear for a tune, to express it in the simplest way. His "Bonnie House o' Airlie" was fine as an instance of vigorous chanting: but we do not think the music got much credit in his lips. No doubt, however, this was the primitive minstrel's way.

We will not enter upon the subject of Professor Blackie's literary productions. He was our oldest contributor living!—what could 'Maga' say more? In 1832 he first appeared in these pages, sixty-three years ago, the lifetime of an already old man. And he himself was very old, having attained the age which is labour and sorrow even to the strongest, though his years to the last lay lightly upon him. We mourn for him, not as those do who chronicle a life unfulfilled. His was more than fulfilled. And our farewell in such circumstances, if sad, must always be brightened by a serious and gentle satisfaction in a good thing well completed, a record filled up to its last margin, and with not a line that can lessen the honour of an unsullied name. A swarm of laughing stories, not one with any sting in it, like harmless butterflies fluttering about him, arise over his grave. Some of them were true, many only invented, not one unkind. And in that particular a great deal is implied. Jowett, his contemporary, the idol of so many litanies, had a very different fate. There were many wasps among the butterflies in his case. Here there are none. To impute to him a harshness or unkindness seems to have been beyond the power even of a disgusted undergraduate.

God be with him, and may he fare well! These are all the partings that exist in English or Scottish speech. They mean no parting, but only good wishes as for a journey—which is very significant, almost more significant than when we say in other tongues, *Auf wiedersehen*, *Au revoir*—till we see you again.

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THOUGHTS ON IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

THROUGH many centuries of war, and eighty years of practically uninterrupted peace, the British empire has gradually overspread the world. The sparse settlements of the past have become populous states, the waste places of the globe become narrowed year by year. As time goes on, it becomes more and more apparent that the policy of a future war will be not so much the expansion of empire as its retention—in a word, defence. That the best form of defence is the offensive needs no argument: whether passive defence should in any way be included in a forward policy is so sensuously denied by some that it has almost become a question of the day. To the enthusiast, any suggestion of defence in the narrow sense is an occasion for anger. He is unable to conceive the admission of this decadent policy into the war policy of any

nation that has not arrived at the period of degeneration and decay. The soldier of this class has but one formula—attack; to him it is only a question of more men. The sailor would abolish the military defence of ports, ignore the difficulties of commerce protection, and reckon nothing of the pressing need of men; to him it is merely a question of more ships. He dreams, indeed, of some naval paradise into which the soldier has never gained an entrance. It need hardly be said that in matters of importance neither class of enthusiast is to be trusted. Each has taken from history—if he has gone thereto—what he has taken to it; preconceived notions have been duly proved correct, and his premisses have been induced from his conclusions. From a partial study of history they have drawn comprehensive general statements, as misleading as such generalisa-

tions must always be, and the constant reiteration of those of the naval class has ended in their being defined as dogmas to be accepted by all true believers as of faith. It is a pity that this should be so, for the judgments of those who analyse the wars of the past, and crystallise out here and there a principle that may guide the statesmen of a later day, should be free from the bias natural to their profession or tastes. It is more the pity, seeing that nowhere is impartiality of more importance than in a debate on the limits within which defensive measures should be incorporated with the normal policy of attack—a policy that in the case of England is of vital consequence.

The last five years have seen much eloquent exposition of what may be called advanced naval views, founded usually on too exclusive a reading of naval history. Generally speaking, they may be said to be that the importance of the army is immensely overrated, its opportunities are few, and the European alliances in which it has been used have ever been the curse of naval England. The building up of the empire has been the work of the navy, and for its defence the navy should be answerable alone. The navy was always trusted in the past, and was never found wanting, except under conditions that cannot possibly recur; and this being so, the military defence of ports is entirely superfluous. This catalogue of views might be extended in all its curious jumble of contentious and non-contentious assertions, the non-contentious being advanced in the same injured tone, as though their supposed contradiction by the soldier constituted a principal grievance. What would be gained by the adoption of these views, and what is the precise re-

lation between past and present conditions, does not anywhere exactly appear. The abolition of port defences has been urged by Admiral Colomb and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George Clarke, R.E., the logical exponents of these views, but they have not as yet explained how the navy would benefit by so abrupt a change of policy. Still there seems to be a floating idea that any such defences are an insult to the fleet, and the vivid imagination of the ardent sailor so covers the seas with English squadrons, that he is unable to conceive any possible reason for the existence of these obnoxious adjuncts. In the columns of the 'Times' full scope has been given to the expression of these views, from the able disquisitions of a Colomb, down to the chaff of a simple man who signs himself "Expostulator." The army, however, has been hard to draw. The soldier, as a rule, has so many reports to make as it is, that the prospect of unofficial representations on the defence problem offers no temptation. If on full pay he has too much work, and if on half pay he wisely prefers sport, knowing as he does the deviously intricate ways of controversy, and the unsatisfactory nature of its predestined results. He is, moreover, unable to appreciate the benefit of contrasting sister services, too dissimilar in function for any comparison to be possible. To him both are essentially necessary, their interaction entirely close and real. The needs of the empire are tolerably plain to him, so far as his own service is concerned, and he is content that the sailor should have full scope in so influencing political opinion as to ensure the retention of sea-supremacy in English hands. At the same time, it must be freely admitted that this aggres-

sive movement on the part of the advanced naval school has been productive of good to the country, for it has affected governments, and melted the stony hearts of Chancellors of the Exchequer; while the concurrent publication of the admirable works of Captain Mahan have effected a more intimate relation between the army and the fleet. The garrison soldier has gained a fuller appreciation of his dependence on the sailor, the interaction of the two services for offence or defence has become more thoroughly realised, the functions of both have been more exactly defined.

Although the soldier has been hard to draw, there has been some discussion, nevertheless, and this has been even more unsatisfactory than is usually the case, the disputants having treated as a general question a subject that can only be properly dealt with in certain well-defined divisions. On the mixed questions of the place of defence in a forward policy, and the several parts to be played by army and fleet, as well as of their mutual relations, no profitable discussion is possible unless it differentiates between the several cases of invasion in England, raids on England, and raids and expeditions abroad. Further subdivisions would be necessary were these cases to be treated in full detail, and the three divisions may be taken as forming the irreducible minimum.

But before considering these several questions, it will be well to

glance at the mutual relations of the two services in general, and firstly to specify the views here taken of the functions of a fleet. A fleet secures the Imperial communications by sea, and constitutes a force capable of acting offensively against an enemy's seaports under favourable conditions. If an armed force of blue-jackets be landed from a fleet it becomes practically part of the army, as has been pointed out by Captain Mahan. In the capacity of securing communications a fleet is by nature the defence against invasion if effectively superior, and if not, it forms the first line; for it cannot be maintained that a superior fleet, unless deficient in fighting quality, would always be deterred by the presence of an inferior fleet "in being." Such a contention is in fact a contradiction in terms. The principal functions of a fleet will always be primarily the destruction of the enemy's fleet, and secondarily that of his floating trade. Except in the cases of invasion, raids, or a purely naval war, no naval action can be "decisive" in the absolute sense of the term. Professor Laughton, indeed, in his introduction to the 'Defeat of the Spanish Armada,' alludes to the action of Sluys as decisive, because it determined the course of the war, and decided that the battles of Crecy and Poitiers should be fought on French ground.¹ In the narrow sense of a naval action Sluys was of course decisive, but

¹ In the 'Times' of December 3, 1894, Admiral Colomb wrote: "In the American civil war the deciding battle was between the Monitor and the Merrimac, and no one of an understanding mind can doubt that, if there had been no Monitor, or if the Merrimac had distinctly beaten her, there would scarcely now be the United States of America. The fate of that nation was decided there and then." This is naval criticism *in excelsis*, and an excellent example of the effects of always regarding the same subject from the same distance and from the same point of view. The sense of perspective becomes trophied, and the battle convulsions that wellnigh wrecked a continent present the appearance of a few skirmishes, too unimportant for consideration.

this surely does not constitute a "decisive battle." Any successful battle will determine the course of future operations; for a battle to be "decisive" in the absolute sense, so crushing a defeat must be inflicted as to end the war. Waterloo and not Trafalgar¹ was the decisive battle of the great war, and the plain reason is that unless a war be purely naval the issue must be decided upon land, though often enough materially affected by the progress of naval operations. The result may of course be affected either way, and during the consideration of the conditions of peace, it has happened that failures upon land have been set against successes on sea, to the disadvantage of the naval Power.

During the expansion of empire, the true function of the navy is to destroy the enemy's fleets, and so enable the army to act. In the defence of empire the same action is desirable, though circumstances may limit it to the defence of commerce and the general defence of ports. This being so, it is evident that there should be a certain relation between the strengths of the naval and military forces of a state, — a relation dependent on geographical conditions and the circumstances of the time. Austria, Russia, Germany, France, America, Italy, Japan, and England all require varying proportions, and the relative strengths that in one case will form a homogeneous fighting state will not do so in another. The more the constituent territories are scattered over the oceans, the greater will be the relative needs of the fleet. The more extended the land fron-

tier of the mother country, or of her continental dependencies, the greater will be the relative needs of the army. While England has always maintained as strong a fleet as the necessities of the case demanded, or as she could man, and is now tending towards a transgression of the limit imposed by the available supply of men, the necessities of the sister service have been too frequently ignored. Many instances might be quoted of the evil effects of this short-sighted policy, entailing a grave expenditure of men and means for the undoing of consequences that might otherwise have been avoided. One such instance in point is the struggle between England and France for the possession of North America in the middle of the eighteenth century. At the outset of the contest England had but 18,000 troops, and to this weakness was due the dragging on of the operations at a vast expense through five weary years. The lack of proportion between the army and the fleet resulted in a waste of the offensive power conferred by command of the sea. That England succeeded in the end was due to the exhaustion of France in land wars, to the military aid afforded by the English colonists in America, and to sea-power at a time when sea-power was necessary for the reduction of Canada and its dependencies. So Canada was won; but the gain involved the loss of the American colonies. England's military weakness had thrown on the struggling States the whole burden of defence, whether against the Indians or the French. When the throes of the

¹ It is unnecessary to remind the reader that Trafalgar was fought after Napoleon had abandoned his invasion project, and after the Army of England had commenced its march to Russia; but had Trafalgar been fought before this change of plan, the statement in the text would remain unaffected.

offensive war had passed away, and a continent had been born to the Empire, the States stood exultant in their now evident power, and in their strange, new-found sense of security. While England's sacrifices were forgotten, the memories of old injuries revived; well-meant, if injudicious, legislative measures were taken as insults; and, thanks to her perhaps foolish generosity, resentment was no longer curbed by the pressure of any rival colony of France.¹ Had the Imperial army been strong enough to act as nursing mother to the infant States, the dismemberment of the Empire might have been deferred for half a century, and would then have been conducted in a different way; while the war with France—if it occurred at all—would have assumed a very different complexion. As it was, men who had fought, shoulder to shoulder, with the English troops in Canada, fought against them in the painful war that within fifteen years was to sever the English colonies from the mother-land.

To the possession of sea-power—that is, to the ability to defeat the enemy's fleets, and ensure the safe transport of troops and supplies—the extension of the British empire is due. Canada, Honduras, Guiana, the West Indies, Gibraltar, Malta, the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius, and to a great extent the establishment of English rule in India, witness to the power derived from command of the sea. And in this connection it may be remarked that naval writers have evinced a scant curiosity in the examination of the causes that have led to this great force being vested in the hands of England.

That her seamen were in every sense superior goes without saying; that the excitement and gain of privateering drew many to a sea-life is recognised; that the protective measures of centuries (culminating in Cromwell's famous regulations), naval success, the early development of the iron steamer, and the neutrality of England during the American Civil War, have secured the carrying trade of the world, and so strengthened the foundations of her navy, these too have not escaped notice; that the English naval officer has maintained a practical superiority to his professional rivals is admitted by all. But when it is asked whether these replies together answer the question why England should have beaten France in three centuries of naval war, the dispassionate student can but answer in the negative. There was another and a determining cause, the Continental wars of France,—wars that, by absorbing her energies, and at times exhausting her vitality, deprived her frequently of the power, and sometimes even of the wish, to concentrate efforts on her fleet. The effect of these wars in this respect was recognised by English statesmen, and was the cause of the various coalitions fomented by England, and supported by much gold and few troops. But for these wars it would have been difficult to find men for a necessarily augmented navy, and their management in able hands produced an economical substitute for an overburdened fleet. As might be expected, this aspect of the question has not escaped the notice of Captain Mahan, who refers to

¹ The effects of depriving France of all foothold in America were clearly foreseen and expressed by the Opposition, in the Imperial Parliament, in the debate on the conditions of peace.

it in his 'Influence of Sea-Power upon History,' though only incidentally, the consideration being outside the scope of a work dealing professedly with the effects of sea-power, and not with its causation.

Throughout the centuries of war, the periods when France was at peace in Europe may be counted on the fingers of a hand. In 1756, her hands were free for a few months, and she promptly seized Minorca. In 1778, though hampered by her internal conditions, she was at peace beyond her frontiers, and joining in the American War of Independence, she deprived England of many of her smaller outlying dependencies, and enabled the American colonists to wrest a continent from the empire. The normal conditions were in fact reversed. France was free, while England was embarrassed by a land war, small indeed as compared with one in Europe, but beyond the strength of a Power who placed too exclusive a trust in the efficacy of purely naval armaments. True, France was not alone; but even when Spain became her ally the English navy was still superior, not indeed with the overwhelming superiority shown in the war of the French Revolution, but as superior as the supply of men permitted.¹ In the course of this war, France and Spain reduced the whole of the British West Indies (with the one exception of Jamaica), the settlements on the Main, Minorca, and Ceylon. Her efforts in India had been foiled by the army, a local force that was happily—to a great extent—independent of the Home Gov-

ernment.² That France was unable to secure the tenure of her conquests was due to financial exhaustion—the shadow of the coming Revolution reaching nigh her feet—and to her consequent inability to prosecute the war. In 1797-98, there was again a brief if partial peace in Europe, and France seized the Ionian Islands, Malta, and Egypt.

Reading side by side the naval, the military, and the domestic histories of France and England, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that had France been united in herself, had she rested content with her natural boundaries in Europe—the frontiers imposed by language—and had she therefore sought expansion beyond the narrow seas, then history would have needed not revision but re-writing. If, on the other hand, it be assumed that the Revolution would have occurred in any case, the difficulty more or less disappears; for as no navy could have remained efficient through the excesses of that period, the ultimate triumph might have rested with England after all. Speculation, however, being put aside, it remains that the narrowing of purpose requisite for the building up of a dominant fleet was incompatible with the politics of an aggressive and intimately European State. Across the Channel circumstances were different. The strain of Dutch obstinacy prevented wavering, and the pursuit of a single idea was singularly well suited to the tenacious grip of the insular mind. To England, indeed, this same narrowing of

¹ In numbers of battleships England will now be inferior to even two foreign Powers when the shipbuilding programmes at home and abroad of 1894 are carried out.

² The East India Company's troops played a great part in the attacks on the Cape of Good Hope, and on the French and Dutch settlements scattered between the Cape and New Guinea.

purpose was the more easy, since not only did European temptations disappear with the loss of her French territories in the fifteenth century, but its advantages were manifest, and its vital necessity was patent to all. Expansion of England was only possible through the fleet. Europe being closed to her, she turned to the open sea.

In these days England's old difficulty still remains, the difficulty of manning a paramount fleet on the voluntary system. When the present building programme is complete, it is said that the deficiency on mobilisation will amount to about 30,000 men; and the country has perforce to rest on the assurance that in time of war 100,000 men are expected to be forthcoming. Where they are to come from, how this number of men can be supplied without a dislocation of commerce as serious in itself as war, has not as yet been disclosed. The number represents more than 50 per cent of Englishmen employed in vessels registered at home ports; and though a small reserve of fishermen may be counted upon, the only other available source at present appears to be the unemployed—a class of which the average quality will probably not be high—while the surplus available grows annually less, owing to the abandonment of the apprentice system.¹ And to the difficulties regarding men have been added others. The supremacy of the sea was won in the narrow sense by the seamanship of the English naval officer and the dogged ob-

stinacy of the blue-jacket; but while these qualities remain, the peculiar advantages conferred by their possession in the past has been minimised by the modern conditions of a sea-fight. It is no longer a question of long practice in dealing with an uncertain means of propulsion, of endurance, of close quarters and boarding attacks, of long-fought actions in which the sinking of a ship was rare. A naval action will now be decided by the superior working of a few heavy guns, by the sudden intensity of well-aimed quick-firing gun-fire, and by the manœuvring power due to speed; while it is by no means safe to assume that in single-ship actions the constructionally superior ship will necessarily win. Furthermore, the refitting of a victorious squadron will now be an affair of weeks or months instead of days, and a Nelson after a future battle of the Nile would probably have to go home for repairs instead of assisting allies at a Naples, and then blockading a Malta as well as an Alexandria in possession of the enemy. Malta and Gibraltar do not possess the necessary facilities for the refitting of a fleet. As it was, an army was required to recover Egypt; as it will be, the necessity is more imperative.

Although a navy is no substitute for an army, nor an army for a fleet, their spheres of action being essentially distinct, it is reasonable to hold that the consolidation of the British empire has affected the relative strengths of the naval and military forces to be maintained.

¹ As the naval authorities maintain secrecy on the question of men, it is impossible to state accurately how short the fleet would be on complete mobilisation. An attempt in 1894 to mobilise 800 men for the naval manœuvres resulted in 150 men being obtained. It may be remarked that in the Napoleonic War Nelson largely employed Maltese. Reference to the press-gang system is useless, as this system could no longer be enforced; yet how much England owes to it!

There is now an Indian frontier ; in Asia there are Tonquin, Annam, and Siam to be considered, to say nothing of Russian developments in the north-east ; in Africa, England has France and Germany as neighbours ; in the West Indies and Canada, England is face to face with a country whose voting force has been educated in an unfriendly spirit, whose interests clash with those of England in the North Pacific as well as on the Canadian frontier, and who—as in 1838 and 1862—has more than once united with Russia in political action against their common rival. The transporting power possessed by fast merchant steamers must also be recognised, and the certainty of an enemy or enemies being engaged in war in Europe on land, as well as with England at sea, must be discounted. That England was able to provide a decent force for the Franco-English alliance against Russia was due to the peace augmentations of 1848-49. But it was obtained only by ruinous drafts upon the future, and its maintenance was impossible for lack of reserves. Since then the state of the army has been the subject of more just appreciation, and the wisdom of maintaining it in a higher ratio than of yore is beyond question. But conceding this, the necessity for absolute supremacy of the sea is obvious. By the loss of her trade, England could be humbled without the loss of a yard of territory or of a single man-of-war. In the past losses were heavy even with preponderating naval strength, and when the superiority became slight the losses became enormous, and the carrying trade was forfeited. In these days commerce is far more tender. Even in time of peace English supremacy may

be seriously compromised by the demands of trade-unionism, and in war a high insurance rate would of itself disorganise trade, and entail the transfer of some of the carrying trade to neutral flags and ports ; while the days are past when British commerce could afford the loss by capture of some hundreds of vessels in a year. The existence of England, dependent as she is on the import of food and raw materials, and the export of manufactured wares, rests on cheapness of production and the inviolability of her mercantile marine. Her condition is the most artificial of any State the world has ever seen ; and declarations notwithstanding, no nation could afford to admit the neutrality of her especial weakness. The losses she incurred in the past, even in the flush of naval success, would now prove a serious matter ; and while they were due, generally speaking, to the inability of the fleet to provide sufficient protection, it does not follow that an increase in the volume of trade was owing alone to more pronounced measures of protection. Sometimes it was due to the chief maritime neutral State being made a belligerent, as in 1780, when England declared war against Holland—an occasion of much booty—and so recovered the carrying trade, that had been transferred as usual to a neutral flag. More often it was due to the extension of the empire by the territorial conquests effected by the army and navy in concert. While it is a simple matter to observe the effects of war upon floating trade in the past, it is, however, by no means easy to forecast the future in this respect, owing to the enormous volume of modern trade, the time required for ship-construction, and the difficulty of

manning newly formed mercantile fleets by neutral Powers.¹ In a short war the results of commerce destruction could not be more than grave. In a war lengthened by the mutual destruction, more or less, of the battleship fleets, the results might prove disastrous to England, the distress occasioned thereby producing internal disaffection and disorder.

Having glanced at the mutual relations of the two services in general; their interaction in the cases of invasion, raids on home ports, and raids and expeditions abroad may now be considered.

Against invasion, a fleet is the principal defence. As to the former definition that the fleet was the first line, the new sailor will have none of it. The arguments advanced by theorists during a long peace gain so ready an acceptance, that there is now a certain tendency to regard the fleet as the only defence; but it was otherwise in times of war. Witness the military preparations made against the attack of the Armada, the strengthening of the Thames defences being indeed recommended by Raleigh; and skipping a couple of centuries, witness the same answer to French threats commencing in 1797 and continuing to the end of the war. Sir George Clarke considers the action as due to England's constant inability to realise her strength, and writes as though the coast-defence works of this period were only constructed after the conclusion of the war; but this is not the case. The wonder is

not that these later preparations should have been made, but that they should have been so extensive, seeing the unquestioned superiority of the English fleet. But then this was in times of war, and the action was not without warrant, seeing that in 1796 a great French expedition had traversed the Channel for three weeks without meeting any of the squadrons cruising in search, and that the landing in Bantry Bay had been prevented not by naval force but by a winter's gale, poor supplies, and the want of chain-cables, not then introduced.

Admiral Colomb, by the way, seems to think that any argument against an exclusively naval defence, founded upon this instance, is met by the ascertained fact that Hoche did not like the job he was set to do; though how that affects any deduction is not altogether apparent. In this case, success was prevented by an accident, and throughout history, up to the period of steam, the chances of the sea had an emphatic effect on naval warfare. Still, the fact remains that the fleet forms the proper defence against invasion, and in some ways the fact is to be regretted, for history presents not a few instances of the disadvantages attending the consequent and necessary concentration of ships in the Channel. In 1797-98, for instance, this concentration left the Mediterranean without a squadron, enabling the French to seize the Ionian Islands, Malta, and Egypt. The inevitable effect of this concentration

¹ It is doubtful whether this difficulty would be experienced by the United States, though it is impossible to guess what proportion of the mercantile marine *personnel* would be tempted to change their nationality. The proportion would probably depend on the number of vessels transferred, and it may be noted that desertion to the enemy was by no means uncommon in the England-America war of 1812.

was well known to the French : it was indeed the cause of many of their pretended invasions ; and it is clear that any preparations, conducted with due regard to economy in money and men, that would unchain the fleet from the Channel and leave it free to act upon occasion, is in agreement with the clear foresight that regards attack as the true policy of England.¹ This being so, it follows that ports forming convenient bases must possess a military defence sufficient to deter attack. If this be given, the primary landing would be diverted ; under a continued absence of the fleet an attempt might be made to secure one such port ; and this would imply a land attack, and by consequence land defences. As this principle has governed English policy since the days of Henry VIII., it should not be lightly abandoned, and though differences of opinion will arise from time to time regarding the strength of defences proper to be given, the principle in itself is sound. To go further into detail is unnecessary : the case has been fully stated by Captain Mahan in 'Influence of Sea-Power on the Wars of the French Revolution' (vol. i. p. 340),

and as he is admittedly the most eminent writer of the day on the philosophy of naval war, it will be of interest to quote his exact words.

After speaking of the navy as the first line of defence, and calling this expression a "true maxim," the other lines being "the fortified ports and the soldiers behind them," he goes on to say :—

"That the navy is the first line of defence, both in order and importance, by no means implies that there is or should be no other. This forced and extravagant interpretation, for which naval officers have been largely responsible, of the true opinion that a navy is the best protection for a sea frontier, has very much to do with that faulty strategy which would tie the fleet, whatever its power, to the home ports, and disseminate it among them. Navies do not dispense with fortifications nor with armies ; but when wisely handled, they may save their country the strain which comes when these have to be called into play."

The defence of home ports against raids is a question altogether apart from their defence against invasion. Captain Mahan maintains as a general law that no navy, however powerful, can prevent raids, provided the distance

¹ Under present conditions the Channel fleet would be detached to reinforce the Mediterranean squadron, the naval defence of the United Kingdom being transferred to a fleet made up of coast-defence ships, guard-ships taken from their ports, and the reserve. It has been held by a section of naval opinion that squadrons of sufficient strength cannot in war be maintained in both the Baltic and Mediterranean. The abandonment of the latter has been definitely proposed by Mr Laird Clowes, and his proposal has been rightly condemned by Sir George Clarke in a brilliant article in the April number of the 'Nineteenth Century.' Mr Laird Clowes is presumably unaware that 42 per cent of English trade is with Europe, and that if England is at present too weak, the true remedy is not retreat, but the provision of the necessary strength. Still, if Mr Laird Clowes has erred, it has been in good company. He has assumed that naval England has met her match or has been overpowered, and under similar conditions Captain Mahan has also maintained that a concentration in the Channel was the proper course to adopt. It is also true that England has previously been forced to abandon the Mediterranean ; but under existing circumstances to do so is no longer permissible.

to be traversed is short, and history bears out his contention; while a naval authority in the 'Quarterly Review,' April 1892, maintained that this mode of offence would certainly be exercised by the weaker navy in the next naval war. Against this view there is the fact that during the long wars with France raids by that Power were very rare; but the reasons are not, however, hard to find. To raid the fortified ports was out of the question, and so far as the others were concerned it was at once easier and more lucrative to pick up merchantmen in the Channel,—a practice that varied in inverse ratio with the number of French men-of-war in commission—while escape was at the same time more certain. Even so, the swarm of armed vessels in the Channel, and the close blockade of the French Channel ports—aided by the lie of the Channel with reference to the prevailing wind—forced the French to act from a flank. To this was due the importance of Dunkirk, Flushing, and at a later date Antwerp, to the French, and to a great extent that of Portugal to England. The few raids attempted by France, owing to a variety of circumstances, were consequently on the north or south-west of the British Isles.¹ To reach the north of Ireland, for instance, Thurot had to winter in Norway, and work down in terrible weather round the north side of Scotland. Steam, speed, and the reduction in numbers of war-vessels have materially altered the conditions, while the merchant steamer is now a far easier prey in port than at sea, and it is admitted

that an effective blockade is now impossible. Were then the defence of the enormous wealth, concentrated in the great commercial ports, and of the dockyards and arsenals at the naval ports, with machinery and stores difficult to replace, to be imposed solely upon the navy, it would be necessary to localise a squadron, small or large as the case might be, for the defence of each, besides maintaining the ordinary cruising squadrons. A proposal somewhat to this effect was once made by Admiral Colomb; but a naval defence by such localised squadrons would not only be far more expensive than a military defence, but would so tax the resources of the navy in men that its provision may be regarded as out of the question. The most economical course is the one which has been consistently pursued, the general defence being provided by the Channel fleet or its substitute as first line, and the particular and close defence by the land forces. The fact that there will always be a localised fleet in the Channel, save for short periods under exceptional circumstances, and that there will always be a considerable force of more or less trained men at the disposal of the military authorities, makes it unnecessary that the defences of these ports should be formidable in character, save in the cases of the few whose absolute security as military ports is essential to the wellbeing of the State. One effect of the introduction of the present types of cruiser and torpedo-boat has been to emphasise the importance of the flanks of the British Isles, and to necessitate the provision of fortified

¹ It was this same necessity of acting from a flank that forced Napoleon to decide upon the West Indies as the place of assembly for the squadrons, detailed for securing the Channel preparatory to invasion. He hoped further that they would elude Nelson, and gain requisite time on their homeward passage.

ports of refuge, at points most favourably situated for the home-ward-bound trade on making land, whence convoys can be escorted to their destinations. It need hardly be said that in working out these, as well as other tactical questions, the naval and military authorities act in concert.

It is sometimes asserted, or rather suggested, that English ports were not fortified in the old wars, that it was reserved for peace theorists to inaugurate so fatuous a policy, and that the defence loan of 1860 is the Hegira of the new departure. To any one conversant with the subject the assumption is ludicrously untrue. Whether at home or abroad, the military defence of ports has always formed an integral part of the national policy. In kind, it has in no way differed from the measures adopted by other nations; in degree it has always been influenced by the greater general protection afforded by a superior fleet. That the defensive works of certain ports were considerably strengthened in the sixties was in no way due to any new distrust in the navy, but mainly to the fact that nothing had till then been done in the way of bringing the defences in line with the new iron navies or the increased power of artillery. During the previous forty-five years nothing had been done beyond the provision of a few batteries at Plymouth, Portsmouth, Milford, and Portland, all being out of date under the new conditions. And it must be remembered that the second-class iron-clad was constructionally better fitted to cope with the shore defences of its day, if inferior to the modern cruiser in point of armament. Even supposing, for the sake of a *reductio ad absurdum*, that the whole of the money of

the defence loan of 1860 was wasted, the sum-total only amounts to the cost of five or six modern battleships. But, in defiance of history, the assertion that the military defence of English ports is a modern idea continues to be confidently made. In the 'United Service Magazine' for September 1894 Sir George Clarke stated, for instance, that in the last century the fixed defences—that is, the harbour defences—of Plymouth were practically non-existent. The modern derivation of the idea is sufficiently shown by the use of the awkward term "fixed defences"; while the actual meaning is obscure, as it depends on the sense given to the indeterminate expression "practically." Considering this example, however, apart from the new deduction, it remains that the defences of Plymouth—save for the peace period prior to 1860—have always continued in a condition more or less of the same strength, relatively to the powers of a fleet, till the introduction of the unarmoured cruiser. The action at Plymouth, extending through a century and a half, has consisted in decentralising the defences, in dispersing previously concentrated guns. In 1757, the fortifications on Drake's Island alone provided for 96 guns, to say nothing of the Citadel and the other sea-defences. Relatively to a fleet, the defences of Plymouth were of considerably greater strength in 1757 than in 1860. But there was another cause of the action taken at Plymouth. Though the position of the dockyard remained unchanged, the anchorage had shifted from the upper waters to the Sound, and after the construction of the break-water, it was an evident policy to redistribute the defences, subsequently taking advantage of the

increased effective range of the new artillery.¹

The treatment of commercial ports abroad will proceed on lines analogous to those followed at home; but that of the Imperial ports, coaling-stations, and dock-yards must be distinct in character. Their safety is vital, and must be secured free from all

hazard. In 'Influence of Sea-Power upon History,' Captain Mahan discusses the struggle between Suffren and Hughes for the possession of Trincomali in Ceylon, the coveted base for naval operations in connection with the war in India. Here he emphasises most strongly the importance of the invulnerability of naval bases,

¹ In the middle of the seventeenth century Plymouth was a walled town. A castle stood on the site of the Citadel, and a tower on Drake's Island. The principal port was then Sutton Pool. Neither Devonport nor its dock were then existing. By 1716 the Citadel was practically in the same condition as it is at present, though the western ravelin does not appear till 1754, when the covered way was remodelled and strengthened. Queen Anne's battery was then in existence, and Drake's Island fortified and well armed.

In the middle of the century redoubts were erected at Mount Batten and Western King. Devonport (then Hamouse) was defended by a continued line, and several blocks of defensible barracks were subsequently added in rear. The fortifications on Drake's Island were repaired and strengthened by 1757, providing for 96 guns. At this time the English fleet was acting offensively on the coast of France—an expedition attacking Rochefort this year. By 1760 sea-defences had been projected at Eastern and Western King, and the project was extended to a complete defence of the position with a fort on the hill in rear. By 1765 the sea-batteries at the Citadel were remodelled into their present state. At this period the extreme effective range of guns was taken at 2400 yards. By 1784 were erected Mount Wise and Western King redoubts, with batteries there, at Eastern King, and at Staddon Hill, as also a redoubt on Obelisk Hill, the north point of the Mount Edgecumbe promontory being defended by a continuous line. It was now proposed to replace the line of redoubts on Maker Heights by permanent works. In 1803 a redoubt on Stonehouse Hill was building, and in 1810 Mount Pleasant redoubt was proposed to be remodelled and strengthened. The permanent lines of Devonport were left unfinished at the peace.

In 1804 the strength of the garrison was 8000 infantry and 684 artillery. The general thought a naval attack impossible unless the English fleet of Brest was driven away by weather, and even then very doubtful, the navigation of the harbour being difficult even to English men-of-war. Given naval co-operation, he would meet a landing on the west by taking up a position in rear of Craft-hole, near which an entrenched camp had been formed; against close attack he would require a number of cutters and gunboats to cover the flanks of the defences, "as in the last war."

In 1815, at the conclusion of peace, the numbers of guns mounted were—Devonport 128, Citadel 77, Maker Heights 47, Drake's Island 28, Staddon Hill 10,—a total of 290. Even Falmouth mounted 64 guns, and the Scilly Islands (strengthened in 1740) mounted 53 guns.

But research of these matters is of no avail. If the statement that "fixed" defences were practically unknown till the times of peace be shown to be incorrect, the anti-military writer will reply that England has never in the past properly realised her strength; and so enters into those vague regions of opinion, whither pursuit is fruitless.

The work done on the sea-defences at Plymouth under the loan of 1860 was briefly the remodelling of Picklecombe and Bovisand, defences necessitated by the construction of the breakwater, and originally built ten or twelve years before the date of the loan. Since then the introduction of long-range guns has necessarily reopened the whole question.

and the embarrassment and false position in which a navy finds itself when responsible for their defence. To those who maintain that the best coast defence is a navy, Captain Mahan replies: "In one sense this is doubtless true—to attack the enemy abroad is the best of defences; but in the narrow sense of the word 'defence' it is not true." To the writer of the ultra-naval school, the only deduction is that Hughes was not strong enough for his work, and that it is only a question of more ships, the co-ordinate questions of men and means not entering into his calculations. Yet Captain Mahan, whose eminence as an authority he admits, goes on to say: "Seaports should defend themselves; the sphere of the fleet is the open sea, its object offence rather than defence, its objective the enemy's shipping, wherever it may be found. They should not depend in any way upon the fleet for protection, but only for supplies and reinforcements, and those at reasonable intervals." Gibraltar with its three and a half years' siege, and annual relief by the fleet, presents an instance in point. The principle so clearly enunciated by Captain Mahan is as far-reaching as could be desired by the most bigoted devotee of fortification. But while the statement is as true as a general statement can be, it is clear that varying treatment will be required in its application to particular cases. The strength of garrison, the respective scales of sea and land defences, will depend on the length of time for which it is considered the place should be able to stand alone without assistance from the fleet; and this will be effected by many conditions, mainly, its importance as a base, the nearness of a probable enemy's bases, his available offensive force,

the trade-routes to be patrolled, and the power and disposition of neighbouring states. Other points requiring recognition are, the difficulty of obtaining information and of the discovery of ships in the present day; the rapidity of their movement, and the trackless nature of the sea.

As with home ports, so abroad, the utility of their military defence has been questioned. Starting with the conclusion that the fleet is the only proper protection, a theory condemned by Captain Mahan, it is maintained that a military defence is useless without command of the sea, and unnecessary if in addition. Against the evidence of history it is contended that harbour defences have not been attacked by squadrons in the past, and it is prophesied that this action will be impossible in the future, owing to the nature of the modern type of ship and its scanty supply of ammunition. To found an argument on any assumed permanence of type is surely unsound, while the scanty supply of ammunition can readily be supplemented by the provision of a magazine-ship. It is, moreover, not to be supposed that all squadrons would behave like the ships detached by Sir George Rooke against Gibraltar, which expended 10,000 rounds of heavy shot on fortifications garrisoned by 100 men—this, however, by the way. Having proved their case to their own satisfaction, the objectors to a military defence are nevertheless compelled, by inexorable facts, to add as an unobtrusive addendum that a few guns should be provided against raids. The admission comes as it were grudgingly, and with reluctance, as though they were not without a suspicion that it must result in the collapse of the whole structure they have been at such pains to

rear. Even a few guns require a garrison, and the obvious fact that a defended port would only be attacked by a superior force, predicated the provision of a fort or forts of some sort. Seriously considered, then, the question resolves itself into one of scale, a problem of which no scientific solution is possible, the factors being all indeterminate in character, liable to constant variation, and differently valued by every individual. A consensus of opinion may indeed be arrived at, and chance, or the influence of a master-mind, may result in the adoption of an ideally perfect scale. But however well-balanced the scale may be, it will remain true only during a continuance of the conditions existing at its inception—conditions that cannot be expected to endure through the vicissitudes of a world-wide naval war. This being so, it is well that the scale should err on the side of excess rather than that of defect, and provide for a proper defence on the land side.¹

A few years ago a long controversy appeared in the 'Times,' under the heading of "Forts and Fleets," in which, for some unknown reason, the neo-naval school seemed to be under the impression that the army regarded forts as a

substitute for fleets, and that if there were fewer forts there would be more fleets. In this discussion Admiral Colomb adduced the case of Port Hamilton as an instance of the futility of port defences. Although, as he pointed out, there was the fortified naval base of Hong-Kong, yet no sooner did war appear imminent than the navy transferred the coaling-station to the defenceless island called Port Hamilton. It is evident that Hong-Kong was not as far north as was convenient for possible operations, and that had England possessed any territory more in that direction, a subsidiary fortified coaling-station would have been of great advantage. As it was, the squadron had to make the best of unfavourable circumstances. But the admiral on the spot was by no means satisfied. The responsibility of defence was a severe tax on the squadron, and he reported against the continuance of Port Hamilton as a coaling-station, firstly, because it was not fortified, and secondly, because its configuration precluded the possibility of fortifying it with success. Reasoning in the study and reasoning on the quarter-deck will lead to very different conclusions.²

It will often happen that these

¹ In a lecture given at Aldershot, Sir George Clarke preached the uselessness of fortification by the following parable. Six men advance against one man who is protected by a bullet-proof door. One of the attacking six intrenches himself, and the other five go away. Where, then, is the use of the bullet-proof door? There is a seeming innocence in the tacit assumption, that the sixth man could blockade the defender, that is entirely captivating—begging, as it does, the whole question. Furthermore, in the generality of cases, it holds good that if the defender can maintain his ground, the purposes of fortification have been accomplished.

² Many instances occur in history of the value of defended ports to weak or temporarily overpowered squadrons. The importance to France of Louisburg (Nova Scotia), Port Royal (Mauritius), and Fort de France (Martinique); and to England of Gibraltar, Port Mahon (Minorca), and St Lucia (West Indies), may be cited. Two conditions are, however, predicated—that the garrison is efficient, and that relief is possible if the attack be prolonged or specially powerful. This being so, it follows that we have not much to learn from the China-Japan war, where the defence has been poor, and the attack has been developed on the old

naval bases in the colonies will at the same time be the chief commercial seaports and also the seats of government—considerations that enhance the importance of their security—and it naturally follows that they have ever been the objects of attack. Although England never maintained for long what was to her a strong army, and then only by the employment of mercenaries; although her garrisons were too often more nominal than real, she was yet always able to scrape together the few thousand men necessary for a colonial expedition. Powerful squadrons enabled her to carry out these attacks, and their results were not only the furtherance of the general object of the war, but also the extension of the British empire. They formed, indeed, the ultimate effect of sea-power, the freeing of the army for the decisive blow. Entangled in European wars, France could rarely maintain a great fleet in the face of the superior strength and prowess of the English navy, or spare troops for undertakings that might prove rash in the presence of a greater naval force, though when at peace at home she was not slow to seize an opportunity. Turning from the attack to the defence, it is safe to hold that a general command of the sea does not of necessity imply command on a particular station; and that a squadron “in being” (in the sense in which the term is used by Admiral Colomb) cannot be counted upon as a sufficient defence alone, unless offensively superior and within hail; while even

under these conditions it does not follow that the disembarkation of the troops would be prevented. In 1778, for instance, a French expedition from Martinique took Dominica, the garrison being weak, while an English squadron lay at Barbadoes; and an English expedition took St Lucia, although the French arrived with superior naval and military forces before the island had surrendered. In 1779 the French took Senegal and the Gambia, the garrison being weak; they also took Goree, and were repulsed in a naval attack after the place had been recovered by the English. In the same year they took St Vincent, the garrison being weak, and the English squadron having gone to St Kitts for convoy work; and Grenada also, the English squadron and troops arriving just too late. In 1781 the French took Tobago with 2000 men, the garrison being weak, and Rodney arriving too late. In 1782 they took Nevis, Montserrat, and St Kitts. The case of St Kitts is peculiarly striking, for Hood placed himself in a position to relieve the place by a singular display of seamanship, an effort thrown away by reason of the totally inadequate force of troops at his disposal. While Hood was at Antigua, the French took Demerara, Berbice, and Essequibo; the Spaniards taking other settlements while the English squadrons were occupied with De Grasse, and were concerned for the safety of Jamaica—a responsibility that should never have fallen on the navy, and which materially ham-

lines—bombardment (more or less prolonged and effective), combined with or followed by assault delivered in front, flank, or rear. The main difference has been the attack by torpedo-boats in place of the fire-ship and of the essentially English attack by boats. The curious and notable feature of the struggle at Wei-hai-wei was the simultaneous fight between the Japanese squadron and the fortified island, and between the Chinese squadron and the captured Chinese forts on the mainland manned by Japanese.

pered their arrangements. The Spaniards from Havana also took the Bahamas, weakly garrisoned as usual, Rodney being at Jamaica, Hood off St Domingo, and Rowley and Graves cruising. In Europe, Gibraltar was holding out, thanks to annual naval relief, the artillery service, and

the local flotilla; and unassisted Minorca fell after its fortress, garrisoned by 2500 men, had held out for nearly six months against an army of 16,000 troops.

The strength of the English navy, as shown in the Naval Abstract, is given in the following table:¹—

	Line.	4th-rates.	5th-rates.	6th-rates.	Sloops.
June 1777 . .	125	17	43	59	58
June 1778 . .	131	21	48	70	70
Jan. 1780 . .	143	20	67	65	71
Jan. 1782 . .	161	23	100	59	95
Jan. 1783 . .	174	23	116	59	85

France joined the war in 1778, and the strength of her navy is given by Beatson as 63 line, 5 4th-rates, 23 5th-rates, 32 6th-rates, and 17 sloops; and that of Spain at 61 line, 2 5th-rates, 30 6th-rates, and 13 sloops. Spain joined the war in 1778, and the Dutch did the same in 1780, at great loss to themselves. Their navy counted for nothing, and in 1782 it only consisted of 10 weak line, 1 4th-rate, and 4 5th- and 6th-rates. Although the Americans equipped some frigates and many privateers, and used armed vessels in the extensive coast operations of the war, they had no battle-fleet worthy of mention. In the course of the war the English navy took from the allies 26 line, 3 4th-rates, 58 5th- and 6th-rates, 16 sloops (besides 18 other vessels taken into the service), and destroyed many American sloops.¹ During the war the English navy lost 1 line, 2 4th-rates, and 28 5th- and 6th-rates.¹ The

number of men voted for the navy by England and Ireland in 1782—the last year of the war—was 120,000.

At the commencement of the Revolution France had but two-thirds of the numbers of battle-ships possessed by England, a proportion less than that shown in the 1894 programme; her losses in ships were many, and in efficiency irremediable; yet in 1794 a small expedition reached the West Indies, and, aided by armed negroes, recovered Guadeloupe; while on the African coast a frigate squadron pillaged Sierra Leone, and reached home after destroying 210 vessels. The next year saw a larger expedition arrive at the West Indies, and the consequent fall of St Lucia, this much-fought-over island being retaken by a great English expedition in 1796. Further examples of French action over-sea might of course be quoted.

The objection will be raised that

¹ Extracted from Derrick's 'Memoirs of the Rise and Progress of the Royal Navy,' 1806. The abstracts include ships building; but though the numbers of ships building at the conclusion of peace are given, they are wanting for the earlier years. Armed vessels, small craft, and sundries have been omitted.

the instances of colonial attacks taken from the war of American Independence occurred at a time when England had met her match: but the statistics show that she retained a certain, if reduced, naval superiority; and that if embarrassed by the maintenance of a maritime war in both the Atlantic and Indian Oceans—entailing the loss of command of the Channel and the appearance of the allied fleet, 66 sail of the line, off Plymouth in 1779—she was at any rate in no way overpowered.¹ Considering the strength necessary for an absolute command of the sea, it is impossible to foresee when England would possess the enormous superiority over possible enemies shown both in earlier wars and in those of the French Revolution; while without an enemy or enemies had been practically reduced to impotence, no effective naval defence of ports could be counted upon under the geographical and commercial conditions of modern times. Nor can the element of chance be altogether neglected even now. In violation of a modern axiom, Napoleon sailed from Toulon for Egypt in 1789, with an English squadron on his flank at Cadiz. Nelson was sent in pursuit, and was thrown off the scent by Napoleon adopting the simple device of following an indirect route. In the course of a night the English fleet and the great French expedition actually crossed each other's track without discovery, an accident fraught with singularly serious consequences. There is nothing in modern conditions to prevent similar action and a similar escape.

And here may be interpolated some considerations "on command of the sea." Admiral Colomb has maintained that the English operations in the Crimea would have been impossible had there been a superior Russian fleet in any part of the world. It will be seen that he ignores the question of time—one all important in an operation of this nature, and especially at Sevastopol, where a lengthy siege was not contemplated at the outset. He has also maintained that the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns would have been impossible without command of the sea. It is sufficiently obvious that an army acting over-sea must have its communications assured, — ordnance stores, money, and supplies being necessary to its being; but this necessity by no means implies the maintenance of constant command over the sea-communications, and in this respect military operations over-sea differ essentially from the normal conduct of a land campaign. The vital point is that, when the necessity arises for forwarding stores and reinforcements to the base, there should be the ability to provide an escort strong enough to resist attacks on the convoy by such of the enemy's squadrons as may be met with on the way. If the military force be operating in a country where provisions and forage can be obtained, the immediate urgency of these naval reliefs is not so great. If the force be operating in an allied country against an invader of that country, then ordnance stores and money may be locally forthcoming, either wholly or in part, either for a time or for a

¹ The statistics further illustrate incidentally the reproductive power of a wooden navy—a power denied to the steel fleets in the short wars of the present day; and while numbers are reduced, the theatre of war now includes Australasia and the Pacific. The accustomed dominance of the English navy is nowhere more clearly seen than in the entire failure of its rivals to act decisively on a large scale when all effective opposition had temporarily and locally disappeared.

continuance, and in that case the urgency is correspondingly reduced. The siege of Gibraltar may fairly be regarded as the seizure and holding of a point in an enemy's territory. The Franco-Spanish forces were superior by land and locally by sea, and they were not interfered with by the English fleet. Once a-year, however, a convoy of transports and store-ships was sent to the fortress, under escort of a squadron too powerful for the allies to meddle with. That this action implied a "command of the sea" is beyond question, but in a restricted sense; and to use the term without qualification is to add another to the many phrases that by their very vagueness cloud debate. The State possessing a navy superior to that of its enemies, and exercising its power, will have a general command of the sea. If, however, the superior navy be distributed over the world, fettered by the defence of scattered territories and the trade-routes of the globe, then the enemies' squadrons may be effectively superior on one or more stations from time to time. The questions of general and local sea-command require to be kept distinct.

Clearly a squadron is an insufficient protection against raids and expeditions, unless its excess of strength be great, and it is tied to coast defence, or the naval and military collapse of the enemy renders precautions unnecessary. The general defence of ports is rightly included in the functions of a fleet. This general defence consists in cruising off the enemy's bases, an effective blockade being

impracticable, and in the defeat of the enemy's squadrons wherever they may be. The obstacles in the way are the lengthened cruising power, due to increased coal-capacity, and the difficulty of discovering and overhauling speedy ships whose course is in no way determined by the direction of the wind.¹ For these reasons it is now the rule to shadow or "shepherd" the squadrons and cruisers of a possible enemy at critical times. Sometimes, however, the lamb objects, making persistence impossible, and, unless a singularly poor specimen of his breed, he should in any case be able to give his shepherd the slip at night. The particular or close defence of ports is now, and always has been, the work of the army—assistance or relief at sufficient intervals by the navy being presupposed in the case of a strong expedition.

It is sometimes asserted that attacks beyond sea are impossible to the weaker naval Power, and that even if at first successful during a temporary loss of local sea-command, or the absence of the fleet, their recovery is inevitable on a resumption of sea-power. The mere appearance of a superior squadron is even taken as entailing an immediate surrender. In order to confute an article in which the possibility of such expeditions was admitted, it seemed sufficient to Sir George Clarke to state the tonnage required for the necessary transport. To him the idea carried with it its own refutation. The supply of transports, however, presented no difficulty—though requiring some arrangement—in the past, when the accommodation of

¹ The difficulties experienced by the Chilean squadron to bring the Huascar to bay, and the deep-laid plots necessary for her ultimate capture, should be remembered in connection with undefended ports. This Chili-Peru war also demonstrated the power of the naval guns of the day to make accurate bombarding practice, under favourable circumstances, at ranges of 8000 yards, and even up to 10,000 yards.

a vessel averaged only 100 men ; and any difficulty that may have existed has disappeared with the advent of the fast steamer of the day, and more particularly the fast mail - steamer. Even a modern "trooper" of 4500 tons, with her liberal arrangements, accommodates 1000 men, while the *Kow-Shing*, a passenger steamer of 1350 tons, had 1300 troops on board when sunk by the Japanese war-ship *Naniwa*. One point that has received insufficient consideration is the element of time. Napoleon fully recognised that the seizure of a place dependent on supplies by sea could not be maintained for long after its communications had been definitely cut ; but this knowledge in no way deterred him from so acting, and so instructing his commanders. There was, firstly, the possibility that the place so seized could hold out till the end of the war ; there was, secondly, the possibility that an obstinate defence would secure a capitulation, and so restore the garrison to France. In the one case he would have gained a trump-card to play at the peace negotiations ; in the other he would have inflicted trouble, loss, and great expense upon the enemy at small cost to himself. In 1798, for instance, the French occupied Malta, and held the fortress for two years in the face of bombardments, a close investment, and a strict blockade by an Anglo-Portuguese squadron. The fortress fell, because starved out, before the conclusion of the war ; but it would be rash to maintain that in these days a war would last so long. Had the French garrison been stronger—it only numbered 3000

men—and had Malta been a self-supporting island, the expulsion of the French would have required the decisive action of the army, notwithstanding the length of the war—as was the case with Egypt. While modern conditions must intensify the sudden sharpness of such blows as those dealt at Minorca and Malta, they also facilitate the overthrow of the expedition and the early relief of the place attacked. Whether such expeditions will be attempted in the future depends, as it did in the past, upon whether the strategist in supreme command considers the game worth the candle, and not upon any nice discriminations between the fighting values of respective fleets. While the English navy effectually prevented French expansion over-sea and hampered operations elsewhere, it had not, and in the nature of things could not have had, any decisive action in regard to the downfall of Napoleon. The vital questions of the war had perforce to be decided in Europe. There could be no Moscow on the ocean.

It has been said that the military defence of ports was a custom common to all nations : there was, however, an exception. At the height of her power, and in possession of the as yet unimpaired general command of the sea, Spain trusted the security of her colonial ports to the fleet and to difficulty of access.¹ The budding navy of England, aided by a keen spirit of private adventure, read her a sharp lesson. Drake's first voyage was a record of pillage and booty, and the measures of defence he forced upon her resulted in his disastrous defeat. Henceforth the attack of

¹ It is well to remember that the foundation of Spain's strength was the military character formed by three centuries of war with the Moors. The degeneration of the parent State inevitably resulted from the luxury consequent on national and imperial success.

her seaports became an affair of great and costly expeditions. If the ultra-naval writers had their way, British ports would be reduced to a similar condition, and their attack would require only a simple display of petty naval force. The lesson that Drake had taught Spain had also been learned by his own countrymen, though only at home, for England then had no empire. When the coast was surveyed in order that defensive measures might be prepared against landings by the troops of the great Armada, it appeared that of the fortified places in Sussex the best armed was Rye, mounting 23 guns, a prodigious armament in those days, and the reason was that French raids were by no means unknown at Rye. Concluding, then, as a general principle, that military defences should be provided for ports of Imperial and commercial importance, for naval bases and coaling-stations, — and further, that these defences should be thorough in character and complete in all respects, both on the land and sea fronts, — it follows that this principle will form an integral factor in the problem of Imperial defence. Such defence by Imperial troops can alone be assured to colonial ports of Imperial importance, and those for which a defence contribution is paid by the Colonial Governments, the defence of ports of local importance being, as a rule, a matter for the colony concerned. Much has been done of late years towards perfecting the sea-defences of Imperial ports, and, so far as the works go, it only remains to provide the land defences demanded by local conditions. The dockyards are, however, far from satisfying naval requirements, and it is to be hoped that steady efforts will continue to be made towards bringing them up to date, and that progress will not cease with the construc-

tion of the single dock and mole at Gibraltar. So far as attack goes, the destruction of an enemy's dockyards and arsenals has increased in importance with the introduction of special stores, appliances, and machinery—without which a fleet is powerless, and to replace which would require considerable time—but the attack of the home naval bases of an enemy must now be considered impracticable, owing to the strength of their defences and the forces at command. Abroad the case is different.

It is necessary that all these questions of detail should be studied and decided at the outset, for upon the answers will greatly depend the strength at which the army should be maintained. Besides the garrisons to be maintained at home and abroad, ready as in the past for offensive action and advantageously situated for the purpose, there is also the Indian army, whose functions may be those of local or Imperial garrisons and of field forces as circumstances may determine. But beyond these more or less defensive preparations, there is the absolute necessity of a strong field army, ready at all times to take advantage of the power conferred by sea-power, and to act offensively in any quarter of the globe. On this potentiality will greatly depend the prestige of England, her ability to bring to terms any Power not purely naval, and her absolute success in the next great war. As England already possesses the carrying trade of the world, she has nothing to gain from a purely naval war.

In the present and future conditions of trade, it is improbable that the army will be augmented during peace, and the only practicable course of action is to render the small English field army as efficient as recruiting conditions will permit. Effective measures

are difficult to introduce in these days of boy recruits, short service, and a reserve whose general response to the call will mainly depend on the popularity of the war and the state of trade: still, much good has already been effected in this direction, and the tide of keen reform and instruction continues on the flood. But, questions of finance notwithstanding, the maintenance of a powerful field force should be steadily kept in view; and it will be well when politicians of all parties realise the weight that England would acquire in dealing with foreign questions, were she in a condition to throw 100,000 men into the scale of peace or of war—with, too, reserves at hand, and these reserves of seasoned men instead of boy recruits. Now that European Powers are in contact in three continents, to omit reference to a fourth, a force of this description is essential to the stability of her commercial empire.

No considerations, whether of politics or of finance, should however be permitted to influence the maintenance of the fleet. Above them, the importance of sea-power stands supreme. Not only should the strength in battleships be effectively superior—as often in the old days—to that of the combined fleets of the three greatest naval Powers, and so be co-ordinately increased; but the numbers of commerce-protecting cruisers must bear a higher ratio than at present to the enormous and scattered trade they have to guard, a trade at once vital to the empire and easily demoralised. Finally, there is the ever-pressing question of men, one apparently only to be tentatively answered at present by an increase in the number of training-ships—costly though the product be—in default of an *inscription maritime*, with its superfluity of numbers and excellence of material.

Accepting these requirements as representing the needs of both services so far as England is concerned, it remains to turn for further defensive policy to the empire as a whole. Within the limits of an article, especially one that has dealt somewhat specifically with a one-sided controversy of the day, it is not possible to do more than sketch in the bare outline of so vast a subject. But, happily, the subject is above controversy, and the idea requires no arguments in its support. Briefly, then, the only policy worthy of the name Imperial is the defensive unification of Great Britain and her colonies. There is nothing new in the idea. Much has been written upon it of late years since the intellectual Radicals gave up preaching the uselessness of colonies, and something has been done; but its practical evolution moves too slowly, and much remains to be effected before the idea can be accounted an accomplished fact. We have already seen an Australian contingent serving with their English brethren in Egypt. Canadians have conducted the boats of an English expedition up and down the Nile; and an Australian squadron has been formed. The bonds between Canada and England have been strengthened by the construction of an Imperial highway, perhaps the greatest political enterprise ever undertaken. As English influence in South Africa grows with emigration, the great colonies there will undoubtedly follow the example of Australia, provided England evinces appreciation of local interests, abandons the policy of renunciation for the old one of energy and resolution, and steadily pursues a course compatible with dignity on the one hand and respect upon the other. The colonies are, in fact, patriotic and loyal to the empire,

and for the empire to be wedded into unity needs but a spark to kindle the fire of enthusiasm. But short of an impulse generated by some extraordinary event, this alone can be brought about, and that gradually, by a popular movement. While the diplomatist can do something, the politician can effect but little, for difficult as is a consistent policy under any conditions, it is impossible with a democratic polity, save in the case of a self-supporting and self-contained country, or under the pressure of evident interest or overpowering passion. It may be said that the ancient republics showed no unsteadiness of purpose; but these so-called republics were, strictly speaking, oligarchies. England is, indeed, not without a type; and though the resemblance is imperfect, there is a warning more or less apposite in the instance of Phœnicia. A congeries of confederated towns and states, she was the mistress of the seas, the sea-Power indeed of the world, possessing colonies scattered along the seaboard of three continents, if not of four. Disgusted at a democratic rising in Sidon, the wealthier inhabitants migrated and founded Carthage, an event resulting in a vastly accelerated decay of the parent State.¹

To the mass of a colonial population, England is a name, an idea. Those who live in territory won by force of arms are apt to forget its cost to the mother-country in blood and treasure, the self-sacrificing care bestowed upon its childhood, and the protection given to its youth, though proud in a way of her reputation and of their descent. And forgetting this, there seems to them no shame in the

teaching of the doctrinaire Liberal, that the prospect of some paltry commercial gain not only justifies but demands a rupture of the ties of blood, of ancestry, and of honour. Forgetting this again, an infringement of local by Imperial interests will raise a storm of indignation, and arouse the spirit of independence that has created the greatest empire of all time, and may yet destroy its own creation, by shattering its organic structure. The modern democracy produces politicians but not statesmen: its ideal is government by human nature; and the aim of human nature is the gratification of present wants regardless of future consequences, or the needs of posterity. The unification of Germany would have been impossible with democratic rule, save under the pressure of antagonism to France. The pressure of a united Germany could alone have solidified the volatile politics of France. The unification of America was possible under the weight of hatred for England, resulting in what is in effect an elective monarchy, although in theory a republic. But such all-powerful incentives are wanting in the case of England, where energy is absorbed in the organised struggle of respective trades to secure the highest wage—a latter-day illustration of the fable of the belly and its members; and a revival of the old Imperial spirit, the substitution of country for party, is needed to expand and elevate the petty, narrow, and class views of the mass of the electorate. It has been reserved for the most modern form of association—a trades-union—to protest against children being instructed about their country's flag,—a flag that

¹ The case of Athens, and—coming to more modern times—that of the United Provinces, is also worthy of study by those who regard politics from an imperial and not from a party or parochial standpoint.

has ever floated on the crest of the advancing wave of empire, shrouded many a hero, and blazed over many a noble deed. The empire has been painfully hewn with sweat of blood, and founded in self-sacrifice; the three laws governing the workers' lives—obedience, discipline, and devotion—are personified in the flag now regarded by certain earnest Radicals and "progressives" as the fetish of injustice and oppression. Although it is clear that this phase of feeling is but partial and transient, that as education widens and deepens it may disappear, and that it would vanish at the first breath of war, it would, nevertheless, be wrong not to take its cause into account when considering the steps, feasible at present, for drawing more closely together the mother-country and her isolated colonies. And there are, too, other conditions that must not be ignored. The intercourse, the mutual association, of the peoples is as yet too slight; their community of commercial interests is often neither apparent nor real. To effect the practical cohesion of widely separated lands; to awaken the patriotism dormant here and there among the populations of outlying dependencies, although not there alone; to forge and weld anew the forces of an Imperial if scattered race,—these ends must be the gradual work of multitudes unified by affection, and consummated by personal devotion to an individual.

Meanwhile, there is the possibility of transforming the House of Lords into an Imperial Senate, an assembly of the notables of the whole empire. The necessity for some revision and adaptation is admitted by both the great political parties, and modification connotes not only an improvement but an advance. So long as the great

landowners retained not only the semblance of power but also its reality, the constitution of the House was sound; and its traditions were observed even in the days of the Duke of Wellington, who considered it his duty to invest in land all the sums voted by Parliament in reward for his victories. Times, however, now have changed; power has passed into other hands; empty titles have been substituted for honours denoting fealty to the Sovereign and implying a real authority in the State; and the influence of the House has been diminished by the too frequent use of it—particularly by the Liberal party—as a hospital for decayed if respectable politicians. To enlarge its sphere; to raise it to the position it should occupy of right; to make it worthily represent the empire,—the House of Lords should comprise the great landowners, financial magnates, employers of labour, active politicians, statesmen, and governors of Great Britain and the colonies. Many points of detail would require elaboration, many difficulties would demand adjustment; but the idea is feasible, and its fulfilment would tend to bind up Colonies and Dependencies, with the central might of England, into the fasces of absolute power. One thing at any rate is certain—that at no political epoch in the history of England has the evolution of the loosely bonded Empire into a single, active, working, if complex organism, been more necessary than at present. That colonies might consent to be controlled by the great men of a mother country is perhaps conceivable; that they would submit to the rule of the paid delegates of her democracy is beyond hope.

H. D'ARCH BRETON.

TRADES AND FACES.

IT is to be feared that any present attempt on the part of the physiognomist to analyse trade expressions must be somewhat 'unsatisfactory to the lovers of exact science. Our proved knowledge concerning the laws which govern facial expression is very slight: we are still stumbling among the elements of feature-language, and it may seem presumptuous to attempt to criticise the text when the very alphabet is still doubtful.

But as the digger-out of a cryptogram finds it profitable to take a general survey of the script before attacking details, so it may perhaps be found that a somewhat speculative excursion, such as the present, will not be altogether without value in helping on more precise methods of research. At any rate, such a discussion can hardly fail to interest those among the readers of '*Maga*' who have observed the remarkable facial likeness often found among people who follow the same calling, without being able to see why a butcher should resemble his trade brethren more than he resembles the other sons of his father who have become bakers of bread or makers of candlesticks.

When we seek to analyse the forces which are continually at work on the human face, the complexity of the problem as to the interpretation of any prevalent trade-expression at once becomes apparent. A few examples will bring this fact home to every reader, and will also help us in making the first step towards classifying the numerous factors which

contribute to the result in any single instance.

In a previous article on facial expression,¹ attention was drawn to the distinctive cast of countenance exhibited by men who have much to do with horses. No great acuteness of observation is necessary to make it clear that, in the various branches of such professions, a corresponding diversity of type is visible.

Regarding Environment as a portrait-painter (if we may venture to personify, in classic fashion, the abstractions of the newer philosophers), we find that she has, after boldly laying on a general groundwork of horseyness, touched the faces with different pigments which greatly affect the final result.

If, for example, we place side by side a gentleman's groom and a horse-dealer's groom, both of whom, when seen in a crowd of ordinary mortals, strike us as typically horsey, these supplementary touches are at once brought into prominence. The one face reveals something of the superfine genteelness of the flunkey, the other a shifty truculence acquired among the chaffers of Barnet or Ballinasloe. In like manner we may distinguish between the many sections of the great tribe of Jehu. In the expression of the 'bus-driver, still more in that of the driver of a tradesman's or carrier's cart, but most of all in that of the brewer's drayman, the extra coats are so numerous as to obscure the original grounding. In the two former, traffic with humankind,

¹ See "On Acquired Facial Expression," in '*Maga*,' April 1894.

and other circumstances, such as constant exposure to the weather, have entered into competition with the feature-moulding power of the horse; in the last, all equine traces have been dissolved clean away by malt-liquor. Should a certain popular belief, to the effect that contact with horses has a malign effect upon the character, be borne out by more exact researches in moral pathology, the phenomena observable in the drayman's face might suggest a powerful antidote, and one which would be readily taken by the afflicted—although (as is often the case with new remedial measures) it would, without doubt, be denounced by a considerable section of the public as ten times worse than the disease.

One would have thought that the riders and ringmaster at a circus would exhibit a marked degree of facial horseyness; but, strangely enough, this is not so. The reason seems to be that in a circus the achievement of certain difficult feats to the satisfaction of the audience wholly occupies the minds of the performers, and the horses, large as they loom in the eyes of the public, are regarded by the circus-folk as mere "properties."

Now it is plain that, in the cases given, numerous agencies of a widely diverse character are responsible for the total results. Association with horses can only change a man's facial aspect by first influencing his mind, and hence the general common ground-work alluded to is essentially psychic in origin.

On the other hand, certain of the supplementary touches in the cases brought forward seem at first sight to be purely accidental, and to have no mental significance whatever. Hence it might seem that those who study the human

face as an index of the mind might safely ignore such physiological items as are due, let us say, to exposure to heat or cold, or to other purely direct causes. This, however, is only partly true, if it is true at all. Every student of the psychology of expression must be extremely cautious in neglecting any particular trait because it seems due to some accident of environment which has no apparent effect on the central nervous system.

That there is a continual stream of influence passing from the brain to the muscles of expression, which tends to give a permanent cast to the features, has been shown; but it is not so generally recognised that there are also reverse currents from the organs of expression to the inner nerve-centres, and that in many cases these are sufficient (even when induced by agencies which must be called external and fortuitous) to give a bias to the mind. When Mr Du Maurier depicted a small child forcibly wagging the tail of a big St Bernard in order to put it in a good humour, most people who laughed at the conceit probably thought that the child's plan was as illogical as that of moving the pointer of a barometer in order to bring about a change in the weather. But it will be seen, when we come to discuss these curious centripetal currents, that this is by no means the case. Indeed, in all probability some of the mental peculiarities which mark the members of certain professions may be owing to changes which originated primarily in the features.

Leaving this subject for the present, let us pay attention to some of the face-making forces which act from within. In my previous article a good deal was said about

the facial muscles, and the nervous mechanism which controls them. It was explained how a constant succession of stimuli to one set of muscles would in the course of time give them a predominant influence, and so bring about a general change of expression. Nowhere can such a result be seen better than in the horsey type above alluded to. Speaking generally, the expression of all men of action is attributable to like causes. In such people the chief motive-force is the will, which is continually exerting authority over the man himself, or over other men or things. Hence we find that the expression mechanism which is under the control of the will (consisting chiefly of muscles of the striped variety) is mainly responsible for the result.

But a little reflection will show that the salient points of many of the typical faces which we constantly see are under but little obligation to these agents of the will. It is beyond the power of the facial muscles shown in works on anatomy to give a man a shiny nose or a double chin, or to affect the tint and general tone of the integument.

Such changes must be attributed to the influence of the *sympathetic nervous system*, which is practically independent of the will, and which profoundly influences growth and nutrition in all parts of the body. Any one who has looked into a treatise on physiology will have seen diagrams of the sympathetic nervous system, and will have learned that nearly all unconscious organic processes, such as the digestion and assimilation of food, the movements of the heart, the alteration in the calibre of the arteries, and the special functions of innumerable glands, are carried on under its management. He will

also have learned that fibres from the sympathetic ganglia frequently join the nerve-trunks derived from the brain and spinal cord; and that this is very markedly so in the case of those cranial nerves which supply the face with common sensation. Probably he will have observed that in the neighbourhood of the heart, stomach, and liver, as well as in certain other parts, there are extraordinary aggregations of sympathetic fibres. Each of these dense networks of nerves and ganglia is called a *plexus*, and primarily, no doubt, each *plexus* is busily engaged in superintending the purely organic duties of the viscera in its neighbourhood. But this is not its only function. It is a very curious fact that when we try to localise any deeply felt emotion, it seems to appeal to the consciousness from one or other of these very regions. The least analytical mind is aware that we do not love, or hate, or fear, with our heads, but that, in each case, the feeling takes its rise somewhere in the body cavity. Hence the conventional phrases, "warm-hearted," "bowels of compassion," and many others of like nature, which are only approximately correct from an anatomical point of view, since it is demonstrable that the organs named are only affected secondarily, and do not indicate the exact spot where the emotion is felt.

It is not possible to discuss this subject fully on the present occasion; but enough has been said to show that, in their inception as well as in their expression, the feelings which accompany the passions are referable to parts of the sympathetic nervous system.

Now the question might very naturally be asked, What has all this to do with physiognomy? I hope to show, if my readers will

follow me in an argument involving a few more technical details, that in these complex functions of the sympathetic nervous system we may find an explanation of certain curious points of facial resemblance among people whose pursuits and mental habits, at first sight, put them as far as the poles asunder.

We will take, as examples, the common facial traits seen in professional musicians, religious devotees of the priestly class, and sensual "men about town."

To show how the fibres from the sympathetic ganglia affect growth and nutrition in certain localities, let me instance the different results which follow the division of the fifth cranial nerve in two different parts of its course from the brain to the face. If it is cut *after* it has received its accessory fibres from the sympathetic system, a destructive inflammation at once arises in the eye, owing to defective or perverted nutrition; but if the division takes place on the cranial side of the ganglion through which the nerve passes, so as to leave the sympathetic fibres intact, no such consequences follow, although the part supplied by the nerves is entirely cut off from the brain.

Redness or pallor of the skin is the direct result of the influence of the sympathetic nerves upon the muscular coats of the smaller blood-vessels, and such visible changes are often confined to a small area. When, owing to some wave of emotion, the cheeks flush or turn pale, the same stimulus which effects such an alteration in outward expression *will also disturb the existing conditions of nutrition in the regions affected*. And it appears exceedingly probable that just as the faint currents continually flowing along

the motor nerves are to a great extent responsible for the prevailing "muscular" expression of the countenance, so also slight but continuous emotional stimulation of the sympathetic fibres which supply any part of the face may influence its growth in a marked degree in the long-run, although at any given moment the vascular consequences may be imperceptible.

Now it is within the knowledge of every one who has turned a curious inward eye upon his feelings that certain emotions which deeply stir the inner man, and which may make us glow or shudder to the finger-tips, do not cause any facial changes, except, perhaps, a slight difference in the hue of the brow or cheeks, and a glistening or darkening of the eye. This is often the case when we are under the control of the deeper feelings. We do not laugh when filled with the most exalted joy, or distort our faces when overwhelmed with grief. The fierce emotion which seizes on man and beast alike when the grosser appetites hold full sway often produces many profound changes of an organic nature without provoking any activity in the expression muscles.

Even when certain forms of emotion tend to distort the features if provoked in a natural and direct manner, they fail to react upon the facial muscles when produced artificially, as they may be by a play, a novel, or a strain of music. During the silent perusal of a pathetic story many people confess to "a lump in the throat," but it is very seldom that the corners of the mouth are twitched downwards.

These deliberately induced or artificial emotions offer an interesting field to the psychologist.

They evidently differ from their elementary prototypes as much as polarised light differs from direct light. They tint what would else be both hideous and prosaic with all the colours of the rainbow, so that we are able to take pleasure in tragedy,

"And with an eager and suspended soul
Woo terror, to delight us."

If we survey the faces of a crowd of people at a concert, we find that they offer scarcely a hint of the emotion evoked by the music. The features of the listeners remain as placid as if they were asleep, and as if the inward excitement which thrills them, and which makes their pulses throb and their flesh "creep," were but the sham excitement of dreamland. As a rule, the same may be said of the ecstatic feelings which accompany devotional exercises. I do not allude to public prayers from the pulpit—where an earthly audience has to be borne in mind—but to the silent communings of private worship, when the soul feels that it has entered the holy of holies, and stands naked before the Eternal Powers.

If it were possible to set apart certain individuals in whom all emotional impulses reacted upon the features *viâ* the sympathetic, to the exclusion of the motor nerves, we should expect to find among them many strong points of resemblance in facial expression. Although, happily, no such creatures exist among healthy human beings, it is by no means difficult to indicate whole classes of people whose pursuits, or mental habits, give the sympathetic system a preponderating influence.

Professional musicians, priests, and sensualists, all, as a rule, bear distinct certificates on their coun-

tenances that they belong to such a category.

But before we are in a position to discuss the special points of resemblance among these very distinct classes, it will be necessary to clear the ground of certain stumbling-blocks.

Since the facial changes in question are brought about by means of the machinery of nutrition, it must be taken for granted that this machinery is in good working order in every case, and that it is reasonably well supplied with raw material in the shape of victuals and drink. If one of our subjects should chance to be an ascetic or a dyspeptic, it is plain that all trophic processes, whether direct or indirect, will be so profoundly affected that it would be unfair to compare him with people who live well and have sound stomachs. Again, the possession of an exceptionally alert intellect would vitiate results in any individual, since this tends, as is well known, to develop a distinct type of face. The candidate for sympathetic facial marks must also maintain an aloofness from the turmoil and traffic of the world about him; although it does not much matter whether the wall which shuts him off from his fellows consists of substantial bricks and mortar, or of professional enthusiasm, or of mere selfishness.

It will be well, for the present, to confine our attention to subjects of the male sex who are past their first youth, since women and young people exhibit but few conspicuous traces of emotional influence upon facial nutrition as compared with men of mature age. Probably the reason of this difference is found in the fact that both women and youths are normally more under the sway of the feelings than are men, and there-

fore special emotional stimuli do not cause any deviation from the type of face which usually characterises them. If we were to take two individuals, one a trained gymnast and the other a clerk with flabby muscles, and were to make them exercise one arm, so as to develop it to the fullest extent, there can be no doubt that, when this end was attained, the latter would deviate more noticeably from his usual state than the former.

From the fact that women are more governed by their emotions than men, one might be tempted to jump to the conclusion that constant emotional stimulation of the kind we are discussing would tend to produce an effeminate type of face. But, as a matter of fact, this is only true to a very limited extent. It must be remembered (and this is a point upon which I wish to lay special stress) that artificial emotion—such as is evoked by music—has to make use of nervous machinery *belonging primarily to the body rather than to the soul*, and which remains indissolubly connected with certain organic processes common to man and beast.

Now there can be no question that any deep stirring of the emotional side of our nature tends to throw us back upon the bestial substratum derived from our remote ancestors which we generally keep covered up. In a strong gust of passion the "vital spark," which crowns our material being like a nimbus, is extinguished, and the ancient and half-quenched embers of animality beneath are fanned into fierce life. A man, excited or enraged (in common with other mammals of the combative and covetous sex), becomes emphatically a savage male. Hence habitual stimulation of the

emotional side of our nature will tend to enhance, rather than to diminish, certain sexual differences in expression.

It is extremely important that we should bear in mind that passion-prints on the face are often quite useless in enabling us to form an opinion as to the moral character (as distinct from the moral *tendencies*) of any individual. For the inhibitory centres of the mental apparatus, upon which depend our powers of self-restraint, do not exercise their veto beyond the frontier line which separates the rational from the organic side of human nature. And, let us recollect, it is the latter region which is governed by the sympathetic system, with its complex emotional and trophic functions. Thus, although a man may feel illicit passion, or unrighteous rage, without deviating in act from the path of rectitude, yet his heart, his skin, and other parts under the sympathetic *régime*, will ignore both the moral code and any voluntary decision to obey it.

Not only may the organic part of a man show every sign of guilt when there is no guilt, but only temptation; but it may even go further in attaching a false and slanderous label to the countenance, owing to the interlocking mechanism of emotion, passion, and nutrition, above alluded to.

Doubtless some of my readers have chanced to contract a black eye in a perfectly innocent and unpugnacious manner. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that it resulted from a sharp return across the tennis net. Until the last of the dismal tints fades away, such a one bears about with him one of the most generally accepted proofs of a hasty disposition and of a blackguardly encounter. Yet the victim himself—and each of his

friends who will believe his statement—knows that not only is he innocent of a breach of the peace, but that, when he received the ugly mark, he was engaged in one of the most amiable of recreations.

Now in like manner certain popularly received evidences of a bad moral record may be printed accidentally *from within*. For the molecular impulses welling forth from a disturbed emotional centre may chance to flow along channels usually occupied by less innocent currents, and may produce an expression nearly identical with that which accompanies some form of vice. And yet, all the time, the said emotion may be as essentially distinct from the travellers which usually follow the track, as were Bunyan's Pilgrims when they walked the streets of Vanity. In such a case it will be seen that, in spite of outward appearance, not only is there no guilt, but there may be also a complete absence of evil inclination.

To return from what I fear may be regarded by some as a rather arid and metaphysical region, let us take stock of the typical characteristics of the musician, the priest, and the sensualist, who have so oddly foregathered in the interests of science. Physiognomy, it will be seen, like misfortune, makes strange bedfellows.

To get our typical musician, we must to some extent follow the example of the society caricaturist. That is, we must generalise, after the fashion of a composite photograph, and then slightly magnify the traits which are found to be common to most members of the class. Probably professional singers approach our ideal most nearly, because the mastery of the *technique* of voice music involves fewer disturbing influences (from our point

of view) than does the mastery of any complex external instrument.

The average musician's face shows but little trace of muscular activity, but evidences of trophic changes due to sympathetic disturbance are abundant. The skin, especially beneath the eyes and about the throat, tends to be full and baggy, and is often filled out with local accumulations of fat. As a rule, the eyes are prominent and dreamy, the cornea is bright and the conjunctiva glistening, but the natural blue-white of the sclerotic has given place to a duller tint. The nose is characterless (as far as acquired qualities are concerned), and differs essentially from the clear-cut nose of the man of active will or intellect. The mouth is the least constant feature, but it generally is characterised by a lax and flabby set of the lips. It is the sensuous mouth belonging to the artistic temperament, with certain specific characters superadded, which result from the same causes as are responsible for the fulness beneath the eye and chin.

Now why does the mouth, which commonly accompanies the artistic temperament, suggest habits of self-indulgence? It is an essential with every true artist, that he should follow certain spontaneous impulses. He is born, not made. He cannot, like the student or the man of business, hope to excel by toiling against the tide of inclination. In his art he therefore achieves most through a species of self-indulgence; and it is too often characteristic of the artist that this drifting tendency widens and embraces other departments of life. Yet, although it may be confined to artistic matters alone, any habitual yielding to natural impulse will tend to tell its tale on the mouth.

Although the subcutaneous tissues of certain parts of the musician's face are plainly increased in bulk through sympathetic influence, one does not find that the skin itself is much altered in texture. It is, however, usually pallid, and does not exhibit the full-blooded coarseness observable in the other types which we are considering. I am inclined to think that the peculiarities which are generally so obvious in the hair among professional musicians are not altogether dependent upon fashion, but that here again we have evidence of trophic changes which result from mental habits. Almost every fashion of this kind, when carefully analysed, is found to be based upon some natural physical peculiarity. All who have to do with the treatment of mental disease know how profoundly the growth and vitality of the hair is influenced by emotion; and it seems very probable that local trophic stimulation, similar to that which gives a fulness to the throat, &c., may effect typical changes of this kind also.

Passing on to the priestly class, we find many undoubted signs of special sympathetic influence upon the face. It should be understood, however, that the term "priestly" must here be taken in a very broad sense. Any religious devotee with mystical tendencies, who makes much of the emotional and little of the intellectual side of religion, is liable to develop something of the characteristic priestly aspect. It is not unknown among those arch-enemies of priestcraft, the Quakers, although these good folk are generally too much in touch with the world to develop it to such an extent as do mystics who live in seclusion, or under the dwarfing shadow of ecclesiastical authority.

In this type of face we find not a few points similar to those already discussed. For some mysterious reason the subcutaneous tissue over the cheek-bones and under the jaw gets an undue supply of nourishment. The skin, however, is less flabby and has more colour than that of the musician, and in this respect the priest occupies an intermediate position between him and the last of our trio. Naturally there is more evidence of mental activity in the priestly than in the musical face, and, especially where our reverend subject is conscious of a share in the apostolic legacy, his sense of authority gives a more muscular set to his lips. Habits of self-denial and self-command give him characteristics which make him, as a rule, compare favourably with his physiognomical associates; but when these, and marked intellectual traits, are absent, and no physical bars to nutritive processes intervene, he is capable of reaching an even lower level of ugliness than they.

Probably nowhere can one see the less prepossessing characteristics of the priestly type in so pronounced a form as among the humbler Catholic clergy in Ireland. Here we have most of the conditions (mentioned above) which are required for the full development of sympathetic facial traits. The Irish priest is generally drawn from a healthy and imaginative peasant class, readily given to emotion and superstition, and not overburdened with intelligence. His constitution is sound, his digestion is good, and he is not very rigidly abstemious either by rule or custom. I see no reason to doubt the testimony of impartial critics who declare that, taken as a whole, the Irish priests are the most chaste and devoted body of clerics upon earth. They are undoubtedly of good report, but

they cannot be classed among the "things that are lovely." Judged from the conventional rather than from the scientific standpoint, the expressions of these good men are indicative of anything but of spiritual purity or of intellectual refinement. In their jaws, lips, and eyes, those traits which are generally considered to be the marks of the grosser animal qualities are so apparent as to force themselves upon the attention of the spectator.

Now why does a clerical congress in the Isle of Saints appear—as far as outward facial aspect is concerned—like a parliament representing the interests of the world, the flesh, and the devil?

People of "the opposite religion," to use a convenient phrase which we owe to Lord Salisbury, have not been backward in suggesting explanations of the phenomena which are not very favourable to the doctrines and practices of the spiritual followers of St Peter. And in like manner some of those "painefull and pious" Christians who regard all theatrical and similar amusements as sinful, find support for their views in the stodgy visages of musicians and public singers. In both cases science is on the side of the charity which thinketh no evil. For if the inferences here drawn from what we know as to the physiology of emotion are correct, the facts prove no more than that the ugly priest, or public entertainer, has good assimilative organs, deep feelings, a sluggish mind, and narrow interests. If in feature he tends to resemble certain moral offenders, the fact is owing to a mere unhappy accident, like the black eye of the tennis-player aforesaid. Any such resemblances depend upon the fact that man's emotional machinery has not kept pace with civilisation,

but is still practically in the same state as when it was adapted for the very limited wants of our pristine ancestor, who had no inward feelings unassociated with animal appetite. Our complex modern life has revealed its deficiencies, just as the advent of a missionary among certain primitive races reveals the ludicrous poverty of languages, which can only express the idea of "heavenly bliss" by words meaning "a very full belly."

Into the distinguishing facial traits of the sensualist it is not necessary to enter. In his case the evil expression is honestly come by, and is due to no physiological accident. To any competent reader of facial records it tells its story with a frankness which out-Zolas Zola. What is chiefly of interest about it is the mechanical process by which the inner man is revealed upon the surface. Here, again, we find that the sympathetic nervous system is the agent chiefly responsible; for the changes which have occurred since the face lost its youthful innocence are owing to trophic rather than to muscular causes.

It is worth while noting that here, as in the other types instanced, the exercise of the will and the intellect, or any interference with organic nutritive processes, will mask the facial results of yielding to emotion. Any man of the world will support me when I say that there are not a few grossly sensual men whose expressions do not readily betray them. An ascetic debauchee is an impossible being, but there are not a few instances of men who give free rein to their desires, who nevertheless, from some defect in the assimilative organs, or from the fact that they exercise their wills and minds in other directions, do

not develop the bloated countenance and prominent lustful eye which typify the class generally.

In concluding my remarks on the three types we have been discussing, let me say that no abnormally acute powers of observation are required to enable one to distinguish the actual marks of vice from the marks of sensuous emotion which is innocent in character. But it is evident that the resemblance is quite suggestive enough to confuse the crowd, and to provide mud for the ever-ready hand of the religious contro-versialist. Let it be remembered, also, that we are not dealing here with any of the deeper results of the complications which arise owing to the diverse functions of the machinery of emotion. Dean Swift, in his ruffianly onslaught on the revivalists of his day, had enough truth on his side to give point to his parable. In *our* religious devotee the physical results of excitement do not break through the barrier set up by the inhibitory centres, and come into the region of conduct.

Having had occasion to make free use of the word "artist," it may be worth while to devote a few words to the class most generally known by that name. In the case of most painters, and all sculptors, another and most important expression-factor comes into play. I allude to the effect of unconscious imitation.

This subject was touched upon in my previous article, when an explanation was attempted of the remarkable resemblance which often becomes apparent between persons who live together.

There appears good reason for believing that even an unsubstantial ideal face which is always before the mind's eye will influence the expression muscles in a

like manner. Among the majority of artists who paint or model the human figure certain standards of perfection, generally founded upon the old Greek masterpieces, are ever present to the mind—more so, probably, than the face of any human companion. Now when we strive to realise a mental picture of another face, whether it be that of a god or a costermonger, we unconsciously imitate it. Careful observation of a considerable number of artists' faces has convinced me that such involuntary mimicry is a considerable factor in determining that classic cast of visage which is certainly more common among men of this profession than among those of any other. On the other hand, we find that caricaturists and all low comedians of the pencil tend to develop an eccentric expression. Those who have lived long enough to watch the development of certain well-known faces in the artistic world will, I think, agree with me that in most cases the acquired expressions are broadly reflections of those chosen ideals which have been occupying the thoughts and employing the hands of the artists.

Landscape and genre painters are of course free from this kind of influence. There is nothing in their work or in their ideals that can be reproduced by the mechanism of the body, and any reaction on the nervous system must be akin to that of ordinary sensuous impressions. These, as we have seen in the case of the musician, do not conduce to personal beauty. It seems probable that Turner might have been a much more presentable man, though possibly less famous, had he devoted himself to figure painting.

Actors' and actresses' faces are of great interest to the physiognomist. An actor's art must

necessity involve the stimulation of both the muscular and trophic factors of expression. Not only has he to emphasise the facial movements which are appropriate to his part, in order that his expression may be plainly seen by the pit and gallery, but he is as a rule obliged to change his rôle frequently, and to assume a succession of characters requiring very different facial renderings. As a result, all his expression muscles are exercised as thoroughly as are the body muscles of an athlete who is undergoing a systematic course in a gymnasium. Hence in a typical actor's face, when seen at rest, no one group of expression muscles out-pulls the others, and as a consequence of this state of muscular balance there is about it a peculiar aspect suggestive of a mask. Moreover, this impassive and almost wooden look is enhanced in many cases by an even layer of subcutaneous fat—the result, probably, of emotional stimulation of a constantly varying character.

I am aware that many actors state that they do not consciously experience the emotions which they simulate; but from the very fact that they are able, without taking thought, to adapt their voices, gestures, and expressions to the sentiments they utter, it is clear that the organic (sympathetic) nerves are moved if the conscious ego is not, and, as we have seen, this is all that is required to influence trophic function, whether in the face or elsewhere. Miss Ada Rehan, who was kind enough to assist me in clearing up this point, stated that, in rendering any particular expression, she is quite unconscious of any deliberate effort of the will.

One consequence of the full exercise of all the facial muscles, and of the trophic results of varying

emotions, is a remarkable interference with the time records which are usually so visible on the human face. In fact most actors maintain a somewhat boyish aspect until late in life, although the suggestion of callow immaturity is at times rather startlingly contradicted by the expression of the eye. In ladies who adopt the stage as a profession, a true youthful appearance is, as a rule, much better maintained. Until the physiological principles which account for the phenomenon are understood, it must remain a very puzzling fact that an actress's life should be more favourable to the preservation of good looks, and even of girlish freshness, than the life led by women who occupy their natural sphere, and who cultivate (as they think) all physical and moral virtues. A successful actress must work extremely hard, generally by artificial light, and in a gas-befouled atmosphere. Her hours for work, meals, and sleep are all utterly bad from the hygienic point of view; and not unfrequently she makes bad worse by falling into those bohemian habits which are an immemorial tradition of her class. Her secret, apart from the laws regulating the expression and nutrition of the face above stated, consists chiefly of avoidance of monotony and petty worries—those arch-enemies of feminine good looks and good temper. Her work, if arduous, is generally performed both with earnestness and lightness of heart; and, above all, she gets a sufficiency of bodily exercise of the kind (although not under the conditions) most conducive to health—viz., exercise involving quick and general movements of the muscles, combined with a certain amount of mental excitement.

Any one who considers the pre-

servation of female beauty worthy of serious attention can draw from the facts here stated some general principles, resting on a sound and scientific basis, upon which to found rules for the guidance of the sex. I see no reason why the average British matron should not be physically qualified to play Juliet at fifty if she will observe all the conditions favourable to the preservation of youthful good looks. Indeed, when we bear in mind the many adverse circumstances in a stage career, a lady who goes to bed at half-past ten and rises at seven or eight should be able to give an actress ten years, and beat her easily.

Descending from the realm of Venus to that of Vulcan, let us consider, while we stand among the smoke and sparks of the forge, the problem already alluded to as to the reaction of the expression on the mind. As the smith wields his hammer with an energy which has something fierce and vengeful about it, he automatically contracts his brow into a frown. He does this partly, no doubt, to protect his eyes from the flying flakes of metal, but if you watch the face of the man who holds the iron on the anvil, you will find that, although he lowers his eyebrows somewhat as the sledges descend, he does not scowl as do the strikers. In most blacksmiths the constant exercise of the *corrugator supercilii* muscles causes a permanent frown, and gives the face a somewhat hard expression; but whether there is any inward and spiritual state corresponding with this outward and visible sign I am not quite sure. Certainly there is a popular belief that, as a rule, the blacksmith is a serious and downright person, who "looks the whole world in the face," and who does not take chaff kindly; but the

popular mind is peculiarly liable to be biassed by such obvious arguments as are presented by the smith's lowered brow and huge biceps, and does not stop to weigh their pertinence in deciding questions of character. I remember being a good deal impressed, when residing in a shipbuilding town, by the intent gaze and bent brows of the riveters and boiler-smiths with whom I was brought in contact. One instinctively wondered at first what there was about a harmless hospital surgeon who ministered to them in times of dire trouble, to excite such an air of watchful hostility. I soon found, however, that no hostile sentiments were entertained, but that the frowning falcon-like expression was explained, partly by the "smith's scowl" above mentioned, and partly by the fact that all these men were rendered somewhat deaf by their noisy work, and in consequence had a habit of closely watching the face of any one who conversed with them. Whether their characters in any way corresponded with their acquired expressions I did not discover: there was a grave courtesy in their demeanour while in hospital which was singularly dignified and pleasing, although always slightly suggestive of the politeness of foes during an armistice.

It is easy for any one to satisfy himself by making a few experiments that the act of striking a forceful blow, even at the empty air, tends not only to bring a flush and a frown to the face, but also to awaken an inward glow of emotion which is the raw material of wrath. We all know how certain individuals, when they think it expedient to be angry, "work themselves up" by deliberately assuming a loud harsh voice, violent gestures, and other choleric symp-

toms. Here there can be no doubt about centripetal currents which pass inwards from the expression organs, and which influence the mind. Nor is it necessary that the will should be called into requisition in order to set such currents in motion, for persons much given to involuntary blushing, and who experience the distressing mental abasement and confusion which accompanies a general dilatation of the arterioles of the face and brain, find that any outward circumstance, such as the heat of a room, which tends to redden the face, also renders them liable to the psychic accompaniments of a blush. Moreover, it is well known that the assumption of an expression of dejection contributes to lowness of spirits, and that we find it easier to be brave with our chins up and our shoulders squared than when we cringe and look at our boots.

In religious services involving an elaborate ritual, posturing is made use of in all parts of the world as a remedy for mental inertia. Doubtless the general prevalence of the practice is a strong testimony to its usefulness, although such strategy, based upon the innate tendency of the mind to conform to the body, appears, from one point of view, a trifle indignified, in warfare where the spirit is endeavouring to assert its eternal supremacy over the flesh.

Moreover, occasionally, the laws

upon which these and like ceremonials are founded seem to be reversed. Professional merry-men are proverbially grave and melancholy in private life, while undertakers, according to Oliver Wendell Holmes, are cheery beyond their fellows. The assumption, therefore, of devotional attitudes, and of a pious countenance, in the hope that the soul may follow suit, may not be so safe as has been generally supposed.

Even if space permitted, it would be impossible on the present occasion to analyse each of the many distinct trade expressions which must be familiar to all dwellers in towns. In the first place, our knowledge of the inner lives of most persons outside our own class or social circle is quite insufficient to justify us in theorising concerning the forces which may have been instrumental in making them, facially, what they are. Until some enthusiastic naturalist will apply the methods of Lubbock and Huber to his fellow-men, we must be content to remain in comparative ignorance. But if the general principles which I have ventured to put forward in this paper are to be trusted, any new fact concerning the habits of any section of the great human swarm may at once be made available by those who are endeavouring to place physiognomy on a sound basis.

LOUIS ROBINSON, M.D.

THE SUTHERLAND BOOK.¹

Two great family histories of two of the greatest Baronial Houses in Scotland were written during the seventeenth century, and in our own days the histories of both houses have again been written upon an even more elaborate scale. A comparison between the family histories of the seventeenth and those of the nineteenth century is most instructive. It not merely illustrates the difference in the methods of historical research, and in the value assigned to the various species of evidence, but it shows also a marked dissimilarity in the aim and spirit of the work. With the older writers, to enhance the antiquity, the dignity, and the honours of their subjects was generally the chief object kept in view; and, if they did not actually strain or pervert the truth, they did not hesitate to allow it to be tinctured by credulity or prejudice. Tradition generally goes far in advance of documentary evidence, more especially when the origin or antiquity of a great family is in question; and therefore the old family historians showed a superstitious reverence for family legends and traditions, without troubling themselves much to ascertain upon what facts these rested. The modern school of writers recognises that its first duty is to purge a pedigree of all superfluous accretions, and to lop off all legends, however time-honoured and picturesque, that cannot bear true historical tests.

When David Hume wrote his history of the Douglasses, and Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun the history of the Earls of Sutherland, neither of these authorities had the slightest suspicion that both Houses lying so remote from each other were probably descended from a common ancestor. It was reserved for Sir William Fraser, who is without a rival in this department of research, to indicate an identical origin. In his 'Douglas Book' he connected the line of that family with Freskin of Moray; in his new work on the House of Sutherland he with less difficulty shows that the same Freskin was the ancestor of the Earls of the first line of Sutherland, from whom the present ducal family is descended through the female side. And as Sir William was able to supply many important corrections to Godscroft's history, so he is now able to point out many slips and misconceptions into which Sir Robert Gordon has fallen with respect to the northern earldom. The Sutherland family has a considerable literature of its own: besides Sir Robert's work, which was published in 1813 by the Duchess-Countess, there is a MS. "*Comitum Sutherlandiæ Annales*," written about 1630 by that Alexander Ross who owes such immortality as has fallen to his share to a sarcastic reference in "*Hudibras*";² and it bulks largely in all historical works relating to the Northern

¹ The Sutherland Book. By Sir William Fraser, K.C.B., &c. Privately Printed, 1894.

² "There was an ancient sage philosopher
Who had read Alexander Ross over."

Highlands. But a very cursory comparison of the 'Sutherland Book' with Sir Robert Gordon's History, hitherto the best account of the House of Sutherland in print, is sufficient to convince us that the real history of the Earls of Sutherland has for the first time been written in Sir William Fraser's new and important volumes. They throw much fresh light not merely upon the records of the family with which they are immediately concerned, but also upon many hitherto obscure incidents in the history of the Northern Highlands.

To those who are acquainted with Sir William Fraser's privately printed histories, it will present no surprise that the "original ancestor" of the Sutherlands is speedily disposed of by his researches. He has already eliminated John the Scott and the legend of his killing the buck in the cleuch from the Buccleuch family tree. Sholto Douglas, the dark-grey man, has been similarly banished from the Douglas pedigree. The legend of Gilbert, the founder of the noble house of Hamilton, and his disguise as a wood-cutter, which has supplied the arms of that family, has been shown to be a chronological impossibility. The Wemysses have been cut off from the stem of the Macduffs, Thanes of Fife, and provided with a less dignified founder in the person of Michael of Methill, who flourished in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. A Norman instead of a Hungarian has been demonstrated to be the ancestor of the Scottish Melvilles; and now the mythological descent of Earls and Dukes of Sutherland from the lords of the equally mythical Catti has been summarily rejected, and a historical ancestor found for the family in the person of the well-

known Freskin of Moray, who flourished in the early part of the twelfth century, in the days of that "sair sanet for the crown," King David I.

Who was Freskin? and how did he acquire the power that he must unquestionably have possessed in Morayland and the Northern Highlands? Unfortunately these are questions that history has not returned, and is unlikely to return, any answer to. Cosmo Innes, whose deep knowledge of Scottish history could not be surpassed in dealing with the antiquities of his native county, thought that Freskin's native origin was improbable, "but he certainly never hoped to demonstrate it to be false." Chalmers has pronounced him to be a Fleming; and popular history has generally adopted this theory, though apparently on no authentic data. When we have pieced together the few fragmentary notices of Freskin that charters supply, we are not much wiser. We know that he possessed the barony of Strabrock in West Lothian, and the lands of Duffus in Morayshire. How he acquired baronies so widely apart we have no record. But a reference to the history of his time may supply a suggestion, although positive demonstration seems to be impossible. In 1130 Angus, the last of the Celtic Maormors of Moray, rebelled against David, and even pretended claims to the Scottish crown. The King was in England at the time, but Edward Beornson, the first known Constable of Scotland, with a force of southron barons, many of them of foreign extraction, overthrew the rebels at Strickathrow in Forfarshire with great slaughter. Within the next four years David's energy had finished the work begun by the Constable, reduced Moray and the Northern Highlands, forfeited

the native rulers, and planted the province with loyal barons from the south. If Freskin, as is probable, was one of these, he must have held a distinguished place among the new settlers, for in a very short time we find his family ranking with the greater of the northern barons and chiefs, and allying itself with the most distinguished blood in the northern counties. He was the ancestor of the line of de Moravia, the ancestor of two Scottish ducal lines—Atholl and Sutherland—which are still extant; and his strain ran and runs through many baronial families, both extinct and still represented. Numerous southron knights who made their way to the northern counties with a grant from the king as the basis of their fortunes, sought the alliance or protection of Freskin's immediate descendants. We find the barony of Strabrock, Freskin's original fief, and the barony of Duffus which he had subsequently acquired, held by two Aberdeenshire barons, William of Fedderat, a Crawford, and Reginald le Chen, in coparcenary in right of their wives, Christian and Marie, daughters of a Freskin de Moravia, who died apparently shortly before 1269, who must have been a grandson of the first Freskin, and who had already acquired lands in Strathnaver, probably by the interest of his uncle, Hugh Freskin, the first lord of Sutherland. The name of Freskin as a Christian name continued to linger for some centuries among some of his descendants. Freskin le Chen was Dean of Aberdeen in 1321. But in the Sutherland family it was not perpetuated, beyond serving as a *quasi*-surname for the first lord who took actual possession of the Sutherland country. The mystery attaching to the nationality of the

first Freskin serves but to deepen the interest we feel in him as a historical character, and to increase our regret that so little should be known of a personage who was evidently one of the most remarkable men of his day.

Hugh, the eldest son of this Freskin, was the first of his family who acquired lands in Sutherland, and an antecedent line of native thanes and earls enumerated by Sir Robert Gordon disappear from the pages of history. Whatever may have been the fortunes of Hugh and his immediate successors—and considering the proximity of the Norse power and the turbulent character of their Celtic neighbours, they could not have led a very quiet life—we meet with very few details regarding them. Their names appear either as signatories to or witnesses of charters, which testify to the numerous possessions already under their sway, but of themselves personally we know almost nothing until the period of the War of Independence is reached. William, Hugh Freskin's son, was created Earl of Sutherland in 1235, rather with the view, as Sir William Fraser thinks, of consolidating power in the hands of a family that had always been attached to the Crown, than as a consequence of any particular political change in the circumstances of the Northern Highlands. His son William, the second earl, was present at the Parliament of Scone summoned by Alexander III. to settle the succession, and was one of the barons who bound themselves to accept the Maid of Norway as the heir of Scotland, failing issue of the king and his lately deceased son. It was a difficult time, and in the perplexing confusion into which Scottish affairs fell upon King Alexander's death, the earl played a politic

part. Like so many others of the northern barons, he swore fidelity to King Edward, but remained in his own country, avoiding active participation in the struggle that was going on. His son, the third earl, pursued the same policy under even more trying circumstances, but became reconciled to Bruce after King Robert had secured himself on the throne. Not so fortunate was Kenneth, the fourth earl, who only enjoyed the title for three years, and fell at Halidon Hill, fighting in command of the rear-guard. Earl Kenneth was the first of the Sutherlands to make a distinguished alliance. Before his days we do not even know the names of the ladies and countesses of the family; but Earl Kenneth married Lady Mary of Mar, daughter of Donald, twelfth—Sir William Fraser says tenth—earl of that ancient line. He thus became nearly allied to the Royal family of Bruce, and was son-in-law of the Regent, who also perished in the rout of Halidon. William, his successor, raised the dignity of the family still higher by his marriage, for his first wife was the Princess Margaret, King Robert Bruce's daughter, and sister to the reigning king. This fifth earl was the first of the family to take that place in the councils and general affairs of the kingdom which its feudal power and extensive possessions justified him in assuming. He actively engaged in repulsing the English inroads into Scotland, and his exploits in the field were thought worthy of being chronicled by Froissart. These services, not less than the power which the Sutherlands now wielded in the north, probably marked out the fifth earl as a fitting match for his sister in King David's eyes. But they were within the forbidden bounds

of consanguinity, and a Papal dispensation had to be secured, which was accordingly granted in a brief from Pope Clement VI. to the Bishop of Caithness, dated 1st December 1342. The reason actuating the Pontifical mind to grant this dispensation, as recited in the document itself, is rather remarkable, as indicating, if it indicates anything beyond the use of a set formula, that there were passages in the Sutherland history which have not come down to us. The petition presented to him, says the Pope—

“Sets forth that between the said earl and Margaret and their forefathers and friends, by the wicked means of the old enemy, there have risen wars, disputes, and many offences, on which account murders, burnings, depredations, forays, and other evils have frequently happened and cease not to happen continually, and many churches of these parts have suffered no small damages, and greater troubles are expected unless prevented by an immediate remedy.”

Were the petitioners wilfully imposing upon his Holiness? Unless there are lost passages in the history of the Sutherlands, we cannot find corroboration for their statement. The third earl hastened to make a truce with Bruce when the latter approached his country, and both he and his successors continued to be loyal henceforth to the Scottish Crown; and as for church-burnings, the earls were the protectors of the bishops of Caithness, and the munificent patrons of their cathedral at Dornoch. But the matter is more curious than important. The marriage largely augmented the Sutherland possessions, bringing with it gifts of baronies in Aberdeenshire, the Mearns, and Forfar. The earl received a grant of the stronghold of Dunnottar, with

licence to build a castle on the rock where two previous castles had stood, one having been burned by Wallace on capturing it from the English, and the other having been again destroyed by the Scots to prevent it falling into the hands of the English during Edward III.'s wars upon Scotland. Subsequently the earl parted with it to Sir William Keith, the Marischal, in whose family it continued until the forfeiture of the Earl Marischal after the Fifteen.

The Princess Margaret bore her husband only one son, John, the Master of Sutherland, who became when a child a hostage in the hands of the English for his uncle King David, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Durham; but he did not live to succeed to the title. The Sutherland grants in the north-eastern counties were almost wholly resumed by the Crown—not so much, Sir William Fraser implies, in consequence of the deaths of the Princess Margaret and his son, as by the necessity for making provision for the expenses of the king's household.

The fifth earl was succeeded by his son Robert, the eldest of his second marriage with the widowed Countess of Strathearn, who married a daughter of Alexander Stewart, Earl of Buchan, the Wolf of Badenoch. The earl seems to have been a good deal mixed up in the stormy affairs, both political and domestic, of his father-in-law, but mostly as a restraining influence and a surety in time of need. In his time the hostility which had long existed between the Earls of Sutherland and the Clan Mackay began to assume an active and acute form, which was destined to seriously unsettle the northern counties for many years to come. The Mackays were vassals of the Earls of Sutherland,

but as the clan increased in size and power, it began to take up an independent position, and aspired to hold the balance between the Houses of Caithness and Sutherland, and lent itself freely to the ambitious schemes of the Lords of the Isles to establish their power on the mainland. A meeting was arranged at Dingwall, with Alexander, Lord of the Isles, as mediator, between Sutherland and the elder and younger Mackays of Strathnaver, to arrange the subjects in dispute between them, but in the heated controversy that ensued swords were drawn, and the earl killed both the Mackays, escaping with some difficulty from the revengeful wrath of their clansmen. The Northern Highlands were in a very unsettled condition during Earl Robert's days, and much of his time was spent in predatory warfare with the Mackays and Macleods. He took no part in the battle of Harlaw; perhaps he deemed it impolitic to oppose so powerful a neighbour as the Lord of the Isles, or more likely the disturbed condition of his own country had a first claim upon his attention. Earl Robert died in 1442, and of his successors in the title there is little of interest to be recorded until we find the male line coming to a termination in the person of John, the ninth earl, who died childless in 1514, when the succession devolved upon his sister Elizabeth, who, as Countess of Sutherland in her own right, carried the title and estates to a cadet of the House of Gordon, and in doing so re-established the power of the Sutherland family, which for nearly a century had been rather on the wane, on a new and yet more splendid basis. But before we deal with the Gordon line of Sutherlands, let us briefly enumerate the chief points which

Sir William Fraser has cleared up in the history of the earlier earls.

Besides establishing Freskin as the first known ancestor of the Sutherlands, and brushing away from the record the Celtic Thane Allan and his son Earl Walter; fixing the creation of the earldom at 1235 instead of the imaginary peerage of 1061; and showing the falsity of the tradition of the foundation of Dunrobin Castle by an Earl Robert who never existed—Sir William has corrected many errors of Sir Robert Gordon and other genealogists, which are even less excusable as falling within the times of charters and written documents. Sir Robert Gordon makes Robert, the sixth earl, a son of Margaret Bruce, instead of his father's second wife, the widow of the Earl of Strathearn—an error that is still perpetuated in some of our peerages. He also corrects Cosmo Innes's misconceptions about a William Lord of Sutherland whom he introduces between Hugh Freskin and the first earl; and of the use of the name de Moravia, which Mr Innes seems to think the Sutherlands continued to bear for some generations. In fact, both the name of de Moravia and that of Freskin appear to have been completely dropped from the Sutherland family after the death of the first lord—probably as these were the distinguishing names of other branches of Freskin's descendants.

The succession of the Countess Elizabeth and the transference of the Sutherland domains and titles to the Gordon family, were not accomplished without some opposition. Her brother, the ninth earl, was mentally incapable of managing his own affairs, as his father had likewise been to a great extent, but his sister Elizabeth was, according to Sir Robert Gordon,

“full of spirite and witt.” Their father's matrimonial relations are involved in obscurity: beyond the fact that his wife was named Catherine we are entirely ignorant of her origin; but there was a half-brother of the Countess Elizabeth, by some said to be illegitimate, by others to be the issue of a marriage within the prohibited degrees, who had a considerable following in Sutherlandshire, and was prepared to oppose his sister's peaceful succession. He had been kept quiet by a pension in his brother's lifetime, but on the death of the earl he again renewed his claims, and seized upon the Castle of Dunrobin. But backed as the countess was by the great power of Huntly, her brother-in-law, who held the lieutenantancy and justiciary of the north, and the sheriffship of Inverness, there could only be one ending to the attempts made to keep her out of her possessions.

Adam Gordon of Aboyne, whom the countess married, was second son of George, second Earl of Huntly, by the Princess Annabella, daughter of James I., whom Huntly afterwards divorced. We first hear of him as infeft in the lands of Schivas in 1479, which he afterwards exchanged with his brother William, ancestor of the Gordons of Gicht, for the lordship of Aboyne. Had it depended upon her husband, the Countess Elizabeth would have had but a slender chance of maintaining her rights. Adam Gordon is almost the only member of his family against whom the charge of being a *fainéant* can be sustained. Sir Robert Gordon eulogises him as “valiant,” but the truth is he seems to have not only lacked his wife's “great spirite,” but even ordinary courage in the personal prosecution of her claims. The Marquis of Huntly, in his valuable ‘Records of

Aboyne,' published last year by the New Spalding Club,¹ draws a very unsparing portrait of Earl Adam.

"Adam Gordon married the heiress of the Sutherland Earls, and does not appear to have been of a courageous disposition. He fled ignominiously from the field of Flodden, where his brother, the gallant Laird of Gicht, fell. When his brother-in-law, Alexander Sutherland, tried to assert his rights to the Earldom of Sutherland by force of arms, and took possession of Dunrobin Castle, Adam Gordon, who had perhaps had enough of fighting, remained quietly at home on Deeside. He got Leslie of Kinninvie, and the old warrior Laird, Murray of Aberscross, to fight his battles and recover his wife's possessions. Therefore, while he may have been 'very provident and wise,' we cannot, like his descendant, describe him as being 'valiant.'"

Sir Adam seems to have contented himself with engaging the Earl of Caithness and Y. Mackay of Farr to maintain his wife's rights in the earldom, but Caithness merely drew the rents of the Sutherland lands, with which his assistance had been bought, and it is doubtful whether Mackay was not more friendly to the usurper than to the countess. But Huntly's energy promptly redressed Elizabeth Sutherland's wrongs. He had the Earl of Caithness put to the horn for not implementing his bargain and recovering Dunrobin from the usurper. He was also summoned to Edinburgh to answer for his conduct before the Council. Whether by Caithness's assistance or not does not appear, but the castle in the meantime surrendered, and Alexander Sutherland, pursued by the Sutherland vassals, was slain by them. "His head was careid to Dunrobin on a spear, and was placed upon the height of the

great tour; which shewes vs that whatsoever by fate is allotted, though sometymes foreshewed, can never be avoyded." For the witches had foretold to Alexander "that his head should be the highest that ever wes of the Southerlands, which he did foolishlie interpret that some day he should be Earle of Southerland and in honour above all his prediccorsors."

But though Alexander was disposed of, the turbulent elements that still existed in Sutherlandshire and the adjacent counties presented no temptation to Earl Adam to exchange Deeside for Dunrobin. In 1527 the countess, with the consent, or more probably by the advice, of her husband, resigned the earldom in favour of their eldest son Alexander the Master, a man who possessed more of the spirit of his family. His parents continued to spend the remainder of their days in Aboyne, living at the house of "Ferrach," now Ferrar, as the castle was then in a ruinous condition. The countess died in 1535, predeceasing her husband by only two years.

John, the tenth earl, who succeeded his grandmother, the Countess Elizabeth, is known in the Sutherland annals as "good Earl John." His lot was cast in the troublous times which began with the Reformation, and falling at an early age under the influence of his cousin the Earl of Huntly, who was the head of the Catholic party in the North, he became involved in the resistance which that nobleman sought to offer to the Reformation and to the Lords of the Congregation. Along with Huntly, the Earl of Sutherland fought in the rear-guard at the disastrous battle of Pinkie, and, more fortunate than the other, escaped both death and

¹ The Records of Aboyne, 1230-1681. By Charles, Eleventh Marquis of Huntly, &c., &c. Aberdeen: Printed for the New Spalding Club, 1894.

captivity. Earl John's power in the North was scarcely less than that of his kinsman; he rented from the Crown the earldom of Ross; he had an interest in Moray when that earldom was for a time vested in the House of Huntly; and he was Huntly's lieutenant-depute beyond the Spey. His power, which would naturally be cast in with Huntly's party, was great enough to make him an object of suspicion at the Council Board, and explains to a considerable extent the severity with which he was subsequently treated. In the same way as Huntly took the Bishop of Aberdeen under his protection, Sutherland guaranteed the Bishop and chapter of Caithness in their persons and temporalities, which the Earl of Caithness and the Mackays were both taking advantage of the unsettled times to encroach upon. Both Sutherland and Huntly accompanied the Queen-Dowager Mary in her voyage to France, and both were decorated by the French king with the Order of St Michael. Earl John followed Huntly through his intrigues for an English alliance. When Huntly's rebellion closed with his fall at Corrichie, papers were found on his body incriminating Earl John, and he was condemned of treason and forfeited, and obliged to spend two years in exile. When Queen Mary, disappointed with the Protestant party, sought the aid of the Catholic lords, Sutherland was recalled and restored. On his way home, however, he was taken prisoner by the English, and held by Elizabeth in spite of Queen Mary's endeavours to procure his release, until he made peace for himself with Moray. Before he reached Scotland he was fully restored to his estates and dignities. He was one of the guests at the famous "Ainslie's Supper," where Both-

well's marriage with Queen Mary was first publicly mooted, and inhibited his name to the bond of maintenance and support to Bothwell in his designs. This was the last act of statecraft in which Earl John figures before his tragic end. A deep conspiracy had been laid against the earl and his family, which, though it fell short of its complete aim, succeeded only too well. Sir William Fraser gives the following account of the murder of the earl and his third wife, a daughter of the Lord Seton:—

"They had not long been married when both met with a treacherous and tragic end, being poisoned at Helmsdale in Sutherland by Isobel Sinclair, the wife of Gilbert Gordon of Garty, the earl's uncle. According to Sir Robert Gordon, this crime was the result of a deep conspiracy between certain members of the Caithness family, including the Earl of Caithness, and William Sinclair of Dunbeath, the brother of Isobel Sinclair, to cut off the whole family, including the Earl of Sutherland's only son, Alexander. He was only preserved by being accidentally late in returning from the hunting-field. Coming in hurriedly, he was about to partake of the viands, when his father, feeling that he had been poisoned, took the tablecover and threw it along the floor, and then sent his son off to Dunrobin. Isobel Sinclair's own son, who also came in hurriedly, calling for drink, was supplied by a servant with some liquor that had been poisoned, and perished with his mother's other two victims. The earl and his countess, who was pregnant at the time, were carried to Dunrobin, and died there on the 23d June 1567."

It was one of the misfortunes of the Sutherlands, though Earl John was the only one of the chiefs, except his ancestor Earl Kenneth, who did not die a natural death, that the succession devolved so often upon a minor, with the attendant disadvantages of wardships and gifts of marriage. Alexander, the

next to the Good Earl, fell, when a youth, into the hands of the Earl of Caithness, whose unscrupulousness and ambition, as well as the reiterated feuds between the two families, prompted him to take a very unfair advantage of his young ward. He married him to his daughter, Lady Barbara Sinclair—"ane unfitt match indeid, a youth of fyftene mareid to a woman of threttie-two yeirs; but," he adds, "a match fitt enough to cover her incontinence and ivil lyff which shoe led with Y. Macky, for the which shoe was afterwards divorced from Earle Alexander."

The Mackays made use of the licence afforded them by the unsettled state of affairs to again begin their depredations upon the Sutherland lands, "the west pairt of Sutherland in trobilis tyme bend ane harbour and sowage rowme, circumdat and enwerronit with clannis and brokin men," as the contemporary Bishop of Caithness quaintly remarks. Disappointed at the prospect of issue between Earl Alexander and his daughter, Caithness began to meditate the murder of the earl, and, to secure Sutherland, by himself marrying Lady Margaret Gordon, Alexander's elder sister; but this crime was anticipated by the vigilance with which the Sutherland men watched over their captive chief. Alexander Gordon of Sidera, under the disguise of a pedlar, obtained access to the earl at Dunrobin, and informed him that his friends were prepared to undertake his deliverance. Accordingly next morning, when the earl was walking out, attended as usual by Caithness's men, he was carried off by his own retainers and placed under the protection of Huntly at Strathbogie.

The head of the House of Gordon was then George, the fifth Earl of Huntly, who, though his

political intrigues were often somewhat dubious, was Queen Mary's loyal champion during the latter years of her reign and in the days of her captivity. Sutherland very naturally followed his kinsman, and though he never took such a prominent place as did Huntly, he committed himself so far as to become an object of suspicion to the Council. He took part in the clan contest between the Gordons and the Forbeses at the Craibstane near Aberdeen, in 1572, where the former were victorious, at which time he appears to have been still a minor. When he was served heir to his father at Aberdeen, and not at Inverness, as might have been expected, he began to endeavour to recover his lands and authority in his own country, which were then in the hands of the Earls of Athole and Caithness. With the exception of the murder of his messenger who bore the summons to Caithness, the earl seems to have been allowed to enter peaceably into the possession of his lands and castles; and, according to Sir Robert Gordon, his son and biographer, so comported himself that he quickly pacified the country without bloodshed, and conciliated the esteem of even those who had been most opposed to him. One of his first steps was to obtain a divorce from his unworthy wife, who was openly living as the mistress of Mackay of Farr, and marry a kinswoman of his own, whose misfortunes had already made her somewhat of a historical heroine,—Jean Gordon, daughter of the fourth Earl of Huntly, and the former wife of the notorious Bothwell. A good deal of mystery has hitherto hung round the Bothwell divorce. Historians have generally assumed that Bothwell divorced his countess as a part of his intrigue to marry the

Queen. In 'The Records of Aboyne' the Marquis of Huntly succeeds in clearing up the matter to a considerable extent. Bothwell and Lady Jean were within the prohibited degrees, and a dispensation for their marriage had to be obtained from the Archbishop of St Andrews. This dispensation, according to the Marquis, was suppressed by the countess in order to facilitate the divorce which she soon became desirous of obtaining, and is still among the Dunrobin papers. This deed, in which the parties are described as standing in the fourth degree of consanguinity,—and in which the lady's name appears as "Janet,"—is given at length by Sir William Fraser in his third volume. It was Lady Jean, however, who, disgusted with "as naughty a man as liveth, and much given to the most detestable vices," began a process for divorce on 24th April 1567. Two days later Bothwell brought forward a counter-plea resting on forbidden consanguinity, which Lady Jean allowed to pass, keeping back the Archbishop's dispensation. Divorce was pronounced on 3d May; but before this Bothwell had already carried off the Queen to Dunbar on 24th April, the same day as his countess began her process of divorce, or two days later according to other authorities. Bothwell's marriage with Mary took place six days after the divorce was formally pronounced. It is impossible to evade the conclusion that both Huntly and his sister connived at the arrangements which were to clear the way for Bothwell becoming Mary's consort; and although the charge has been disproved that Huntly was directly bribed by being restored to his titles and lands, there is little doubt that he was playing a poli-

tic game to maintain his influence at Court, and his authority in the North, which had been much impaired by the defeat of his supporters at Corrichie, and still more by the progress which the Reformation was making within his own bounds. We see only one satisfactory outcome from all these dark transactions. Lady Jean was set free from a vile husband, and found happiness and content in her after life with her kinsman of Sutherland.

It was during Earl Alexander's minority that the Earl of Caithness, his guardian, is alleged by Sir Robert Gordon to have destroyed a portion of the Sutherland muniments "because they seemed to advance the honor and profite of that family"; and by this malversation on Caithness's part is explained gaps in the Sutherland papers extending over several generations from the time of William the Lion. Sir William Fraser, however, throws doubts upon Sir Robert's statements, which very likely arose from his inability to discover evidence of Sutherland ancestors before the time of Hugh Freskin. The Sutherland muniments, however, had a history of their own. Earl Alexander's father had entrusted them for safe keeping to the Laird of Carnegie, ancestor of the Earls of Southesk, and a senator of the College of Justice, who was a prominent man of affairs in both State and family matters. After having been restored by Carnegie, the Sutherland papers were again transferred by Sir Robert Gordon, tutor for his nephew the thirteenth earl, to Kildrummy Castle under the charge of Lord Elphinston, and lay there for some twenty years in the early part of the seventeenth century; and again in 1746, when the Earl of Cromartie and his Highlanders seized

Dunrobin, the charters and writs were disturbed and scattered about, but apparently restored by those into whose hands they had fallen, for Sir William Fraser considers that the list of documents now preserved at Dunrobin is as complete as it was in the days of Sir Robert Gordon. The vicissitudes of these muniments strikingly illustrate the difficulties that a family and clan even so powerful as that of Sutherland had in preserving, not merely their rights, but the evidence of these rights.

Down to the time of John, the twelfth earl, the Sutherland family had continued to adhere to the Roman Catholic faith, and in consequence excited the suspicion of the dominant party of the Reformers in Edinburgh. Earl John was warded in St Andrews and Edinburgh, at the instance of James VI.'s bishops, until he satisfied them by "haunting the preachingis dailies as occasione offred," and entering into a bond for 5000 markis for his compliance with the reformed ordinances after his return to his own country. He stipulated, however, that he was not to be compelled to communicate until his family feud with Caithness, which was still as hot as ever, should be settled; but to all appearances he continued an ally of Huntly and the Catholic party, and the leave which he obtained to pass to the Continent had doubtless something to do with his desire to have the free exercise of his religion. Earl John, however, was the last of his house who adhered to the old faith.

It was in this earl's time that the first of those series of protests for precedence which have come down to our own days, and which still find an echo in the shadowy meetings of the Scottish peerage

at Holyrood, was lodged. At the riding of the Parliament of 1597, in which Sutherland exercised as a hereditary right the privilege of carrying the sword of state, Caithness lodged a claim of precedence over Sutherland. The claim was subsequently repeated, and Sir William Fraser considers that the case to some extent gave occasion to the Decree of Ranking in 1606. Among the earls Sutherland was ranked the sixth. Angus, Argyll, Crawford, Errol, and Marischal have precedence in order. Caithness was placed sixteenth on the roll of earls. "These earls," remarks Sir William Fraser, "were not ranked according to the dates of their respective creations, some of which were long posterior to the creation of the Earl of Sutherland. It dates back to about 1235, in the reign of Alexander II., while Angus, the earliest of the five, dates only from King Robert the Bruce." The right, however, of challenging the Decree was repeatedly raised by the Sutherland earls on subsequent occasions. Their place is now third on the roll, Angus having been merged in the dukedom of Hamilton and Marischal attainted.

The thirteenth earl was only seven years of age at his father's death, and his uncle, Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun, the annalist of the Sutherlands, became his tutor or guardian. Sir Robert was the most eminent personage the Sutherland family produced during the seventeenth century. A man of many and varied accomplishments, with experience gained in foreign travels and at King James's English Court, he seems to have been equally at home in statecraft, business, and literature. Sir Robert, however, was detained by public duties and private af-

fairs in England during the most of his time of tutorship, the active responsibilities of which were discharged by his brother, Sir Alexander Gordon of Navidale, the sheriff. Sir Robert, however, notes that he had to ride six times from London to Scotland and back on matters connected with the Sutherland earldom. Sir Robert had married a kinswoman of his own name, a daughter of the Dean of Salisbury, and had become a firm supporter of Protestantism. It was probably under his influence that the earl, his ward, became a zealous champion of the Kirk, and a promoter of the Covenant. This change of policy naturally led to an estrangement with the Marquis of Huntly, who was maintaining almost single-handed the struggle for the Royal authority and against the Covenant in the North. Another circumstance which still further divided the two noblemen was the fatal fire of Frendraught, in which Lord Aboyne and the young Laird of Rhiemay haplessly perished. The lady of Frendraught, whom contemporary suspicion and unbroken tradition have never acquitted of the crime which led to the fatal tragedy, was the Earl of Sutherland's sister. Sutherland refused to break with his sister and her husband, and henceforth the Gordons of Huntly and the Gordons of Sutherland were disinherited, and to be found in separate camps. Sutherland became a noted Covenanter, an ally of Argyle's, and an adherent of the popular side, even in its most extreme measures. He, however, raised a regiment for King Charles's Worcester campaign; but this did not prevent him from reconciling himself to Cromwell, under whom he seems to have accepted the office of Keeper of the

Privy Seal for Scotland. The quarrel with Huntly is emphasised by the Earl's adoption of the name of Sutherland in place of the then ominous designation of Gordon, a step which seems to have aroused lively feelings of anger among his paternal ancestral clan. This question of the name occurs again during a temporary alliance between the Marquis of Huntly and Lord Strathnaver, afterwards fifteenth earl, who had been put in possession of the Sutherland estates by his father's departure for Holland, whither he had resorted, probably in imitation of the Scottish exiles who were then beginning to form a party about the Prince of Orange. Lord Strathnaver "binds himself, his heirs and successors, to use the surname of Gordon only, notwithstanding recent endeavours to change it for that of Sutherland," under a penalty of £20,000 Scots, to be paid to the representative of the Huntly family. This was in 1682; but soon after the Revolution Lord Strathnaver wishes to be released from his obligations of alliance to the Marquis, by that time Duke of Gordon, and of using the surname of Gordon, as "in the times no Roman Catholic's freindship can be of use." The Duke, on his side, complains that Lord Strathnaver had dropped the name of Gordon, and omitted the Gordon arms from his plate and seal; to which Lord Strathnaver rejoins, that his and the Duke's own paternal ancestor, Alexander Seton, who had married the heiress of Gordon, had already set them an example. But though Strathnaver renounced all formal obligations, he afterwards stood in good stead to the Marquis of Huntly, who had been compromised in the insurrection of 1715.

This Lord Strathnaver, the fifteenth earl, as he became on his father's death in 1703, was popularly known in the north as Earl John Roy, a politician and a soldier who in the turmoils of the Revolution era conducted himself with great bravery and judgment, and who, more than any other leader of his time, was the chief agent in keeping the country beyond the Ness loyal to the House of Hanover. Earl John Roy, too, was closely connected with several of the most prominent supporters of James II., with his cousins of Huntly, and with Dundee, his brother-in-law, and his good offices with the Government were always generously exerted on their behalf. Though he followed the Whig principles now formally professed by his family, he took part in the suppression of Argyll's insurrection, more, it is to be believed, to redeem his obligation to the Duke of Gordon than that his sympathies were altogether in accordance with the policy which the Government was pushing; but the collapse of the insurrection and capture of the leaders allowed the Sutherlands to return home without having had to engage the rebels. He threw himself actively into the Revolution movement, and raised a regiment out of his clan for King William's service, one of the regiments that were enrolled for the service of the Crown, which covered Elgin and Inverness during the period of Dundee's brief campaign. But his patriotism met with the ingratitude with which such services were usually treated at the time. The whole of the burden of maintaining and equipping his regiment seems to have been thrown upon Lord Strathnaver as he was then, and, when the force was disbanded in 1691, the Government seems to have remained content to owe him

over £6000 for arrears of pay. In spite of the neglect with which his claims for compensation had been treated, Lord Strathnaver raised another regiment in 1693, with which he served for some years in Flanders, and held the command until his succession to the earldom in 1703, when he handed it over to his eldest son, William. This undertaking was even more costly to the earl than his first military enterprise, and at the end of the rebellion of 1715 we find the earl memorialising the Government for upwards of £24,000 of arrears due to him for his two regiments. But, as usual, no response is recorded to have been made to the earl's appeal.

The stirring events that succeeded the Union in Scotland brought Earl John Roy, his son Lord Strathnaver, and his grandson the sixteenth earl, into a very prominent part in public affairs. In the rebellion of the Fifteen, it fell to Earl John to preserve King George's authority in the six northern counties, and this he succeeded in doing with a force very inferior to the clans who were in arms for the House of Stuart. The Earl of Seaforth was in arms for the Jacobite cause with some 4000 men of his own and of other clans who had joined him. Earl John Roy had only about 1200 men who were equipped with arms, and all he could do was to block the southward advance of the Jacobite force until Argyll was sufficiently reinforced to be able to give battle to the Earl of Mar's army. He succeeded in keeping Seaforth's Highlanders back for about three weeks, or a month after their muster. When the rebels did get out of the country, Sutherland took active steps to secure Inverness, which had fallen into their hands, but was anticipated by Lord Lovat, who had very good reasons for seek-

ing to secure the favour and protection of the Government by a display of zealous loyalty. The earl's precautions had been taken against the possibility of disturbance from the return of the broken clansmen, and the rebellion was put under with little trouble in the counties beyond the Ness. Earl John Roy had exerted himself to get both Huntly and Seaforth to surrender, and had offered them better conditions than the military authorities were prepared to ratify. He seems, however, to have pushed his interest at Court actively on behalf of Huntly. His son Lord Strathnaver had an active share in putting down the attempted rising by Marischal and Tullibardine in 1719; and his grandson William, the sixteenth earl, co-operated with Duncan Forbes, the President, first in endeavouring to check the rising of the Forty-five, and afterwards in putting down the rebellion when it rolled northward to Sutherlandshire. When the rebels seized Dunrobin, the earl had to take to flight, and seek refuge with the king's army, with which he was present at the battle of Culloden. The earl's conduct has been judged to have been wanting in energy at this crisis, and his connection with Elcho and other Jacobite leaders has been significantly referred to, but he seems to have acquitted himself to the full satisfaction of Duncan Forbes, whose knowledge of the earl's position and the state of his country made him the most competent voucher for Sutherland's loyal co-operation. But by this time the affairs of the Sutherland family had fallen into a rather straitened condition. The public services in which the earls had been engaged from the time of the Covenanting earl downwards, had involved them in the expenditure of large sums of money, for which only partial, if any, reimbursement was obtainable

from the Government. The Order of the Thistle, an augmentation of the Sutherland arms by the double tressure, occasionally a sinecure or a minor post in the Scottish administration, were all the recompense that the Earls of Sutherland met with, and their fortunes were on the decline when the death of the last earl in the direct line brought about another revolution in the family.

William the seventeenth earl died in 1766, leaving one daughter as the heiress of the Sutherland title and estates, which now for the second time devolved upon a female heir. And, as had happened on the first occasion, her succession was not to go unchallenged. It is rather curious that it should have been two of Freskin's descendants who were at the same time to give rise to the two most famous Scottish peerage cases on record, and to excite an interest which extended far beyond those immediately concerned, becoming a subject of national importance, and arousing widespread partisan feelings. In our own days we have seen the keen contest that took place over the Mar peerage, but public feeling was little affected by the Kelly and Goodeve-Erskine claims, compared with the excitement that attached to the Douglas and Sutherland causes.

Elizabeth Sutherland was but a year old at her father's death, and there seemed some risk of an ancient family oracle, uttered by the *sagart ruadh* or Red Priest of Durness regarding the Sutherlands, being fulfilled—

“When after John comes George, and
after him comes John,
And after William comes William, after
him comes none.”

Unless the prophecy refers to the Dukes instead of the Earls of Sutherland, it seems to us pointless, for the baby heiress of the

last Earl William was destined to raise the Sutherland family to a much more splendid position, and to a wider sphere of influence and usefulness, which we trust it may long occupy in spite of the Red Priest's prediction.

It was fortunate for the infant heiress that her father had committed her interests to the care of a strong body of guardians, among whom were the Duke of Atholl, several Lords of Session, and notably Sir David Dalrymple, afterwards Lord Hailes. When the young countess was served heir to her father, there was a larger and much more fashionable assemblage than was usually present on such formal occasions, interested doubtless by the youth of the heiress and the rumour that her title was to be challenged. But shortly after, her title was legally attacked. Sutherland of Forse claimed as the heir-male of the Sutherland Earls of the older line, being the descendant of Kenneth, younger son of William, fifth earl. Sir Robert Gordon of Gordonstoun also claimed the earldom as the representative of the second son of the eleventh earl. The issue turned upon whether the Sutherland Earldom descended to heirs or was limited to heirs male; and the case of the countess was engrossing the highest legal talent at the Scottish Bar. Monboddo, then a rising advocate, prepared the case, which was next elaborated by Lord Hailes (then Sir David Dalrymple), and the memorial was ultimately revised with the assistance of Lord Auchinleck and Sir Adam Ferguson. Lord Hailes's "Additional Case" in reply to the arguments of Sir Robert Gordon is a monument of historical and genealogical acumen, and to his efforts the

countess's victory was mainly attributable, and was handsomely acknowledged by the trustees and by herself afterwards. Papers and records of the day testify to the enthusiastic interest which was taken in the House of Lords' decision. In a letter to the Honourable James Wemyss of Wemyss, who was one of the countess's guardians, and who had married her aunt, Lady Elizabeth Sutherland, his chamberlain writes thus on the receipt of the news in Scotland:—

"Yesterday the news of the Countess of Sutherland's victory over Adam's male line, and some generations before them, was brought over by James Junkieson, and diffused a general joy alongst the coast. Lofty pyramids of fire and smooack proclaimed it to the skys at night; and, when Night herself had waxen old, past away, and ushered her eldest son, the Morn, into our hemisphere. That Gladness might not cry she was murdered from want of time to be Merry. The indulgent youth continued with the stoutest and best-hearted of the chosen bands till his father Sol sprung from Thetis' arms with brilliant rays to conduct safe home all who had been rejoycing for the justice done to the straight line of Sutherland's noble and antient race."¹

The countess, or, to give her the title by which she is most familiarly known, the Duchess-Countess, was worthy to be the last representative of an old and distinguished family, and the founder of a new and loftier line. Few among her contemporaries, either in English or Scottish society, presents to us a more marked personality or higher nobility of character. She must have owed much to the training and example of her grandmother, Lady Alva, one of those grand

¹ Memorials of the Family of Wemyss of Wemyss. By Sir William Fraser, K.C.B., &c. &c.

old Scottish dames whom Scott delighted in painting, and who lived to be a connecting-link between old and new Edinburgh—being the last wife of a judge who bore her husband's courtesy title. The trustees allowed Lady Alva £420 yearly for the young lady's establishment, "medical attendance and extra ordinaries being separately provided for." At the age of nine we find her taking an interest in "the wants of the poor this rigorous season," and asking a supply for pocket expenses from the trustees, who consented to an allowance of a guinea per month for pocket-money, "recommending to her to keep an account of the application thereof." When she was four years older, a second application was followed by an increase of from twelve to twenty guineas per annum. Among her tutors was "Courtney Melmoth," a very active *littérateur* of his day, regarding whom, under his real name of S. J. Pratt, and in his capacity of a "Gleaner," Lord Iddesleigh recently contributed a paper to 'Maga.' "Mr Melmoth" attests the Duchess-Countess's fondness for literature, and her letters indicate that, however narrow her early education had been, her mind was richly cultured and well stored with reading. Among the witty and bright correspondents of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, there is none whose letters are better worth reading than those of the Duchess-Countess. Genial, kindly, and often playful, they always bear the mark of a powerful and commanding intellect.

Whether as a leader of society at Stafford House or a Highland chieftainess at Dunrobin, the Duchess-Countess seems to have been equally in her proper sphere.

Her marriage with Viscount Trentham, afterwards second Marquis of Stafford, and still later the first Duke of Sutherland, transferred the honours of the old Sutherland line to the English House of Leveson - Gower, and brought to the great northern property the means of development at the very time when Highland estates were beginning to rise in value. Even before her marriage the attention of the Duchess-Countess had been directed to improving the Sutherland property, and her exertions were energetically seconded by her husband, and have been continued to the present time by her descendants. It would require pages to enumerate the works which have been undertaken on the Sutherland property during the present century, and columns to sum up the enormous outlay that has been expended by the Dukes. The Duchess's son the second Duke, and her grandson the third Duke, whose death is a recent event, in the thirty years from 1853 - 1882 laid out £1,295,000 on estate work proper, an expenditure over revenue for the same period of £254,000.

With the death of the Duchess-Countess Sir William Fraser closes his 'Sutherland Book,' which is in no way inferior in historical value and literary interest to the many other family histories that have come from his pen. The interesting narrative volume, with the additional volumes, devoted to Charters and Letters, presented in the luxurious style which is a distinctive mark of all Sir William's works, is a worthy memorial of the author's historical research and of the memory of the late Duke of Sutherland, at whose instance the work was undertaken.

A FOREIGNER.

CHAPTER XXVI.—THE RIGHT MAN.

WHEN a fortnight had passed without bringing any answer to her letter to Baroness Gabelstein, Phemie felt all the undefined and unacknowledged hopes she had been secretly nursing fade away into nought. What could she now continue to hope for? Had not her fate been irrevocably fixed on that August day, to the tune of the Lorelei melody?

It had been settled that the Dalrymples were to return to Gala Hill early in April. Phemie was glad of the prospect, as she was beginning to feel very weary of the continuous round of gaiety into which she had insensibly been drawn; for after the dancing season had come to an end, there were still dinners and concerts to attend, and there hardly passed a day without some invitation to luncheon or to afternoon tea cropping up, or some party being formed to visit a flower-show or a picture exhibition.

It was two days before that fixed for their return to the country that Phemie, accompanied by Russell, went out directly after breakfast in order to purchase some flower-seeds for the garden at home.

"And don't forget the white lace curtains for the drawing-room," called out Chrissy after her sister; "and remember to look in at Jenkinson's to inquire if the glass troughs for the dinner-table have come."

It was one of those perfect spring mornings which, if they come to us seldom up here in the north, when they do come go so far to obliterate all recollection of the nipping east winds which are supposed to be a special feature of the Scottish capital. The balmy air to-day was

vaguely suggestive of violet-scented meadows, new-born lambs, and singing skylarks; and although none of these things are precisely to be found within the precincts of a large town, they were felt to be there close at hand, imparting sweetness and melody to commonplace sights and sounds. When seen upon such a morning, bathed in a flood of golden sunshine, with just the faintest suspicion of a silver veil of mist hovering about the bold outline of Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh need fear comparison with no other city in the world.

Walking along Princes Street with the sun shining full in her eyes, the Scott Monument seemed to rise up suddenly before Phemie like a piece of exquisite lace-work suspended in mid-air. Though seen so often, its beauty is of the order that loses nothing by familiarity; and as she came opposite to the monument, involuntarily Phemie checked herself to give it a passing glance of admiration, and as she did so, became suddenly aware of the near vicinity of a stranger, who, with his back turned towards her, was likewise gazing up at the beautiful structure with deep and rapt attention. That he was a stranger was palpable at the first glance, even seen thus in the rear, for an air of something indescribably foreign, though impossible to define, hung about his person, his clothes, his hat, and walking-stick; even the turn of the shoulders, and the particular angle at which he carried his head, looked peculiarly, indefinitely un-English.

These observations had hardly time to shoot through Phemie's brain, for almost in the same mo-

ment the stranger had turned his head, and she had recognised Leo Wolfsberg.

"You know why I have come here!" he exclaimed, without any preamble at all, seizing hold of both her hands in his own and keeping them there fast prisoners, while his face lighted up with a sudden glow that seemed to be a reflection of the bright morning sunshine.

Phemie made no attempt to extricate her hands from his grasp, but let them stay there simply and contentedly, as though this had been their natural place, which they had found at last; neither did she ever dream of feigning ignorance as to the object of his journey hither.

"Yes," she said, very low, "I know why you have come. I have been waiting for you, and the time has seemed so long—so terribly long!"

Together they turned into the Princes Street Gardens, and paced there up and down, oblivious of time and surroundings, and utterly indifferent to the feelings of the hapless Russell, who had never known her young mistress to behave in such unaccountable fashion before. What other words passed between them, neither Leo nor Phemie were ever able distinctly to remember in after-times: rather it seemed to them as though, without the assistance of any such clumsy medium as language, all that was in their hearts found easy and complete expression. They were only aware that all barriers between them were swept away as by magic, the past obliterated, the future all painted in hues of rose-colour and gold, and the present hour so full of a deep and ineffable sweetness such as never comes to us twice in a lifetime: they only knew that they were roaming in some strange enchanted regions where the birds were singing exquisite melodies of hitherto undreamt-of grace and har-

mony; that the gardens were full of unknown bright flowers which seemed to have sprung up at their feet expressly to weave laughing garlands round their new-born happiness.

To them it had seemed but a few minutes since they had entered the gardens, when the gun booming forth from the Castle recalled them rudely to the realities of life, by informing them of the hour. It was now one o'clock, and Phemie had gone out soon after ten, and what had become of the flower-seeds she had meant to purchase!

After going in search of the ill-used Russell, who was found ensconced upon a bench in a state of high dudgeon, the young couple retraced their steps in the direction of home, without as yet having at all considered in what manner this startling piece of news was to be broken to Mr Dalrymple.

Half-way along Princes Street they came upon Lady Lauriston's carriage waiting in front of Taylor's furniture shop. Just as they were about to pass on, the old lady herself came out of the shop, and on catching sight of Phemie and her companion, checked herself abruptly, with one foot on the carriage-step.

"Phemie—Phemie! my dear! Where are you off to in such a hurry?—and who is that you have got with you?"

"Oh, Lady Lauriston!" exclaimed Phemie, clutching hold of her old friend's arm with a grip of iron. "You are the very person I want just now. This—is this Baron Wolfsberg—and he has arrived from Austria this morning—and—and—I want you to come with us at once to papa, in order to make him understand."

"To make him understand what?"

Phemie now whispered very low into the old woman's ear—

"To make him understand that

this—this is the right man though he is a foreigner—and that I will never, never think of any other.”

“You are quite sure this is serious?” asked Lady Lauriston, extricating herself with difficulty from the girl’s tenacious grasp, and drawing back a little in order to scrutinise her countenance, and to cast a hasty and surreptitious glance at the gentleman thus unexpectedly introduced in the character of the right man.

Apparently what she read in

both the young faces was calculated to remove whatever doubts she may have entertained in the first shock of surprise, for after scarcely a minute’s hesitation she held out her hand to Baron Wolfsberg with a gesture of genial welcome, as she signified her assent to the proposed arrangement.

“Get into the carriage with me,” she said, “and I will see what can be done for you with Mr Dalrymple. I shall be able to manage him, I fancy.”

CHAPTER XXVII.—MUTUAL CONFESSIONS.

It had, however, required all Lady Lauriston’s influence in order to make Mr Dalrymple take in the situation and accept it with a good grace; for the disappointment he had experienced on realising that his daughter was really foolish enough to refuse such an excellent offer as that of Mr Blushwood, was enhanced a thousandfold when he learned her resolution of throwing herself away on a mere foreigner—and, moreover, a foreigner whose fortune, when measured by a British standard, could only be accounted little short of beggary. Lady Lauriston herself had been considerably startled on learning that Baron Wolfsberg’s whole income, including military pay as well as private means, amounted to scarcely three hundred pounds sterling, which, in addition to the allowance of two hundred pounds which was all Mr Dalrymple could promise to settle on his daughter for the present, would only produce a rental of about five hundred pounds—a sum which, in England, is generally understood to signify neither more nor less than genteel starvation. To be sure, she had always heard that living abroad was ever so much less expensive than it is with us. The

conditions of daily life are there simpler and less pretentious. Matrimony is there still somewhat more of a primitive institution than here, and the apparatus upon which conjugal bliss is built up less cumbersome and ponderous than what we are accustomed to regard as indispensable in order to secure the happiness of our daughters and sisters. Leo Wolfsberg was able to quote dozens of his own acquaintances, all belonging to the very best Austrian families, who not only lived but were happy and comfortable on a similar income.

“Of course we shall be poor, and cannot allow ourselves much amusement,” he had said in answer to all objections; “but surely that matters nothing if we are content, and love each other truly.”

And so it was settled, and Leo, in the character of an affianced bridegroom, was allowed to accompany the Dalrymples back to Laird’s Hill, there to spend one short blissful week, ere, his brief leave of absence having elapsed, he would be compelled to return to the regiment. Yet he himself, after a few days’ experience had made him comprehend the vast difference existing between English comfort and that

which goes by the same name in Germany, could not escape a passing misgiving. Seeing Phemie thus in her own house, surrounded by all those little touches of luxury and refinement to which she was born and bred, and which consequently were no more regarded by her than the commonest daily bread, he could not refrain from asking himself sometimes whether she would not miss some of these things from which he was taking her away; but it was only on the very last evening of his visit that he ventured to put this thought into words.

They were sitting together after dinner on a bench at the farther end of the bowling-green, for the evening was still and balmy, and so Phemie, merely throwing a white Shetland shawl over her blue gauze dinner-gown, had proposed an adjournment to the open air. He had taken hold of her hand and was regarding it attentively, which was a very natural thing for a bridegroom to do, and yet it almost seemed as if his attention were just at this moment fully more attracted by the trimmings on the blue gauze sleeve than by the hand itself.

"What are you doing to my dress?" said Phemie, seeing that Leo was passing his fingers carefully and critically over the light airy trimmings that ran along the edge of the sleeve.

"I was only wondering," said Leo, as he took hold of a fluttering knot of ribbon that depended from the elbow—"wondering whether you will not miss all these things when you come to live abroad?"

"What sort of things? My ribbons do you mean? And why should I not wear ribbons, if I choose, over there as well as here?"

"It is not only the ribbons," said Leo, with true masculine haziness, "but all sorts of other things as well. I don't know exactly how

to explain it, but since I have come over here I have begun to understand that you live in such—such a much more—ornamental sort of way than we do in Germany. Why, most of the ladies I know would as soon dream of putting on court plumes as they would think of dressing for dinner, unless it were for a formal party. Now that I see what your life over here really is like, I am afraid of my own presumption for daring to take you away from it. If I had seen you before as I see you now, who knows whether I should have had the courage to come for you!"

"Leo!" exclaimed Phemie, reproachfully. "Of what sort of stuff do you think I am made? Do you suppose that anything can ever be hard as long as I know that you love me? Of course I shall learn your ways, as I have learnt your language. I am not so dull as you seem to think, and I can learn very quickly if I choose. Just look at my German, for instance. Do I not speak it very differently from what I did six months ago?"

"Yes," said Leo, looking down fondly at the delicate flushed face that was raised to his own with an expression of such tender reproof. "You have learnt it so well that I shall quite abandon my English studies, which I had been half thinking of resuming. Now I see that it will not be necessary. We shall always speak German together—shall we not, Liebchen?"

"Of course."

"And soon you will know enough to appreciate our poetry. How I shall enjoy reading all my favourite poets aloud to you!"

"Oh, that will be delightful!" cried Phemie, with her eyes sparkling; but, after a short pause, she said to him, shyly and with a little constraint—

"Tell me, Leo—did you—did you also read poetry to Melitta?"

"Of course I did. We read through all Lenau, Geibel, and Heine together, and had just reached the middle of the first volume of Chamisso's poetry when she died. I have never dared to open that volume again since."

Drake, the retriever, had meanwhile drawn near, and, with his brown curly head pressed familiarly against Phemie's blue gauze skirt, was hearkening attentively to the sound of their voices, while his sagacious green eyes were fixed alternately on each speaker's face with a comical expression of anxious inquiry. Something in the foreign intonation of the words seemed to be disturbing the dog's mind, and, as though aware that this was not the sort of language in which, according to his opinion, well-bred young English ladies are wont to converse, he growled once or twice disapprovingly, till, his feelings becoming apparently ungovernable at Leo's last phrase, he finally threw back his head and gave vent to them in a succession of short loud barks, distinctly and unmistakably delivered to Leo's address.

"Why, I declare Drake is angry with you for speaking German!" exclaimed Phemie, laughing. "He has never heard anything but English before, and doesn't at all know what to make of the whole business. Come, Drake," she continued, now speaking in English as she laid hold of the dog's collar and dragged him round to her bridegroom's side of the bench. "You must not bark at this gentleman any more, or I will never be fond of you again; so you had better make friends, I can tell you!"

Thus adjured, the retriever began to subject Leo to a deliberate

examination, sniffing at his clothes and inspecting his boots in as critical a fashion as though called upon as an expert to pronounce upon the intrinsic worth of these manufactures. Apparently the inspection turned out favourably for the young Austrian officer, for Drake finally consented to lick Leo's hand with a sort of condescending approbation.

"There now!" said Phemie. "Drake has accepted you as a member of the family, which is a great comfort, for he is a wonderfully clever dog, and very reliable in his judgment. When he takes a dislike to a person, there is almost always sure to be some ground for it. And he is very fierce sometimes. Just last summer he snapped at Mr Hamilton in the most savage way possible, for no reason at all that any one could perceive."

"And who is Mr Hamilton?" was Leo's not unnatural question.

Whereupon Phemie poured forth the innocent blushing little tale of those slight—very slight—passages of flirtation that had taken place between her and the said gentleman, and of the three round-dances she had promised to give him at that Yeomanry ball which she had ultimately been unable to attend.

"For then I took the measles, and we had to go abroad," she said in conclusion.

"Yes, I understand. So those measles were a very lucky thing for me, since, instead of dancing with that Mr Hamilton, they had the result of making you come to Salzburg and say, '*Willst Du mit mir tanzen?*' to a perfect stranger," said Leo, with a touch of that playful banter which is one of love's most delightful privileges.

"Take care, Leo! we shall quarrel seriously if you remind me again of that dreadful blunder!"

"Do you mean to say you regret it?" said Leo more seriously, as he drew her towards him; for there was no one looking on except Drake, who, having now quite abandoned his former position, had lain down on the grass at their feet, whence he shot occasional approving glances in the direction of the young couple. "But for that adorable mistake of yours, Liebchen, I never would have known you, and you would probably have gone home to Scotland and married that Mr Hamilton. Confess the truth—did you not care a little tiny bit for him before you knew me?"

Phemie shook her head.

"No; it was not at all that sort of thing. But he was very handsome and clever, and of course I saw that he admired me, and I found it rather—pleasant. That was all, for no one had ever admired me before. But as to loving or marrying, that is quite a different thing. In some ways Mr Hamilton reminds me of your cousin Poldi. He has just the same way of laughing and joking about everything; only that Poldi speaks more at random, without thinking, whereas Mr Hamilton, even when he is talking the greatest nonsense, yet gives the idea that he knows exactly what he means to say."

"And you are sure there was no one else?" persisted Leo, jealously; for on this point all men are alike, and there is not one—be his own past history never so black—who does not consider himself entitled to have every fold and corner of his sweetheart's former life, up to the moment of his own coming into possession, laid bare for his benefit.

"No one," said Phemie, with a happy little laugh—"not even the shadow of a man, for you cannot really count that tiresome Mr Blushwood I told you about, who offered me as much of his heart as he could

manage to spare from his foxes. But oh! that reminds me of something else, Leo, that I wanted to ask you. I have come to the end of all my confessions, and now it is your turn."

"My turn for what?"

"To make your confession, to be sure. I want you to tell me something about your former life."

"About my former life?" said Leo, slowly and in some surprise; for this is a question which perhaps no man cares to hear addressed to him by lips as fresh and innocent as were these. "Why, what do you require to hear more about my former life than what I have already told you? You know the whole history of my engagement to Melitta, and that is the only real love-story I have had."

"It is not about love," said Phemie, rather nervously. "But there is one other thing which has been rather preying on my mind since you came. You only require to answer one single question in order to put my mind at rest."

"Well, what is it?" said Leo, relieved and puzzled all at once by Phemie's words and manner.

"Leo," said Phemie, solemnly, laying hold of his arm with both her hands, and looking up earnestly in his face, "I want you to tell me the truth. Tell me, have you—have you ever shot a fox?"

"Never!" exclaimed the young man, bursting into a violent fit of laughter. "I have never had the chance of doing so. There is not much sport to be had in the vicinity of most of our cavalry stations, and my hands are consequently guiltless of aught but the blood of pheasants and partridges as yet."

"Thank heaven!" said Phemie, fervently; "for if you had shot a fox, Leo, I don't think I should ever have been quite able to forgive you."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—GOLD RIKI'S PRICE.

Leo Wolfsberg's abrupt resolution of renouncing his chances of entering the Teutonic Order caused boundless surprise to all his friends and acquaintances. Such a thing was utterly unprecedented and unheard of, that a man who had attained the coveted boon of admittance to this enviable position should at the eleventh hour, of his own free will, renounce all these advantages; and when the cause of this resolve became generally known, and a letter from Scotland conveyed the news that Leo Wolfsberg was betrothed to Miss Euphemia Dalrymple, surprise was greater still. Most surprised of all was Leo's cousin Poldi, who, being himself constitutionally disinclined for matrimony, could not understand how a man in his senses could forswear the advantages of celibacy—for the sake, moreover, of such a poor marriage as this one promised to be.

"He is a greater fool than I took him for, after all, for all his book-learning," Poldi said to himself one morning in May, as, with the usual bundle of papers under his arm, he repaired to the regimental office.

Among the papers which the latest post had brought to be acquitted by the regiment to-day, there was a packet containing those documents relating to Leo Wolfsberg which some months previously had been sent in to the Grand-master of the Teutonic Order, and which consequently, now that their utility was gone, were being returned to the regiment.

These papers were last in the bundle that the young adjutant carried under his arm, and it was not until all the other military business for the day had been transacted that Poldi laid down the

large envelope containing these on the Colonel's writing-table.

"What are these?" asked Colonel Farkas, in that short gruff voice which had now become habitual to him in addressing his adjutant. The mere sight of the young man had lately become an eyesore to him—knowing well, as he did, that but for Poldi's laughing blue eyes, and almost involuntary fascination of manner, the woman he loved would not thus have continued to turn a deaf ear to his own suit; and it galled him unspeakably to think that the younger man held in such light estimation the prize that had come to him unbidden, and for which he, the elder by some twenty years, was vainly striving. Fain would he have got rid of Poldi's services as adjutant under some pretext or other, and ordered him to some lone country station where he would be rendered harmless, but for the fear of incurring ridicule by an irrational display of jealousy, well knowing that in all such contests between youth and middle-age for woman's favour, the sympathies of bystanders are invariably enlisted on the former's side. Colonel Farkas therefore contented himself for the present with adopting a short authoritative tone towards his adjutant, and by confining his intercourse merely to the discussion of those business details which had to be dealt with. Baffled love, which so often causes men to neglect or abandon their employment, had in this case the directly opposite effect of impelling the victim to concentrate his energies more fiercely and exclusively than ever upon those details of military discipline which were his special hobby. Never before had the captains who severally com-

manded the six squadrons of which the regiment was composed had such a hard time of it as during these months when their colonel's fate hung in the balance: the sweeter the glances which he beheld Gold Riki bestow on his rival, the more Draconian became his mode of government; and if, as came to be remarked, his appetite occasionally failed, and he even began to lose flesh under the gnawing influence of suspense, so in almost equal proportion did he seem possessed by a fiendish determination to see himself at the head of the sleekest and best-fed collection of chargers in Austria. No horse could be plump enough to satisfy his jaundiced eye, no coat so well groomed that he did not detect blemishes in the satin; he perceived microscopic specks of rust on curb-chains which to the ordinary observer seemed to shine like burnished silver, and discovered ribs in the flanks of portly steeds where nature had never placed them. Decidedly, agreed the officers when comparing notes as to these various grievances, the tender passion was exercising a most baneful influence on their gallant commander.

"Those are the documents relating to my cousin Leo's admittance to the Teutonic Order," replied the young man in answer to the Colonel's question,—"his baptismal certificate, family-tree, and so on, which have been returned from the Grandmaster's office, now that they are no longer required. Very foolish of him, I am sure," Poldi ventured to remark, half under his breath.

The Colonel for all answer laid down his pen and looked at the young man with scrutinising attention for a minute in silence before he said—

"Then you think it is a foolish thing to do?"

"That depends," returned Poldi, surprised at this sudden unbending in his colonel's manner towards him. "In Leo's case it seems decidedly unwise to throw away all his advantages for the sake of a poor marriage."

"You would not have done so yourself in his place?" said the Colonel, quickly.

"Not if I know it!" exclaimed Poldi, with one of his flashing smiles. "In my opinion a poor man should only marry when by doing so he can distinctly improve his position—or—or—when he cannot help it."

These last words were spoken with such a humorous expression of helplessness, like a child acknowledging that it has got into a scrape, as necessarily to have provoked a smile in any one less seriously preoccupied than was the Colonel just at this moment. He was bending over the papers with as grave a countenance as though he were about to sign a death-warrant, and his shaggy eyebrows were drawn together in one of those portentous frowns which were calculated to strike such terror into the breasts of his subordinates. And in truth Colonel Farkas was at that moment fighting a very hard battle with himself—a battle between dignity and love, in which the latter came off victorious. When he looked up again at his young adjutant, the Colonel's face had assumed a dirty ashen colour, which was the nearest approach to turning pale permitted by his complexion, and the hand which fingered the papers was not quite steady, but it was in a studiously careless tone that he now observed—

"Well, perhaps, as you say, it was foolish of your cousin to throw away all these advantages which many another would grasp at only too readily."

"Of course," assented Poldi, carelessly. "His place will be filled up in no time. Depend upon it, there will be dozens of applications as soon as it becomes generally known that he has resigned."

"It seems almost a pity that these papers should have been made out to no purpose," said the Colonel, spreading out the large sheet of parchment on which the family-tree of the Wolfsberg family was depicted, showing a stately line of ancestors reverting to the eleventh century.

"Oh, Leo can lock them away and keep them for his own son," said Poldi, with a laugh, and still not perceiving the direction which his colonel's thoughts had taken. "Perhaps they may come in handy some day in case one of his descendants should have a fancy for becoming a German knight."

"Or for one of your own descendants," said the Colonel, significantly.

Poldi started slightly.

"What do you mean, Herr Oberst?" he now said, slowly.

"I?—oh, nothing particular. I only meant to say that these papers may serve some day for your own son as well as for Leo's, just as they would have served your own purpose had you chosen to apply for admittance to the Teutonic Order instead of your cousin. Are not your pedigrees virtually the same, since your fathers were brothers and your mothers sisters?"

Poldi made no answer. The idea, which had only now begun to dawn upon him, was too unexpected to be taken in all at once.

Colonel Farkas had meanwhile begun to fold up the papers, and was putting them back one by one into the large envelope which had contained them. He now said, as carelessly as he could—

"But since—as I understand—you are likely to marry, of course there is no further use for the papers at present, and they had better be locked away on behalf of the next generation."

"Who says that I am likely to marry?" now burst out Poldi in some irritation.

"Public opinion," returned the Colonel, quietly; but an attentive observer might have noted that his hands were trembling, and that a look of painful and strained suspense had come into his eyes. "When a man has been paying court to a young lady for nearly a year, of course there is only one construction to be put upon the matter."

Just at that moment Poldi Wolfsberg felt almost as if he hated Riki Giffingen. Why did every one insist on coupling their names together in this premature fashion? he asked himself, somewhat illogically. He supposed he would have to marry her some day—there seemed to be no escape from it now; but yet he felt particularly averse to having a wife forced down his throat, as it were, by common consent of all his friends. Baroness Gabelstein had used almost the self-same language towards him the other day; and now the Colonel, who of all others had the least reason to desire the match, was doing the same thing. It was really most provoking.

"Public opinion is taking a great deal of unnecessary trouble on my account," he now said, shortly. "I may marry some day, or I may not. That is no one's business but my own."

Again the Colonel had to fight a hard battle with himself before answering; and when he did so, it was almost timidly and with marked hesitation that he said—

"Then, if that is the case—I mean, if nothing is—settled as

yet, why should you not apply for admission to the Teutonic Order before the place is snapped up by another?"

"I?—a German knight!" said Poldi. "I—I had never thought of this before," he added, musingly; but even as he said it, he wondered at his own obtuseness. How was it possible that this idea had not occurred to himself spontaneously?

"But it is not too late to think of it now—though, no doubt, it will be too late a few weeks hence," said the Colonel, as he took the papers again from the envelope and spread them out before him, smoothing out the creases to make them lie flat, with a careful, almost a loving touch. "It only requires the alteration of your parents' Christian names and the thing is as good as done. Of course you may count upon my warmest support," he concluded, speaking low and hurriedly, as though he were ashamed of himself, and with a wistful pleading, almost humble inflection of voice, which was curiously at variance with his usual short decisive and military manner.

The two men now looked at each other full in the face for a few moments in silence. There was no need of further words, for it was clearly though tacitly understood to be a bargain which was being transacted between them, the price of which was a woman who loved one of these two men and was loved by the other. Poldi Wolfberg, by accepting the Colonel's

proposition and applying for admittance to the Teutonic Order, would find the very loophole he had been seeking for to extricate himself from his position towards Comtesse Riki Giffingen, besides securing for himself considerable pecuniary advantages; while on his side the Colonel, having thus once disposed of this inconvenient rival, could again nourish hopes of winning the object of his adoration. Clearly it was in the interest of each to conclude the bargain.

And yet it was not without a tinge of shame that Poldi said at last—

"I cannot take such an important resolution on the spur of the moment, Herr Oberst; but I will think over the matter, and let you have my answer by to-morrow morning."

Then, although no formal assent had been given, the Colonel knew that he had gained the day.

"Very well," he said, with a sigh of undisguised relief; and then, in a more genial tone of voice than he had used for long, he added, "and in the meantime you had better give me back the copy of that admonition I dictated to you just now for the 3d squadron regarding the emaciated appearance of the chargers. On second thoughts it has occurred to me that perhaps I have worded my rebuke over-harshly. Now that I come to think of it, the horses were not so very thin after all. Just leave the paper here, and I shall tone it down a bit."

CHAPTER XXIX.—WEDDING PREPARATIONS.

Phemie's wedding had been fixed for the end of September, the earliest date at which Leo could obtain any prolonged leave of absence; for the summer months are busy times

for the Austrian cavalry officer, and from April to September he can scarcely call his soul his own.

The six months' engagement was, however, none too long in order to

complete the many arrangements for the event, and throughout the summer the Dalrymples were kept in a state of incessant bewilderment at the various and startling demands made upon them. For the sagacious Austrian War Office has thought fit to strew the path to Hymen's altar with cunningly interwoven thorns and briers, and manifold indeed are the obstacles to be cleared away ere an unfortunate son of Mars can succeed in taking to himself a partner for life.

In this case it had required a whole lengthy and exceedingly involved correspondence in order to satisfy the anxious solicitude of parental Government that the said Euphemia Dalrymple did in truth exist in flesh and blood, and that it was no phantom bride, woven perchance of moonshine and mist, whom Baron Leo Wolfsberg, Ober-lieutenant in the — Hussars, was desirous of clasping in his arms; and even after these formalities had been complied with, and it was conclusively proved beyond doubt that Euphemia Dalrymple, eldest daughter of Thomas Dalrymple of Laird's Hill in — shire, Scotland, and of Isabel Grahame his legitimate spouse, had in truth made her appearance into this vale of tears in a perfectly regular and natural fashion on a certain specified day some eighteen years previously, and that she had, moreover, been baptised in accordance with orthodox Christian rites, the matter did not seem to be materially advanced thereby, for, as presently appeared, the kind Austrian War Office, with truly touching parental anxiety, was further harassed by dark misgivings lest its misguided son should have fixed his affections on some penniless and depraved damsel, and needed, therefore, to be reassured alike on

the subject of the bride's terrestrial dowry as with regard to the stainlessness of her maiden fame; and so it was only after, with exceeding trouble and labour, poor Phemie's birth, baptism, fortune, and virtue had been distinctly established in as many legal documents, that a formal assent was at last wrung from headquarters.

Very novel and surprising to English ideas were likewise all the details of what in Germany is considered necessary to form part of a bridal trousseau, and the Dalrymples were exceedingly perplexed when it became known to them that not only the young woman's own personal gear, but likewise all the household linen, plates and glasses, knives and forks, down to the very cooking pots and pans, had to be provided by her; from all which details it will be seen that it is no such easy matter for a British maiden to comply with all the requirements necessitated by marriage with a foreigner.

Perseverance, however, will achieve wonders when brought earnestly to bear on any particular subject. Did not Hercules sweep out the Augean stables and Robert Bruce make his escape from prison by sheer force of will? And so in like manner, by dint of perseverance, in this case all obstacles were finally overcome, and by the beginning of September the last legal document having been signed, the last Government tax being duly paid, and the sole remaining kitchen pot, whose absence might have acted as a barrier to the lovers' union, having been purchased, all arrangements were pronounced to be complete, and there remained nothing further but for Leo to hurry northward and claim his bride.

Luckily the yet further difficulties and intricacies which might have resulted from the contempla-

tion of a mixed marriage did not exist in this case; for although Mr Dalrymple was a Protestant, Phemie's mother had professed the Roman Catholic faith, and her daughter had therefore been brought up in the same religion.

Now that Phemie was about to leave her native land for good and all, in order to seek her fate in a strange country by the side of a man whose existence she had not known of a little while ago, the sense of all she was leaving would at times shoot across her mind even in the midst of her new-found happiness; for it is ever thus with our weak unstable human nature, that we only really prize those things which are gone from us, or which we are in danger of losing. Mere indifferent acquaintances, who had hitherto appeared dull and uninteresting in her eyes, were now suddenly invested with a pathetic halo; old familiar scenes and walks, which had often palled upon her by reason of their very familiarity, had now become as many sacred shrines to which farewell pilgrimages had to be paid.

"How strange it is, Chrissy, to think that by this day month I shall have left all this behind, and shall hear nothing but German spoken all round me!" said Phemie one day to her sister, as they set out to walk to a distant cottage, situated at the edge of the moor, where lived the old nurse, now disabled and infirm, who had reared the girls in their infancy. Phemie's remark had been suggested by the usual Scotch greeting of "A fine day, miss," pronounced by a passing farmer, one of Mr Dalrymple's tenants, who had recognised the young ladies from Laird's Hill.

"Yes," returned Chrissy, "you will hear no more 'fine days' for some time to come. It will be

'*Grüss Gott*' over there, I suppose, and you will have to get accustomed to hearing yourself called 'Frau Baronin,' and to having your hand kissed by all sorts of strange barbarians. Phemie, I wonder how you can do it!"

"That is because you don't understand," said Phemie, with the conscious superiority of a woman who, having almost reached the threshold of matrimony, feels herself to be a competent judge of all such matters. "Wait till your own turn comes, and then you will see that it is all one whether he be a Chinese or an Esquimaux, if he is only the right man."

"My right man is going to be an Englishman. I have made up my mind as to that long ago. Every foreigner, however nice, would be the wrong man for me."

"But every Englishman is not necessarily the right one. Supposing, for instance, that I had accepted Mr Blushwood——"

"I wish you had."

"Oh, Chrissy!"

"Well, I only mean for my own sake, of course. It would have been ever so much jollier for me to have him for a brother-in-law than Leo, though I grant that Leo is very nice indeed, and much better looking. And of course papa would have preferred it, for then he could have got rid of me sometimes; whereas, now, here I am saddled on his shoulders like the Old Man of the Sea, till some one is kind enough to take me off his hands for better or worse. And really, there was nothing so very dreadful about Mr Blushwood that I could see. To be sure, his face is rather red, and his talk is apt to run too exclusively in one direction; but those are trifles after all, and when a house is only big enough—and Blushwood Hall is said to be a very handsome building—it is easy to

manage not to see too much of one's husband."

"If those are your views," retorted Phemie, a little indignantly, "it is a pity you do not marry Mr Blushwood yourself."

"I should certainly do so if he asked me," returned the younger sister, composedly; "but until that desirable event takes place, there is nothing for it but to try and break in papa to the inevitable. I am thankful, at least, that he has consented to take me with him to the West Indies next winter."

"You must try not to be too troublesome, Chrissy, or else he will send you back to school after all."

"Not if I know it!" exclaimed Chrissy, clenching her teeth with a determined expression; "and as for being troublesome, I shall really not be much in his way over there; so you needn't be uneasy on my account. Charity begins at home, you know, and you are a great deal more likely to find it troublesome to live in the same house with that queer old lady who seems determined to go on regarding herself as Leo's mother-in-law, just because her daughter was engaged to him eight or nine years ago. What a funny notion it was of Leo, to be sure, to choose an apartment in the same house as Melitta's mother!"

"Not at all funny. Of course it is only natural that Leo should be attached to Melitta's mother; and as to living in the same house, I think it is a very good arrangement indeed, for she will teach me all about housekeeping and such things, which I do not as yet understand," retorted Phemie, stanchly repressing a sigh at the thought of the German lady whose acquaintance she had not yet made, but of whom she had had a passing glimpse that day in the Aigen churchyard.

"The apartment I have en-

gaged is on the first floor of the same house where Melitta's mother is living *au second*," Leo had said to his bride, in a matter-of-fact tone that admitted of neither objection nor question. "Poor mother! she feels sadly lonely now, since her husband's death last winter; and as she has never ceased to regard me as a son, it will be an unspeakable comfort to her to be able to see me daily; and also for you, Liebchen, it will be much pleasanter, as you will only require to come up-stairs in order to have a companion whenever my service takes me away from home. Much more cheerful."

"Much more cheerful," echoed Phemie, rather lamely. "But, Leo, will you really be obliged to leave me much alone? I thought that cavalry officers had nothing on earth to do."

"There are different sorts and degrees of cavalry officers," returned Leo, laughing. "There are lazy ones and diligent ones; and as I have hitherto been considered one of the latter sort, I wish to keep up my reputation. It shall not be said of me, as of so many others, that marriage has spoilt me as a soldier."

During the course of the summer there had also come addressed to Phemie a rather stiff and very carefully worded German letter of congratulation from Frau von Kronenfels, in which the defunct Melitta's mother assured Leo's affianced wife of the maternal sentiments she was prepared to develop in her direction, should it prove, as she had no reason to doubt, that this marriage was calculated to assure dear Leo's greater welfare and happiness.

Phemie had been somewhat puzzled how to reply to this rather pompous epistle, whose combined stiffness and sentiment were so utterly at variance with English

habits of thought and expression; and after spending a whole forenoon in composing and tearing up successively at least a dozen different sorts of reply, she had finally contented herself with sending a short note, in which she merely expressed her thanks for the letter received, combined with the hope of soon making personal acquaintance with the writer.

Phemie's parting from her old nurse, Mrs M'Donald, was an affectionate and tearful one on both sides, for the old woman was warmly attached to her former charges, and took special pride in the surprising fashion in which, according to her verdict, Miss Phemie had lately budded into as bonnie a lassie as any to be found within fifty miles of Edinburgh town.

"Sure and it's a sad pity that such a bonnie young leddy should be leaving her own people to live in strange furrin parts," said Mrs M'Donald, holding Phemie's hand in a parting grasp. "And why could you not have taken one of your ain country-folk, my bonnie doo, instead of ganging awa to be married upon a stranger?"

"Perhaps no one asked me, nurse," said Phemie, lightly.

"Hoot, nonsense!" returned the old woman; "you'll no' get me to believe that. Our lads have eyes as well as the furrin gentle-folk."

Shortly after they had left Mrs M'Donald's house, and were wending their way home over a rough country-track that diverged by-and-

by on to the highroad, they were overtaken by a dog-cart containing a couple of gentlemen with their guns and pointers, obviously returning from a shooting-party. The vehicle was driving at a brisk pace; and so, as the two girls scrambled up the roadside bank in order to leave room for it to pass, there was barely time for a recognition on the part of one of the gentlemen, who, turning back in his seat, executed an eager and hasty bow in Phemie's direction.

"Whoever can that be!" exclaimed Phemie, peering short-sightedly after the disappearing dog-cart.

"Why, Mr Hamilton, of course," said the sharp-eyed Chrissy. "I recognised him at once. So he has returned from his yachting at last! I suppose he will call upon us soon."

"Why should he call?" said Phemie, rather drily.

"Why not? He has probably heard of your engagement, and may wish to offer his congratulations; or else some latent twinge of remorse may induce him to restore the horse-chestnut blossom he stole from you more than a year ago—though it is rather late in the day for that, to be sure. I wonder if he took it with him on his trip in the Mediterranean, and wore it next his heart the whole time!"

"Chrissy, don't talk nonsense," said Phemie, severely. "You really ought to go back to school if you have not yet learnt to give up such silly jokes."

CHAPTER XXX.—A BAD DEBT.

But Mr Hamilton did not call, though, as presently transpired, he was staying at a country-house within easy reach of Laird's Hill. Perhaps he had not heard of Miss

Dalrymple's engagement, or else, having heard of it, judged it wiser to keep away. At any rate, the idea of restoring to her the purloined sprig of red horse-chestnut did not

seem to have occurred to his mind. In all likelihood he had forgotten about it long ago.

Chance, however, had decreed that they should meet once more before Miss Dalrymple was transformed into Baroness Wolfsberg.

Leo had arrived in Scotland in the first week of September, and during the fortnight that preceded the marriage the Dalrymples were invited to dine out repeatedly by their nearest neighbours; for in a dull county circle like —shire a young German baron was a new and attractive acquisition, and was lionised accordingly. Leo submitted to these attentions with the resigned meekness of a victimised lamb which knows that release is approaching, and that this period of torture and probation will soon come to an end; but in his inmost heart he loathed the lengthy ordeal of our English dinner-parties, and cast pathetic glances at his bride elect whenever the cruel British etiquette decreed the separation of the sexes, thereby condemning an unfortunate lover to spend a weary hour away from the object of his affections, over the wine which he did not care to drink, and without the cigar which might possibly have afforded some slight solace to his lacerated feelings.

The last of the interminable dinner-parties which it was the young Austrian officer's misfortune to attend was at Colendar Park, the seat of Colonel Sir Thomas Colendar, an old Anglo-Indian soldier who never lost an opportunity of scraping acquaintance with any brother in arms of whatsoever nationality who chanced to be cast on his path. The dinner-party was an unusually large one to-day, numbering close upon thirty guests; and thus it came about that Phemie, who, with her father and Leo, had been the very last arrivals just before dinner was

announced, never discovered Mr Hamilton's presence in the room till dessert had been reached, when, happening to lean back in her chair during a pause in her conversation with Leo, she caught sight of him seated at the same side of the table, but separated from her place by almost the entire length of the tablecloth. Had he seen her? she wondered, with a passing feeling of curiosity or annoyance — she was not quite sure which. Apparently not, for he was bending towards his neighbour, a stout woman in amber satin, and seemingly much absorbed in the *sotto-voce* conversation they had been keeping up since the beginning of dinner.

Soon after this Lady Colendar made the sign to withdraw, and for nearly three-quarters of an hour the ladies were left to themselves in the drawing-room, for Sir Thomas Colendar had beguiled Baron Wolfsberg into a lengthy controversy upon military matters, and was putting him through a regular catechism on the subject of cavalry organisation in Austria.

"*Endlich!*" exclaimed Leo, sinking into a chair by Phemie's side, when, after what had seemed to him an almost interminable period, the gentlemen were permitted to rejoin the fair sex. "Liebchen, thank heaven that in ten days more all this will come to an end, and I shall have you to myself at last!"

Phemie smiled a happy little smile as Leo, taking hold of the ungloved right hand, pressed it to his lips with precisely the same unaffected fervour as he would have done had they been alone, instead of in a drawing-room along with above a score of other persons; but in the next minute she had remembered this fact, and withdrew her hand in some confusion. This confusion was greatly increased when, chancing to look up, she met the gaze of

Mr Hamilton, who, standing at no very great distance, had apparently been watching her with close and what seemed to Phemie rather supercilious attention.

"Take care, Leo!" she now said to her lover, reprovingly, as she sat up rather stiffly in her chair. "Remember that we are not alone."

"What does that matter?" said the young man, composedly. "Does not every one in the room know that you are my bride, and that in a week we shall be married?"

"Yes, but——" began Phemie, and then broke off, for Mr Hamilton was now standing before her, holding out his hand with a gesture that suggested a long and intimate friendship.

"Will you not introduce me to your bridegroom elect?" he said to her, almost before he had finished shaking hands. Of course Phemie could not but comply, although she did so with a certain feeling of constraint which hardly seemed to be justified by the circumstances.

"You have known Phemie a long time?" said Leo, half interrogatively, after the two men had exchanged the first few conventional phrases of greeting.

"Known her!" exclaimed Mr Hamilton, with an easy laugh. "I should rather think so. Why, we played together as children; did she not tell you?"

This was scarcely a fair way of stating the case, as Phemie felt, so she hastened to put in a slight protest.

"Played together! oh, Mr Hamilton!"

"Well, did we not act together at midsummer theatricals ever so many years ago? and did I not play the Fairy Prince to your Cinderella?"

"But that was only once, and you know quite well——"

"I know that I was a very un-

satisfactory Fairy Prince in those days, and that Cinderella was highly dissatisfied with my conduct."

Phemie now looked up quickly at Mr Hamilton. Surely he was not going to relate the old ridiculous story of that midsummer party just now? Of course she would not have minded telling Leo all about it had they been alone, but she had never thought of doing so before, and somehow she was conscious of an extreme aversion to letting him hear of it from any but her own lips.

Apparently Mr Hamilton had read that glance aright, for he smiled back significantly at Phemie, as though to say, "Don't be afraid; your secret is safe with me."

At this moment Sir Thomas Colendar came up to collar Leo anew, and lead him off to be introduced to some other guest, and Mr Hamilton, profiting by the diversion, slipped into the chair just vacated by Baron Wolfsberg. He did not attempt to speak at once, and Phemie too was silent, for she was feeling provoked both with herself and with him. Unreasonably enough, she was angry with Mr Hamilton, both for having alluded to the Cinderella incident, and then because he had so quickly understood her unspoken request to keep silence on the subject.

"So you are leaving us, Miss Dalrymple," he said at last, after gazing at her for some moments with earnest attention.

"Yes," she returned, still with a touch of constraint. "By this day fortnight I shall be on my way to Austria."

"I heard of your engagement a few days ago for the first time, and had some difficulty in believing it."

"Why?"

"Oh, it is not easy to explain," he said, bending forward a little and taking hold of the dangling silk tassels attached to Phemie's fan-

"But it is such an unusual thing, you know, to renounce your own country and people, as you are going to do. It requires great courage to make such a sacrifice."

"That depends upon what one gets in exchange for one's sacrifice," said Phemie, flushing up a little, as her eyes sought Leo's figure at the farther end of the room.

"Oh, of course—you are the best judge of that," returned Mr Hamilton, with a slight bow. "And there is no doubt that foreigners have greatly the pull over us as regards fascination of manner. They are so much more demonstrative than we are."

Though these words were spoken in a perfectly courteous and almost matter-of-fact tone, Phemie was acutely conscious of the subtle shaft of irony underlying them.

"They show their feelings more plainly, if that is what you mean," she returned, a little coldly. "But I am not sure that that is a fault."

"By no means," assented Mr Hamilton, cordially, as with his usual ingenuity he seized upon the opportunity thus afforded. "It is rather our fault that we cannot always contrive to express what we feel," and he looked at her with eyes that were intended to be brimful of significance. "By the by," he continued abruptly, changing his tone as he saw that Phemie was not prepared to answer his last remark otherwise than by a slight frown of mingled annoyance and embarrassment—"so you really think of leaving the country for good and all without previously settling your debts?"

"My debts? What debts?"

"Very important ones, I can tell you, and in me you behold the most formidable of your creditors. Pray, when am I to get those three round-dances you promised to give me for the Yeomanry ball last summer?"

"When? Oh, never, I suppose. I am certainly not going to any more balls at present, so you will have to do without them, I am afraid."

Mr Hamilton shook his head with mock gravity.

"Miss Dalrymple, I call that regularly dishonest. But you are reckoning without your host if you think to get rid of me so easily. A promise is a promise, and sooner or later I shall get my dues. Just see if I don't."

"You are welcome to try," laughed Phemie, greatly relieved at finding that their conversation had now taken such an apparently harmless turn. "But I don't see much chance of your succeeding, so I am afraid my promise will just have to count as a bad debt."

"I will bide my time," said Mr Hamilton, gravely. "You know the proverb, 'All things come to him who knows how to wait'?"

Only after the end of this conversation did it occur to Phemie that she might have turned the tables on Mr Hamilton by summoning him to restore to her the horse-chestnut spray he had purloined. Why had she not had the presence of mind to do so? But no; perhaps, after all, it was better so. To allude to the flower might have seemed to give undue importance to what in reality was but a very trivial incident.

CHAPTER XXXI.—COMING HOME.

Leo's leave of absence did not admit of more than a very curtailed

honeymoon, for he was due back at the regiment by the beginning of

October; but they spent some very delicious days together on the Rhine, which at this time of the year was looking its very best, illuminated by glorious autumn sunshine, and decked out by all the picturesque accessories of the vintage season.

Looking back upon this one short perfect week of her life in after-days, it always seemed to Phemie like a piece out of a fairy tale in its beauty and completeness. They had halted at a village in the vicinity of Heidelberg little frequented by tourists, but abounding in lovely walks and picturesque ruins which they explored by daytime, while in the beautiful moonlight evenings they sat together hand in hand on a terrace overlooking the river, with hearts too full for much conversation, but listening to the gurgle of the onswEEPing current, which in its reiterated monotonous melody was singing the same song it had sung for centuries past, and would go on singing to the end of time—a song ever old yet ever new, whose meaning is varied according to the ear it falls upon.

But such halcyon days cannot last for ever, and when they had spent a week there the weather changed abruptly. A bleak north wind, accompanied by small drizzling rain, put an end to all further excursions and tender philandering in the moonlight. Reduced to spending their evenings in the dingy parlour of a little country inn, whose obvious discomfort they had not hitherto perceived, Leo and Phemie were suddenly aroused to the consciousness that there was no object in remaining here longer, and therefore, although it wanted yet several days till Baron Wolfsberg's leave of absence should have expired, he proposed to his young wife to proceed directly home, without further loitering on the way. Home in

this instance meant Salzburg; for, by the Colonel's decree, an exchange of the two Wolfsbergs' positions had long since been effected, and whereas Leo had been appointed to a squadron quartered at Salzburg, the inconveniently fascinating younger cousin was now transferred to one of the smaller country stations, where he would be in no danger of meeting the object of his former fickle attentions.

Melitta's mother, who, as previously mentioned, inhabited the same house in which Leo had engaged a suite of rooms, had undertaken to complete the arrangements for the installation of the young couple; and Leo, little versed in such things, had been well content to leave all further direction of household matters in her hands for the present.

"Frau von Kronenfels writes that everything is ready for our reception," he had said to Phemie, when a third rainy day, chill and hopeless-looking like its two predecessors, had broken in; "so why should we not go home at once to our own comfortable apartment, instead of shivering on here? If we take the train to-morrow morning, we can be at Salzburg by evening."

"Oh yes, let us go home," Phemie had eagerly assented. "I long to be in our own real home at last—your home and mine, Leo. How happy we shall be!"

This resolution was accordingly put into effect without further delay. The trunks were packed with all speed, and a telegram despatched to Frau von Kronenfels apprised her of the young couple's impending arrival next day.

Salzburg was reached late on the following evening, and it was with a strange dreamy feeling that Phemie found herself once more standing on the platform of the same railway

station which she had quitted under such very different circumstances little more than a year ago. The sky had then been sunny and cloudless, but she had gone away with a dull pain in her heart, while to-day she carried the sunshine within her, notwithstanding that everything was dark and gloomy without.

As they approached the home which Leo had chosen for his young wife near the Residenzplatz, in convenient vicinity to the cavalry barracks, Phemie peered out of the carriage window into the darkness of the ill-lighted streets, trying to recognise familiar objects.

"Oh, there is the hotel where we lived!" she exclaimed, "and the dear old fountain; and the bells, too, are close to here, are they not? What a pity it is that they are not playing just now!"

"They will wake you up to-morrow morning, Liebchen, and bid you welcome to Salzburg," said Leo, as he assisted her to alight from the carriage.

The house was one of those massive old-fashioned buildings, still common enough at Salzburg, which seem to have been constructed with a view to resisting a lengthy siege, or a sudden outbreak of the populace, for the lower windows were tightly grated, and the walls, into which some curious old tablets containing almost illegible inscriptions, executed on red Untersberg marble, were solid as the walls of a fortress. By the rays of the single oil-lamp which lighted the entrance, Phemie could just discern a sombre vaulted corridor, which seemed to wind away towards the rear of the house—such a corridor as might fittingly serve for one of the illustrations of Bluebeard's castle or the 'Mysteries of Udolpho'; while a narrow winding staircase, whose steps of dull red marble were sunk and uneven at places, led to the rooms overhead.

Stopping before a ponderous door on the first floor, well garnished with nails, and with quaintly wrought iron hinges, Leo rang the bell, evoking a succession of peals which echoed and re-echoed in startling fashion throughout the silent house. Apparently the travellers had not been expected to arrive so early, for the summons had to be repeated twice over before the sound of hurrying footsteps were heard, and the heavy door swung back upon its hinges to admit them. In the next moment Phemie found her two hands seized right and left by a couple of rosy-cheeked, white-capped servant-girls, who proceeded to inflict upon them a perfect shower of vigorous kisses, while at the same moment she was conscious of a tall figure in black silk advancing towards her in more leisurely fashion.

"Welcome, my dear," said the lady, enfolding Phemie in a careful and methodical embrace, after having previously cast a keen, and, what seemed to Phemie, a very critical glance over her face and figure. "May your entrance into this house prove to be a lucky day for your husband, and may you keep the name of Wolfsberg as spotlessly intact as would have done my dear Melitta, whose place you are taking by the Almighty's decree!"

Here the lady—who at mention of Melitta had put up her handkerchief to her eyes with a passing movement—paused, and drew back a little as though to give young Baroness Wolfsberg time to make a suitable speech in return; and Phemie, looking up at Frau von Kronenfels, received a general impression of stiffness and angularity, as though whalebone and pasteboard had been largely made use of in the construction of her frame. The features, which were regular and clean-cut, might have been

termed handsome, but for the profusion of deep lines indented round mouth and chin, and a certain expression of querulous melancholy in the eyes. Her face was framed in by two smooth bands of frosty grey hair, held in place on the forehead by a black velvet band which imparted to her mien something of the majesty of a regal diadem. A gigantic brooch, as large almost as a turkey's egg, and containing the photograph of a rather stolid-looking man, along with what seemed to be the greater part of his hair, framed in by a border of Bohemian garnets, adorned the front of her gown, likewise traversed by a heavy gold chain, while from her waist-band there dangled a ponderous bunch of keys, which accompanied her every movement with a jingling sound as of castanets.

"Thank you," said Phemie, in reply to the lady's greeting, feeling shy and puzzled at this ceremonious reception, and not exactly knowing what was expected of her under the circumstances. Leo meanwhile had taken hold of Madame Kronenfels's hand and carried it to his lips with a respectful gesture.

"You will love her for my sake, will you not?" he said, passing his left arm round Phemie's waist and drawing her towards him.

"Assuredly, my son," said the old lady, raising her hand above their heads with a gesture of solemn benediction. "As your wife she is dear to me already, and soon I hope to be able to love her for her own sake. May she worthily fill the place of my dear Melitta, and may the future justify the wisdom of our choice!"

"And in the meantime, here we are perishing with hunger," said Leo, with a spasmodic effort to relieve the solemnity of the situation, and with love's subtle instinct divining something of the

discomfort his young wife was experiencing.

"Supper is all ready," said Madame Kronenfels, opening a door which led from the lobby into a good-sized dining-room, whose table was much encumbered with plates and dishes of various shapes and sizes.

"May I not first take off my things and wash my hands?" asked Phemie, looking down at her crushed and soiled travelling ulster.

"Certainly, if you want it," said the old lady, with the very faintest inflection of surprise in her voice, as she threw open a second door which led into the bedroom prepared for the young couple.

Here Phemie beheld a large square room, in the centre of which stood two high narrow polished walnut-wood beds, shaped rather like funeral catafalques, piled very high with pillows, and smothered beneath large billowy eider-down quilts. Two small upright presses of the same wood as the beds faced each other at opposite sides of the room, whose further furniture consisted of half-a-dozen cane-bottomed chairs, a toilet glass attached to an extremely rickety-looking one-legged wooden table, measuring about twenty inches square, and an iron wash-hand-stand of exceedingly modest proportions.

It was towards this latter object that Phemie directed her attention, after having taken off her hat before the small mirror.

"There is no water," she said, turning round to Madame Kronenfels, who had followed her into the room; "and," she added, timidly, "might I ask for some towels and a piece of soap until my dressing-case is unpacked?"

"Surely, my dear," said the old lady with dignity, as she detached the large bunch of keys from her belt. "I shall send you the soap

and towels directly, and tell Anna to fill the water-jug, if you require it. I myself am always accustomed to wash in the morning; that is why she doubtless thought that you did the same."

Phemie stared a little, but had sufficient wisdom to refrain from explaining that she likewise was in the habit of performing certain morning ablutions, which, however, did not preclude her from requiring fresh water at various other hours of the day.

A few minutes later she had joined her husband and Madame Kronenfels in the dining-room, and was being cordially pressed by the latter to eat some of the good things which her solicitude had provided for the travellers. There was a dish of cutlets on the table, as well as cold ham, a bowl of salad, and two glass plates containing respectively a hunch of Swiss cheese and a large slice of butter, to whose original ungainliness no artist hand had attempted to impart any touch of elegance and refinement. Several bottles were likewise standing on the table, and before each person was placed a high glass tumbler of the shape so common throughout Germany and Austria.

Phemie accepted a slice of ham, but declined the offer of beer, with which the old lady would have filled her glass. She was not at all hungry, she protested, for her head was aching a little from the long railway journey: a cup of tea was all she would care to take this evening.

"Tea!" exclaimed the lady, in a tone of as unbounded astonishment as though Phemie had asked for a draught of prussic acid or strychnine; and then Phemie, looking round the table, perceived for the first time that neither cups, urn, nor teapot were here represented among the utensils on the table.

"Oh, never mind," she now

hastened to say, fearful of giving trouble. "I really do not require it: a glass of milk will do quite well instead."

But already Madame Kronenfels had risen with the air of a person who is prepared to sacrifice herself to any extent for the welfare of her guests, and had a second time detached the formidable key-bunch from her belt.

"You shall have your tea, my dear," she said magnanimously to Phemie as she left the room. "I should be sorry to think you missed any of the luxuries to which you were accustomed in your father's house."

The tea-making proved to be a lengthy concern, for after Madame Kronenfels had with her own aristocratic hands unlocked the storepress and measured out a microscopic portion of tea, there was still the water to be boiled on the spirit-lamp; and when finally the beverage was pronounced ready to be drunk, it was of a pale straw colour, and utterly innocent of the slightest flavour. Declining, therefore, the option of rum or lemon as accompaniments to the beverage, pressed upon her in place of the cream which was not forthcoming, Phemie contrived to gulp down a cupful of the uninviting liquid, and then declared herself quite ready to go to bed, for it was late by this time, these various preparations having trailed out the meal till long past eleven o'clock.

Midnight was almost reached when Leo, who had been obliged to remain behind with Melitta's mother until that lady finally made up her mind to regain the seclusion of her own apartment up-stairs, rejoined his young wife in the bedroom. He found her sitting up in bed in the act of pitching out on the floor a hard triangular horse-hair pillow which had been inserted

wedge-like beneath the mattress at the upper end of the bed.

"What on earth are you doing, Liebchen?" he asked in surprise.

"Only getting rid of this instrument of torture," returned Phemie, pointing to the obnoxious horse-hair pillow, which had now gone to rejoin the heavy eider-down quilt reposing at the other end of the room. "I never could have gone to sleep with this mountain of feathers on the top of me, nor with that horrid wedge fixed under my back. It has already made my neck ache. I wonder who put it there? It looks like a practical joke such as we used to play at school on each other."

Leo laughed.

"Take care that Madame Kronenfels does not hear you, or she would probably consider your mind to be unhinged for presuming to question any of her domestic arrangements. She is particularly learned on the subject of pillows and bedding, and no doubt she has taken special trouble to prepare your bed in true orthodox German fashion."

Phemie now disburdened herself of a rather stormy sigh.

"Is that really true, Leo?" she said, with sudden gravity. "But I am afraid I shall never be able to learn to sleep in a German bed; nor can I manage to like drinking beer, even if I try ever so much—indeed I can't, though I could see by her face just now that she thought me frivolous and extravagant because I asked for tea."

"Nonsense, my little wife!" said Leo, taking hold of her hand and sitting down on the edge of her bed. "You will learn all that is needful, I am sure, just as cleverly as you learnt to speak German, and no one will expect you to drink beer or anything else you don't like. Madame Kronenfels is not an ogress after all, and you will soon get to know each other's habits. Now go to sleep and try to get rid of your headache. By daylight you will be the first to laugh at your own foolish misgivings."

Leo's words, and still more his tender caress, sufficed to dispel the momentary feeling of depression, and Phemie fell asleep with her hand clasped within her husband's, and with a happy smile on her lips.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

A GOOD history—clear, able, and of moderate length—of the Civil War in the United States has long been a want. The first volume of what promises to be an excellent book on this subject has recently been published. It is by a very able American writer, Mr Ropes, well known in this country for his able and exhaustive book on the Waterloo campaign.

The American Civil War has produced an enormous number of books—the Rebellion record alone is of vast extent. But anything like a “succinct and intelligible narrative of the military events of the late Civil War” had still to be written. Mr Ropes promises to give this in three volumes, the first of which is now before us; and if the remaining two be as well done as the first, he will have well redeemed his pledge. This volume covers the ground from the outbreak of the rebellion until after the battle of Bull Run. It commences with an interesting account of the political position of parties when the great struggle began. It is thus well put by our author:—

“It was claimed by the advocates of the right of secession that the United States was not a single nation, but a collection of nations, united for certain purposes, and for the general convenience and profit, under an arrangement or treaty known as the Constitution of the United States. It was not denied that the original thirteen states, when they adopted the Constitution, intended it to be of perpetual validity; nor was it denied that the states which had subsequently been admitted to the Union came in with the expectation of remaining in it for ever. But it was maintained that if the original thirteen states were, when the revolutionary war came to an end, thirteen independent nations, like England or France, the

Constitution was, and in fact could not have been anything but, a treaty between them, since there was no amalgamation of the states effected by it, and since the government instituted by it was not established on an independent and self-sustaining basis, but, on the contrary, required the constant voluntary action of the different states to keep it in operation. If, then, the Constitution was a treaty between sovereign nations, it was plain that any one of the parties to it might, in the exercise of its sovereign power, at any time withdraw from that treaty. In thus acting it might lay itself open, very possibly, to severe animadversion; it might incur blame, and deserve blame. The hostile feeling against it might even bring about a war. But still, having acted clearly within its rights as an independent nation, the nation thus withdrawing from the treaty was, whether right or wrong in its conduct, clearly entitled, according to the law of nations, to the allegiance of all its inhabitants. This was the argument of those of the original thirteen states which passed ordinances of secession in 1860 and 1861; and it was generally conceded that the case of the states admitted subsequently to the original thirteen might be left to stand or fall with that of their elder sisters. . . . And there can be no reasonable doubt that when in any state the ordinance of secession had been adopted, the people of that state—or the great majority of them at least—felt that their allegiance was now due solely to their state; and even those persons who had strongly and earnestly opposed the secession movement, whether on grounds of policy or on grounds of right, felt themselves none the less bound loyally to serve their state now that it had seceded.”—Vol. i. pp. 1-3.

The Southern people during the war

“were not in their opinion *rebels* at all; they were defending their states—that is, the *nations* to which they conceived themselves to belong—from invasion and conquest. The

character which this conviction of the Southern people gave to the contest was most noticeable: it is not too much to say that none of the usual features of a rebellion were to be perceived in the South during the war. There was, for instance, nothing in the temper of the South to suggest that the war was carried on for the redress of grievances, as is always the case among a rebellious population. On the contrary, the attitude of the South was from the beginning one of resistance to the uttermost; it was, in fine, the attitude of a nation repelling invasion, dismemberment, conquest. And we repeat that it is of the first importance that we should recognise the grounds of this wellnigh universal feeling among the Southern people, if we would understand the causes of the unanimity and devotion with which they, for four long years, withstood the armies of the United States."—Vol. i. pp. 3, 4.

This is an admirable statement of the views of the Confederates; but, on the other hand,

"the populations of the states which remained in the Union, though of many different minds during the winter of 1860 and 1861, were yet, after the war had fairly commenced, substantially agreed upon a policy of active interference. Without concerning themselves to dispute the truth of the contention that the original thirteen states were, when they adopted the Constitution, thirteen independent nations, the Northern people were very certain that in 1861, at any rate, the United States constituted but one nation. They were not very clear as to the legal or the political effect on a state of an ordinance of secession, but they were very clear indeed that the United States Government lost none of its jurisdiction by reason of such an Act having passed a state legislature. The feeling that they were citizens of a great country, inheritors of a noble history, charged with the important task of preserving intact the great Republic of the world, inspired the people of the North with a determination to maintain the integrity of the nation at any cost. People spoke in the language of the time of 'preserv-

ing the Union.' The expression was not strictly logical, but its meaning was plain. It meant that the Northern people were determined to maintain the existing political system over the whole length and breadth of the land, as well by preserving the autonomy of the states as by maintaining the authority of the National Government.

"It is plain from what has been said that the war enlisted the patriotic feeling so-called of both the contending parties. The North was inspired with a lofty determination to be true to the duty of maintaining in all its integrity the great Republic of the Western Continent; the South was equally resolute to defend the independence of her several nationalities.

"The differences were irreconcilable. The North could not admit the contention of the South. She denied the right of secession; in her view the seceding states were states in insurrection. The parties were thus from the outset hopelessly at variance regarding the very terms of the controversy."—Vol. i. p. 6.

We have given this very long extract without abridgment, because it so fully and admirably puts the ideas and views of both the contending parties, and shows how inevitable the contest was, and how it required to be fought out to the bitter end.

It is only fair, however, to add (as pointed out by Mr Ropes) that, owing to the fact that slavery was a distinguishing feature in the Southern States, the Northern States went all the more readily into the contest, as its success would involve the abolition of slavery. In a word, the war was not made to abolish slavery; but that practically it carried with it, if successful, that result, added immensely to its popularity with the North.

When both sides were thus irrevocably committed to war, it is of comparatively little interest to go into the ostensible occasion

for it, which was the control of the forts in the Southern States held by the Government and troops of the United States. These forts had all been erected at the public expense by the General Government, and the Northern President (Mr Buchanan) held stoutly to the right of the Federal Government to maintain its hold on the Southern forts. Many of these forts had, indeed, been from the first lost to the North, especially those in the Gulf of Mexico—with the exception of Fort Pickens and those at Key West and Tortuga—and all those on the Atlantic coast except Fort Sumter; and the first shots in the civil war were fired from the Confederate batteries in Charleston Harbour upon the United States garrison of Fort Sumter on a small island in it.

The contest had now fairly begun. The Northern States, twenty-two in number, were openly engaged in an endeavour to coerce the eleven Confederate States of the South. All hope of peace was over, and the fight had only to go on to the bitter end. The North had a population of 22 millions, of whom half a million were slaves; the South, one of 9 millions, of whom $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions were slaves. To use our author's words:—

"The slaves, however, instead of being a source of anxiety and apprehension, as many in the North confidently predicted would be the case, proved perfectly subordinate. They were trusted to take care of the families where the able-bodied white men had gone to the war, and they never betrayed their trust. They were largely employed in building fortifications. They raised the crops on which the entire South subsisted during the whole war."—Vol. i. pp. 98, 99.

We must now glance at the

theatre of war. Owing to the division of the states into Federal and Confederate, and the physical conformation of the country, Virginia became necessarily the battleground of the contending armies. Richmond, the Confederate capital, was situated about 100 miles south of Washington, the Federal capital. But while Washington, on the north bank of the Potomac, was situated on the extreme southern limit of the Northern Union, 100 miles of Confederate territory separated it from Richmond, the Southern capital. It thus came about that the chief care of each of the opposing armies was, first, to protect its own capital; next, to seize that of its enemy; and lastly, to defeat the field force of its opponent.

Now the geographical features of this theatre of war were decidedly in favour of the Confederates. The broad flat land of Virginia is bounded on the east by the sea, on the west by the Blue Mountain ridge and the Shenandoah valley beyond it; and it was open to the Confederates, by marching down the great Virginian plain and blocking the entrances into it by the passes of the Blue Mountains, not only to reach the immediate neighbourhood of Washington, but to gain the fertile and populous regions of Maryland and Pennsylvania beyond it without encountering any obstacle except the stream of the Potomac. With a view to this the principal Confederate force under General Beauregard, numbering about 22,000 men with 29 guns, had advanced to, and taken up a position at, Manassas Junction, where a railroad coming from Front Royal in the Shenandoah valley joins with the main Richmond-Washington line.

In the Shenandoah valley the Confederates had a force of about

11,000 men with 20 guns under General Johnston, which was opposed there by a Federal force of somewhat superior strength under General Patterson. To cover Washington, the Federal General, M'Dowell, had a force of about 30,000 men.

"So long as Manassas Junction was held," says our author, "troops could easily and speedily be transferred from the valley to the vicinity of Washington, and *vice versa*. It was, therefore, clearly of great importance to hold this position, if the two confederate armies were to be united, either for an advance on Washington or to resist an advance from Washington. Beauregard's front was covered by the stream of Bull Run, which, although fordable in many places, yet constituted a considerable obstacle to an attacking force."—Vol. i. p. 125.

After some hesitation and delay, M'Dowell moved, on the 16th July, from the vicinity of Washington towards Manassas Junction. Beauregard immediately ordered Johnston to come to him from the Shenandoah valley. This junction was effected on the 19th July, and raised his force to 29,000, with 55 guns. We have seen above that the Federal force consisted of about 30,000 men. The opposing forces were thus very fairly matched. On the 1st the decisive battle of Bull Run was fought, and resulted in complete victory to the Confederate army. This, the first great engagement of the war, is very minutely and very clearly described by Mr Ropes. Its leading features can be easily summarised. The tortuous stream of Bull Run flows down from the mountainous edge of the Shenandoah valley in south-east direction until it falls into the Occoquan river, and thus barred any Federal advance on Manassas Junction. As the Confederates had to cover this junction at all risks, they were obliged to

mass the bulk of their forces on that part of the stream which is in front of Manassas. M'Dowell had now to decide whether he would attack Beauregard in this position or endeavour to turn his flank, by crossing the stream higher up. He decided upon the latter. His force on the evening before the battle was concentrated at the village of Centreville on the Warrenton turnpike, which has a stone bridge over the stream. Higher up the river than this bridge is a ford at Sudley Springs. It was here that M'Dowell determined to cross.

Meanwhile Beauregard had also determined to cross the river in his own front, and march up its left bank on Centreville, so as to gain his opponent's line of retreat. It thus came about that the stream higher up at Sudley Ford was left unguarded. The Federals in consequence crossed there easily, and, wheeling to their left, began to descend the right bank of the river right against the Confederate left.

As soon as Beauregard heard of this movement he gave up his own plan, and hastened with all the men he had in hand to the strong position of Henry House Hill, which lay just south of the Warrenton turnpike, and effectually blocked the further advance of M'Dowell's men down the right bank of the river. M'Dowell had two fine regular battalions, the best in the Federal army, with him, and he ordered a general advance of his whole forces against the Henry House Hill. At this moment the Confederates had fallen back to the shelter of the woods which skirted the hill. M'Dowell, knowing the great moral support that field-artillery gives to infantry, ordered Major Barry, his C.R.A., to send forward his two batteries to the south of Henry House, but no infantry were sent to support

them. Barry was amazed at such an order, but, like a good soldier, obeyed at once. Just then a battalion came up close to the batteries; it was mistaken for a Federal one arriving in support, but on coming close it poured a well-directed volley into the guns, which rendered them absolutely helpless for the rest of the day. It was at this critical moment that Jackson's Confederate brigade, standing, as was well said at the time, "like a stone wall," earned nobly for both the brigadier and his brigade the proud appellation of "Stonewall," which stuck to them ever afterwards. Two fresh brigades now came up to reinforce the Confederates.

"These troops being sent at once to the extreme left of their line, outflanked M'Dowell's right, and the Federal army which, though disappointed at not having repeated the success of the forenoon, and exhausted, was still claiming the victory, found itself in no condition to resist a fresh adversary. In spite of the exertions of M'Dowell and the regular officers under him, in spite of the efforts of the many gallant volunteer officers, who could not tolerate the idea of defeat on this their first battle-field, the great mass of the men quietly but definitively broke ranks and started on their homeward way."—Vol. i. p. 152.

The Federal loss in the battle was 2896 killed and wounded, that of the Confederates 1982. Such was the battle of Bull Run—a decisive Confederate victory. On this our author well remarks:—

"The loss of the battle was a terrible surprise and disappointment for the Northern people, but it caused no wavering in their determination to prosecute the war. The members of the Congress of the United States were subjected to perhaps as severe a strain on their courage and confidence as it is possible to imagine; for not only was the battle lost, but

crowds of panic-stricken Union soldiers, in a state of utter demoralisation, poured through the streets of the capital. Nevertheless, on the very day after the battle, the House of Representatives voted for the enlistment of 500,000 volunteers. There was no mutinous talk anywhere; no one spoke of changing the form of government; no one whispered of asking the President to resign. The disaster was borne by the Government and the people in a thoroughly manly spirit; the only permanent effects of it were to intensify the determination of the nation to succeed in the war, and to make the people more willing to give heed to the advice of the professional soldiers who were charged with the task of directing the military operations."—Vol. i. pp. 162, 163.

But all this notwithstanding,

"it gave the new Confederacy an opportunity to plume itself on the superior valour of its soldiers, and to show itself in a proud and conquering attitude before the nations of Europe."—Vol. i. p. 152.

As the war progressed, the officers and men on both sides became used to battle, and—as will be seen in the campaigns which follow—the interest increases as the forces engaged come to be handled by officers of great ability, commanding men who had acquired in the field the discipline and steadiness of regular soldiers.

We trust we have now said enough to make it clear what an excellent and impartial work this is, and we look forward to the succeeding volumes being even more interesting.

The plans of the battles, especially that of Bull Run, are excellent; but the maps are not large or clear enough, and a general one on the size and scale of that given in the excellent 'Life of General Lee' by Fitzhugh Lee is much wanted.

A. ALISON.

A FENIAN SPY.

IN 186— the 200th lay in the Liffey Barracks in Dublin. I believe these old quarters have been pretty well rebuilt now, and I daresay I should not know the place again. When we were there it was before the days of sanitation, and though we had a fine lot of men, there were always a number of sick. The mist used to roll up from the river, and carried with it a most appalling smell. The barrack-rooms were crowded in the old-fashioned way, the drains had been made fifty years before, and I fancy the water-supply was about as bad as it could be. The word typhoid was not known then, but undoubtedly we had a very familiar acquaintance with the article. Several of our men found a last resting-place in the cemetery, and young Devereux and Milton lay at the point of death for weeks. If it had not been for the devotion and fatherly care of old Macpherson, our surgeon, they would never have sat at the mess-table again.

But those who were not sick had a deal of fun. Cars and cabs were rattling along the stinking old quays pretty constantly between the barracks and the fashionable part of the town. There was shooting at Kingstown, cricket in the Phoenix, and no end of garden-parties and cheery gatherings of sports in the town and country. The colonel, too, was not a man to let the reputation of the regiment in the field suffer at his hands, and when his bucketing old-days were added to the weekly brigade and divisional parades, the captains of troops found their muscles exercised within them at the very time in which the old troop-horses were at flesh and began to show the

“poor man’s mark” on their quarters.

But while life was going on pleasantly enough for us juniors in the military world, there was an undercurrent of uneasiness among the Castle authorities and the army staff. The Fenian conspiracy had developed itself, and it was not known how far it had really spread among the people. The American Civil War was not long finished, and many desperadoes, with practical military training, had been turned loose upon the world. Many of these were ill-disposed Irishmen, who were ready to join any rebellious outbreak, and to give the benefit of their experience as leaders to their countrymen who belonged to the organisation and were said to be ready to rise. There were whisperings of midnight drills, of collections of arms, and of preconcerted signals which should set the country in a blaze from one end to the other. But if uneasiness was felt, energetic action was not wanting. If any two Irishmen conspire, there is always at least one of them ready to sell information about the plot to the Government, and this time was to be no exception to the general rule. We were electrified one morning by hearing that the Fenian Head-centre Wilkins and others had been suddenly arrested and safely lodged in Kilmainham jail. A few days later it was the turn of the military authorities to show that they were not to be caught napping, and some gentlemen, who had intended to make a demonstration in a southern county, found to their disgust an infantry detachment strolling on the same ground as themselves,

which was hard-hearted enough to fire upon them and show them that rebellion was not such a simple matter as they had expected. In Dublin we had extra pickets ready to act by night and day, and if any of the scoundrels there had made up their minds to break out, they would have received "what for" in a very peremptory and effective manner. To most of us, however, all this was only a pleasant element of excitement in our lives, and beyond the additional duties and the undeniable hardship of having to go on picket in the early morning after dancing at some party most of the night, we were not much affected by the threatenings of troubles in the country.

Tony Joscelyn had been about three years in the regiment at that time. He had been in the navy before he became a soldier, and if her Majesty's ships always turn out as good fellows as he was, their system of breaking in youngsters must be very good indeed. He was a smart man all round, a capital sportsman, and full of sound common-sense. But, whether it was the result of his naval training or not I can't say, he had an immense amount of self-reliance, which became perilously like obstinacy if any one tried to turn him from his object when he had once made up his mind. He had been giving us some anxiety from the persistent way in which he had attached himself to a girl who was going about Dublin at the time. The subalterns of the 200th had a very well-defined theoretical objection to matrimony, and though most of them sooner or later met their fate, and in the meantime were quite ready to plunge into most violent flirtations, they did not approve of one of their number being guilty of a serious devotion,

particularly a man so junior as Joscelyn. They had chaffed him and laughed at him, and had even induced the captain of his troop to give him serious advice, but to no purpose. If he had confined himself to philandering with Cissy Power when they met in public, nobody would have thought anything of it, but he was often seen going off in the afternoon to the lodgings in Mount Street where Cissy and her mother were living, when he was wanted to play in a cricket-match or take part in some other regimental amusement. To make matters worse, we could not quite make out the Powers. They gave out that they came from County Shillelagh in the west, and were living in Dublin for a time, "just to give my Cissy a little society, poor thing!" as the old woman said in the richest of brogues; but we never met any body who knew them at home and they did not seem to have any connection with known people in country or town. They had not been presented at any of the Castle drawing-rooms, which are certainly not unduly exclusive, nor were they to be met at little dinners and parties in good Dublin society but they were generally seen at public or semi-public entertainments where invitations were not required, or at dances given by the regiments in garrison, where Cissy's bright eyes and good figure were quite a sufficient introduction. And the girl was not dependent on eyes and figure alone for attraction, but she was always smartly dressed in a rather *voyante* style and when she chose she could make herself very amusing and agreeable. There was sometimes a bitter twang in her tongue, however, which seemed to protest against her rather doubtful position in society, and some of the respect

able old dowagers, who considered themselves social leaders, would have felt their ears tingle if they had heard the remarks which she occasionally made about their manners, customs, and personal appearance. Old Mrs Power did not seem to count for much, except as the necessary chaperon to Cissy. How such a hideous old woman could have had such a pretty daughter was a constant source of wonder, and we had not failed to point out to Tony that Cissy would of course become like her in time. Providentially she had a blessed gift of silence, and her most remarkable trait was the unfailing appetite with which she disposed of things eatable and drinkable whenever she had a chance of refreshment.

I have said that there was much excitement about the Fenians at the time, and naturally the rumours of their doings, and the news of the various military precautions, were a constant subject of conversation. Among the people whom we were in the habit of meeting, there were at, of course, two opinions about the rebellious movement, and none inveighed against it more heartily than Cissy,—no one took more keen an interest in the military gossip, and in the details of the various orders which were published. Tony Joscelyn was not far away from attendance on her, but if by any chance he was absent, she invariably got hold of him on some pretext or another, and, unlike most girls whose notions of military life are rather vague, she astonished me by asking (did I tell you that I was acting adjutant for a few weeks?) how many men we had in one place, and how many in another? did we send any men to patrol round Kilminkham in addition to the infantry guard? and when would

the different officers have their turn of duty? I never understood why she asked the questions, and only supposed that she was making conversation to suit her company, as I never was on very intimate terms with her, and we had few subjects in common.

Joscelyn's naval life had left one trace upon his tastes. He was devoted to boating, and kept a 10-ton yacht, in which he made constant trips along the coast, leaving her in any one of the small harbours that was handy when his leave was up and he had to return to barracks. Besides the one permanent hand who was always in the boat, he very often took with him a corporal belonging to his troop called Morrogh, who, he had discovered, knew as much about handling a small craft as himself, and to whom he wished to be kind, as he seemed a man of education, and of a better class than most of the men in the ranks. Morrogh was a bit of a favourite with the officers generally, as he could bowl well, and was useful in the cricket eleven, besides being a smart intelligent soldier, who was a credit to the regiment both on and off duty. Unlike most men in the ranks who are special favourites with the officers, he seemed to be equally popular with his comrades, among whom he had great influence. The only dissentient voice about his merits was that of the regimental sergeant-major, a shrewd and grim veteran, who had fought through the Crimea and the Mutiny, and whose practical knowledge of soldiers had been gained in many lands and in much hard work in peace and war. He confided to me one day in the orderly-room that "that there Corporal Morrogh was a deal too pleasant to everybody for his taste, and that there

was something shifty-like about him which he never found in a good non-commissioned officer."

Our band was playing in the gardens of Merrion Square, and as the day was fine and there was nothing else going on, I escaped from barracks when afternoon drill was over, and strolled down to see the folks that were sure to be gathered, and afterwards to have a look in at Sewell's, where there were some goodish horses on view. I had not been in the gardens more than two or three minutes when I ran up against Cissy Power and her mother. The fair Cissy asked where Joscelyn was, and I confess I felt a malicious pleasure in telling her that he had gone for a run in his yacht, as I hoped that this showed a diminution in his devotion. "He had three days' leave, and took Jacky Thompson with him; but I have been obliged to telegraph to stop them at Malahide, where they will look in this afternoon. They are wanted for picket to-morrow morning, as, with Devereux and Milton sick, we are very short of subalterns, and we have been ordered to find members for a court-martial."

"Then I suppose he will have to leave his yacht at Malahide," said Cissy, "and her ready for sea too! How disappointed he will be! And tell me, now, will he be on picket for a long time?"

"He'll be on duty for twenty-four hours from to-morrow morning at any rate, and he'll be orderly officer on the following day after that, so he won't be able to go afloat again this week."

"Well, now, I am sorry for you poor soldiers. How I wish these horrid Fenians had never been heard of! They make everybody so uncomfortable, and they want to rebel against the dear Queen. Mamma, dear, stand up. Don't

you hear them playing 'God save the Queen'?"

While we were talking, the band had come to the end of the programme, and people were beginning to disperse. Cissy and her mother went home, while I went on to look at the horses, and then dropped into the club.

Molesworth and I walked home together along the quays. It was growing dusk, and the streets were full of the usual sordid grimy figures that haunt the banks of the evil-smelling stream. The only respectable-looking passers-by were the occasional soldiers who had come out after evening stables, and were making their way to their various resorts. Poor fellows! some of them would not be so clean and smart when they returned to barracks from the equivocal amusements offered by Dublin. We had just passed the Four Courts, when, standing in a by-street, two figures caught our notice. One was one of our own men, and the other was a female with a long cloak on which covered her from head to foot. They walked off rapidly together, and dived out of sight in the neighbouring slums.

"I'll take my oath that's Corporal Morrogh!" said Molesworth "and his friend is a smarter-looking woman than soldiers usually pal with. She walks just like somebody we know. I have it! She's just like Cissy Power, though of course she wouldn't be trapesing down here at this time of day."

Joscelyn and Thompson turned up in time for mess, both very grumpy at having been brought back, and having the prospect of dull day's picket duty before them instead of enjoying the breezes in the Channel. Joscelyn was rather put out, too, because Paddy Cregar, his boatman, had been inclined to

be cheeky, and he vowed he would discharge him as soon as he could take the Mermaid round to Kingstown again.

I saw the pickets parade and march off the following morning, and when I went to the orderly-room, I found that Corporal Morogh had sent in an application for a pass for twenty-four hours from that evening on account of the illness of a sister. I had never before heard that he had any relations in Dublin; but he was such a well-conducted man that of course he got the leave.

Since the great *coup* of the arrest of Wilkins, things seemed to be settling down a little. Nothing had been heard of any more country men in arms, and we began to hope that the Fenian movement was dying out, and that extra duties might soon be relaxed. We were to be rudely awakened from any such dream. Just before the relief of Joscelyn's ticket was going to move off, an orderly clattered into barracks with an official letter for the colonel. There was the devil to pay everywhere. The Head-centre Wilkins had escaped from Kilmainham, and had left so little trace of his evasion that it was evident he had bold and active friends both inside and outside the prison. Ignorant officials were hauled over the coals for carelessness and inefficiency, dismissals were numerous, and redoubled attention was given to military precautions in the town. As far as the 200th were concerned, we might almost as well have been on active service. A feeling began to gain ground too, which added to the general uneasiness, that there was a leaven of disloyalty among the soldiers, and that we could not thoroughly depend on all the men who wore the Queen's uniform.

But how had Wilkins escaped? and how had he managed to avoid recognition and arrest in leaving Ireland, where every seaport and steamer was carefully watched, and every passenger had to be identified and to give an account of himself? At last the belief spread that he had made his way to the coast, and had slipped off in a small craft to some vessel which was lying waiting in the Channel ready to take him over to France. If he had done this he must have had a goodish knocking about, as there had been half a gale of wind, and the weather had been dirty enough to make most of the boats on the coast remain safe at their moorings.

All short leaves were stopped, as every officer was required for something or other; but Joscelyn managed to get away for a day to arrange about laying up the Mermaid at Malahide till quieter times. When he returned he was full of the iniquities of Paddy Cregan, who had bolted, leaving the yacht in a terrible state, very dirty, with all her gear in the greatest disorder. As Joscelyn said to me, "If I had not known that she was lying snug, I would have believed that she had had a rough cruise after Jacky Thompson and I left her, when you telegraphed for us the day before Wilkins escaped."

The summer wore on, and everybody who had any place in the country to go to left Dublin. We heard no more about Fenians for the time, but there were forebodings that when the long winter nights began, and deeds of villainy would be protected by darkness, we should have a renewal of troubles. Cissy Power and her mother left their lodgings "to go to their little cottage in the west," as the old woman told us. We hoped that Joscelyn's infatuation

might now be checked, and that he would forget the girl. If we could tide him over the winter he would be tolerably safe, as we were due to be moved to England in the next spring.

I began to share the regimental sergeant-major's opinion about Corporal Morrogh. Somehow, with all his apparent smartness and plausibility, there was a deal of misconduct in his barrack-room. The men in it seemed to be better off for money than most of their comrades in the regiment, and instead of going out into the town, like others, only on the weekly pay-day, they were apparently able to have a lark at any time. I frequently heard, too, of Morrogh standing treat at the canteen in a way that few men in his position were ever able to practise. He applied to be employed in the orderly-room; but independently of the laxity with which we could not help crediting him, we had distinct orders from headquarters that no men of Irish birth were to have any access to regimental papers and correspondence, so he remained at his ordinary duty.

Winter set in early, and, as had been expected, there were reports of renewed disturbances in the south and west. Agitators were heard of, stirring up the people and enrolling them in military organisations. Several *soi-disant* generals were known to have arrived from America, and to be taking an active part in rebellious preparations. The Commander-in-Chief at that time was a man who had gained rank and honours in the operations of the Mutiny campaign, and the methods which had proved successful in the Far East would, he considered, be equally effective in Ireland.

We had just finished dinner one night when an order was brought

in directing us to furnish a squadron to be ready to start for service on the following morning. The only details that were told to us juniors were, that we were to be at the railway station at daybreak, where we should find a train waiting for us, and that we should be away from Dublin for an indefinite time. What a scrimmage we had that night getting men and horses told off, and collecting our necessary kits! Both Joscelyn and I were among the officers ordered to be in readiness, and we were objects of envy to those that were to be left behind, who would all have been delighted to exchange the dull routine of garrison duty for the off-chance of a real fight where we were going.

The next morning we had a pretty miserable start. It rained as it only does rain in Ireland. Cloaked and dripping, we found ourselves in the station, and proceeded to entrain the horses. The officers' chargers were provided with horse-boxes, but the troopers were put into cattle-trucks, and very unhappy the poor brutes looked, jammed tightly together, with little shelter from the cold wintry blast. At last we were ready to start, and as the train steamed out of the grimy station we found that the colonel was with us. He told us that we, with some infantry and police, were going to form a small flying column in County Shillelagh, and that he was to be in command. There were to be other similar columns formed in different districts, which were to traverse the country in unlooked-for movements and crush the faintest semblance of rising that might occur. Our train dragged its slow length along for weary hours, and late in the afternoon we arrived at the little country town which was to be the assembling-place of the column.

The one long straggling street was more alive than it had ever been in the memory of man. Strong guards were posted at the hotel, where the headquarters was established, and in the market-place, which had been told off as an alarm-post in case of necessity. Knots of infantry soldiers with belts and side-arms on were hanging about, evidently ready to fall in at a moment's notice. Constabulary men, looking marvellously clean and smart even in the mud and gloom of an Irish November day, seemed quite at home in their surroundings, and had the air of knowing precisely what they were about, only doubtful whether they were going to play second fiddle in a civil war, or whether they should look upon the soldiers as being there to support them in the execution of their ordinary duty. As soon as we got our men and horses told off into billets, there was a general fraternisation between us and the infantry and constabulary officers, while our colonel, with the infantry major and the constabulary inspector, retired to hold a council of war, and to compare orders, information, and plans.

Of course there was a collection of all the inhabitants of the place to see the "dthragoons" arrive, and if they were disaffected to the Government, they were at any rate most cordial in their reception of us. Everywhere our men found willing hands to help them in fetching forage, water, and the thousand and one little requirements of horse and man in a strange place. The innkeeper, with his fat wife and two of the most slatternly maids I ever saw, worked as they had never worked before, and produced all the resources of the town for our refreshment. Fortunately we were not entirely dependent on them, as we

had been provident enough to bring one of our own mess-waiters and some hampers with us, and we promised ourselves a pleasant evening with our new friends.

We had been round the billets of the men, had seen that the arms were everywhere duly secured, and that, besides the patrols and guards under arms, every squad had a special fatigue sentry to keep an eye upon horses and equipments; and we were all gathered in the one public room of the inn, gossiping and waiting till the orders for the next day should be issued. One of the slatternly maids came into the room with a letter held in her very black fingers. "Is one of you jintlemen here Misther Joscelyn? A gossoon has brought a bit of a note for him. 'Tis a lady, he says, that's waiting on a cyar at the street's corner."

"Jos, you sly dog, have you made a conquest already?" I said, and Joscelyn took the note with some wonderment in his face. As he opened it, however, he made no reply, but snatched up his cloak and forage-cap and darted from the room. He had not been gone many minutes when he returned, and, with rather a shamefaced air, told me that of all people in the world Cissy Power and her mother were staying at a small shebeen in the town. "They are so alarmed about the Fenians that they have left their house in the country, and hearing that there were to be soldiers in this place, they have come here in the meantime, and have to put up with very poor accommodation, as we have occupied the whole of the only decent inn."

I was anything but pleased at this news, both as a friend and as a brother subaltern: as a friend, because I could not help fearing

that Joscelyn would be fatally entangled with the girl; and as a brother subaltern, because I foresaw that he would be asking me to take his duty whenever he could manage it, so that he might spend his time with his innamorata. The acting brigade-major now came into the room, however, and gave us in detail the orders for the next day. The infantry were to remain where they were, but the cavalry and police were to start at a very early hour in the morning, and were to surround a Roman Catholic seminary for priests, about five miles distant, before daybreak. Information had been received that an important Fenian leader had taken refuge there, and it was hoped that if the place was suddenly guarded and searched, he would be caught in his bed. Our destination was to be kept as quiet as possible, and the men were to receive no instructions except to parade at a given hour.

As I had expected, immediately after dinner Joscelyn asked me to go round the billets of his squad in addition to those of my own, as he said he had an engagement. This was rather an exacting test of friendship, for the night was wet, the town dirty, and the billets, hidden in the queerest slums, were not easily found. However, with the assistance of Corporal Morrogh, who was acting orderly sergeant, armed with a lantern, I managed to make my inspection, only hoping that Cissy Power would not profit too much by her opportunities. I could not help acknowledging to myself, in spite of my late prejudices against Morrogh, that in the performance of a disagreeable duty I had never found a non-commissioned officer more intelligent or more anxious to make himself useful. As we were stumbling and splashing

through the muddy ways, he told me that he knew some of the people in this part of the country, and that if I could say what we were going to do on the following day, he could make inquiries about roads and short cuts, and get some information about them which might be of use. I was rather inclined to ask him if he knew the seminary; but bearing in mind the directions not to say anything about our plans to the men in the ranks, I only repeated the order about early parade. I did not see Joscelyn again that night.

When we turned out in the morning everything was as disagreeable as it well could be. At the early hour—4 A.M.—the darkness might have been felt, and, to make the gloom more intense, there was a heavy cold rain, mingled with sleet, which chilled men and horses. A small string of cars laden with constabulary, each man with his rifle between his knees, was ready to accompany us. Mr Beresford, the resident magistrate, put himself at the head of our little column, and we dived into a labyrinth of miry roads from which nothing but his knowledge of the country extricated us. After more than an hour of slow and interrupted marching—for five nominal Irish miles are equal to an unknown quantity of English—we arrived at a big bleak-looking barrack of a place, which we were told was the seminary we looked for. The cavalry were disposed in small parties round the building, with constant patrols moving from group to group. The constabulary guarded every door and outlet, and we felt reasonably confident that if the sought-for Fenian was in the seminary, he could not slip through the watch-

ful double line when we beat up his quarters. The great gaunt house loomed a dark mass before us, its details indistinguishable in the darkest hour before the dawn. No light in any window, and no noise in the surrounding space but a muttered order to the soldiers and police, the occasional clank of a sword, or the faint rattle of bit and collar-chain.

The magistrate, with a small party of constables, and accompanied by the colonel and two or three officers, dismounted and knocked heavily at the massive door, with a loud summons to "open in the Queen's name." There was continued silence for a minute. Again the summons was repeated with increased emphasis, and a stir of life woke in the building. Lights flitted about, and steps were heard coming down to the door. The bolts were drawn back, the key turned, and a quaint-looking figure appeared, with feet thrust in carpet slippers, and a somewhat greasy old *soutane* buttoned awry over a night-gown. The air of astonishment at the early visit, if not real, was uncommonly well assumed, and was not decreased when the magistrate announced his intention of searching the establishment. No opposition was made, of course; but there was a great to-do. Doors and dormitories were half-opened, and sallow-faced close-cropped heads were popped out in whispering curiosity. Mr Beresford knew his objective point, and pushed quickly up the stairs and along a corridor till he came to a small room next door to the principal's lodging. We entered. It was empty; but though the bedclothes had been folded down, there could be no doubt that it was not long vacant. I thought I caught a glimmering gleam in the eye of the

old priest who accompanied us, but his face again set immediately into a stolid expression of unconsciousness. It was evident that our bird had been alarmed and had flown. Mr Beresford was furious, and had the whole house ransacked, though in doing so there was little hope of success. The fugitive, once disturbed, was pretty certain to have bolted to some other hiding-place. As we were leaving the room, where we were almost sure that he had not long ago been reposing, I saw a torn scrap of paper lying behind the door. Rather mechanically than from any set purpose, I picked it up and began twisting it round my finger. The old priest, who had, I believe, been watching us all like a cat, gave an unmistakable start, which woke my attention. I glanced at the scrap—evidently a piece of a letter of which the remaining fragments had been destroyed. It had only the words written on it, "will be searched to-morrow"—not very much in themselves, and only suggestive that a written warning had been sent. But what did strike me was that the handwriting, that of a woman, seemed familiar to me. I was just going to hand it to the magistrate, when I thought I would first show it to Joscelyn, to see if he could assist me in recalling the possible writer, as we had long lived so much together that my and his acquaintance with handwritings was likely to be mutual. I gave him a nudge, therefore, and handed the scrap to him, saying, "Who wrote that? I have just found it on the floor." When he saw it he turned deadly pale, and whispering, "For God's sake, don't show it to anybody! it's Cissy's writing," gave it to me hurriedly back again, as if it burned his fingers. I don't think I should have paid any attention

to his injunction if I had not heard the order of the colonel, who was following the magistrate, "Mr Carew, go at once and say that the 200th are to be collected and formed up, ready to move off as soon as we have been through the house." I carefully put the scrap of paper away in my pocket-book for future use, and ran down-stairs to execute the order.

The pickets and patrols were soon withdrawn, and the whole were formed up before the colonel and Mr Beresford had finished their search. As they left the door I heard Mr Beresford say to the old priest, "Remember, Father Leary, you have not heard the last of this. Circumstances are very suspicious."

Immediate orders were given to the cavalry to return to our last night's quarters, and the constabulary were to follow as soon as they had gathered and mounted their cars. An advanced guard was told off under Joscelyn, and ordered to lead the way along the homeward route, which, as it was now daylight, was easily to be distinguished. Just before they trotted away, Mr Beresford said to Joscelyn, "This is an awkward enclosed bit of country, and you must keep a bright look-out for any parties of men lying concealed in a handy shelter. We may hit upon some of these fellows we want, as they will not expect us to be so quick. If you see any suspicious-looking people you must stop them, and if they don't obey your orders you may fire—I will be responsible."

Tony and his men were about a quarter of a mile ahead of the rest of us, who were jogging quietly along, smoking our pipes and discussing the *coup manqué* of the morning. We had left the seminary some distance behind when

we heard a shot, followed by the sound of a sort of scattered volley. A man of the advanced guard galloped back and said, "Mr Joscelyn reports that there is a crowd of men on each side of the road with a couple of green flags, and they fired on us. None of the men are hit, but there is a horse killed."

"This is your business now, colonel," said Mr Beresford.

The old chief gave no reply, but his command rang out, "Squadron, attention. Draw swords. Can-ter."

We soon closed on the advanced guard, which we found in some disorder. The men were fumbling with their carbines in a helpless fashion, and one horse was dying on the road, while its late rider was ruefully contemplating its last struggles. The fields on both sides of the road were filled with men, a few with guns, but most of them provided with extemporised weapons—pikes, scythes, and pitchforks. The road was blocked by a couple of cut-down trees; and as there was a deep ditch with an overgrown bank on each side, it looked very much as if we were caught in a trap. A couple of men on horseback, in some nondescript green uniforms, were giving orders to the crowd, and those who had guns were busy reloading and preparing for another volley.

"Why on earth didn't you fire, Mr Joscelyn?" said the colonel.

"I did give the order, sir," replied Tony, "but there's something wrong with the carbines. None of them will go off."

"Some d—d carelessness, or worse, somewhere! Never mind. We can't be stopped like this, and we must chance the fence. Leading troop, right form. Lift your horses, men. Forward."

The colonel showed the way

and, taking his old nag short by the head, got over into the field with a scramble. It was not for nothing that our old rough field-days and riding-drills had been practised. Three or four of the men were down in the ditch, but the remainder negotiated the obstacle somehow or other and rapidly formed a line. "Now, by your centre. Trot. Gallop. Charge." What a general *sauve qui peut* followed! The would-be rebels, astonished at the prompt action of the cavalry, from whom they had thought themselves secure, turned and scuttled away like alarmed rabbits. A few harmless shots were fired, but guns, scythes, and pikes were thrown away, and I believe that the only injury done to us was that two horses were cut by treading on the abandoned weapons. Several of our wretched opponents were knocked over, but none were seriously hurt. A lot of them got away, but twenty or thirty, with one of the uniformed leaders, who, we afterwards discovered, was the man we had searched for in the morning, were cornered against a high bank, which they had vainly tried to cross, and were made prisoners. A very soaked and bedraggled green flag, picked up from the mud, remained as the spoil of war.

By this time the constabulary on their cars had joined us, but there was nothing left for them to do except to furnish an escort for our cowed and miserable prisoners. We had no means of securing them, and though there was not much chance of their giving their guardians the slip, Mr Beresford made assurance doubly sure by giving the order, "Cut their braces." When this was done their whole energies were required to hold up their nether garments,

which, worn after the fashion of the Irish peasantry, most baggy and voluminous, would have otherwise fallen about their heels and most effectually hampered every movement.

Our little scrimmage was soon over, and we pushed on to our quarters, where we were glad to find food and shelter after our wet and disagreeable morning's work. Before the men were dismissed to their billets their carbines were inspected, and we found that the nipple of each (this was before the days of breechloaders) had been carefully plugged up, so that all were unserviceable. There was a court of inquiry ordered to sit at once to collect evidence how such a thing could have been done. The captains of troops were positive that all were in perfect order when they were inspected on the previous evening, and the men were equally certain that the only person who could have subsequently touched them was Corporal Morrogh, who, as acting orderly sergeant, had visited the billets several times before the morning parade. The evidence was not complete enough, however, to fix such a serious offence upon a non-commissioned officer so smart and energetic as Morrogh, and the matter remained for the time a mystery. I gave the piece of paper which I had picked up in the morning to Mr Beresford; but though both Tony Joscelyn and I thought that the writing was Cissy Power's, it was impossible to swear to the fact, and I said nothing of our suspicions. After all, it was much more satisfactory to have caught the Fenian leader in open rebellion than to have surprised him in his bed before he had committed himself, and it was not of much consequence to ascertain who had given him his

warning. Tony admitted to me that he had told Cissy that the seminary was to be searched; but he maintained that it was impossible to believe that a girl like her, who professed to hate the Fenians as she did, could have been in communication with one of their leaders.

Later in the day I was busy writing, to the colonel's dictation, a report of our day's work for the Dublin authorities, when a telegram arrived from headquarters giving instructions that Corporal Morrogh was to be at once arrested, and his kit was to be searched, as information had been received that he was connected with the Fenian movement. This was a blow to us, as we had fondly hoped that, if there was disaffection anywhere in the ranks of the army, our own regiment had escaped the contagion. The orders, however, were clear and precise, and the troop officers were sent to carry them out. In a short time they returned, and produced a variety of cipher papers which had been found in Morrogh's valise. He himself could not anywhere be discovered. We knew that no train had left the station, so we hoped that he would be found before long in the little town or its neighbourhood. It was curious that he had disappeared just when arrest was threatened, and we could only suppose that some one in the telegraph office had warned him. His cipher papers were sent to Dublin to be translated, as we could find no key to their meaning.

In the evening Tony Joscelyn went to visit Cissy Power, more, I believe, in hopes of finding out something about the scrap of writing than to pay his usual devotion; but he found that she and her

mother had left the town without leaving any trace of their movements. All that he could learn was, that two women had been seen early in the evening on a car by a constabulary patrol.

Under the energetic action of Government all over Ireland, things settled down before long pretty well, and the fiasco, in which the rising which we had quelled had terminated, was the last of any disturbances in County Shillelagh. Our little column was broken up, and the squadron of the 200th returned to Dublin. Nothing official was ever heard of Corporal Morrogh; but when his papers were deciphered, they proved that he had enlisted as a Fenian, to forward the conspiracy, and if possible to seduce other soldiers from their allegiance.

Two months later Joscelyn received a letter with the New York post-mark:—

"I hope I have not got you into any trouble. My husband and I drove in a car across the hills to Queenstown when we saw that the rising had no chance, and got on board the steamer for the States. We had been married three years before you first met me in Dublin. My husband and I have to thank you for useful information, and for the use of your boat when it was much wanted. I shall always think kindly of you.—Yours,

"C. M. or C. P."

I heard afterwards that Alderman Morrogh was a very influential man in the corporation of New York, and that he had a very pretty wife. Could he have been our escaped Fenian?

Tony Joscelyn did not remain long in the service. He came into some property, and leads a very retired life. He has never married, and, I believe, has never forgotten the fair Fenian Spy.

C. STEIN.

OUR NEIGHBOURS' VINEYARDS.

WHEN cholera recently threatened England, the Royal College of Physicians were asked to suggest remedies that might be usefully adopted by any poor man unable to obtain a doctor; and that learned body were good enough not only to formulate certain prescriptions containing one or two drugs not generally possessed by chemists, but also to frame a sort of Index Expurgatorius of foods and drinks to be avoided. Among the latter they specified "strongly ascendent sparkling wine,"—this phrase being, no doubt, a medical euphemism for the beverages to which slangy mortals give the less lofty but more expressive name of "Fizz"; and it will be noted that it is dry wine (defined by an Irishman as "the sort that comes over in empty bottles") which is especially condemned.

Now it is curious to observe how very recent is the taste for sparkling drink of any kind. Even the charms of bottled beer were not known until the reign of Queen Mary, when, according to Fuller, a happy accident revealed them to Dr Newell, Dean of St Paul's, and Head-Master of Westminster School. The Dean was an ardent angler, and on one occasion, when engaged in his favourite amusement, having stored his luncheon in a safe place on the river-side, he "found, when he looked for it, no bottle but a gun,—such the sound at the opening thereof,—and this is believed (casualty is another of more invention than industry) the origin of bottled beer in England." As for sparkling wine, it was not known here until at least a century and a half later;

but something like a hundred years ago it was already so fashionable that Talleyrand called it the "*vin civilisateur par excellence*," and it has steadily increased in favour up to the present time. There is no doubt that really first-rate champagne, if the delicacy is not frozen out of it by excessive icing, is a drink for the gods; but its popularity has led to many imitations, and to the employment of various tricks of the trade. These imitations contain a good deal besides the simple juice of the grape, and possibly the College of Physicians are right in not attempting to discriminate. The same may be said of hock, under which name the products of many kinds of vineyards are broadly included. But Johannisberger is one thing, while the product of the Magenschmerz vineyard is quite another, and probably the good is condemned on account of the bad. Still, it will be remembered that the official memorandum referred to is only intended for such classes as the costermongers and agricultural labourers who cannot afford to call in a medical man, and if they choose to drink "strongly ascendent sparkling wines" after this warning, the responsibility must rest with them and not with the College.

Oddly enough, the Physicians do not condemn sherry, a wine which of late years has fallen into disfavour. This bad reputation is no doubt largely owing to the fact that until recently no sherry shipped to England consisted of the unsophisticated juice of the grape, and that some contained very little wine at all, being made up mostly of potato-spirit and

various chemical decoctions. A certain amount of added alcohol was held to be necessary to prevent even the best wine from fermenting after a voyage; and although the most eminent shippers took care to use nothing but the highest quality of spirit for fortifying, many makers were less scrupulous. Sherry acquired an evil reputation as an abominably fiery and heating drink, and doctors generally ordered their patients to shun it. There is a difficulty in discriminating between one kind and another, since, for some occult reason, particular brands of sherry are almost unknown. At a hotel, if you call for a particular champagne or claret, you can satisfy yourself of its genuineness by the capsules on the bottle and the marks on the corks; but until lately nothing of the same kind has been tried in the case of sherry, and so the good has suffered for the fault of the bad.

As to port, it holds a unique position. On the one hand, doctors prescribe it largely on account of its tonic virtues; on the other, they condemn it on account of the gouty maladies which they suppose it to promote. Of late years there has been a strong revival of the taste for it, although at one time it threatened to share the fate of sherry. Like sherry, it contains a good deal besides the actual juice of the grape, but the colouring matter employed is not of a noxious character, and there are some four or five shippers whose names are a guarantee for the substantial purity of their wines.

But if port is the king of wines, surely claret is the queen, and it has the advantage of consisting of the pure juice of the grape with no addition of any kind whatever. It furnishes a fascinating subject,

full of curious problems. Why, for example, is it impossible to produce a first-rate claret except in one particular district of one particular country? One would think that, by searching over the earth's surface, it would be easy to find conditions of soil and of climate exactly like those of the Gironde. Yet in that one Department, on the left bank of the river, within thirty miles of Bordeaux, over an area considerably less than that of the county of Surrey, are the only vineyards in the world capable of yielding claret of anything like supreme excellence. The question is not one of special kind of grapes or of special cultivation. Vines from the most celebrated stocks have been introduced into various countries where there seemed a chance of their thriving, and skilled treatment has been applied with a lavishness of outlay warranted by the fact that a vineyard producing wines like that of Château Margaux or Château Lafite would be a veritable gold mine to its possessor wherever it might be situated. Australia itself, which has made wonderful progress in vine-culture, cannot yet supply anything equal to even a fourth or fifth growth of the Gironde; and though some of its Burgundy is much more like the real thing, even of the best it may be said, in Lovelace's words, that only

"Minds innocent and simple take
That for a *Hermitage*."

It is undeniable that the want of an indefinable something has prevented the manufacture, outside one little patch of France, of any claret rising above mediocrity.

Again, why is it that in this particular district the relative importance of the vineyards has remained unaltered for nearly forty

years? The following classification, which was adopted as long ago as 1855, still remains in force:—

First Growths (4).—Châteaux Lafite, Margaux, Latour, and Haut-Brion.

Second Growths (16).—Châteaux Mouton-Rothschild, Léoville (3), Rauzan (2), Gruaud-Larose (2), Pichon-Longueville (2), Cos-d'Estournel, Montrose, Beaucaillou, Branne-Cantenac, Durfort-Vivens, and Lascombes.

Third Growths (13).—Châteaux Lagrange, Giscours, Palmer, Kirwan, D'Yssan, Langoa, Malescot, Cantenac-Brown, Desmirail, Calon-Ségur, La Lagune, Ferrière, and Becker. (These last two being very small in yield.)

Fourth Growths (11).—Châteaux Beycheville, Latour-Carnet, Duluc, Duhart-Milon, Talbot, and six others.

Fifth Growths (17).—Châteaux Pontet-Canet, Batailley, Puy-Lacoste, Lynch-Bages, Mouton d'Armailhacq, Cantemerle, and eleven others.

The sixty-one vineyards thus classified as *grands crus*, produce among them all the first-rate claret in the world; and it is curious that the prices of the different classes have borne about the same proportion to each other during nearly half a century. It may be stated roughly that a first growth is worth about twice as much as a second, and that a second growth is worth about twice as much as a fifth. The third follows pretty closely on the second, but there is a considerable gap between it and the two lowest. In 1874 the vintage prices of these five classes were 5000 fr., 2500 fr., 1000 fr., 1400 fr., and 1200 fr. per hogshead respectively. There is, however, one exception to the above rule as to classes and prices. The Château Mouton-Rothschild, though it does not quite attain to the rank of the first four, is yet held as somewhat superior to the second growths, with which it was placed in 1855, and it usually

commands an intermediate price. It has belonged for about half a century to the Rothschild family, and enormous sums have been spent on bringing it as near perfection as possible. Close by is their Lafite vineyard, which, by the way, has passed through some strange vicissitudes. In 1793 it belonged to M. de Pichard, President of the Guienne Parliament; and the Republican leaders did a good stroke of business by guillotining him, and appropriating his property. It was, however, soon sold by the State, and after passing from purchaser to purchaser at an average price of about £40,000, it was bought, some twenty-five years ago, by Baron James de Rothschild for £180,000, and still remains in his family. About £6000 a-year is spent on its cultivation. There is perhaps no wine that gains more by keeping; and some seven or eight years ago a bin of the vintage of 1864 fetched no less than 50 fr. a bottle at Bordeaux itself. A little farther up on the river-bank is the round tower which gives its name to the Château Latour, bought a good many years ago by a company for £60,000 and now quite maintaining its old renown. Nearer to Bordeaux, opposite the islands, is the Château Margaux, producing a wine with an aroma peculiarly its own. This is much the most productive of the *premiers crus*: in some years it has yielded as much as the other three put together; and in 1893 it furnished no less than 1608 hogsheads. The fourth of the first growths, the Haut-Brion, for some time almost dropped out of sight, as the vines were ravaged by disease, and the vineyard had to be almost entirely ploughed up and replanted. It is, however, now again in a flourishing condi-

tion, as may be judged from the fact that in 1893 it produced between 600 and 700 hogsheads of wine.

Of the second growths, perhaps the best known in England (after the Mouton-Rothschild) are the three Châteaux Léoville, the charms of which have roused a local poet, bearing the possibly significant name of Blarnez, to such enthusiasm, that he has declared, in his indignant championship,

“Je ne comprends pas quel expert
inhabile
A pu dans les seconds classer le Léoville.”

Other renowned second growths are the Gruaud-Larose and the Pichon-Longueville, both of which are silky wines with characteristic bouquet. The Château Montrose, which is habitually one of the most productive of the classed vineyards, and yielded no less than 1360 hogsheads in 1893, is rather less known in England; but all the resources of modern science in relation to vine-growing have been lavished upon it, and it is steadily rising in public estimation. The same may be said of the Château Lagrange (1200 hogsheads in 1893), the Château Langoa (1080 hogsheads), and the Château Palmer (872 hogsheads), all these being third growths which have been much improved of late years, and are in the running for promotion at the next reclassification.

Unfortunately several of these names suggest a pitfall into which unskilled buyers are very likely to tumble. There is a vile habit of ringing the changes on the names of particular vineyards, so that the unwary purchaser may find himself buying a Lagrange which is nothing like the wine classed under that name. Not only is

there the particular Château Lagrange which adjoins the celebrated vineyard of Gruaud Larose, but there are four other châteaux of the same name, besides a “Clos Lagrange,” and at least three more vineyards known as “Lagrange” without any prefix. So, too, with various other wines of renown. Besides the real Château Lafite, there are the Château Laffite, the Clos Laffite, the Crû Lafite, and three or four others with varying numbers of *f*'s and *t*'s. Again, the wine of Château Latour, classed as a *premier crû*, has on occasion fetched over £60 a hogshead, but there are half-a-dozen other Latours which certainly would not command on an average one-sixth of that price. The obvious lesson is that claret should not be bought on the mere strength of a name which sounds celebrated.

Much more important, however, than the question of vineyard is that of vintage. A fourth or fifth growth of a good year is infinitely superior to a first growth of a poor season. A Château Lafite of 1876 would be dear at 40s. a dozen, while a Château Giscours of 1875 would be cheap at twice that price. It is by no means an uncommon practice of hotel-keepers to buy *premiers crus* of bad years at an exceedingly low price, and when the customer finds the bottles and corks prove that the wine is a veritable Château Margaux or Latour, he cheerfully (if his ignorance in the matter is up to the ordinary standard) pays an amount which would be ridiculously dear, even if the wine were of an average vintage, and probably has not a lurking suspicion that the thin and rather acid beverage put before him is scarcely the type of perfection.

Mr Ward, the British Consul at Bordeaux, whose annual reports on

the wine trade embody the opinions of the most competent experts, and who has the advantage of writing from the standpoint of a perfectly disinterested person, has compiled the following table as to the general character of the vintages in the Gironde from 1869 to 1891. We have added particulars for 1892, 1893, and 1894.

Year.	Quantity of wine produced.	Quality of wine produced.
	Gallons.	
1870	74,778,748	Fine quality, but slow in developing ; rather wanting in bouquet.
1871	56,737,538	Wanting in alcohol and colour, but fine flavour ; high-class wines turned out very good.
1872	61,574,810	Good colour ; not well developed ; wanting in body.
1873	27,310,558	Very unequal.
1874	112,720,146	Very good wine ; was quickly appreciated.
1875	116,147,020	Excellent ; light and finely flavoured.
1876	43,142,990	Rather hard, and wanting in flavour.
1877	77,244,068	Has developed well ; much finesse ; well liked now.
1878	48,622,508	Excellent wine ; very well developed in bottle, but inferior to 1875.
1879	34,485,132	Body and colour, but green and acrid ; some turn out well.
1880	36,525,170	Did not turn out as well as expected at first ; some favourable exceptions.
1881	28,072,000	Good quality, but a certain hardness.
1882	24,588,000	Soft, green, and fine flavour, but did not turn out well in bottle.
1883	41,086,100	Pretty fair quality, but spoiled by mildew.
1884	29,440,026	Considered good at first, but turned out badly owing to mildew (with some few exceptions).
1885	23,673,232	Less satisfactory than the 1884, but not quite so much mildewed.
1886	24,391,070	Strongly mildewed ; turned out badly.
1887	25,066,674	Good year ; healthy, full-bodied, fruity ; wines have turned out well, in spite of a little hardness.
1888	66,000,060	Light, fine, and good flavour ; are turning out very well indeed.
1889	47,267,352	More colour and body than 1888, but less sugar ; altogether more ordinary quality.
1890	35,066,702	Very good ; fruity, good colour, smooth and agreeable flavour.
1891	53,858,058	Some likely to be satisfactory ; light, smooth wines.
1892	40,863,710	Some fair wine, but mostly of poor quality and unpleasant flavour.
1893	108,413,734	Developing slowly but satisfactorily, and promises to be a thoroughly sound wine.
1894	51,347,912	Very unequal ; much made from mildewed and unripe grapes, but some likely to turn out fairly well.

Of all these vintages, that of 1875 is by far the best, and it may be asserted with confidence that a *premier crû* of that year is the most perfect claret in existence at the present time. Then, probably, comes the vintage of 1878, which is now fetching high prices ; and next perhaps that of 1874, though as to the quality of

the last-named vintage (in which there seem to have been rather unusual varieties of character) opinions still differ. It is curious that in that year prices paid at the vineyards, before the manufacture of the wine had been completed, were almost unprecedentedly high, while those of the succeeding year were moderate enough; yet at the present time 1875's are worth half as much again as 1874's. The same sort of thing had happened with regard to the vintages of 1868 and 1869; for the wines of 1868 matured so badly that they failed afterwards to fetch the enormous prices originally paid for them, while those of 1869, cheap at first, soon became celebrated, and eventually commanded extravagant sums. Of late the highest prices during the grape-gathering have been those of 1887, but the wine has scarcely realised the extravagant expectations originally formed, at any rate in the case of the first and second growths; and while it is too full-bodied for present drinking, there are doubts (which, however, Mr Ward does not seem to share) whether age will sufficiently refine its character. Of recent years, 1888 and 1890 have both produced decidedly fine wines, and it is possible that they may come to be reckoned as pretty nearly first-rate.

The vintage of 1893 was among the largest known, with the two exceptions of 1874 and 1875; and many vineyards then yielded twice or even three times the average of their output during the preceding ten years. Even now, it is impossible to predict with much confidence whether the wine will hereafter take a high rank. As a rule, a hot summer is more beneficial to the champagne than to the claret vintage; and some experts are inclined to doubt whether there was

sufficient rain to prevent the grape-skins from becoming hard and imparting a bitter flavour to the juice. Others, on the contrary, anticipate that the quality will be as fine as the quantity; and it is significant that towards the end of the year there was a considerable "boom" in 1893 claret at Bordeaux, and that Belgian and German agents made large purchases. The general prophecy is that the quality of the vintage will hereafter be regarded as excellent but not brilliant, more than respectable, but rather lacking in the refinement that is the delight of connoisseurs.

As to the wines of 1894, we learn that they are of good colour and satisfactory strength, but that there was not enough sun to ripen all the grapes, and therefore, except where special care was used in the gathering, many unripe berries were used, and the wine produced was unduly acid. On the whole, therefore, it may be said that the vintage of 1894 is one to be avoided.

It was time that the wine-growers should have a turn of luck, for they have had to wage a continual struggle with tiny foes, and have not yet got the best of it, as may be inferred from the fact that the aggregate area of vineyards, in the whole of France, actually destroyed and ploughed up in consequence of the ravages of the phylloxera, has amounted to more than 1,500,000 acres; and it has been estimated by economists that the total loss, direct and indirect, caused by that parasite, has cost the country in the aggregate a sum equal to twice the war indemnity paid to Germany. In the most celebrated vineyards, where no cost is spared in the matter, an effectual plan has been the introduction of American vine-

stocks. The phylloxera is a dainty feeder, and does not like the bark of the transatlantic vines; so the French varieties are grafted on these (as our own gardeners graft Ribston pippins on crab-apples, or Maréchal Niel roses on briars), and they escape scathless. Mildew and black-rot are combated by a decoction of sulphate of copper known as the *bouillie bordelaise*; and a scare was produced some time ago by the suggestion that the copper was likely to poison the consumers. As, however, it has been shown conclusively that a man must drink 100 gallons of wine in order to absorb into his system a single grain of the metal, people are found bold enough to run the risk. Of course, an immense amount of attention and no little expenditure are required in order to deal with these different pests; and the fact that many of the vineyards are in the hands of small and needy proprietors, makes it difficult to secure anything like uniform action.

It is worth while to observe that, though a good deal of very poor claret is imported into this country, nearly all is the veritable juice of the grape. It is true that an enormous amount of wine is made in France from raisins, sugar, and chemicals; but this is mostly sold as a "Petit Bleu" in low-class cabarets. It seems paradoxical to suggest that the French keep their fictitious wine for home consumption, and only export such as is guine. But the fact is that the price of the real article is so low, that it is not worth while to incur the cost of bottling, shipping, and paying duty upon the imitation, with the risk of detection after all. Accordingly, the official reports under the Sale of Foods and Drugs Act, published annually by the

Local Government Board, scarcely ever record a case in which claret has been reported by a public analyst as adulterated. Enough, however, has been said to show that high-sounding names are no guarantee against rubbish. English consumers who import their supplies straight from Bordeaux are often taken in; and the man who wishes to stock his cellar with really good liquor will do best to resort to an English wine-merchant of repute, insisting, as we have already said, on vintage even more than on vineyard.

One word as to the supreme necessity of bringing wine to a proper temperature before drinking it. Claret fresh from a cool cellar is chilly stuff, and gentle warmth is required to develop the bouquet. On the other hand, only the coarsest kinds will stand being suddenly heated; and to place a delicate wine before a hot fire is destructive of its refinement. The practice which is usually adopted in France is to bring the bottle up some two or three days beforehand, and to keep it for that period at a temperature of between 60° and 70°. To this precaution must be added that of excluding all sediment in decanting, even at the sacrifice of what may sometimes seem an extravagant proportion of the wine.

Finally, let diversities of drink be avoided. The practice of having Chablis with the oysters, sherry with the soup, champagne with the fish, Burgundy with the venison, and so on, is a hideous barbarism, introduced by gourmands, but despised by gourmets. The man who would really enjoy one wine should drink nothing else; and claret, above all others, resents association with meaner liquors.

H. PRESTON-THOMAS.

MONSIEUR LE COMTE.

PERHAPS I had better explain at once that it was I myself who bestowed upon him the title, to which his only claim was the grandeur of his manner and his foreign accent. It was at a "jumble" sale in behalf of some charity or other that I first made his acquaintance. He pushed his way through the jostling, elbowing crowd of would-be purchasers to the hat-stall at which I was selling—a tall old man, with a gaunt erect figure, clad in the shabbiest of tail-coats, that seemed to have been made for a person half his size, the sleeves reaching only about half-way down his arms.

"Mademoiselle is surprised to see me here," he said, with a low bow and an apologetic smile, as he removed the shabby cloth cap he wore; "but I thought I might perhaps get a leetle present for a friend, who is in what you call adverse circumstances. The days have been when it is not here I would come for a present for a friend; but I myself——" here he shrugged his shoulders expressively and heaved a deep sigh, adding the next moment, with a sudden change of tone and manner, "Well, well, we must not complain! Things might always be worse!"

Meantime he was examining, in the most leisurely and minute way, the hats I had placed before him, trying them on one after the other slowly and deliberately; for, as he informed me in an aside, his friend's head was about the size of his own. When he had at last selected a hat—a tall one—he thrust his hand into his greasy trouser-pocket with an air of lordly magnificence, and drew out a sixpenny-piece, which he laid on the table.

"Never mind the change!" he

said, in a tone at once jauntily reckless and magnanimously dignified, not having apparently caught my remark that sixpence was the price of the hat—"never mind the change—it is for a good cause. Will mademoiselle take down my address? Ah, you do not send! That is a pity. In that case"—here he paused, and wrinkled his brow in perplexed reflection—"in that case, I shall have to put it on myself. Mademoiselle understands that I could not *carry* it. Good day." And placing his new purchase on his head, he strode away, dignified and erect.

It was not till some months later that I came across him again. I had advertised for a studio. As my home was in the suburbs, I wanted a room with a good light in a central part of the town, where I should be within reach of possible buyers and possible pupils. Among those who replied to my advertisement was M. le Comte. He did not, of course, sign himself so, and I did not recognise him from his letter, though the grandiose tone in which it was written corresponded with the magnificent manner of my friend of the jumble sale; but almost the moment I saw him I knew him again. The address given in his letter was that of a side-street in a busy neighbourhood, where there were many offices and studios. After mounting three stairs, I found on the third landing a door bearing a brass plate with the inscription:—

M. ANDRÉ PICOTON,

PROFESSOR OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

I knocked; and after a few moments the door was opened by no less a person than M. le Comte

himself, wearing a tall hat—no doubt the very one I had sold him, looking none the better for its three months' wear since. He removed it at once, however, on seeing me, and made a deep bow.

"Ah, the lady whom I accommodate with an *apartement* as studio!" he exclaimed, politely, when I had explained my errand; and turning back into the narrow, dark lobby, he called out in a dignified authoritative tone, "Janett, Janett!"

As no one, however, appeared in answer to his call, he returned to the door, saying, with an apologetic smile—

"I fear I must myself be your *cicerone*—my good Janett must have gone out. Will mademoiselle give herself the trouble to follow me?" As he spoke, he took two or three steps along the lobby, and with a lofty air flung wide open a door on the left hand. "This," he said, in a gracious tone, as of a person conferring a favour—"this is my drawing-room, my *salon*, which I resign to mademoiselle. I always like to accommodate the ladies—*place aux dames* is my motto."

I cast a look round the room. It was small, and absolutely bare, save for two wooden chairs, one of which wanted a leg, and a small wooden table. For the rest, the window looked to the north, and the colouring of the walls was tolerably good. The room would suit my purpose well enough, and I said so.

"But," I added, "I should not like to deprive you of your drawing-room."

"Mademoiselle is very good," I replied. "It gives me pleasure to oblige her. And for this room"—here he shrugged his shoulders and elevated his eyebrows—"as mademoiselle sees, it

is not in use. Madame does not receive for some years; she is what you call delicate—confined to her room the most part. The *salon* is altogether at the service of mademoiselle!" This with a low bow, and an outward movement of the arms, expressive of a magnanimous generosity that disclaimed all merit, and would not even accept thanks.

To speak of such a vulgar thing as money seemed actually indelicate, if not insulting. Still it had to be done; so, as delicately as I could, I hinted that I should like to know what rent was expected.

"Ah, as to that, mademoiselle will excuse me—I do not interfere in such matters. But here comes my good Janett—you ladies will be able to settle everything between you."

As he was speaking, I had heard the sound of a very slow, very heavy step approaching up the stairs; and there now entered the room an old woman, clad in an extremely shabby bonnet and woollen shawl, and carrying a market-basket. She was a large-made, large-boned woman, who must have been tall before the weight of years of toil had bent her broad back into the shape of a bow. Her head shook slightly from side to side, and her face, which was heavy and large-featured, wore the dull, patient expression of an overworked horse.

"Janett," said M. le Comte, "I have promised to accommodate mademoiselle here with the use of the *salon*."

"Hoots, get awa' wi' your Frenchified havers!" exclaimed the old woman, who spoke with a broad Scotch accent, and in a slow, deep, almost masculine voice, that contrasted strangely with monsieur's light and jaunty tones. "I never ken what he means when

he gets on to his French," she added, turning to me. "Was it a studio you was wanting, mem?"

Behind her back, while she was speaking, monsieur was shrugging his shoulders, and looking at me with an amused, indulgent expression on his face.

"A privileged pairson, you see, mademoiselle—a privileged pairson," he said to me, in a deprecating aside, which was not overheard by the deaf old woman. "Well, ladies," he added, louder, "I think I shall just leave you to settle the affairs of the nation." And with a bow to me, he walked quickly out of the room.

"Ay, it's weel for them that can get ither folk to dae a' thing for them," the old woman muttered with a short deep laugh, as he retreated from the room. And then, turning to me, she asked abruptly—

"What rent was ye thinking to gi'e for the room?"

Evidently there was no reluctance here to speak of money matters! However, I found her reasonable, and even modest, in her demands, and we soon came to terms. About the cleaning of the room and the lighting of the fire there seemed at first to be some difficulty.

"You see, I'd dae it mysel'," she said, "but I'm aye oot in the morning the noo. I've gotten wark frae Wilson, the upholsterer in West Street there—fower shilling a-week for cleaning oot the premises, and as mony sticks as I can carry awa' frae the yaird. It's no' that bad pay; but I'm getting ower auld noo for wark—I'm getting ower auld." And her voice died away in a low mutter, which I could not follow.

"You deserve a rest now," I said, in order to say something.

"Ay, that I dae!" she answered.

"But I canna get it. I *maun* work, I *maun* work, and a' for —!" And she gave a bitterly expressive nod of her head towards the wall which separated the room we were in from the next, while once more her voice trailed off into the low muttered monologue which seemed to be habitual with her. "But"—suddenly waking up to a consciousness of my presence—"I'll see that your room's cleaned and your fire lichted for you—never you fash yoursel' about it! If I canna dae it, *he* maun jist dae it: he may as weel earn the saut to his parritch!"

Naturally, I wondered very much who *he* was, but concluded it could not possibly be M. le Comte who was meant. However, before many weeks were over, during which I had been comfortably installed in my new studio, I was to make the discovery that it was no other than he. Coming into the room one morning earlier than usual, I found that my fire was not yet lighted. While I was looking about for matches, there was a knock at the door, which was followed by the entrance of monsieur himself.

"Mademoiselle is early astir this morning," he said, as he made a deep bow with all his usual dignity and jauntiness of manner, in spite of the fact that in one hand he carried an iron "blower," and in the other a shovel; while from under one arm there protruded a pair of bellows, and from under the other a hearth-brush. "My good Janett is out this morning, so I must myself render mademoiselle the little service of lighting her fire."

I offered to light it myself, but he was quite indignant at the suggestion.

"Impossible, impossible — I could not permit mademoiselle to soil her fair fingers!" he exclaimed, with a deprecating outward wave of the hands containing the shovel and the blower, which dislodged the bellows and the brush from under his arms, and caused them to fall with a crash to the ground.

"I have much experience of this work these last years," he said with a sigh, as he proceeded to light the fire in a methodical way, "though once——" Here another deep sigh cut short his sentence. "But madame, you see, is delicate. I rise and light the fire in her room every morning."

"Ah, you are a good husband!" I exclaimed.

"Well, I might be better—I might be better!" was the reply, in a tone of dignified humility. "But I try to do my duty at any rate. I try to do my duty—and no man can do more!" Here there was a return to the light and jocular tone, which in M. le Comte alternated so strangely with the stately and dignified.

"Well, mademoiselle, I think you will do now. I shall leave you to your own meditations." And, gathering up his miscellaneous belongings, he retreated to the door, and there made me one of his deepest bows. "By the by," he lingered in the doorway to say, "I hope mademoiselle is not disturbed by my pupils. You see, in these evil days I am obliged to give private tuition in my own language. Ah, that is well!" as I reassured him on that point. "I know that any disturbance is apt to interfere with the divine *in-stus*."

Perhaps it is needless to say that, during the weeks which followed, I suffered no disturbance whatever from monsieur's pupils. They must have come at hours

when I was not in the studio—if they came at all!—for I never heard their steps. Once a-day I heard the slow, heavy tread of the good Janett, as she returned from cleaning out the upholsterer's premises; once a-day, the light, jaunty steps of monsieur setting out for his constitutional; but no others—not even those of a message-boy. One morning, indeed, when I arrived at my usual hour, I found a butcher's boy at the door, and monsieur himself—no less a personage!—taking something out of his basket—something grey and soft, I knew not what till monsieur himself explained in his light yet stately way.

"A delicacy for madame, you see," he said. "She cannot eat your English *rosbif*—nor I either: we require something light and delicate. If mademoiselle suffers at all from the stomach, I would advise her to buy a sheep's bag." And he held up the grey thing in his hand. "Ah, stop a minute"—as the boy was moving away from the door—"here is a bawbee for yourself—it's a long stair to come up!" As he spoke, he plunged his hand into his pocket with the grandest air of carelessness generosity, but evidently without finding what he wanted. "Strange," he exclaimed, as he tried one pocket after the other. "I seem to have no small change to-day. Perhaps mademoiselle would be so kind? Just a copper—such a long stair—ah, thank you! And be sure to tell Mr Smith"—to the boy—"that I am much obliged to him for sending it. You see"—turning to me—"I generally carry up any little thing like this myself in a piece paper—the stair is so long. But Mr Smith has been obliging enough to send—a very obliging man, Mr Smith."

Evidently the visits of message-

boys were not frequent at monsieur's. The little episode set me thinking about "madame," the delicate wife, of whom I heard so much and saw nothing. I wondered what she could be like, how she managed to pass her day, and above all where she lived. As far as I could judge, the mansion of Monsieur le Comte consisted of only one other room besides the *salon* which I occupied—at least, I knew there was only one other door besides my own opening off the little narrow lobby. Did monsieur, and madame, and the good Janett all inhabit the same room? I wondered; but during the winter that I occupied the *salon* I got no nearer solving the mystery.

The following spring I went to Paris in order to study in the studio of a celebrated master, and so lost sight entirely of monsieur for several months. It was on a bright day early in the autumn of the next year that, as I happened to be passing through a quiet terrace in the suburb in which I lived, my attention was attracted towards the garden of one of the houses by seeing a small crowd of message-boys and message-girls gazing into it through the railings. At the windows of the house a number of faces of women and children were eagerly looking out towards the lawn, on which an old man was going through a number of extraordinary movements apparently meant for dancing—hopping and skipping, advancing and retreating, crossing his feet and then uncrossing them, sidling and tiptoeing, bowing and bending. I could not be mistaken in that green and greasy tail-coat (greener and greasier than when I had last seen it!), in that rusty tall hat of jumble-sale celebrity, and, above all, in that light erect figure, and

jaunty yet dignified bearing—it was M. le Comte!

Just as I stopped to look on, the windows were thrown open, and a handful of coppers was flung out. Monsieur stooped and gathered up the coins, preserving his balance and his dignity in a way which, considering his age and the attitude, was truly wonderful.

"Good morning, Monsieur Picon," I said, placing myself in his way as he stepped out of the garden gate, looking flushed with his exertions.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, in a tone of pleased recognition. "I am glad to see you again." And he removed the tall hat, and gave me one of the deep bows I remembered so well. "I have just been giving these young people there a dancing-lesson," he added, in a careless off-hand tone. "It is terrible to see how the art of Terpsichore is neglected in this barbarous country!"

Of course I agreed with him; and then proceeded to question him as to how he and "madame" were getting on. I learned that they were still in the old place, and that madame was very poorly, "confined to her bed these last three days," he said. I promised to go to see her, and I kept my promise.

It was not without some feeling of excitement and curiosity at the prospect of seeing the mysterious "madame" that I mounted the stairs to her dwelling the following day. The outer door of monsieur's mansion stood open, as it generally used to do, and I noticed, as I passed into the dark little passage, that the brass plate had disappeared. Evidently monsieur had discontinued his private tuition in French. I knocked at the inner door, within which I had never as yet penetrated. There was no reply; and it was not till I had

two or three times repeated my knock that a deep voice, which I seemed to recognise as that of the good Janett, called, "Come in."

I turned the handle and entered. The door, as it opened, just grazed the foot of a large wooden tent-bed, which concealed the view of anything else in the room. So I had walked direct into a sleeping-room! The discovery for a moment made me hesitate; but by-and-by I took courage to advance a step or two and look around me. Evidently the room was used for other purposes besides a sleeping-apartment: opposite me as I stood was the window, and beside the window, a press in which some plain coarse dishes were set out, while under the press was a sink with taps for water. Another step brought me round the corner of the bed in view of the fireside. As I stepped forward, there suddenly started up from the wooden arm-chair by the fire no less a person than M. le Comte, though looking strangely unlike himself. Round his head, entirely concealing one eye, there was tied a rather dirty red cotton handkerchief, while the one eye visible glared at me with a rather startled look. Evidently I had awoke him out of a doze in his chair. He recovered himself almost at once, however.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" he exclaimed, bowing with all his usual dignity and *nonchalance*. "Delighted to see you. It is not often you honour us with a visit."

I replied that I had come to ask for "madame." "But I am sorry to see that you too are suffering," I added.

"A trifle, a trifle!" he replied, lightly, but I thought also somewhat shamefacedly. "An accident in the street—pavement so slippery—the authorities ought really—" He had gradually recovered his

usual self-satisfaction and dignity of manner while he was speaking, and had reached the stage of righteous indignation when he was here suddenly interrupted.

"Ahccident!" exclaimed a low, gruff voice from the bed, with a short ironical laugh—"ahccident! I'm thinking you might as weel tell the truth and say it was whusky!"

I did not need to look towards the bed in order to know that the speaker was the good Janett. As I glanced towards her, she was leaning forward on her elbow, her head supported on one hand, while the other, with its expression of age, hard work, and endurance, lay out on the patchwork quilt. On her large, heavy-featured face, over which straggled a few stray locks of grey hair from underneath the night-cap she wore, illness had thrown an ashen-grey hue, and had drawn some fresh, deep lines. She looked very old, very frail, very weary.

"It's aye the drink when he gets ony money," she went on in her strange deep voice, like a hoarse and muffled murmur. "I never lets him get ony when I'm weel; but yesterday he gaed oot and got some—I dinna ken hoo." (Here monsieur cast a hasty look at me, which I interpreted as a request not to tell anything I knew.) "And ye see!" She pointed as she spoke, with an expressive gesture, first at the handkerchief round monsieur's head, and then at the floor beside his chair, where lay his hat—the hat—bruised, and bent, and battered, almost past recognition. "His guid hat!" she exclaimed, in a tone of the deepest distress. "If it hadna been for the drink! But it's aye the drink that's been his ruin!" And she sank back on the bed, muttering to herself.

Here was a blow for the digni-

fied M. le Comte! At first I did not dare to look at him; but when I did venture, half-guiltily, to glance in his direction, he was standing with his back to the fire, his arms folded, and his head bent, with an air of humility indeed, but it was the humility of a man owning a trivial error in judgment, rather than that of one confessing himself guilty of a degrading vice.

"True, true, my good Janett," he murmured, with a gentle sadness. Then raising his head, he gazed fixedly before him into space with his one visible eye. "If it had not been for that, I should be in a very different position to-day!" Here he heaved a deep sigh, adding immediately afterwards, with a sudden change of tone to the light and cheerful, "Well, well, we all have our little failings, no doubt, even the best of us. None of us is infallible, not even mademoiselle herself, I dare say!" And he laughed lightly.

I turned to the good Janett, and asked her about her health. It was "that 'flenzy" that was the matter with her, she told me; and then she trailed off into a long muttered list of her ailments—pains in her bones, headache, weakness. She was not "fit to stand"; but she must go out to her work next day, otherwise she would lose it altogether.

"I *maun* wark, ye see," she said. "He does naething."

"Yes, she must work—she's the lion's provider," here put in monsieur cheerfully, as if the position of "lion's provider" were one to be grateful for.

"And madame?" I asked. "She is ill too?"

"Yer mamaw?" queried the deaf old woman. "Is she ill tae? Is't the 'flenzy?"

"I mean madame—Madame Picoton," I explained.

"Eh, what—what's she saying?" she asked, looking towards monsieur.

But he did not seem to hear the question. He had seated himself on his chair again, with his back turned towards us, and was now busily engaged trying to bend out the bruises in his hat.

"Monsieur here told me she was ill," I put in.

"Hoots, ye might as weel call him by his ain name!" she ejaculated. "He's plain Andra Piggott. I never gave in wi' his Frenchified nonsense—I couldna see what guid it was to dae us—but he was aye for giving French lessons—French lessons, and him nae mair French nor you and me! And that brass plate! I only got one-and-saxpence for it when I sellt it, and it cost, I'm sure——" Her voice went trailing on in a low monologue; but I did not follow any further. I was reflecting on what I had just heard. So M. le Comte was no Frenchman after all! The discovery did not surprise me so much as it would have done when I first made his acquaintance, for it had struck me more than once that his French accent was by no means so marked as it used to be. I was wondering whatever could have induced him to assume a French name and accent, when my reflections were interrupted by Janet asking abruptly—

"Wha did he tell you was ill?"

"Madame—Madame Picoton—I mean his wife."

"His wife!"—and the old woman raised herself up in bed, and stared at me in amazement—"his wife! Why, that's me!"

"You! Oh, I thought—I understood——" But I could get no further: I could not tell *her* that I had thought she was his servant; I could not tell *him* that he had lied.

I ventured to steal a furtive glance at him. To all appearance he was quite unconcerned by the revelation which had just been made. He shrugged his shoulders carelessly, and shook his head.

"One of my follies, you see, mademoiselle," he said, lightly, in a voice too low to reach the old woman's deaf ears—"one of my youthful follies. Young men will be young men, you know. But she's a faithful soul," he added, condescendingly—"a faithful soul."

So I had at last unravelled the mystery! Afterwards, when I was alone, I laughed heartily to think that "madame," who "did not receive," who was "delicate" and "kept her room," should turn out to be no other than the good Janett!

I saw her frequently during the following weeks, during which I was once more installed in the *salon* with my easel and my canvases, and gradually learned, from the rambling monologues in which she so often indulged, the main events of monsieur's life. As a boy, he had been page, and afterwards footman, to a lady who travelled a good deal; then he had been valet to a delicate gentleman, who usually wintered in the south of France. After leaving this situation, which he lost through the enemy which afterwards pursued him through life—love of drink—he led a restless life full of changes and vicissitudes: at one time he formed one of a band of strolling actors; then he was a gold-digger in California; then he returned home, and was for a while in the police force, during which time he married; afterwards he started a restaurant of his own, which failed; and then he acted as waiter in some one else's. But each new trial always ended the same way.

"Ay, the drink has been his ruin," the old woman always wound up, while her head shook sadly from side to side. "And now I just takes care that he doesna get ony. But you see I ha'e to wark mysel'—I ha'e to wark!"

Poor old soul, it was very hard to have to work in her frail old age, with her "rheumatics," and her shaking head, and trembling limbs! But she never missed a day: every day I heard her slow heavy step, which seemed to me to be daily growing slower and heavier, coming up the long stair as she returned from her work. Once I ventured to say to her that I thought her daughters ought not to let her work (for I knew that she had two daughters, who were well married, in the town); but she turned on me quite indignantly and told me that, so long as she could do "a hand's turn" herself, she would be "beholden to naebody." And I gathered that the daughters, who had made good marriages during the palmy days of the restaurant, were inclined to be ashamed of the old people.

I was glad to be able to help her a little by the rent of my studio, and by the weekly sum I gave for cleaning and fire-lighting. I always paid the money into her own hands on Saturday afternoons; and I felt sure that she laid away half of it at least for the time when she should be able to do "a hand's turn" no longer. But one Saturday afternoon she had not come in at her usual hour; and after tapping at my door, monsieur (as I must continue to call him) entered with many bows and apologies, to say that there were "a few purchases" to be made for the next day, and if it were "quite the same for mademoiselle," &c.—in short, he wanted me to pay

him. In a moment of thoughtlessness I did so—and I have never ceased to regret it!

I stayed at the studio much longer than usual that day: the light had long gone; but there was a good fire burning, and after I had ceased attempting to paint, it was much more pleasant to rest on a comfortable seat before the blaze than to set out into the storm of wind and rain outside. When at last the fire sank low, and I prepared to go, the room was almost in complete darkness. As I descended the stairs, I met Janet slowly toiling upwards, her back almost bent double. She was looking very tired; some loose grey hairs were blown about her face by the wind, and her head shook more than usual. After a few words of greeting, I was passing on, when she stopped me with the question—

“Were you forgetting that this is Saturday?”

“Saturday!” I exclaimed, in surprise. “Oh yes, I see—the rent! I gave it to monsieur.”

“You gi’ed it to *him*!” And she fixed her eyes on my face with a look of surprise and alarm. “Is he in the hoose the noo?” she asked, eagerly.

“No,” I answered, for I had heard him go out a long time before, and I knew he had not yet come in.

She placed her rough and wrinkled old hand on her left side, and stood silent for a few moments, breathing hard, while her poor head shook painfully.

“Eh!” she exclaimed by-and-by, with a long-drawn sigh, “I was feared that something wad gae wrang the day! Lassie, lassie, what for did ye gi’e him the siller?” And she turned, and began slowly descending the stairs.

My conscience smote me now for

what I had done; but it was too late for repentance to do any good. I followed the old woman, and laid my hand on her arm, urging her to go home and make herself a cup of tea—Monsieur would turn up soon all right, I said, and she was far too tired to go out again. But she shook me off, and continued to descend.

“I maun gae seek him,” she said, stubbornly. “He’ll be awa’ drinking at the ‘Three Bells.’”

The “Three Bells” was a public-house situated in a side-street no great distance away. Short though the distance was, however, it took the old woman a long time to make her way against the strong wind that blew in her face, fluttering the ends of her old shawl, and flapping her skirts about her stiff old legs. Every now and then she would stop to take breath, pressing her hand to her side.

As we neared the foot of the street in which the “Three Bells” was situated, I noticed a small crowd of people gathered round the railings at the corner, apparently gazing down into the area. A sudden thought flashed into my mind, casting a chill over me. I glanced at Janet to see if it had occurred to her. As I looked at her, she stopped suddenly, and stood still for an instant peering eagerly before her, her hand pressed hard to her side. Then she moved on again towards the little crowd, walking more rapidly than I could have believed possible.

I said there were railings round the corner; but in front, where the block of building at the corner faced the main street, there was an opening in the railings at the top of a broad flight of steps leading down to a shop in the basement. From the windows of this shop, which were filled with small articles such as penknives,

cork-screws, and nutmeg-graters, and contained a notice to the effect that "Every article in this shop" was 6½d., a flood of light was pouring on to the steps that glistened with the rain, and on to a pool of something red that lay in the area at the foot. Somehow, I never doubted for an instant—I seemed to know at once what had happened; but I questioned one of the bystanders aside. Yes, I learned, there had been an accident—an old man, evidently the worse of drink, had fallen down the steps. They had taken him to the hospital.

I turned from the speaker to look for Janet. She had asked no question of any one, but was walking down the steps into the area—heavily, indeed, but more quickly than I had ever seen her walk before. I watched her, and saw her stoop to pick up something in a darker corner of the area. Then she made her way up the steps again, slowly, and with apparent difficulty, carrying something under her shawl. When she reached the top, she crossed the pavement to the street lamp that stood a few paces away; and turning her back upon the crowd, she drew from beneath her shawl the object she carried. When I reached her side, she was wiping it with a corner of her shawl in a dazed, mechanical way, while her poor head shook more than I had ever seen it do before. Befouled though the thing was with mud, and deformed with innumerable bends and bruises, I recognised at once the tall hat of M. le Comte, for it somehow seemed to bear about it that air of dignity and importance of which no amount of poverty and humiliation could ever deprive its owner.

The poor old woman had evidently recognised it too, for as she kept stroking it with the corner

of her shawl, apparently only half-conscious of what she was doing, she murmured every now and then in a deep hoarse voice—

"Ay, it's him—it's himsel'!" And then in a lower tone, "I aye said the drink wad be his ruin."

There were no cries, no tears. A casual observer might have thought her callous; but to me, who knew her, the stunned look in the heavy old face, the painfully shaking head, the trembling hands, the breath that came in short gasps, all told another tale.

I called a cab, and bade the man drive us to the hospital. As we drove along, the old woman sat beside me in a sort of stupefied silence, constantly smoothing the poor battered hat with the corner of her shawl, and only once or twice muttering in her deep low voice, "I aye said the drink wad be his ruin!"

At the hospital we found that our worst fears were realised; it was indeed M. le Comte who lay, stiff and silent, but dignified as ever, in the mortuary. He had died almost immediately on his admission into the wards. While I was questioning nurses and other officials, the old woman had kept silently at my side, clasping the old hat closely to her beneath her shawl, and gazing before her with a vacant, stupefied look; but when we found ourselves once more back in the cab, driving through the streets to her empty home, suddenly a short hard sob seemed to rend its way upwards from her old heart, shaking her from head to foot.

"Eh, ma woman," she cried, "what for did you gi'e him yon siller?"

That was all; but the words, in the tone of bitter pain in which they were uttered, rang in

my ears for many long days afterwards.

A day or two later M. le Comte was laid in his grave without the help of the parish, his daughters, whom I had at once informed of what had happened, defraying the expenses. And the world went on without him just the same as ever, save for the "faithful soul" whom it had been one of his "youthful follies" to wed. She, it seemed to me, grew daily older and more frail in her appearance, slower and heavier in her movements. She did not return to her work at the upholsterer's premises.

"I dinna need to wark noo," she said, when I remarked on the fact to her.

The spirit which had borne her up during all these months and years past, enabling her to continue toiling in spite of feeble health and increasing age, seemed quite to have left her now. She did not care to exert herself at all. Often, when in going to or coming from my studio I looked into her room, I would find her seated on her wooden arm-chair before the fire, tenderly smoothing monsieur's old hat with the corner of her

apron, while her head shook mournfully from side to side.

Only a few weeks later she was found seated so before a black fire—dead! her cold hand grasping the old hat. I was absent from home at the time; and on the very day I returned to my studio, I met the men carrying the long black box down the stairs. In the room, which had for so long been to me an unsolved riddle, the daughters were turning over and packing up, with no too reverent hand, the old articles of clothing and furniture, which somehow still bore about them the look of their late owners, of whom to me they almost seemed a part.

Of course, I asked the manner of the poor old woman's death.

"And the hat?" I inquired eagerly, when I had learned all that the daughters could tell me. "Did you——?"

"Oh, the hat!" contemptuously exclaimed the elder woman. "It was fair done. You put it out with the ashes, did you no', Mary?"

Somehow I had been foolish enough to hope that it had been buried with the "faithful soul."

LINKED LIVES.

A LITTLE toddling boy at play,
An elder girl, alert and gay,
Kind guardian of his infant way—
Small Charles, wise Mary.

A youth—with longings unfulfilled—
To Poesie his life-work willed,
A maid distraught—a mother killed—
Sad Charles, mad Mary.

A brother giving up his life,
His cherished dreams, his fancies rife,
To soothe his sister's bitter strife—
True Charles, tried Mary.

Year after year of "drudgery dry,"
With cheerful mien, with ne'er a sigh,
That loved one's comfort to supply—
Brave Charles, bless'd Mary.

Scant hours of rest and freedom sweet
Dear friends by his own hearth to greet,
The sister making home complete—
Bright Charles, fond Mary.

At length the treasures of his mind
He poured forth freely for mankind
When Elia's deathless name he signed—
Glad Charles, proud Mary.

Then summers ten of ease and rest,
With kindly word and ready jest,
Though oft did anguish wring his breast—
Lone Charles, crazed Mary.

But when the cloud had passed away,
Once more the gayest of the gay
On every theme his wit would play—
Quaint Charles, calm Mary.

And best we love to paint them so,
Forgetting those dim years of woe—
When he was dead—ere she could go,—
Dear Charles, dear Mary.

Than theirs, whose record shows more fair?
With martyr's ordeal may compare
Those lives of "dual liveness" rare—
"Saint" Charles, his Mary!

DORA CAVE.

BURMESE WOMEN.

NOWHERE under the sun has any nation accorded to its women such absolute freedom, such entire command of their lives and property, as have the Burmese. They stand in every way on an absolute equality with men, as far as law, as religion, and as custom are concerned. Just as no conquest has ever obliged the Burmese to resort to feudalism, so it has never caused the seclusion of the women, nor been the reason of one-sided laws of inheritance. In the face of the law man and woman are alike. Girls share equally with boys in all inheritance, and they inherit absolutely. There are no trustees between a woman and her property, and when she marries she retains it. Her husband has no control over it at all, neither has he any legal control over her. From her childhood up she is free. Parentage has never been another form of slavery in Burma, as it has been elsewhere. Children are not so much ordered as guided and cared for, and when comparatively young they are practically given control over their own doings. Not without advice carefully and usefully given, not without every precaution against ill that care can devise, but there is little command and no compulsion. Chivalry, which praised women as gods and treated them as slaves, never came to Burma. No Burman lover sings his mistress as something too good for this world, and then treats her as something infinitely inferior to himself. Their religion has never considered them as the source of all evil, has never warned man against them as snares to lead men to hell, and no Pope has ever called them the "sole hope of the

Church." There has been no second-rate literature to give them false ideals of themselves, of man, and of the world. They have always been held for what they are, and they have had freedom to find their own place in a very real world, unfettered by conventions and rules. They have always had fair-play, both from men and from themselves, and they have been held the best judges of what will soil them. No artificial ideals from long-past ages have been held up to them as eternal copies: it has been left to their own good sense and to the eternal fitness of things to determine what is womanly and what is not. Thus they have found what under the varying circumstances of life is the best life for them, and as circumstances change so will they. Of all women in the world none are more womanly than she is, none possess in greater strength all the nameless attraction of a woman. She is no Helen, she is no Aspasia, least of all is she an Amazon; but to those who know her she is everything that is lovely and desirable in womanhood. And when I say that Burmese women are not beautiful it must not be supposed that they are ugly. Beauty in women is a matter of convention. What was beautiful two hundred years ago in England is not beautiful to-day. So new-comers to Burma wonder at those who speak of charm in a woman who has a fair-sized waist, a small bust, and who wears a loose jacket. Nevertheless, it is there, and no one who knows them fails to discover it; but no one can describe it. It is the light within that shines through every look and

gesture, and illumines their whole life. Their complexion is fairer than that of the men, and they have large brown eyes—those restful eyes that men love. Their manners are quiet and self-restrained, never self-conscious, rarely coquettish, and their voices are soft and sweet.

They are not so universally educated to read and write as are the boys, because they cannot go to the monastery schools, where all the boys are taught. Yet, nevertheless, nearly all the women of the class above the peasants can read and write, and many of the latter can too.

And they have no accomplishments. They do not play any instrument, they are not taught to sing, though many sing ballads correctly and naturally. Of dancing, of sketching, of the use of the globes, they know nothing at all. But of all household matters they are thoroughly acquainted. They can all weave and cook and sew, and some can embroider. And they understand the life around them. Nothing is more surprising than to find how well even the young girls know the men and women that they meet, how clearly their sweet eyes see the world about them. The opinions and thoughts of a girl are always worth hearing, for they are founded on what she sees, they are no dreams of a night of ignorance, they are beautiful as only the thoughts that come from knowledge can be.

Burmese boys are at an early age formally admitted to Buddhism, in a ceremony that takes place at the beginning of Lent. They are made inmates of the monastery, perhaps for three months, perhaps for a day only, but they are always admitted. But with girls it is not so.

Neither do they ever become

nuns. Old women sometimes take the vows; but it is the last thing a Burmese girl would ever think of. Probably the absence of any leisured class is the principal cause of this. The amusements of a girl are not very many. There are the *pwès* to which she may go, where she will hear plays of all kinds, and there are boat-races and festivals of different sorts during the dry weather, and she will have many friends to see and talk to, but of games they have none. In every household the daughter has her appointed work. In all but the richer merchants' houses the daughter's duty is to bring the water from the well evening and morning. It is the gossiping-place of the village this well, and as the sun sets there come running down all the girls of the village. As they fill their jars they lean over the curb and talk, and it is here that is told the latest news, the latest flirtation, the latest marriage, the little scandal of the place. Very few men come. Water-carrying is not their duty, and there is a proper time and place for flirtation. So the girls have the well almost to themselves. Almost every girl will weave. In every house there will be a loom, where the girls weave their dresses and those of their parents. And very many girls will have stalls in the bazaar, but of this I will speak later. Other duties are the husking of the rice and the making of cheroots. Of course in the richer households there will be servants to do all this; but even in them the daughter will frequently weave, either for herself or for her parents. Almost every girl will do something, if it be only to pass the time.

They do not marry very young. From sixteen to twenty is the usual age, but it is often later.

It entirely depends on the girl herself. It is in her own hands, whom she marry and when. There is a delightful custom all through Burma, an institution in fact, called "courting-time." It is from nine till ten o'clock, more especially on moonlight nights, those wonderful tropic nights, when the whole world lies in a silver dream,—when the little wandering airs that touch your cheek like a caress are heavy with the scent of flowers, and your heart comes into your throat for the very beauty of life. There is in front of each house a verandah, perhaps three feet above the ground, and here the girl will sit in the shadow of the eaves, sometimes with a friend, but usually alone; and her suitors will come and stand by the verandah and talk softly, in little broken sentences, as lovers do. There may be many young men come, one by one if they mean business, with a friend if the visit be merely one of courtesy. And the girl will receive them all, and she may give them cheroots; and if a very favoured suitor come, she may even light his cheroot for him, and thus kiss by proxy.

And is the girl alone? Well, yes! To all intents and purposes she is alone; but there is always some one within call in the house, for no one can tell who may come to the verandah, and some men, we know, are but wolves in sheep's clothing. But the girl carries on her love-making herself, and she is free to marry whom she will. No one will object, provided only he be of good reputation, and able, with such assistance as she can give, to maintain the household. And if there should be any difficulty? Well, then there is usually an elopement, and a ten days' scandal. And often, too, there is an elope-

ment for no reason at all, save that hot youth cannot abide the necessary delays.

For life is short, and though to-day be to us who can tell for the morrow? During the full moon there is no night, only a change to silver light from golden. And the forest is full of delight. There are woodcutters' huts in the ravines where the water falls, soft beds of torn bracken and fragrant grasses, where great trees make a shelter from the sun. And for food, that is easily arranged. A basket of rice, with a little salt-fish and spices, is easily hidden in a favourable place. You only want a jar to cook it, and there is enough for two for a week. Or it is brought day by day by some trusted friend to a place previously agreed on.

All up and down the forest there are flowers for her hair, scarlet *dak* blossoms, and pale orchid sprays, and jasmine stars. And for occupation through the hours each has a new world to explore, full of wonderful undreamt-of discoveries, lit with new lights and mysterious with roseate shadows, a world of "beautiful things made new" for those forest children. So that when the confidant, an aunt, maybe, or a sister, meets them by the sacred fig-tree on the hill and tells that all difficulties are removed, and their friends called together for the marriage ceremony, can you wonder that it is not without regret that they fare forth from that enchanted land to ordinary life again?

It is not always the man who is the proposer of the flight.

I had a Burmese servant, a boy who may have been twenty, and he had been with me about a year, and was beginning to be really useful. He had at last grasped the idea that electro-plate should not

be cleaned with monkey brand soap, and he could be trusted not to put up rifle cartridges for use with a 20-bore gun. And he chose this time to fall in love with the daughter of the headman of a certain village where I was in camp.

He had good excuse, for she was a delicious little maiden, with great coils of hair, and the voice of a wood-pigeon wooing in the forest, and she was very fond of him without a doubt. So one evening he came to me and said that he must leave me—that he wanted to get married, and could not possibly delay.

Then I spoke to him with all that depth of wisdom we are so ready to display for the benefit of others. I pointed out to him that he was much too young, that she was much too young also—she was not eighteen—and that there was absolutely nothing for them to marry on. I further pointed out how ungrateful he would be to leave me; that he had been paid regularly for a year, and that now, when he was at last able to do something besides destroy my property, he was about to go away.

The boy listened to all I had to say, and agreed with it all, and made the most fervent and sincere promises to be wise, and he went away after dinner to see her and tell her, and when I awoke next morning my servants told me the boy had never returned.

Shortly afterwards the headman came to say that his daughter had also disappeared. They had fled, these two, into the forest, and for a week we heard nothing. At last one evening, as I sat under the great fig-tree before my tent, there came to me the mother of the girl, and sat down before me, and said

she had something of great importance to impart; and this was that all had been arranged between the families, who had found work for the boy whereby he could maintain himself and his wife, and that the marriage was arranged. But the boy would not return as long as I was in camp there, for he was bitterly ashamed of his broken vows, and afraid to meet my anger. And so the mother begged me to go away as soon as I could, so that the young people might return. I explained that I was not angry at all, that the boy could return without any fear of my wrath; on the contrary, that I should be pleased to see him and his wife. And at the old lady's request I wrote a Burmese note to that effect, and she went away delighted.

They must have been in hiding close by, for it was early next morning that the boy came into my tent alone and very much abashed, and it was some little time before he recovered himself, and began to talk freely as he would before, for he was greatly ashamed of himself.

But, after all, could he help it?

If you can imagine the tropic night, and the boy full of high resolve passing up the village street, now half asleep, and the girl with shining eyes coming to him out of the hibiscus shadows, and whispering in his ear words—words that I need not say; if you can imagine all this, you will understand how it was that I lost my servant.

They both came to see me later on in the day, after the marriage, and there was no bashfulness about either of them then. They came hand in hand, with the girl's father and mother, and some friends, and she told me it was all her fault. She could not wait. "Perhaps," she said, with a little laugh and a

side-glance at her husband—"perhaps if he had gone down with the *thakin* to Rangoon, he might have fallen in love with some one there, and forgotten me. For I know that they are very pretty, those Rangoon ladies, and of better manners than I, who am but a jungle girl." And when I asked her what it was like in the forest, she said it was the most beautiful place in all the world.

Sometimes things do not go so well. Suicide for love! we read of it in fiction, do we ever see it? Not in England I think, but I have seen it once and again in Burma. I have held an inquest over the fair innocent body of a girl not seventeen, who drowned herself for love. Only that. He never had cared for her, he never would, for he was in love elsewhere. And so one morning, ere the mist had risen from the water, she gave herself and her hot despair to the cool forgetfulness of the great river.

And I have seen a girl in man's attire killed in a surprise attack upon an insurgent camp. She had followed her outlawed lover there, and in the *mêlée* she caught up sword and gun to fight by his side, and was cut down through neck and shoulder; for no one could see in the early dawn that it was a girl. She died about an hour afterwards; and though I have seen many sorrowful things in many lands, in war and out of it, the memory of that dying girl, held up by one of the mounted police, sobbing out her life beneath the wild forest shadows, with no one of her sex, no one of her kin, to help her, comes back to me as one of the saddest and strangest.

Her lover was killed in action some time later, fighting against us, and he died as a brave man

should, the best of all deaths. He played his game: he lost, and he paid; but the girl?

Marriage is not a religious ceremony among the Burmese. There is a ceremony, of course; but the only necessary and binding part of it is that the couple should, in the presence of witnesses called together for the purpose, eat out of the same bowl. A girl does not change her name. Family names are unknown, and there is no Miss or Mrs. Every woman, married or unmarried, has the prefix of Ma or Mi, which are the same word. Even as babies they carry this prefix, and marriage does not alter it, so that there is nothing to denote whether a woman be married or not. Marriage does not alter her status in any way. She retains her own property, and any property she may acquire subsequently is also her own. Property acquired jointly with her husband is held jointly. If you inquire who is the owner of a garden, you may be told it belongs to Maung Han Ma Ni, the former being the man's name and the second that of his wife, and both names are used frequently in business and legal proceedings. But it is not always that a man and his wife are in the same business. They may have totally different pursuits. One may be a cultivator, the other a silk-dealer; the man may be a pleader in court, the wife may own brick-kilns outside the town. Of course there are cases where marriage necessitates the abandonment by the woman of her trade, whatever it may be; but she can do as she thinks best. There was a friend of mine—a Burmese girl—perhaps she was twenty-five, and she kept a dainty little silk-stall near the gate of a certain great bazaar. She was the daughter of

a well-to-do rice-merchant, and she kept the stall for her own amusement and profit. This profit must have been considerable, and as she lived with her parents and had few expenses, she was well off. She was very pleasant to talk to, as one passed the bazaar returning from office, or smoked a cigarette with her in the evening in her father's verandah. She was a graceful, charming girl, and she had had many lovers; but she had not cared for any of them, and it seemed to me as if she never would marry. Yet one day she surprised every one by marrying a sergeant of police, whose pay cannot have been a quarter what she made with her silk-stall.

I had a long talk with her shortly before the marriage, and I asked her what she intended to do with her silk-stall, for her husband was stationed in a guard some thirty miles away, so she could not both marry and keep on her stall, and she told me she would give it up. She had hoped her husband would leave the police and settle down and live with her on the profits of her stall, but he had refused.

"So," I said, "there will be only his pay, which is small?"

"Yes," she said, "that is all; but"—with a little smile—"what does it matter? There is enough." And that she would make it enough I have no doubt.

In married life, as in all other, there are certain duties that come naturally to the wife and certain others to the husband. He may be a magistrate, a pleader, or a rich merchant, in which case the wife, beyond managing her own property, does not work. Her duty is to superintend the housework, and, as in all lands, to make her home a place of rest and of content to her

husband after his day's work. She will very likely accompany her husband on his journeys; she will assist him socially in what way she can; and, if it be necessary, she will act for him with vigour and decision. And as regards acting for her husband, there is nothing more remarkable than the division she makes of matters wherein she can act for herself, and of matters wherein, if she act, she acts for him. Thus, as I have said, she will, as regards her own property, or her own business, act entirely on her own responsibility, and in her own name. But in public affairs she will never allow her name to appear. Not that she does not take a keen interest in all such matters. She lives in no world apart; all that affects her husband interests her as keenly as it does him. She lives in a world of men and women, and her knowledge of public affairs, and her desire and power of influencing them, is great. But she learnt long ago that her best way is to act through and by her husband, and that his strength and his name are her bucklers in the fight. Thus women are never openly concerned in any political matters. How strong this feeling is, can be better illustrated by a story than any other way.

In 1889 I was stationed far away on the north-west frontier of Burma, in charge of some four thousand square miles of territory which had been newly incorporated. I went up there with the first column that ever penetrated that country, and I remained in charge when, after the partial pacification of the district, the main body of troops left. It was a fairly exciting place to live in. To say nothing of the fever, which swept down men in batches, and the trans-frontier people, who were

always peeping over to watch a good opportunity for a raid, my own charge simply swarmed with armed men, who seemed to rise out of the very ground—so hard was it to follow their movements—attack anywhere they saw fit, and disappear as suddenly. There was, of course, a considerable force of troops and police to suppress these insurgents; but the whole country was so roadless, so unexplored, such a tangled labyrinth of hill and forest, dotted with sparse villages, that it was often quite impossible to trace the bands who committed these attacks, and to the sick and weary pursuers it sometimes seemed as if we should never restore peace to the country.

The villages were arranged in groups, and over each group there was a headman with certain powers and certain duties, the principal of the latter being to keep his people quiet, and if possible protect them from insurgents.

Now it happened that among these headmen was one named Saw Ka, who had been a free-lance in his day, but whose services were now enlisted on the side of order—or at least we hoped so. He was a fighting man, rather fond of that sort of exercise, so that I was not very much surprised one day when I got a letter from him to say that his villagers had pursued and arrested, after a fight, a number of armed robbers, who had tried to lift some of the village cattle. The letter came to me when I was in my court-house, a tent ten feet by eight, trying a case; so saying I would see Saw Ka's people later, and giving orders for the prisoners to be put in the lock-up, I went on with my work. When my case was finished, I happened to notice that among those sitting and waiting without my tent door was Saw

Ka himself, so I sent to call him in, and I complimented him upon his success. "It shall be reported," I said, "to the Commissioner, who will no doubt reward you for your care and diligence in the public service."

As I talked I noticed that the man seemed rather bewildered, and when I had finished he said that he really did not understand. He was aware, he added modestly, that he was a diligent headman, always active in good deeds, and a terror to dacoits and other evil-doers; but as to these particular robbers and this fighting he was a little puzzled.

I was considerably surprised, naturally, and I took from the table the Burmese letter describing the affair. It began, "Your honour, I, Maung Saw Ka, headman," &c., and was in the usual style. I handed it to Saw Ka, and told him to read it. As he read his wicked black eyes twinkled, and when he had finished he said he had not been home for a week. "I came in from a visit to the river," he said, "where I have gathered for your honour some private information. I had not been five minutes here before I was called in. All this the letter speaks of is news to me, and must have happened while I was away."

"Then, who wrote the letter?" I asked.

"Ah!" he said, "I think I know, but I will go and make sure." Then Saw Ka went to find the guard who had come in with the prisoners, and I dissolved court and went out shooting. After dinner, as we sat round a great bonfire before the mess, for the nights were cold, Saw Ka and his brother came to me, and they sat down beside the fire and told me all about it.

It appeared that three days after Saw Ka left his village some robbers came suddenly one evening to a small hamlet some two miles away, and looted from there all the cattle, thirty or forty head, and went off with them. The frightened owners came in to tell the headman about it, and in his absence they told his wife. And she, by virtue of the order of appointment as headman, which was in her hands, ordered the villagers to turn out and follow the dacoits. She issued such Government arms as she had in the house, and the villagers went and pursued the dacoits by the cattle tracks, and next day they overtook them, and there was a fight. When the villagers returned with the cattle and the thieves, she had the letter written to me, and the prisoners were sent in, under her husband's brother, with an escort. Everything was done as well and as successfully as if Saw Ka himself had been present. But if it had not been for the accident of Saw Ka's sudden appearance, I should probably never have known that this exploit was due to the wife. For she was acting for her husband, and she would not have been pleased that her name should appear. "A good wife!" I said to Saw Ka. "Like many," he answered.

But in her own line she has no objection to publicity. I have said that nearly all women work, and that is so. Married or unmarried, from the age of sixteen or seventeen, almost every woman has some occupation besides her home duties. In the higher classes she will have property of her own to manage, in the lower classes she will have some trade. I cannot find that in Burma there have ever been certain occupations told off for women in which they may work, and others

tabooed to them. As there is no caste for the men, so there is none for the women. They have been free to try their hands at anything they thought they could excel in, without any fear of public opinion. But nevertheless, as is inevitable, it has been found that there are certain trades in which women can compete successfully with men, and certain others in which they cannot. And these are not quite the same as in the West. We usually consider sewing to be a feminine occupation. In Burma, there being no elaborately cut and trimmed garments, the amount of sewing done is small, but that is usually done by men. Women often own and use small hand-machines, but the treadles are always used by men only.

Weaving is usually done by women. Under nearly every house there will be a loom, where the wife or daughter weaves for herself or for sale. But many men weave also, and the finest silks are all woven by men. I once asked a woman why they did not weave the best silks, instead of leaving them all to the men. "They do them better," she said, with a laugh; "I tried once, but I cannot manage that embroidery." Rice-husking, again, is a work that the women always do, and among the peasants the planting of the rice in the fields is always women's work. The field is ploughed by the men with buffaloes or cattle into a wet slush, and the young rice-plants are dug from the nurseries and brought down to the field, where they are distributed in bundles. Then the women form in line and plant the seedlings. It is not very difficult, as the plants are just pressed into the mud about five inches apart; and as the workers usually sing chor-

uses while they work, it would seem to be pleasant toil.

But the great occupation of women is petty trading. I have already said that there are no large merchants among the Burmese. Nearly all the retail trade is small, most of it is very small indeed, and practically the whole of it is in the hands of the women.

This trade is almost exclusively done in bazaars. In every town there is a bazaar from six till ten each morning. When there is no town near, the bazaar will be held on one day at one village and on another at a neighbouring one. It depends on the density of population, the means of communication, and other matters. But a bazaar within reach there must always be, for it is only there that most articles can be bought. The bazaar is usually held in a public building erected for the purpose, and this may vary from a great market built of brick and iron to a small thatched shed. Sometimes, indeed, there is no building at all, merely a space of beaten ground.

The great bazaar in Mandalay is one of the sights of the city. The building in which it is held is the property of the municipality, but is leased out. It is a series of enormous sheds, with iron roofs and beaten-earth floor. Each trade has a shed or sheds to itself. There is a place for rice-sellers, for butchers, for vegetable sellers, for the vendors of silks, of cottons, of sugar and spices, of firewood, of jars, of fish. The butchers are all natives of India. No Burman would trade in flesh, because he is forbidden to take life, and if he were not forbidden he would not like to do so. The only exception to this is with regard to fish. Burmans catch fish, but it is not

considered a very reputable profession. The firewood-sellers will mostly be men, as will also be the large rice-merchants, but nearly all the rest are women.

You will find the sellers of spices, fruit, vegetables, and other such matters seated in long rows, on mats placed upon the ground. Each will have a square of space allotted, perhaps six feet square, and there she will sit with her merchandise in a basket or baskets before her. For each square they will pay the lessee a halfpenny for the day, which is only three hours or so. The time to go is in the morning from six till eight, for that is the busy time. Later on all the stalls but the cloth and a few other stalls will be closed, but in the early morning the market is thronged. Every householder is then buying his or her provisions for the day, and the people crowd in thousands round the sellers. Every one is bargaining and chaffing and laughing, both buyers and sellers; but both are very keen too on business.

The cloth and silk sellers, the large rice-merchants, and a few other trades, cannot carry on business sitting on a mat, nor can they carry their wares to and fro every day in a basket. For such there are separate buildings or separate aisles, with wooden stalls, on either side a gangway. The wooden floor of the stalls is raised two to three feet, so that the buyer, standing on the ground, is about on a level with the seller sitting in the stall. The stall will be about eight feet by ten, and each has at the back a strong lock-up cupboard or wardrobe, where the wares are shut at night; but in the day they will be taken out and arranged daintily about the girl seller. Home-made silks are the staple—

silks in checks of pink and white, of yellow and orange, of indigo and dark red. Some are embroidered in silk, in silver, or in gold; some are plain. All are thick and rich, none are glazed, and none are gaudy. There will also be silks from Bangkok, which are of two colours—purple shot with red and orange shot with red—both very beautiful. All the silks are woven the size of the dress—for men, about twenty-eight feet long and twenty inches broad; and for women, about five feet long and much broader. Thus there is no cutting off the piece. The *anas*, too, which are the bottom pieces for a woman's dress, are woven the proper size. There will probably, too, be piles of snowy cambric jackets and gauzy silk handkerchiefs; but often these are sold at separate stalls.

But prettier than the silks are the sellers—for these are nearly all girls and women, sweet and fresh in their white jackets, with flowers in their hair. And they are all delighted to talk to you and show you their goods, even if you do not buy; and they will take a compliment sedately as a girl should, and they will probably charge you an extra rupee for it when you come to pay for your purchases. So it is never wise for a man, unless he have a heart of stone, to go marketing for silks. He should always ask a lady friend to go with him and do the bargaining, and he will lose no courtesy thereby—for these women know how to be courteous to fellow-women as well as to fellow-men.

And in the provincial bazaars it is much the same. There may be a few travelling merchants from Rangoon or Mandalay, most of whom are men; but nearly all

the retailers are women. Indeed, speaking broadly, it may be said that the retail trade of the country is in the hands of the women, and they nearly all trade on their own account. Just as the men farm their own land, the women own their businesses. They are not saleswomen for others, but traders on their own account, and, with the exception of the silk and cloth branches of the trade, it does not interfere with home-life. The bazaar lasts but three hours, and a woman has ample time for her home duties when her daily visit to the bazaar is over. She is never kept away all day in shops and factories. Her home-life is always the centre of her life: she could not neglect it for any other; it would seem to her a losing of the greater in the less. But the effect of this custom of nearly every woman having a little business of her own has a great influence on her life. It broadens her views, it teaches her things she could not learn in the narrow circle of home duties; it gives her that tolerance and understanding which so forcibly strikes every one who knows her. It teaches her to know her own strength and weakness, and how to make the best of each. Above all, by showing her the real life about her, and how much beauty there is everywhere to those whose eyes are not shut by conventions, it saves her from that dreary, weary pessimism that seeks its relief in fancied idealism, in art, in literature, and in religion, which is the curse of so many of her sisters in other lands.

Divorce in Burma is free. It can be claimed by either party for any good reason, such as incompatibility of temper, and carries no slur with it. No lawsuit is required. They go to the village

elders, in a town to the elders of the quarter, and a divorce paper is drawn up that defines all arrangements as to property and children.

The law as to property is this. Each retains his or her own property, and all property acquired jointly during married life, as by trading, is divided equally. But the claimant of the divorce must leave the house and all the household goods to the other. If it be the woman, she may remove her loom; if it be the man, he may take nothing. Thus there is a certain penalty on claiming a divorce, but it is not a large one.

With this great facility for divorce it is remarkable how uncommon it is. I do not know the proportion, for as far as I am aware no statistics have ever been compiled either of marriages or divorces. As neither are concerned either with the courts or with religion, it would be difficult to get any reliable figures. But from my own observation I should say that one per cent would be over the mark, and of this probably a third remarry, separation causing a renewal of the affection constant intercourse had dulled. These facts speak for themselves as to the happiness of the generality of marriages. Of the children in a divorce, the man takes the boys and the wife the girls; but I remember no case where a couple with children were divorced. And it is not alone to men of their own race that Burmese women make good wives. They are sought by all the many peoples that come there, by Englishman and Chinaman, by Mussulman and Hindu, and to all alike they bring happiness in their married life. Those who know India know how

hard it is to induce any of its people to live without his own country. Greater than France to a Frenchman is Hindostan to a Hindostani; and yet my syce at one station was a Sikh, an old soldier, who had taken his discharge and settled in Burma, far from his own caste, his own bazaars, the sights and sounds and friends he loved so well, all because of his wife. And this is no solitary instance. Of stories of these women the whole country is full,—of their devotion, their courage, their quiet steadfastness in well-doing, and perhaps I cannot end better this paper upon the women of Burma than with this story. It is, like all those I have written, a story of people I know; and though I was not personally present at any of the incidents, I know that they are true, for they were told to me not only by the man and his wife, but by British officers who were concerned.

The man himself—we will call him Maung Gyi—was an official of the Burmese king in the central part of Upper Burma, and when he was young he had married his wife, who was an actress. He saw her performing in a well-known travelling company, and fell in love with her and married her. It must not be supposed that the profession of actress denotes any immorality in Burma, as it would do in India. There are good women as well as bad in the profession, and she was one of the good ones. She was very pretty. Even when I knew her, quite ten years after her marriage, she was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, with great dark eyes and most graceful manners. She bore her husband no children, but they lived together very happily.

Then the war broke out. In the turmoil that followed the deposition of King Thibaw, and the dissolution of all authority, Maung Gyi found himself at the head of some two or three thousand men, opposing the advance of the British column from the south. He was one of the best known of all the so-called dacoit leaders, and he was one of the few against whom no atrocities were ever alleged. He was accompanied everywhere by his wife, who rode well, and was present at every engagement in which he partook. I do not mean that she took any share in the fighting—she was not that sort of woman at all; but she was there in case her husband should be killed or hurt. I asked her once how it was she cared to see the fighting, and to endure such hardships and such discomfort as she did, and she told me that it was because she found it easier than staying at home. She said the strain and fear of hearing evil news of her husband was greater than any hardship to her.

But the end came at last. The insurgents were caught by a cavalry troop unexpectedly in some fairly open country, and were almost annihilated. They were resting under some trees when the cavalry came, and it so happened that in the onrush Maung Gyi got separated from his men, and was left almost alone with his wife. He managed to get on horseback with her, and they fled through the forest, pursued by several troopers. But the Burman ponies were handier in the broken country than the larger horses, and they got away. Not, however, for far. The troopers had hardly given up the pursuit, when the horse the wife was on tripped and fell in a ravine, and when

Maung Gyi picked her up he found that her thigh was broken. It was so badly broken that every movement was agony to her, and remounting quite impossible. So Maung Gyi took his sword and cut down some branches, and made a little leafy shelter for her; for a bed he brought her great bundles of bracken, and he bandaged her leg as best he could, and laid her on the fern. It was in the evening when the fight occurred, and there was no village within many miles. All the survivors of the insurgents were far away, with the cavalry in between him and them, so that there seemed to be no help possible. There was water in the stream near, but there was no food at all; and it was the cold weather, when the nights are chill, and she had no coverings from the damp.

As the sun set Maung Gyi, sitting by his wife in the ravine, could hear, not far away, the cavalry trumpets sounding the retreat, so he knew the column had camped where the fight had taken place, and that his last hope of help was gone. For, with the troops so near, no village would have harboured him or his wife; but would have either refused, or have surrendered them to the political officer with the column. As the night fell, and the chill mist came out of the ground, the pain of her wound, and the want of food and warmth, brought on fever, and by midnight she was delirious, and did not even know her husband watching by her. What he thought through that long vigil under the stars I do not know. But at early dawn, when *réveille* was ringing through the woods, and the camp was awakening to the beauty of another day, there came to the sentry beyond the camp a Burman with

dew - drenched clothes, and demanded of him to be taken to the officer commanding. And when he was brought to the sleepy officer, just coming from his tent, the Burman explained that he was the great Maung Gyi, the much-wanted dacoit leader, and that he had come to surrender. He said he had come to suffer whatever the English Government demanded; but that before shooting him or locking him up, the officer must send with him a dooly to the ravine, where his wife lay. So the dooly was sent, and the doctor went with the dooly, and Maung Gyi's wife was brought into camp, and her leg was set. Maung Gyi, to his own surprise, was not shot. He was sent to prison to await quieter times, and the wife was cured, and returned to her people. But the separation was not for long, for Maung Gyi is now a trusted and a worthy servant of

the Government whom he fought, and his wife lives with him again in the old village as before.

The British peace is now over the land, and in the districts where he lives dacoits are as rare almost as white elephants. All is changed: even the British officers who know of these things are gone elsewhere. And to their successors it must be difficult to realise that the quiet humorous officer of police was once a noted leader of rebels, and that the dark-eyed beauty of his household followed him throughout many a strange scene. "Love is strong as death. Many waters cannot quench love." And though the women in Burma have not read this, they know it as only those who practise can know. They live their love, and as a reward they are loved and honoured as no women have ever been from the beginning of history until now.

H. FIELDING.

HIGHLAND COURTING.

WHEN was our loving? Oh, ask when the mountains
Keep but a lacing of cold Winter's snow,
Grass-lands are greening, and lambs by the fountains
Are bleating below!

Have you not seen, on the Loch's glassy water,
Dolphins leap onward in sport by the shore;
The Hind stand and wonder the Stag had not sought her
With challenging roar?

Heard you the musical note of the Blackgame,
Flute-like, in tremulous laughter arise
From the Pine and the Birchwood, while from the rock came
The Cave-Pigeon's cries?

Were you then sleeping, when moorland and meadow
Woke to the call of the Plover, and song
Rang in the woodlands, that scarce knew a shadow,
For Spring was yet young?

If you were wakeful, then why ask the season
The Highlands are loveliest,—lovely alway?
Stay: I will tell you;—enough, in all reason!—
Before—we were grey!

LORNE.

MR WORTH.

TOWARDS the end of August 1871, I listened one night, in Paris, to a conversation between particularly competent persons about the probable effects of the war on the trade and prosperity of France. Most of the talkers were convinced that, just as, by an unvarying natural law, the number of births increases always, in every land, after a sudden reduction of population by disease or battle, so would the general commerce of France enter rapidly into a period of remarkable activity, to make up for the year just lost. As concerned Paris in particular there was, however, less hopefulness: it was argued that the trades of Paris were, in the main, of an altogether special nature; that they ministered almost entirely to artificial needs; that their marked characteristic was to supply the unnecessary and even the frivolous; that ornaments, artificial flowers, the varied details of clothing, furniture, what the Germans call "gallantry wares," and *articles de Paris*, interesting as they were as local products, scarcely counted amongst the real elements of the national dealings of France; and that, in consequence, there was no sufficient reason for anticipating that Paris would share proportionately in the prompt revival of ordinary business which was predicted confidently for the rest of the country.¹

As I walked home I thought over all this, and the more I thought, the more the subject stretched. All sorts of additional ideas started up; my fancies grew

wider and clearer; after branching in several directions they assumed suddenly a specific shape. I asked myself what had been the effect of the war on the unnecessary industries of Paris in general, and, especially, on the most conspicuous, the most widely ramified, the most labour-employing of them all—on dressmaking?

The answer came almost at the same instant as the question. A scheme evolved itself in my head. I would get up the subject, and would write an article for 'Blackwood' on "The Influence of the Siege of Paris on the Art and Trade of Dressmaking"! I would inaugurate the study of the psychology of women's gowns in their relation to both international and civil war! What an utterly new idea!

That was the result to be obtained. The means I devised for achieving it were fully worthy of so grand an end. I would go next day to Mr Worth himself for the requisite information!

The fact that I was a total stranger to Mr Worth did not seem to me a difficulty: I felt scarcely any hesitation at the idea of thrusting myself upon him. I had been told, it is true, that he was as busy as a Cabinet Minister; that it was more difficult to obtain an audience from him than from a reigning sovereign; that he was a loftier personage, by far, than any living poet. But there were considerations of another nature which encouraged me to hope that I should vanquish all these obstacles, that I should suc-

¹ This gloomy expectation was not realised; the trade of Paris recovered as quickly as that of the nation at large.

ceed, in spite of them, in obtaining admission to his presence, and that, once there, he would condescend to answer my audacious questions.

Those considerations were that if ever there was a real public man, a veritable figurehead of his day, a man who, all by himself, represented a great contemporaneous fact, it was precisely Mr Worth. In his sole person he was the complete realisation, not only of the artistic theory and the commercial practice of women's dress, but also (I supposed at least) of its abstract essence and hidden meanings; he incarnated the matter, the morality, and the philosophy of the problem. He was all this so completely that the perfection of his success had enabled him to win the infinitely rare distinction of bestowing his name on his period: just as history talks of "the age of Pericles," of "the Augustan era," of "the times of the Medici," and of "le siècle de Louis Quatorze," so also had I often heard the Second Empire described as "l'époque de Worth." In such a position he surely owed himself to the world, especially to humble inquirers like myself who sought simply to sit at his feet and listen to his words of wisdom. The more I reflected on these elements of the situation the more did I incline to the impression that, indiscreet as I might be in troubling him, he would scarcely say no, and that he would not shield himself remorselessly behind what was then called in the French Chamber "the wall of private life." His personality was too great, too dominating, too full of public responsibilities, to permit him to refuse to enlighten his generation on such a virgin question as the connection between frocks and battles.

To inspire myself with still more courage, I quoted aloud the two lines from the Persian poem, "The

moon looks on many night-flowers; but the night-flowers see only one moon." Mr Worth was the moon; I was one of the night-flowers; surely the moon would not decline to shine on me if I appealed to it for a ray.

In the morning I prepared a list of interrogatories. At five o'clock I walked into the first floor of No. 5 Rue de la Paix.

Mr Worth was in. I sent my card to him. Within five minutes he was standing before me!

I said to him, "Forgive me for disturbing you. I know how occupied you are, and yet I have come to ask for an hour of your time. I want to write an article on the influence of the war on the dress-making trade of Paris. Such an article would, I am sure, be read with interest, in the present condition of public feeling. You typify, for everybody, the entire idea of Paris dressmaking. I want to ask you questions. Will you kindly listen to them? Will you, still more kindly, answer them?"

He stared curiously (perhaps rather suspiciously) at me, hesitated for a few seconds, and then said rapidly—

"Yes. I shall be very pleased to have a chat with you, and to tell you what I can. I never was asked about such things as that. But we can't talk here. At this instant seventeen persons are waiting for me in nine rooms. Come to dine with me to-morrow at my country house. Take the 6.30 train from St Lazare to Suresnes. My son will meet you at the station and will show you the way. *A demain*. Glad to make your acquaintance. Of course you won't dress."

I went away delighted. The great man had not repelled my venturesome demand; on the contrary he had admitted it, not only

benignantly, but with a cordiality which filled me with hopes.

Next day, at seven, I got out of the train at Suresnes. On the platform I found waiting for me a very good-looking, charmingly-mannered young man, who introduced himself as Mr Worth *fils* (he is now the head of the firm, I believe), and in his agreeable company I walked to the great red brick château. He told me that his father had not arrived from Paris, but that he would be down directly. This was so true that, before I had passed a minute on the terrace gazing at the view over the Bois towards Paris, I heard the gallop of a horse tearing up the hill, and Mr Worth, spattered with mud and foam, rode in at the gate. He had come down, he said, in a quarter of an hour.

We stood chatting for a couple of minutes, and then he turned to the house to change his clothes.

At the same instant I saw appear on the verandah a lady in white. Her elegance, her grace, her winningness were such that I stood still in admiration.

"My wife," observed Mr Worth. "Let me introduce you to her."

Now, I had heard from public rumour that Mr Worth, when he was cutter at Gagelin's shop in the Rue de Richelieu, had married one of the young persons employed there. I had heard additionally, from the same source of information, that Madame Worth, with the adaptability of many of her race, had fitted herself admirably to her new situation, and had become in everything a lady. But, though I had seen many transformations of that nature, no previous experience had prepared me for what I beheld at that moment. With the ease of an accomplished woman of the world, with com-

bined dignity and simplicity, with infinite gentleness of movement, she made two steps towards me, smiling graciously, bowing slightly, welcome on her face. She wore a high but short-sleeved white satin dress, striped with bands of black velvet; a profusion of lace hung over her; long Suède gloves reached almost to her shoulders; two or three bracelets were on her arms; a diamond was half hidden here and there in the lace. Never did white satin appear to me to be so completely absorbed into the person of its wearer; she and her gown were so absolutely one that, for months afterwards, Madame Worth and white satin presented themselves to my thoughts as synonymous, simultaneous, identical, unseverable. I could neither disjoin them nor conceive one without the other. All other women in white satin appeared to me impostors. It never occurred to me, as I looked at her, that such a gown was at all out of place, where no one else was dressed. She was Madame Worth: her name purported dress; who on earth should wear white satin, even at six o'clock in the morning, if she did not? Her right to the extremest elegancies of raiment, to the most excessive daintinesses of finish, was more complete than that of any other woman whatever. Besides, she was so sympathetically attractive and had so grand an air that the dress was, after all, merely one of the details of her presence. With all this I noticed instantly that she, a Frenchwoman, had a charm that was distinctly Spanish, far more Spanish than Slav (the only two purely national types of charm); so Spanish, indeed, was it —of the fair variety—that if I had seen her in the drawing-room of a great house, and had been

told she was the Marquesa de la Vega de Granada, daughter of the Conde Duque de Valladolid y de Burgos, I should have thought the statement perfectly natural.

As her husband went into the house, she turned to stroll with me on the terrace, saying, in a soft voice, "I hear you want Mr Worth to give you information about the effect of the siege upon our business. He will be very pleased to do so, and I hope you will let me read what you write about it."

I triumphed! I was making the acquaintance of this most delightful woman; I was acquiring a totally new perception of the possibilities and the meanings of white satin; and I was about to be instructed, by the greatest master in the world, in the mysteries of the psychological relationship between gowns and politics, fashions and sieges, women's vanities and wars! What a success my projected article would have! Who ever had such good fortune!

The conversation, however, was not active. The delightful woman was a little silent: I perceived, during the evening, that it seemed to be her practice to leave talking to her husband. But what a delicate picture of a delicate woman! I remembered Napoleon's exclamation, "Nothing on earth is so pretty as a woman in white in a garden!" I agreed entirely with Napoleon.

Presently Mr Worth came out again, in a rusty brown jacket and a battered straw hat without a crown; whereon it occurred to me that Madame Worth was dressed for both of them (and, indeed, for all of us), which still further explained the white satin.

We dined (Mr Worth keeping on the crownless straw hat at table) in a vast greenhouse which seemed to cover an acre of surface, amidst

a forest of palm-leaves, tree-ferns, variegated verdures, and fantastic flowers. Some quiet persons, who did not speak, and who, I gathered, were relations from the country, joined us at dinner. There was a perplexing mixture of patriarchal simplicity and of the assertiveness of modern money, of thoroughly natural unaffectedness and of showy surroundings, of total carelessness in some things and of infinite white satin in others, which was so new to me that, at first, I felt a little bewildered, and wondered whether I was dining with Haroun al Raschid in one of the disguises he so often wore.

After the soup, Mr Worth began, "Now put your queries. I am ready."

I commenced my speech. I explained that my original object had been to obtain materials for an article for "Maga" on the effects produced by the war on Paris dressmaking; but that he and his wife had received me with such kindness that I felt emboldened to extend my questions, and that, with his permission, I would ask also for information on the metaphysical aspects of dressmaking; on the influence of dress on the formation of women's character; on its share in constituting their natures in different lands; on the motives, impulses, temptations provoked by it; on the moral effects of dress; concerning which most interesting elements of the subject, he, of all men, was most capable to instruct me.

"Hum," said Mr Worth, when I had finished. "I don't quite follow you in all that. I never thought of it in that way. The war has done me harm, of course, as it has done harm to everybody. I have lost a year by it; but I daresay I shall pick up again, for orders are coming in very fast.

But as to all those other things you mention, I shall have to think a bit. Influence of dress on women's character? Why what, exactly, do you mean?"

"To put the matter, to begin with, in a narrower form, With what object do women dress?"

"What a question!" laughed Mr Worth. "Do you mean to say you don't know? Why, women dress, of course, for two reasons: for the pleasure of making themselves smart, and for the still greater joy of snuffing out the others."

"And never for their own persons only? Never to frame in and set up their individuality by clothing it in what befits it best? Never to harmonise their essence with their substance, their self with their surroundings?"

"I must say again that I don't quite follow you. If you mean whether they dress to suit their bodies, according to their own ideas of suitability, I should say no at once; because, you see, the women who come to me want to ask for my ideas, not to follow out their own. They deliver themselves to me in confidence, and I decide for them; that makes them happy. If I tell them they are suited, they need no further evidence."

"Do you never find a rebel amongst them? Does no one ever claim the right of personal invention and choice?"

"Choice! yes, certainly; but only between my various suggestions. And very few do even that; most of them leave it all to me. But as for invention, no. My business is not only to execute, but especially to invent. My invention is the secret of my success. I don't want people to invent for themselves; if they did, I should lose half my trade."

Madame Worth looked affectionately at her husband (they seemed to be a most attached couple); then turned to me, raised her finger to her forehead, and said, "It is here, you know; here lies the secret of his success!"

I went on all the same, "What a pity it is you will not enlighten me as to the influence of dress on character!"

"I tell you I don't see it," answered Mr Worth. "Perhaps I'm too busy to have time to make observations of that sort. I've a deal to do, you know: I've twelve hundred people in my employment, who need some looking after; and I can't stop on the roadside to pick flowers. I thought it was about the war that you wanted to know?"

"So I do. But the truth is, the subject grows upon me. As I talk to you, I see more and more in it. If I were not afraid of being indiscreet, I should put a hundred questions to you about its endless developments. The whole thing grows bigger to me as I sit opposite you and imagine all that you must know about it."

"Oh, of course, I do know a good deal, but it's all personal. There's the subject of payments, for instance,—a very big subject indeed, from my point of view. Then there are the jealousies, and the envies, and the hatings, and the love-makings. Oh, I know a quantity about all that. Is that what you mean?"

"No, no; not that at all. That is, as you say, personal. That would not interest English readers. What I am looking for is general: I want to discover what are the great principles which govern the action of dress in the constitution of feminine temperaments and the guidance of feminine conduct."

"I suspect I know more about

all that than my husband does," put in Madame Worth, laughing.

"Ah, but it is I, not you, who am being examined," retorted Mr Worth, laughing still more; "and I mean to keep the answering to myself." Then turning to me, he went on. "Now, suppose I tell it all to you in a personal form, then you could stitch it together in a general form, and so make a gown of it yourself—I mean an article."

"Really, I'm afraid I couldn't manage that," was my reply. "I haven't your inventive faculty. Besides, I shouldn't feel justified in building arguments on individual facts, each one of which might be exceptional. If I am to set forth the effects of this war on one of the most important branches of the trade of Paris, and, more particularly, if I am to try to analyse the interaction of dress and character in women, I must have your direct pilotage on every point and your authority to quote your opinion. My own fancies would be absolutely valueless without your aid; at the best they would be nothing more than the pins with which you fasten stuffs together."

"But I'm ready to tell you everything—that I know. Only I suspect I don't know. Those 'developments' you alluded to just now are rather outside my day's work. And yet I should really like to tell you if I could. Let me try what some of my stories will do for you. When you have heard them you can decide whether they are of any use."

Whereon for half an hour he narrated tales which, assuredly, were excessively amusing, but which were of no sort of use for the purposes I had in view.

At last I ventured to put in an interruption and to ask, "Now, out of all that, what is your impression (to take one single point)

as to the average amount which women spend on dress?"

"There is no average at all. How could there be? In every case the expenditure is individual, and is governed by circumstances. There are quantities of very respectable women in Paris who don't spend more than £60 a-year on their toilette, and who, for that sort of type, really don't look bad. But you mean, of course, the women who come to me, who are of a different class. Well, they get through anything you like, from a minimum of £400 to a maximum of £4000. I know several women who reach £4000 on an average; not every year the same sum—sometimes more, sometimes less. Why, some of them—especially Russians—get through £150 a-year for shoes alone, without counting boots."

"Are the Russians more extravagant than all the others?"

"It doesn't run in nations, exactly. Often it's a Russian, as I say, or it's an American. Sometimes it's a Peruvian or a Chilian; sometimes, even, it's a Frenchwoman, though the French are usually rather careful; economy is in the blood, you know. Here and there a Spaniard or a Southern Italian may turn prodigal, or people of some of the outlying races. But rarely does an Englishwoman get really wasteful, and I have not known a single case of a German reaching any such amount as I am talking of. Some of the Americans are great spenders; all of them (all of them that I see, I mean) love dress, even if they are not extravagant over it. And I like to dress them, for, as I say occasionally, 'they have faith, figures, and francs,'—faith to believe in me, figures that I can put into shape, francs to pay my bills. Yes, I like to dress Americans."

I was beginning to despair somewhat, but I went on, persistingly, "You said just now that orders are coming in very fast. Am I to infer that, according to your present impression, your branch of the commerce of Paris will rally rapidly from the blow the war gave it?"

"Oh, certainly. I haven't a doubt about it. Women can't do without new clothes: they may deprive themselves of all sorts of other things, but they won't shut off that one. They can't. I'm quite sure that, by the end of the year, we shall be going on as if nothing had happened. Payments will be, for a time, more difficult to get in—French payments, I mean; foreign payments are not affected by the war—but trade itself will become as active as ever."

"Two nights ago I heard the contrary opinion expressed. It was argued that, as the main object of the work of Paris is to supply the unnecessary and the frivolous, that work will not be resumed rapidly."

"Who were the silly people that said that? Why, it is precisely the unnecessary and the frivolous that everybody comes to buy in Paris. People don't travel from everywhere to the Boulevards in order to lay in stocks of timber, or raw sugar, or ships' ballast."

"Ah, my dear Mr Worth," I exclaimed, with delight, "now you're coming to the philosophy of the thing. That is just one of the points I want you to comment upon. Go on; pray go on."

"Philosophy? it's self-evident reality. There's no philosophy in it—not a bit. Do you ever hear of a woman—or a man, either—who did come here for anything but the unnecessary?"

"Perhaps not. But, you see,

that is exactly what I should like you to show me in its detailed application to dressmaking."

"I will. Here are some of my experiences in proof of it."

And he went on for another half hour pouring out a second series of diverting stories, all bearing, certainly, on the energetic pursuit of the unnecessary by clients of his, but with not one word in them that I could utilise.

The cruel impression began to dawn upon me that my proposed article would never be written, from the unexpected impossibility of obtaining the necessary information. Yet I struggled on, and asked again—

"But, once more, about the effects of the war? Do I gather quite correctly that, in your opinion, it will not exercise any durably injurious effect on the dressmaking trade?"

"That is my opinion, certainly. I have already said so. We have lost a year, and that can never be recovered. But, from the nature of things, the war will bring about no permanent change in women's wants. The future will be like the past, excepting, of course, that (unless there is a Restoration of some sort) there will be, from the disappearance of a Court, less brilliancy in Paris itself, and less demand here for extreme elegance. So far as I am concerned, however, I expect that foreign orders will make up for what I may lose here. That's all."

I echoed mournfully, "That's all! Then if we can't get any further in that direction, let me look again, if you will permit me, at another of the metaphysical aspects of the subject. When women order dresses, are they enthusiastic or indifferent? Does the process fill them with emotion, as if it were a highly exciting cere-

mony; or do they perform it as if they didn't care?"

"That depends. Beginners are almost always stirred up. Clients who come to me for the first time show generally very perceptible flutter. But habit quiets that; after a time they cease to be fussy, and take things quietly. Your question means, I suppose, judging from what you have said about the moral effects of dress on women—whether the ordering of new gowns is a cause of deep palpitation to them. I answer that by saying that they pass through two stages: at first, as a rule, according to my experience, they are distinctly agitated; afterwards they become calm. But always, no matter at what age, the discussion of the composition of a new dress fills every one of them with joy. I will give you some examples."

Then he began a third series of gossip tales, which lasted for another half hour (he certainly had a great liking for personal stories, and a great stock of them; and he told them vividly). But, as before, there was nothing in them that could be made instructive.

It became evident to me that I had failed. My expectations were not—and were not destined to be—realised. I had met most pleasant people; I had listened to many diverting experiences of a strange sort; I had had a glimpse into the inside of a life that was new to me; but I had obtained nothing of what I came to seek. I was very disappointed. But I had been treated with such kindness, that I felt it would be ungrateful to allow my disappointment to show itself. So I chatted on as if I were delighted.

"What a charming house this is, and what a collection of beauti-

ful things you have in it!" I exclaimed, trying a new direction of thought.

"I'm glad you like it," answered Mr Worth. "The ladies who come down here to tea—clients, you know—are all good enough to say it pleases them. By the way, would you like to hear some stories of my tea-parties?"

"Thanks very much," I replied; "I am afraid they would scarcely fit in with what I want to do. Besides, the hours have passed so quickly that we have almost reached the moment when I must go to catch my train. I thank you very warmly for your charming hospitality, and for all that you have told me, though I fear that I shall scarcely be able to build much on it."

"Well, if you do write anything, you will let me see it. Of course you will not repeat any of the anecdotes I have told you; they are confidential, you know."

I took leave of them all with renewed thanks, with the sentiment that I had made acquaintance with most excellent people, and that I had passed a very interesting evening, and with a strong addition to my many previous reasons for knowing that the best-planned and best-intentioned efforts often fail.

I thought a good deal about it all in the train; I thought a good deal more during the days that followed; but I did not attempt to write the article, for I had nothing to put into it.

Shortly afterwards I went away for some months. I never met any of the Worths again. But I have always remembered them, and I remember them still, with hearty sympathy and with sincere gratitude for their most kind reception of me.

THE LOCALISING OF THE IRISH POLICE.

A CHANGE has been introduced into the Royal Irish Constabulary which promises to be far-reaching in its result, and which is of the deepest significance in view of the phase of Irish history through which we are passing. The wholesale appointments of "new" magistrates to the Irish bench since the Gladstonian Government came into power is beginning to bear fruit in many curious ways. When men who had been prominent organisers in the Irish National Federation (the equivalent of the Irish National League before the Parnellite split), and who had encouraged boycotting resolutions, were elevated to the dignity of Justices of the Peace, it was natural to look for some new developments, and we have not had long to wait. It would be well if some member of the House of Commons would ask for a return showing how many of the new magistrates were formerly "officers" of the Federation, how many times they presided at meetings where wholesale boycotting was advocated and landlords and landgrabbers condemned, how many of them actually proposed condemnatory resolutions themselves, and how many of these "right trusty and well beloved" have already figured as defendants in those courts where they now make pretence of dispensing justice. There is plenty of material for such a return in the records of Dublin Castle, and if it were ever laid on the table of the House it could not fail to prove interesting reading. The Constabulary, at a time when a different order of things prevailed, paid the Federation and the League too much honour from a Nationalist point of

view, and were often unwelcome visitors "by command" at their Sunday-morning meetings in the chapel-yard. The Federation party having attained a position of dignity and importance which even their most sanguine supporters could not have anticipated—are they not the arbiters of the destinies of the United Kingdom?—are anxious to wipe out old scores, and return a compliment to the police for all the attention paid them in the old days. They have succeeded wonderfully well, considering the time at their disposal, in arranging the Irish bench—"packing" is an offensive word to Irish ears—according to their way of thinking. "Larry O'Lannigans," as the "new" magistrates are known locally, may now be found adorning every Petty Sessions Court in the country. But a bench of magistrates must be crippled and restricted in its powers, unless it has a subservient executive instrument to carry out its orders. The next step, then, in natural sequence, is to make the Constabulary fall into line; and here, as in the case of the magistracy, it would appear that the clamourers are being heard for their much asking.

By the new regulation half the vacancies which occur in future for the post of District Inspector will be filled by promotion from the ranks. For three years longer, officers' sons may be admitted upon limited competition as heretofore; after January 1, 1898, they will forfeit this privilege, and take their chance on the same terms as outsiders. This seems a comparatively innocent innovation at first sight. More, however, is

meant than meets the eye, and its full purport can only be realised by those who are well acquainted with the police system in Ireland. It is a direct blow aimed at the officers at present serving, and is calculated to so metamorphose the upper grades of the Constabulary within the next few years that they will be no longer recognisable for what they are. These officials have done sterling duty in the past, in the face of much difficulty and opposition. The fierce light of a rabid and hostile criticism has beat upon their most trivial public acts, and through it all they have won and kept the good opinion of all whose opinion is worth having. But they have ever been gall and bitterness to Messrs Dillon, O'Brien, and Company,—and to Mr Healy, who can no longer be regarded as a member of that company, but has become a law unto himself. These patriots have long had a stone up their sleeves for the police officers, and now an excellent opportunity offers for hurling it. It has always been matter of regret with them that the Constabulary was officered by gentlemen whose views were far different from theirs, whose very language, they alleged, was unintelligible to them. Mr Healy, in particular, has wasted the choicest epithets in his vocabulary on the picturesque figureheads who did no work, and took the big share of the pay, and abused their subordinates in a well-bred English accent. The new regulation bids fair to gratify one of his dearest wishes, and afford him the pleasure of seeing these blots gradually erased from his horizon. Social position has hitherto been the chief, indeed we may say the only, advantage to commend the police inspectorate in Ireland. The salary is wretchedly small; the duties are always dull,

and often unpleasant; the life is a solitary one at best, and means exile for the major portion of the time in some Ultima Thule, amid the wilds of Kerry or the peat-bogs of Donegal. The one condition which made the office tolerable will now be so minimised as to become a negligible quantity. The outside public, we anticipate, will in future supply few candidates for such an undesirable position; and present officers may well contemplate with dismay a prospect in which things will go from bad to worse, until the *personnel* of the force is completely revolutionised.

This is no mere local or personal matter which concerns the Constabulary only. It is fraught with serious consequences for the country. The ostensible object of the change is “to encourage men of energy and capacity, and to enable them to advance in the service,”—a clever gilding of the pill, but few will swallow it. The preamble might more truly have read, “to encourage the Irish Nationalists, by whose votes the present Government remain in power, and to enable them and the new magistrates to wrest the Constabulary to their own purposes.” This is the conclusion of the whole matter. The control of the police is just as important a consideration with Irish Nationalists to-day as it was two years ago, when they dwelt in a fool’s paradise, and expected that the bill of 1893 would on “a certain day” become law, give them the control of the “local police,” officered by village bullies, men after their own hearts, and within six years wipe out for ever the hated Royal Irish. Fortunately that day is still far from dawning, but the spirit which prompted the jubilation of the 22d April and the 1st September 1893, and illuminated every hillside in Ireland, still survives.

Plainly, the new move is but the thin end of the wedge. We are witnessing the first step in a carefully concerted plan for assimilating the Royal Irish Constabulary to the condition and status of English and Scotch local police forces. Any one who knows anything about Ireland will readily admit how disastrous such a plan must prove. It will be an unhappy day for that country when its present highly disciplined and efficient police force is cut up into local patches, subject to the nod and beck of every blusterer who has during the last twenty years been pouring abuse and contumely upon them. We have ample evidence from week to week, as deplorable as it is amusing, of the way in which a local police would be managed in Ireland in the proceedings of those delightful adumbrations of local authority, the Boards of Guardians. A new heaven and a new earth in Ireland, disposed according to their own crude ideas, is what these enthusiasts profess to toil after. But enthusiasts without capacity, as a philosopher has well said, are the really dangerous people; and however serious a matter for their country the present ineptitude of the Irish local authorities may be, the evils would be exaggerated tenfold if they were put in control of a civil force. Ignorance in power is always tyrannical. It is a trite saying that for the last fifty years the Constabulary have stood between society and anarchy in Ireland. The strong hand of a central power has time after time prevented chaos there. That the Constabulary are indispensable, no one knows better than the men who cry out against them. But if their abolition is out of the question, at least the force may be emasculated, and brought more

into consonance with the ideas of Irish agitators. The officers who have had the courage through good and through evil report to remain unswervingly loyal to their Queen, and who have imbued the men under their command with a spirit of allegiance which is as general as it is admirable—they, at least, may be gradually effaced, and replaced by men who are racy of the soil. It would never do for the new wine of the Irish magistracy to be put into the old bottles of the Constabulary officers. The bottles may be marred; that, it would appear, is what they exist for. But the new wine is too precious to be spilled, although there are many shrewd observers who think that "the old is better." Once the officers are brought into line, the rest is a comparatively easy matter, and the process of localising will go on apace. "Disarm" will be the next order. The semi-military character of the force has always been a stone of offence to men who, in the past, themselves have had strange weapons in their armoury. An armed police force is an odious institution in an Isle of Saints, where not one in ten of the innocent peasantry knows what a rifle is, and where they first acquired the nasty trick of playing with firearms from the black-coated, black-hearted janissaries of the Castle. The Snider and the bayonet will give place to the constable's wand, bludgeons will vanish from the Irish vocabulary, and the use of blackthorns upon patrol will be prohibited.

The abolition of the staff of Divisional Commissioners has been mooted in several Irish newspapers. It will indeed be a miracle if they escape. They have been on the black list with the Nationalists ever since their appointment some years ago as Divisional Magistrates.

They were once called "the eyes of the Chief Secretary," and Mr Balfour was ever afterwards credited with myopic vision, when looking at Irish affairs. His successor, it appears, is anxious to dispense with such questionable aids, and the eyes will be put out, although it is worth noting in passing that it was a Liberal Government which originally called these functionaries into being. The system of Divisional Commissioners has been always well abused. It is alleged that it was never popular with the bulk of the force, and created so many *imperia in imperio* that the multitude of masters was puzzling, and it was difficult to know whom to serve. It has also been blamed for interfering with the independence of County Inspectors, and putting them in the unenviable position of acting as mere conduit-pipes to convey the behests of the Castle to the rank and file, without any right of initiative. It is easy to pick holes in the best system in the world. The defects insisted upon in this case were mainly concerned with the internal economy of the force, and we could better understand the projected removal of the Divisional Commissioners if it were in deference to a general expression of opinion in the force. No such expression, we believe, has been made. The Divisional Commissioners are personally popular, the men are contented, and have no desire to nurse imaginary grievances. Such constant chopping and changing in an organised body must be demoralising. Since the Land League was established in 1879, the men have been obliged to master not less than half-a-dozen intricate schemes of police and detective work, only to unlearn them again as soon as they were beginning to understand

what they meant. Clearly the object in view is not to please the men. Indeed their wishes are not, as a rule, consulted. They received small encouragement in 1893 when the Home Rule Bill with its grotesque schedule vi. was before the country; and yet those who read between the lines of the Constabulary resolutions of that period might have discerned into what a maelstrom the passing of the bill would have plunged Ireland. And in the same way, at the present time, it would surprise their pretending benefactors to learn the spirit in which the police are discussing the new regulation throughout the country. It is no boon to them, and they know it. The rank and file much prefer being officered by gentlemen. Promoted head constables are rarely favourites, and have a reputation for unnecessary strictness. In four cases out of five they are failures as officers, where they made excellent head constables; and the experience of those who have spent their lives in the service shows that perhaps not ten men promoted from the ranks could be found in as many years, who were a success in the higher grade as District Inspectors. Nor is this to be wondered at. Their position is anomalous in the extreme. They spend their lives in making pretence at being gentlemen, and continuous make-believe is not calculated to improve any one. Even the gentleman ranker, the outcast, is in some ways better off. He recognises his position, or rather his want of position, and fits himself to it. With the ranker gentleman position is the insuperable difficulty. He soon finds that it costs something to join the ranks of giganity, and put on gentility. In the lower grade he was passing rich on a salary of over £100 a-year with liberal allowances and

comfortable quarters at a mere nominal charge of a few shillings a-month, and received homage from those of his own class (in an Irish country town or village there is no more important functionary than "the Head"). As soon as he puts on officer's garb, his riches take to themselves wings. He must procure a horse and trap. He must find a suitable house (and this is no easy matter in a country town) and furnish it. He must provide himself with a costly uniform. Towards all these expensive items he receives no allowance by the new regulation, whereas, under the old system, Head Constables on promotion received a fair grant to help them to set up house. If he is married, his case is hopeless. If he is unmarried, it is almost equally so. For if he remains single through prudential motives, his life is so solitary as to be wellnigh unendurable. He is cut off from his old companions in barracks. He is eyed askance by the men, who expect scorpions where they formerly felt a light whip and a good hand; he is laughed at by the country-folk, who regard him as an interloper presuming beyond his station; he receives the cold shoulder from the local gentry, nor would he be comfortable in their society. Viewed from any point, his life is not enviable. It is desolate as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers. Nor is this all. Unless he is unusually thrifty, an incubus of debt will add to his miseries. Horse and trap and house furniture and uniform will leave a small balance out of his meagre savings; and even assuming that he starts clear, it will be quite impossible for him, if married, to keep a family on his pay as a third-class District Inspector.

Enough has been said to show that, whoever may be benefited by

the new rules, it will not be the men in whose interest it purports to be framed. Its unfairness to present officers is palpable. Many of them have sons growing up who were looking to the force as a means of livelihood, and who have already gone to trouble and expense preparing them for it. Their chances are now reduced to vanishing-point. But far more important is the effect likely to be produced upon the *morale* of the officers by such a rule, and upon their status in the eyes of the public. Between the Constabulary officers and the loyal and respectable portion of the community the most friendly relationships have always existed, and they were due in no small measure to those pleasant amenities of social intercourse which are only possible where men meet as social equals. It is difficult to see how these relationships will remain unaffected. The officers have good reason to be dissatisfied. It was with other expectations they joined the force. In this latest innovation they have but another instance of broken faith. Government maintains towards them now the same attitude as they did two years ago, ever ready to use them in executing their unpleasant tasks, equally ready to throw them as a sop to Cerberus when he barks.

The second half of the rule refers only to the rank and file, but it seems to emphasise, if that were necessary, the unfair treatment of officers. For several years past the whole tenor of the changes in the lower ranks of the service has been to push on selected men by special promotion after a competitive examination. The ordinary seniority list in the rank and file is now in great part superseded by the "P" or special list. Hitherto this list was confined to the rank of constable. Now it extends to all

the lower ranks of the service. The thought is hardly germane to the matter in hand, but one is inclined to question the utility of policemen spending the best part of their time preparing for Civil Service examinations. Assuredly the man who comes out at the top of the list is not always the best policeman. A constable should, above all things, be practical. There is no calling in life where a practical man is more indispensable. The policeman in theory is worse than useless. He may know the respective heights of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi, and enumerate accurately the kings and queens of England since the Conquest, and all the while be ignorant of the geography of his own district, and know nothing of the history of its people. "Local knowledge" is for him the most important of all knowledge, and mere book-lore is a doubtful boon. A sweep does not train for his grimy calling by taking a course of the classics; and just as a farmer is expected to know something of ploughing and the rotation of crops, so the primary concern of policemen is with police matters. The bearing of Meiklejohn's Geography and Hamblin Smith's Arithmetic upon the prevention and detection of crime is not directly apparent; they are at best poor substitutes for the Constabulary Code, or the Policeman's Manual. But it is folly to quarrel with the competitive examination spirit which nowadays drags every fish into its net. Even policemen have learned the trick.

"All may raise the flower now,
For all have got the seed."

Yet we cannot help thinking that the experience of a sergeant of the old school, who finds himself located in some disturbed area with a party

consisting of four constables all reading for the "P" list, will hardly be pleasant. If the sergeant also has caught the infection, then is the peace of the locality in a perilous plight. Crime may stalk boldly abroad. The terror to evil-doers is sitting by the barrack-fire busy "at his books."

Inducements of this kind, it may be urged, are a stimulus to men to improve themselves. It may be so, but why, one asks, are no inducements, even of a similar nature, held out to officers? It is here that the marked inconsistency of treatment is apparent. The officers as a body have done, and are doing, their duty well. They are recruited from the best class of Irish youth. The conditions under which they enter are a stiff test of ability, and good university men frequently go to the wall at the examinations for cadetships. But from the day they join till the day they quit the force, there is a complete absence of any stimulus to energy or good police work. They take their turn strictly according to seniority, and the hill of seniority is a tedious climb, for the force is long-lived. There is nothing to look to at the top except a county inspectorship, which is rarely attained under twenty-three to twenty-five years' service, and is nothing luxurious when it comes. An occasional resident magistracy may fall to an officer; but as not more than a dozen of them have been bestowed on the Constabulary during the last ten years, the contingency is a remote one—and these appointments go by interest rather than merit. Under the last Government there was a fixed rule by which one vacancy in every three among the Resident Magistrates went to a Constabulary officer. But the last two years have changed all that. We have

recently had signal proof of the small account the present Government takes of precedent as regards appointments under the Crown. There are other claims of a novel character to be satisfied now. Of the last three appointments as Resident Magistrates, one, we understand, was the son of an advanced Protestant Home Ruler, one a barrister of pronounced Nationalist opinions, and one a well-to-do merchant whose special qualification for the post is not apparent.

The Nationalist party are never tired of boasting that the Irish police are drawn from the very same social strata which supply the Leaguer, the boycotter, and all the well-known *dramatis personæ* of Irish agitation, and that but for the terrorising influence of their commanding officers, their "popular" sympathies are just as strong as before they donned a uniform. The former half of the boast is as true as the latter is false. The Constabulary are drawn from the strata of agitation, and they are a lasting testimony to the world of the wholesome effect of discipline and settled habits of life. At the same time, they know Irish history too well to set much store upon the hysterics of the popular agitator. And those who profess to champion the cause of the rank and file at the present time, and to regard them as men more sinned against than sinning, would be greatly disillusioned to learn the low opinion which the rank and file entertain of their champions.

If an officer has any special qualifications for promotion, he is more likely to put them to full fruition after twelve or fifteen years than after twenty-four or twenty-five, when the edge of his energies has been blunted by weary

waiting. The strongest indication of the indifferent treatment meted out to Constabulary officers is found in the fact that those of them who possess exceptional ability are forced to look elsewhere for that recognition of their merit which is denied them at home. Year after year some of their most promising men are appointed to good posts in England, whose talent might with advantage have been retained in the body with which their services had been identified so long.

This is an anomaly, and there are many such in the Royal Irish Constabulary, but the recent regulation out-tops them all. It will benefit no one. It is bound to do an incalculable amount of harm, and to militate, in the eyes of the public, against a body which, when all is said, is the sole support of Government in Ireland. The Royal Irish Constabulary is too important a part of the social organism to be subjected to such tinkering, and to be bandied about at the behest of every filibustering politician, and every incompetent magistrate. The only possible police force for Ireland, now and for many years to come, is a centralised police force, directly controlled by the English Government. Mobilisation of the police in that country is absolutely indispensable, as might readily be seen if we had a general election to-morrow. On the day on which the Irish Constabulary is localised we revert to the old practices of twenty or thirty years ago, and England will lose all the ground she has gained. The new regulation we believe to be a step towards that localising, and it behoves all who are concerned to see to it that the system is not carried further.

SANITARY INSPECTORS.

A TALE FOR COUNTY COUNCILLORS.

INSANITARY SPECTORS, void of common-sense and brains,
Whose duties and whose pleasures lie in midden-heaps and drains,
A curse upon your dirty tribe, the deepest curse of heaven
On County Regulations and the Act of '67!

I bought a little property amongst the Western Isles;
You got to it by coaching, then by sailing forty miles.
It wasn't much to brag about, three acres and a cow,
But far removed, I trusted, from a sanitary row.

The house it wasn't handsome, just a ruckle of auld stanes,
There wasn't any bathroom, and there weren't any drains;
There wasn't any chimney, and the smoke went through the door,
And the fireplace stood so cheery in the middle of the floor.

The byre it was a lean-to, very tidy and compact
(These English idiots call a byre a "cow-shed" in the Act);
The midden was convenient, and the mountain air was sweet
With the smell of brier and roses, with a seasoning of peat.

A mountain-path ran by it, 'twas called a public road;
It led from out the ocean to the other man's abode.
He lived a mile or two away, so naught disturbed the eye
In the wide expanse of heather hills, of ocean, and of sky.

One day along the pathway came a little red-faced man;
He asked a drink of water, and he eyed my milking-can.
A glass of milk I gave him, when he seized me by the arm—
Says he, "You now must enter as a licensed dairy-farm."

I told him he might go to—well, a place that's always hot;
I bade him quit the island, and not come blethering rot;
But in a week I changed my tune, for, lo! a summons came,
And as a dairy-farmer I'd to register my name.

This job was scarcely over when the beast appeared again;
Says he, "Your byre requires more air, your midden needs a drain;
You also must remove it fifty yards from your abode,
And likewise keep it fifty yards from off the public road.

"The Privy Council also says the room wherein you sleep
Must have two doors between it and the room in which you keep
Your milk, so you must therefore build an outhouse with a door;
You'd better have it whitewashed, and put asphalt on the floor.

"Your house must be more modernised, and water-pipes be laid—
A four-inch pipe for drainage to the sea at once be made;
You'd better fix in washing-tubs, and also make a sink;
Take care to have the whole well trapped to obviate a stink."

Says I, "I've got no money unless I sell my cow."
Says he, "My friend, you're licensed as a dairy-farmer now,
So by the Act these things you'll do, or else I must report
Your conduct, when you'll shortly have a summons to the court."

He left, and then for many weeks men worked with might and main;
They took the roof from off the byre, and made a rubble drain;
They brought in pipes for water, they moved the midden-stead,
They built a milk-house with two doors between it and my bed.

'Tis true the cow near died of cold, the drains were hardly tight,
The water system leaked and filled my heather-bed each night;
But still I thought the Council sure will give me peace at last,
So I wrote and said the work was done, I'd like to have it passed.

Again the red-faced man appeared—he looked about the place,
He said the work was perfect, and a smile was on his face.
He said he'd go and test the drains, as if it were a joke;
He worked his apparatus, and he filled my house with smoke.

He looked upon me with a sneer—says he, "I fear, my man,
You'll have to execute repairs upon a different plan.
Your work is clean ridiculous, you are a blooming ass,
There's not a single blessed thing an engineer can pass."

Says I, "Insanitary fiend! ere you came pottering round,
A sweeter-smelling, healthier place was nowhere to be found;
Now with your drains and cesspools, your traps and pipes of lead,
You've caused an epidemic—and the other man is dead."

Then I seized him by the thrapple and I kicked him black and blue;
And as his ugly body was an eyesore in the view,
I dragged him through the midden and shot him o'er the bank,
And I left him there, inspecting at the bottom of the stank.

R. S. M.

MINISTERIALISTS AND UNIONISTS.

OUR parliamentary session is a drama in three acts, of which the curtain has now risen on the second. It is during this stage of the performance that the character of the whole piece is usually determined, and the session begins to assume the colour which it is destined to wear at the conclusion. Accidental or unforeseen circumstances not unfrequently occur even at the eleventh hour, which may either shatter at one blow the power of a vigorous administration, or, like the delusive gleams of returning health which flatter a consumptive patient, revive for a moment the spirits and credit of a drooping one. Otherwise, as the Government stands at the end of the Whitsuntide recess so in all probability it remains at the prorogation. When we next address our readers we shall be in a position to sum up the political prospect more accurately. In the meantime we must pass on to subjects of more immediate interest, by which public curiosity and party spirit have for the moment been more agitated than by either the Welsh Church or the Irish Land Bill.

The fourteenth Speaker of the House of Commons, since the accession of George III., was inducted into his chair of office on Wednesday the 10th of April. We have heard a good deal with regard to the influence of party motives in the election of a Speaker: from one point of view perhaps too much, from another it may be too little. To suppose, under existing conditions, that when there is a contest for the chair it will not be decided upon party grounds, seems to us fantastic and quixotic.

We may deplore as much as we please the prevalence of party spirit and its intrusion into questions from which we might desire to exclude it; but as long as party exists, its influence will be felt wherever there is a hole for it to creep in at. A letter is extant, written by Lord Derby, then Lord Stanley, in 1839, to Mr Spring Rice, who was at that time a candidate for the Speakership. The writer says: "I cannot but look on the election of a Speaker as a party question. It was studiously made so by your party, then in Opposition, in 1835. . . . In a trial of strength between opposing parties, I must give my vote against the representative of the Cabinet to which I am opposed;" and the representative, therefore, of a political system "which I consider vicious in principle *and dangerous from the combination by which it is supported.*" Lord Stanley was "sensible of the advantages of a concurrence of opinion in the choice of a Speaker, for the purpose of giving greater weight to his authority in times when it is much required." But he did not think such a concurrence possible. This letter takes, in our opinion, a very sensible view of the question. If we believe that either a party or a Government is pursuing a vicious or dangerous course of policy, then, according to our existing system, we are justified in doing all we can either to weaken or embarrass it, and so to accelerate its downfall. There are some mealy-mouthed phrases in vogue just now about this or that question not being a party question. But all that these generally mean is, that those who

use them know that they are sure of being beaten. We must frankly own, therefore, that we cannot blame the Radicals for putting pressure on the Government, or the Government for yielding to it. It is part of the game for the Opposition to annoy the Government, and the Government to thwart the Opposition at every legitimate opportunity; and when they abstain from doing so, it is only in obedience to some higher political tradition which they could not neglect without injury to themselves. Any other way of looking at the question is puerile. Lord Stanley said plainly that in voting for the Speakership he must prefer his party to his friend, and it would have been well had others done the same thing.

But where the Government is very deeply to be blamed is for their unworthy attempt to repudiate their own responsibility and transfer it to the shoulders of the Opposition. There was one man, and only one man, who would have had the support of the whole House—Mr Campbell Bannerman. He was competent for the post; he was willing to stand; and who prevented him? Sir William Harcourt himself. That is step number one. Having vetoed the only nomination which would have been unanimously supported, he next recommends another candidate whom he knew perfectly well beforehand to have no chance of success, and then taunts the Opposition with forcing him to fall back on Mr Gully. Not very pleasant this, by the by, for Mr Gully to listen to. We do not blame the Government—we repeat it—for taking their stand on the narrowest party ground. But it is a gross and glaring falsehood to say that the Opposition drove them there. Sir William first

made them an offer which he knew could not possibly be accepted, and would now hold them responsible for all that came of its rejection. He reminds us of old Osborne in 'Vanity Fair,' who wanted to force his son to marry an ugly heiress. "I propose to him such a marriage as any nobleman in the land might be proud of, and he refuses me. Am I wrong? Is the quarrel of *my* making?"

Knowing well what is likely to happen after the next general election, the Ministerialists are anxious to prejudice the action of the Conservatives, and bar them from making any further change, by asserting that it is now an established maxim that the sitting Speaker is necessarily to be accepted by a new Parliament, whatever his political opinions. This assertion, though it finds some colour from the words used by Sir Robert Peel in 1841, is diametrically opposed to the dictum of an equally good constitutional authority, Lord John Russell, in 1835. Sir Robert Peel, when announcing his intention of not opposing the re-election of Mr Shaw-Lefevre, maintained that "a Speaker who had ably and conscientiously performed his duties should not be displaced because his political opinions were not consonant with those of the majority of the House."

In saying this Sir Robert was heaping coals of fire on the head of his old enemy, Lord John Russell, who sat opposite; and who only six years before had upheld and acted on the very opposite doctrine—namely, that the Speaker ought to represent the opinion of the majority, and help them to pass their measures. But we deny that the one precedent has any more authority than the other. And such too, in fact,

seems to be the opinion of the Liberals themselves, who are ready to appeal to either as it suits their own convenience,—to uphold the one doctrine when they have to choose a Speaker themselves, and the other when he is to be chosen by their adversaries. This can hardly be allowed. If they hold by the spirit of Sir Robert Peel's declaration, they ought to have taken the best man wherever they could find him; if by Lord John Russell's, they cannot complain if the Conservatives act upon it too.

Mr Whitbread was so much at a loss to find anything to say in favour of Mr Gully, that he was obliged to invent a possible objection to him, on the ground that he was not connected with the landed interest, and then impute to the Conservatives that they secretly entertained it. His device was unfortunate. A pure hypothesis, founded on an obsolete tradition, instead of hurting his opponents, it flew back like a boomerang in his own face. The only other feature in the debate that requires notice is the reference to 1839, both by Mr Whitbread and Sir William Harcourt. The latter reproached Mr Balfour with taking part in the debate contrary to the example set by the occupants of the two front benches when the contest took place between Mr Shaw-Lefevre and Mr Goulburn in 1839. That was an argument made for a particular occasion, and to represent it as an established precedent is only one of Sir W. Harcourt's characteristic manipulations of history. The difference between that contest and the recent one was essential. In 1839 the election really was left to the House of Commons. Last April it was not. It was made a question of confidence, or many Liberals would have voted for Sir

Matthew Ridley. Here is a wide difference, which accounts at once both for the abstention of Sir Robert Peel and the intervention of Mr Balfour.

The question of Mr Gully's fitness takes us back at once to the parting address of Mr Peel. The two are very closely connected. It is impossible to read the late Speaker's exhortation to the Commons, that they should think more of those unwritten laws, traditions, and understandings, by which they have so long been swayed, than of any fixed rules, or orders formed expressly to meet particular abuses, without becoming aware that he was referring to very recent experience, and to that impatience of forms, customs, and precedents which has been gradually growing more and more importunate during the last thirty years. It is possible, of course, that the deterioration of the House of Commons may have been exaggerated, or that if we knew as much of what went on inside it a hundred years ago as we do of what occurs there now, we might find the contrast less unfavourable to ourselves than we imagine. We say this is possible; but at the same time we think it highly improbable. At all events, the remarks of Mr Peel clearly point to a supposed decline in the tone of the House of Commons, and to what in his belief is an increasing disposition to make light of its prescriptions and rebel against its moral sanctions. Those words, we may be sure, were not spoken for nothing. They are meant to indicate a state of things in which the President of that Assembly must be a man to be obeyed, if the process of degeneration is not to end in a catastrophe. And what are the qualities which cause a man to be obeyed in that turbulent and de-

mocratic Chamber? Force of character, firmness and discretion, dignity and courtesy, patience and promptitude, form a combination which, for aught we know, Mr Gully may yet show himself to possess. But the authority which comes of a recognised position in the House, and from the known fact that a man is master of his subject, Mr Gully has not yet acquired; and we question if all the other qualifications we have mentioned can compensate for the want of it. Is the obedience only reluctantly rendered to a strong Speaker likely to be accorded to a weak one? Will not the Radicals and revolutionists, who have long chafed under the curb imposed upon them by the forms and usages of the House, which at the same time they heartily despise, seize the opportunity now offered to break down all the remaining barriers which still ensure some protection to minorities, and some amount of respect for "that great code of law—unwritten though it be—which is of imperative and stringent obligation?" The new Speaker will have to deal with an obstinate and intractable faction who do not acknowledge this obligation, and on whose designs that very "continuity of sentiment" to which Mr Peel referred is the most efficient check. It is to be hoped that a general election at no distant date will cut their claws. If not, we can only trust that Mr Gully will agreeably disappoint public opinion, and show himself equal to the occasion. Otherwise the House of Commons may live to rue the day when Phaethon mounted the chariot of the sun.

The assertion that Mr Peel, when appointed Speaker, was no better known than Mr Gully, has been allowed to pass with very

little contradiction. But it is totally untrue. In the first place, he had been in Parliament twenty years instead of nine. He had been Secretary to the Poor Law Board, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, and Under Secretary of State for the Home Department. He had, therefore, a distinct parliamentary position. He had been officially connected with parliamentary business for twelve or thirteen years; he had that close and intimate relation with the House of Commons as such which Mr Gully has not, and which for the last hundred years has been deemed an indispensable qualification for the post of Speaker. Mr Shaw-Lefevre's qualification was similar to Mr Peel's, if not equal in degree, yet Sir William Harcourt had the effrontery to ignore both, and to place them both on a level with Mr Gully's, who may be said to have been in the House but not of it, and whose appointment fully justifies the accusation brought against the Government by Mr Balfour, that they have "deliberately broken every parliamentary precedent and tradition which have prevailed during the last century."

Our readers will not have failed to notice the particular words used by Lord Stanley in the letter to which we have referred. He speaks of a political system which he considers "vicious in principle and dangerous from the combination by which it is supported." The combination was one of Liberals, Radicals, and Repealers. The last mentioned threatened the integrity of the empire, and the second our national institutions. This was in 1839. A similar combination existed forty-four years before that. In December 1795 the Duke of Leeds, who had been

Pitt's Foreign Secretary for eight years, agreed with Mr Abbot in thinking "that in the present conjuncture the union to be dreaded was that which had taken place between the Whig club and the London corresponding society and its friends: that in other times the danger was comparatively small between contending parties, each holding principles within the compass of our constitutional existence," whereas now the Opposition went outside of the constitution, and were prepared to advocate organic change. This was the view of the situation in 1795 taken by no hot Tory alarmist, but by an experienced Minister of State, the trusted ally of Pitt's earlier days. Now let us hear what Melbourne has to say of 1835. In answer to an address from Derby in November of that year, Lord Melbourne gives us a party picture which might have been taken yesterday. Speaking of the causes of late events, that is, of the change of Government, he writes—

"You will not consider me as employing the language of complaint and discontent, but rather that of friendly admonition and advice, if I enumerate amongst them the want of confidence which has often been expressed in quarters from which we expected support, the strong condemnation which has been pronounced upon some of our measures, which I conceive to have been absolutely necessary, the violent and subversive opinions which have been declared, and particularly the bitter hostility and ulterior designs against the Established Church, which have been openly avowed by several classes and bodies of Dissenters."

The nature of these "violent and subversive opinions" was fully recognised by Sir James Graham, certainly no *ultra* Conservative, and also by the Duke of

Wellington. And we can hardly think those dangers visionary which appeared real to three such men as Wellington, Graham, and Melbourne, to say nothing of many other statesmen of equal or even greater eminence. They were made worse shortly afterwards by the Lichfield House compact, answering to the Home Rule compact of our own day, and completing the dangerous combination which Stanley spoke of in 1839. Now, by what means were these two confederations, that of 1795 and that of 1839, encountered? Why, by precisely the same formation as that by which the equally formidable alliance of 1886 has been successfully repelled: by a counter-combination; by the coalition of parties who, whatever their differences of opinion on subordinate questions, have united in defence of those great principles which, menaced as they were both at the end of the eighteenth century and the middle of the nineteenth, are exposed to still greater danger at the present day. The Radical menace is darker and more threatening now than it was then. The rights of persons and the rights of property are more openly struck at. The great struggle between numbers and property has moved infinitely nearer. The flood is even now creeping under our doorways. Have we not ten times the motive to do what our fathers did in a past generation, and support the coalition which promises peace, economy, and liberty, together with security for the tranquil enjoyment of all those personal rights, the prospect of possessing which is the best incentive both to intelligent industry and legitimate ambition?

Quorsum hæc? it may be said. Why treat us to a thrice-told tale? The answer, alas! is only to be

given too readily. If we refer to that defensive union which has achieved such great results already, and which is our chief if not our sole protection against the evils foreseen by statesmen of both parties at the commencement of the present reign, it is because circumstances have recently occurred to show us that it is not exempt from the lot of all things human; and that not even the lofty public spirit to which we owe its existence is superior at all times to the temptations of jealousy and vanity. In the Leamington and Warwick Division either accident or mismanagement has led to a most unfortunate complication, which nothing but a little mutual consideration was required to avert; whereas both parties alike are now playing into the hands of the Government, who do their best to irritate the sore by all the arts at their command, and grasp eagerly at the opportunity of making political capital out of so unlooked-for an incident, and one, in the present unpropitious state of their affairs, so peculiarly acceptable.

Though the feeling which has been generally roused in the Unionist party by this local quarrel may have no effect on the contest with which it is connected, we trust it will not fail to bear fruit in the country at large. Both Liberal and Conservative Unionists must have been led to look a little way ahead, and to see what a chasm would be yawning at their feet, should the example of Leamington and Warwick be extensively followed. The Liberal Unionists must be well aware that, without the help of the Conservatives, all the sacrifices which they have offered up on the shrine of Imperial unity would have been made in vain; and if they are sin-

cere in their attachment to our existing Constitution, they must know that the alliance which alone enables them to preserve it is worth something. The Conservatives, in turn, have secured for the defence of their own principles the assistance of a body of men of great parliamentary ability and great influence in the country, who but for the Union which is now assailed, under the sting of what we hope is only a passing irritation, might have been found in the ranks of our opponents. Is it nothing that at a time like the present, when a revolutionary crusade is being organised against all our most valued institutions, we have attached to ourselves the services of so able and energetic an ally? We may now build up a new barrier with a positive and constructive as well as a defensive programme. But this can only be done by cordial co-operation with the Liberal Unionists, by treating them always as members of our own party, however much they may dislike to take our own name; by deferring to that political sentiment, of which we Conservatives ought to be specially tenacious, and by trusting to the influence of events, and the hand of time, to gradually cement the connection, till they slowly and unconsciously become completely interfused with the great constitutional party of the approaching century.

But the Liberal Unionists must do as they would be done by. It is not for them, any more than for the Conservatives, to strain too tightly the bonds which unite an association of only recent growth, or insist on too literal an interpretation of a general understanding, when the spirit of it seems to be against them. No rules, of course, can be laid down for the guidance

of either party in such delicate circumstances as these. But it may be said, we think without fear of contradiction, that a spirit of accommodation is sure to be rewarded in the long-run, and that to yield with grace for the sake of great public objects, even when we believe ourselves in the right, is to find in popular approval more than an equivalent for any temporary loss.

We readily acknowledge that the Warwickshire Conservatives have something to complain of: and we make haste to say that we have no intention of crying down local feeling on such subjects as necessarily narrow or illiberal. At all events, both parties alike are indebted to local feeling and local activity for their respective victories, and are bound to regard it not only with sympathy but with gratitude. It is quite true that the Conservatives at Leamington have been allowed to bear the burden and heat of the day, and that now at the eleventh hour they are robbed of their reward. It is quite true that during the whole time for which they have been working for Mr Nelson no intimation was vouchsafed to them that the Liberal Unionists meant to claim the seat; and that these now step in, and, without having stirred a finger in their own behalf, would fain appropriate to themselves all the results of nine years' labour devoted to the interest of another. It is true that the late Speaker may have done things highly inconsistent with his position as a Liberal Unionist, and have justified the Conservatives in refusing to acknowledge him as such. It may be equally the fact that his son has never made himself known as a member of that party until now. But "for a' that and a' that, and twice as much as a' that," we

should have counselled the Leamington Conservatives to pocket their indignation and accept Mr Peel as their candidate. Leamington is not the world; and every constituency in the kingdom is bound to consider the effects of its example upon the rest of the electorate, and the prospects of the party in general. Every division of the Unionist connection is bound to act for the whole, and not for itself alone.

In the second place, it must not be forgotten that the late Speaker was, after all, regarded as a Liberal Unionist by the party at large, and Leamington and Warwick as a Liberal Unionist seat. Thirdly, it is to be noted that between Mr George Peel and the Conservatives there is no question of principle at stake. Had it even been a case where a Liberal Unionist candidate, in other respects staunch to his allies, claimed the liberty of voting for Disestablishment, there might have been some colour for the Conservative opposition. But Mr George Peel is opposed to Disestablishment, principle and detail, Welsh and English. He will resist the Local Veto Bill, and any attack upon the House of Lords. He is in favour of an immediate Dissolution. Though he does not bear the name, he seems to be as good a Conservative as nine men out of ten who do. The difference, then, is merely one between two rival claimants both belonging to the same connection, both professing Conservative opinions, and each with something to say in defence of his own candidature. To prevent any breach in the present cordial understanding between the two sections of the Unionist party is surely of far greater moment than to fight out to the bitter end such a quarrel as this.

As we have already said, we must wait till next month before we have any very interesting or exciting parliamentary movements to discuss. The three measures to be immediately proceeded with are the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, the Irish Land Bill, and the Local Veto Bill. By the time the Irish Land Bill reaches the Committee stage Mr Morley may perhaps have arrived at some knowledge of its contents, and it is not impossible that, shorn of its most nefarious provisions, it may pass the third reading, and be sent up to the Lords in time for a full discussion of it. But whether it will ever cross the lobby is a very doubtful question indeed, and whether if it does it will ever return in a condition to be accepted by the Government is still more problematical. We have several reasons for thinking so. The first is the very negligent and perfunctory style in which Mr Morley moved the second reading, passing over one of its most critical and pregnant clauses with the easy remark that he needn't say anything about that,—meaning simply, of course, that he hadn't got anything to say. The second is, that in a bill meant for use and not for show we should certainly not have found a number of novel and startling proposals certain to prejudice, if not to frustrate altogether, the few useful and practical corrections which it really contains; and thirdly, because we question very much whether the whole six points enumerated by Mr Carson will be accepted even by the House of Commons. Mr Carson assures us they will be contested inch by inch and line by line. These points are as follows: First, the infringement of the statutory term fixed in 1881 during which judicial rents were to run.

This term was fifteen years. But under the present bill tenants can claim a fresh valuation every ten years, including all such tenants as have made agreements with their landlords under the Act of 1881 between this date and 1887. This contract is now deliberately broken, entailing enormous fresh expenses on the landlords. The second point is the abolition of the landlord's right of pre-emption—one of the few surviving relics of ownership still left to the Irish landed proprietor, and intended to act as a check upon the extravagant competition for tenant-right which otherwise, and taken in connection with other provisions of the bill, must make the payment of rent impossible. The third point is the definition of improvements; and the fourth is the presumption that all have been made either by the tenant or his predecessors from time immemorial. All expenditure on improving cultivation, to which the tenant is already bound by the terms of his lease, since all good farming does necessarily improve the land, is to be held as an improvement under the bill for which the tenant is to be compensated; and if the letting value is increased by the joint operation of his own labour, and the inherent capacity of the landlord's soil, the whole of this increment is allotted to the tenant, who claims a proportionate reduction of rent at the next valuation,—the test of letting value being what the tenant-right will fetch. Of course, the lower the rent and the better the land the greater the value of the "right"; and supposing an incoming tenant to give, say, five hundred pounds for it, he is in turn to have the interest of this sum deducted from his rent. If it is reckoned at 5 per cent, that would be five-and-twenty pounds

off it. But as every reduction of rent increases the value of the tenant-right, and every increase in the value of the tenant-right is to justify a further reduction of the rent, the time must inevitably come when the whole rent will disappear. Thus the value of the land is first of all reduced to prairie value, by which is meant its value minus cultivation; and, secondly, by the process we have described, it is rendered valueless altogether. The sixth point is the abolition, in certain cases, of the right of ejectment for non-payment of rent.

The above are the leading features in the bill justly described as intolerable. But we hardly know what else was to be expected from a Government bound down under the severest penalties to legislate exclusively for a class in whose eyes the landlords of Ireland are men without civil rights of any kind, outlaws if they had their due, to be extirpated like wolves or vipers. It seems a mockery to traffic with men like Messrs Healy, Dillon, and the rest of them about the just allocation of rights between owners and occupiers, when their open contention is that the owner has none at all, but should be stripped of every acre he possesses, and driven out of the land a beggar.

Of the Welsh Bill it is unnecessary to say more than we have several times said already. That will be fought upon the principle, and no amendments in Committee can prevent its ultimate rejection. Its further progress, as well as that of the Local Veto Bill, will naturally depend a good deal on the tactics which the Government may have finally resolved to adopt for the remainder of the session. If they still adhere to their original design, and stake their all on the policy of filling up the cup,

they will naturally push forward their measures as fast as they can, and not think of making any appeal to the country till the cup is full. If, however, by this time they have begun to suspect that a cry against the House of Lords is more likely to recoil upon themselves than to injure their opponents, we may, of course, expect to see some corresponding change in the movement of those measures which were meant to make the pot boil. Seeing, however, that no public feeling against the Lords has yet even begun to simmer, they may perhaps think better of it. Should this latter hypothesis be the correct one, Ministers may wish to avoid committing themselves to any action against the Lords further than they have done already; and they may feel that if they dissolved immediately on the rejection of any leading measure by the Upper House, they would be pledging themselves to deal with the question of a Second Chamber as soon as they returned to power,—and from this prospect they may very naturally shrink. On the other hand, if they choose to contend that a defeat in the House of Lords does not compel a dissolution, and elect to go on as before, as if nothing had occurred, how will they appease those among their supporters who are really in earnest in their revolutionary projects, and who may probably believe that if the House of Lords is left to throw out the Welsh Bill or the Irish Bill, without any notice being taken of it, any temporary feeling which might be excited in the country would have time to evaporate, not so easily to be roused perhaps a second time, and that thus the best chance of getting up a fruitful agitation against the Peers

would have been allowed to slip? Especially is this true of the Dissenters, who know that the case for Welsh Disestablishment can only grow weaker the longer it is delayed. They would hardly, therefore, be able in any case to face another session without a dissolution.

On the whole, we consider that the prospects of the Opposition must continue to brighten every day that a dissolution is deferred. The broad and salient fact that the one party demands it, and that the other refuses it, is almost enough by itself to turn the scale. In a popular constitution those who court an appeal to the people must naturally appear to more advantage than those who shun it. The Unionist party have nothing to fear from without, but, on the contrary, everything to hope. The country is now at last fully awakened to the real tendency of the principles which the present Liberal party were compelled by Mr Gladstone to adopt, and sees that they go far beyond anything that was ever contemplated by the great statesmen who once represented Liberalism, and who in all their zeal for the abolition of abuses never dreamed of breaking

up the framework of society. The new Liberals will experience the consequences of this awakening more and more every day, and it is probable that no one knows the truth better than Ministers themselves.

It has been hinted that, seeing their situation to be desperate, and that instead of gaining ground in public opinion they are losing it every day, they may think it better to take the plunge at once before they go from bad to worse. Should they resign or dissolve of their own accord, instead of waiting to be ignominiously expelled, they would certainly stand better with the public, and probably do better at the polling-booths. But we doubt their having the courage to adopt this more dignified course, especially after the brilliant Conservative victory at Oxford. There are some among them who know that the end of the present Ministry will be the end of their official career, and they may argue that if they are to be turned out in any case, they may as well enjoy the sweets of power as long as possible before that event happens. Office is office, after all. "Gin they mun doy, they mun doy." But let them drink their beer first.

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A GREAT GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MONA MACLEAN.'

Oh Galuppi, Baldassarro, this is very sad to find!
I can hardly misconceive you; it would prove me deaf and blind;
But although I take your meaning, 'tis with such a heavy mind!

—ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

It was Thursday afternoon, and they were standing on the platform at Victoria, awaiting the departure of the Club train. The beautiful girl was accompanied by her maid, and the plain young woman by a friend.

"Fine eyes," observed the plain young woman, quietly.

Her companion nodded. "Pretty brown," she added, indifferently.

"Actress?"

"American, I should think."

Their friendly interest was not reciprocated. Under ordinary circumstances plain young women had no existence for the beautiful girl.

"Well, keep your spirits up!" she was saying with easy familiarity

to her maid. "And you will get those sleeves brought up to date a bit, won't you? I shall be back very soon, and next time I will take you with me."

Ten minutes later the train was well on its way, and the girl was absorbed in a Society journal. The plain young woman had extracted Morley's 'Compromise' from an unpretentious travelling-bag, but her eye wandered incessantly from the page to rest with keen physical satisfaction on the exquisite profile in front of her. "I wish I could alter the contour of the hat a little," she said to herself, critically, "but the face is perfect."

The train rattled on, the voices

of the other passengers rose and fell: a lad, hawking swallow-becked post-cards, stopped expectantly in front of the two girls; but his diagnosis was at fault; the symbolism was too obvious for the one, too far-fetched for the other. The waiter with afternoon tea found a better market, and, as the two travellers simultaneously raised their cups, their eyes met, and, quite involuntarily, they exchanged a smile. The car rocked from side to side. With a frown of impatience the beautiful girl rose, and laid her cup on the table at which the other was sitting.

"It is getting dark," she said, tentatively.

"Very." The tone was encouraging on the whole.

"Do you cross to-night?"

"Yes."

"Do you think it will be rough?"

"I hope not."

"Are you a good sailor?"

"Not very. Are you?"

"Oh yes. I am an old hand."

The plain young woman smiled, and withdrew into the shelter of her Morley. When they arrived at Dover she rose, and, with that quiet unselfconscious independence which characterizes the plain young woman of the present day, she handed her bag to the first porter who entered the car, and followed him out into the night. She was obliged to follow him rather rapidly, for, regarded simply as a "fare," the plain young woman is not very promising, and the porter was anxious to get back to the train in time to secure another. So they hurried along the platform and down the quay; and then, timidly groping her way down the dark steps, the young woman found herself on deck.

The December evening was mild as May; the water plashed softly against the vessel and the quay.

A delicious sense of holiday, of escape from all restraint, came upon her. Her figure grew lithe and agile under the severe folds of the shabby travelling-cloak, and, with a step as light and elastic as that of a child, she sprang up and down companion-ways, reconnoitring the vessel from stem to stern. In the course of her exploration she came upon her acquaintance of the teacups, and, in the fulness of her heart at the moment, would have stopped to speak; but the beautiful girl was engaged in conversation with a man. Even in that dim light the plain young woman was struck by his military bearing and quiet air of distinction.

"I wonder," she mused, as she seated herself in a dark exposed corner of the deck, and allowed herself to be wrapped up to the ears in tarpaulin,—*"I wonder whether he is a total stranger, a chance acquaintance, or an old friend. Given a girl like that, it is impossible to say. Nature seems to mix some people without throwing in so much as a suggestion of immortality."*

A wholly unconscious smile of superiority played on her lip, but it vanished in an instant, giving place to her wonted expression of quiet thought.

The wind blew hard; the Channel steamer rose and fell on the dancing waves; the lights of land died away in the distance and came to view again; and then, with a heavy sigh, as of one roused from a pleasant dream, the young woman went below to wash the brine from her lips, and smooth her rebellious locks.

To her surprise the beautiful girl rose limp and bedraggled from a couch in the saloon.

"I've been deadlly sick," she said, turning feebly to the mirror—*"for the first time in my life too*

And I do believe," she added, resentfully, "you have been enjoying it!"

The plain young woman tried in vain to conceal the physical exhilaration that radiated from her whole being. "I am a most disreputable object," she said, laughing, as she carelessly straightened her hat. "I hope you will feel all right now that the pitching is over. Good evening."

Without giving another thought to her companion, she turned to leave the saloon; but a few minutes later, when she entered the dining-car on the train, the beautiful girl motioned to her eagerly.

"Do come and sit at my table!" she said. "These men stare so if a woman chances to be alone."

The plain young woman smiled. She had never been inconvenienced by the staring of the men. As she sat down, her eye fell for the first time on a pair of long white hands, blazing with diamonds and emeralds. To her inexperienced eyes the jewels seemed priceless, and a pang of something like fear hot through her. "Emancipated" as she was, she could still be afraid of her own sex; but another look at the girl's face reassured her.

"I hope you feel better," she said, pleasantly.

"Thanks. I shall be all right when I have had a pint of champagne. There is nothing like it, there?"

"I suppose not, but I am not an authority. Champagne hasn't done me much in my way."

"Are you going far?"

"To Cannes."

"I never heard of that place. How do you spell it?"

"C-a-n-n-e-s."

"I should call that Cans," said the girl, placidly. "Where is it? Anywhere near Monte Carlo?"

"Yes; some thirty miles away, I should think—on this side the frontier."

"I mean to go to Monte Carlo later in the season—not this time. I am just running over to Paris to get a few gowns from Worth. I often do that. They can't make gowns in England at all. You'll see, of course, that this is a Redfern I have on. I got it in a hurry, and it does to knock about in."

The plain young woman looked down at her own home-made serge with keen appreciation of the humour of the situation. "I think even that gown will pass muster," she said, smiling.

"Oh, I know I am looking a fright this evening," said the girl, discontentedly, turning to the mirror and trying to arrange her fringe. Then a new thought struck her. "How old do you think I am?" she asked, suddenly.

"I can't guess ages."

"Never mind. You won't offend me. Guess!"

"Twenty——five," said the young woman, slowly, subtracting a year or two from her mental estimate.

"I thought you would say twenty-seven. Everybody says so, but I am only twenty-three. It's my manner, I suppose. You see I have knocked about so much. I believe I have travelled over the whole world! Usually I take my maid with me, but I couldn't afford it this time. Poor girl, she was awfully disappointed!"

She sighed, and then took up an evening paper that lay on the table beside her. "Do you know anything about gold shares?" she said.

"I am told they are an amusing thing to play with if you have a few hundreds to lose."

The girl looked up anxiously. "But I haven't a few hundreds to lose," she exclaimed, hastily. "I

hate losing money. Do you really know anything against them?"

She seemed so genuinely distressed that the young woman hastened to reassure her.

"Don't mind me," she said. "I am shamefully ignorant about these things. If your man of business advised the investment, no doubt it is all right."

"He didn't advise it. I was determined to have them. A friend of mine made heaps of money in gold mines, and I don't see why I shouldn't make a little. It takes such a lot of money to live now-a-days," she added, pathetically. "Just look at this bill!—seventeen francs—that is nearly a pound—for a single dinner! And what can one do? One must have a little wine!"

In another moment her whole face lighted up. A man was walking up the car with a lady on his arm, and she raised her eyes to bow to him. The jewels flashed more brilliantly than ever; the picturesque hat was pushed back; the wine had lent a more sensuous charm to the beautiful face; but one man at least was guiltless of the indiscretion of "staring": the man who had spoken to her on the steamer passed her now without a glance.

A cloud like the sudden chill of sunset came over her face. "Come," she said, sharply, "let us go." When they reached the corridor she added, "The man will be making up your berth, so you can come to my den for a bit. I told them I should not lie down, as I leave the train at Paris."

They entered the tiny half-compartment, and the girl lifted a sealskin coat from the seat. "It got wet on the steamer," she said, "and I spread it out to dry. If you don't mind, we'll put it over our knees."

"Great honour for me to be clad in such raiment for once!"

The owner of the coat stroked it caressingly.

"You see the line where it was joined, though, don't you?" she said, with serious, childlike simplicity. "They said it wouldn't show, but it does. It was so awfully unlucky! I bought it *just* before long coats came in, and there it was, useless! But you should see my *new* sealskin! Such a beauty—nearly down to my feet!"

"Do you know," said the plain young woman, deliberately, but with a very pleasant smile, "that you are a most extravagant young woman?"

"I know," was the eager, self-satisfied response. "In dress I am. You see, dress is my hobby. I have got some lovely gowns. I wish I could show them to you!"

"I wish you could. I love pretty gowns."

A cloud came over the beautiful face again, and the girl sighed. "But it's all no use," she said, pathetically. "I have no chance to wear them. They are simply thrown away. That is why I am going to Monte Carlo. They do dress there, don't they?"

The young woman looked up with a feeling of something like reverence for such utter frankness. "I don't know," she said, quietly. "I have never been on the Riviera. I am only going now for my health—or I should not be travelling in state like this."

The girl frowned slightly, as if a disagreeable subject had been broached. "How horrid for you!" she said, rather coldly.

A silence fell on them after that. The train rattled on through the night. The lamp was reflected in each window, but nothing else was visible. It seemed to the plain

young woman as if two oddly assorted human souls were adrift on a raft in the midst of eternity. Perhaps some such thought was vaguely present also in the mind of the other, for what little conventionality they both possessed dropped from them like a garment. It was the girl who broke the silence.

"I am feeling awfully low," she said, suddenly.

A luminous sympathetic smile brightened the young woman's face. "Are you?" she said. "Am I to ask questions?"

"I don't fancy I could answer them if you did. Do you know what it is to feel as if you were always just within reach of something, and yet never could quite get hold of it?"

"I do indeed." The young woman began to modify her original estimate of her companion on the raft.

"It is so queer," continued the girl. "All we have got, people can take from us; but the one thing that is really our own is the power to think our own thoughts. Nobody can get hold of that. They think they have us in their power, but that one thing they never can get. We are under their very eyes, but they can't see us a bit."

She paused. "And yet," she added, suddenly, with a revulsion of feeling that was almost dramatic in its expression, "the very thing we dread most is to sit and think our own thoughts. We knock about and talk and travel, and do anything rather than think. That is why I like my maid so much. She chatters away, and never lets me think. I wish I had brought her with me! I wish I had her to-night!"

The young woman could scarcely find words. This was indeed a turning of the tables. A moment

before she had prided herself innocently on being able to sympathise with an enthusiasm for dress; and now, behold, without any flourish of trumpets, an incursion had been made into her own particular realm of philosophy! And this was such genuine philosophy, too, of its kind! No second-hand *réchauffé* of modern essays and magazine articles, but a bit of pure, crude, untutored reflection, freshly secreted from a human heart and brain. Her reply, when it came, was not philosophical—scarcely even relevant.

"I suppose you know," she said, slowly, leaning her head on her hand, and looking up into her companion's face, "that it is a little unusual for a pretty girl of twenty-three to be rattling about the world in Worth toilettes, with—or without—a maid as young as herself; investing in gold shares on her own account, and dropping into casinos as if they were picture-galleries?"

The other laughed rather unpleasantly.

"It is just that pretty girl of twenty-three," she said, "who knows life. Men? I believe no woman living knows men as I do. If I were to tell you things that have happened, things that I have seen——" She paused.

"I should listen with deference, but say that your view was necessarily a one-sided one."

"Why?" The word was a challenge.

"Because"—the young woman was surprised at her own boldness—"going about as you do, you don't meet the best men, nor see the best side of those you do meet."

"You believe there is a best side, do you?"

"I don't. I know it."

The beautiful lips curled contemptuously. "If I were to

write a book, and tell my experiences——”

“Do. I should read it, for one.”

“Would you? Bah! They’re not worth it.” She snapped her fingers. “I don’t care that for the whole sex — except one, of course!—and he is horrid: I believe that is why I am feeling so low to-night.”

The friendly interest which had brightened the plain woman’s face died out. As an outcome of the previous conversation, this was disappointing.

“In that case I should be horrid too,” she said, coldly. “I would not break my heart for him.”

The girl looked as if an insult had been offered to her intelligence. “Do you think I am such a fool,” she said, “as to cut off my nose to spite my face? No, no. I don’t need anybody to tell me what to do. I shall wait quite quietly—quite quietly—till he is nice again,—and then I will show him how horrid *I* can be!”

The young woman laughed. “Is that the correct treatment under the circumstances?” she said. “It never would have occurred to me.”

“I suppose you don’t care about men?”

“I do—extremely. I have one or two friends, who——”

“Oh, *friends!*” exclaimed the girl, wearily.

“By the way, you had a friend with you on the steamer, had not you?” The young woman despised herself the more for the direct question when she saw the colour rise to the fair face.

“Yes—no—that is, yes, he is a sort of a friend. I hope you don’t think,” she exclaimed, suddenly, “that is the man I was talking about! The one on the steamer is—well, no matter! He is a cut above me, anyhow; and besides, he is married already. It is a duty

to be kind to him, poor fellow! His wife’s a brute.”

The little woman laughed—a fresh young laugh. “I am not an authority on men, like you,” she said; “but I should have thought you must have discovered that it is rather delicate work for a pretty girl to be kind to a man ‘whose wife is a brute.’ Matrimonial duties and responsibilities can scarcely be safely delegated.”

“Do you really think me so pretty?” was the eager, irrelevant response.

The plain face hardened,—then broke again into a smile. “I do. I suppose it is needless to add that ‘favour is deceitful and beauty is vain.’ Your retort would be too obvious. But I don’t grudge you your quarter of an hour’s start of me.”

“You mean you don’t care to be good-looking?”

“Would you believe me if I said so?”

The girl hesitated. “I never believed any woman yet who said so; but you——” she broke off suddenly, with a slight blush. “You know I did not mean to say you were plain,” she said, nervously; “you are——”

“Thank you; that will do.” The plain young woman rose into quiet dignity at once. “I suppose you are not actually a Venus; and my friends, no doubt, would tell you that I am not irredeemably ugly; but we are speaking broadly, and, broadly speaking, there is no doubt that we are fair representatives of the two classes. You are a beautiful woman, and I am—what, by a euphemism, we call plain. Naturally you think the advantage is all on your side. If you had thought of me at all when we met at Victoria, you would have said, ‘Poor devil! but why at least doesn’t she wear a decent gown?’”

The beautiful girl glanced at the dark serge folds, and tried in vain to find a redeeming feature in their quiet severity.

"And yet," continued the speaker, "if by any chance you and I were to travel again to-morrow night with all these men, they would say, when you entered the dining-car, 'Here is that handsome girl again!' When I came in, it would never occur to any of them that they had seen me before. Don't you see? I am invisible. I have got the ring of Gyges. Nobody is on his guard with me—I see people as they are."

The young girl did not answer. She was perplexed, but one thing was clear to her mind. It was obviously possible to pay too high a price even for the ring of Gyges.

"It must be such a responsibility to carry about a work of art in your own person," went on the other. "You must inherit yourself to such an extent that you cease to inherit the earth."

The unintentional rudeness of this remark was fortunately lost on its hearer.

"I expect," she said, a little nervously, "that you are very learned."

"Oh no!" The young woman laughed pleasantly. "Well, we are talking more or less honestly, so I will confess that I am learned enough to know when somebody else writes a good poem, or paints a good picture, or composes a good—waltz."

"And that contents you?"

"Sometimes. It leaves room for other things. At the present moment it contents me just to look at your face."

"I thought you despised beauty?"

"Then you are a fool," was the young woman's mental comment, but she only said, "I don't think you can have thought that. I

don't despise the Koh-i-noor because I should not care to wear it in Regent Street."

"Do you write books yourself?"

"No."

"Nor paint pictures?"

"No."

"Nor compose?"

"No."

"Are you engaged to be married?"

"No."

There was half a minute's silence, and then the next question came suddenly—

"Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?"

Accustomed though the young woman was to the intense talk of the youth of the present day, the abruptness of this attack took her breath away. "I don't know," she said, surprised out of all caution. "I agree with a great teacher of mine who says that it is no concern of ours. We have enough light to live by without that. It is surely a want of faith to ask for more."

The girl tapped her foot impatiently on the floor of the carriage. These were not the lines on which her mind had worked.

"What I always say is," she said, "that nobody ever has come back. Why should we ever have taken it into our heads that there was another life? We had no reason to think so. One after another goes, but nobody ever comes back to tell us."

"Why should we ever have taken it into our heads that there was another life?" repeated the young woman, meditatively. "I suppose—if we are to think of the matter at all—that is the one great argument for its existence."

"Billets, s'il vous plaît!"

The smart young conductor stood in the doorway.

"Oh, bother our tickets!" ex-

claimed the girl, looking up with a charming smile. "If you plague me, you shall get no tip—do you understand?"

The man bowed with very evident admiration for the lovely speaker.

"Tell me," she went on, "do you go all the way with this train?"

"Yes, madame."

"To Monte Carlo?"

"Yes, madame."

"Pretty place, eh?"

"Oh, but beautiful, madame!"

"Lots of pretty gowns, I suppose?"

"Very pretty, but none perhaps so pretty as madame's."

The girl laughed gaily. "You do mean to have a heavy tip," she said. "Shall you still be on this train in a month or two?"

"Probably, madame."

"Perhaps I shall be going to

Monte Carlo then. No such luck this time. Tell us about the casino. What is it like?"

"Will you allow me to pass, please?" said the plain young woman coldly to the conductor. In the corridor she paused and looked over her shoulder. "I am going to see if my berth is ready," she said. "I shall see you again. *Au revoir!*"

But half an hour later, when she returned to say good-night, her place was occupied by the man "whose wife was a brute."

"A curious acquaintance!" said the young woman to herself as she slipped away unobserved,—“cuts her pointedly in the dining-car, and, an hour later, settles down for a comfortable chat in her compartment. Save me from such friends!"

And with this reflection she betook herself to bed.

II.

The darkness of an autumn night was settling over Llandudno, but a rich mellow afterglow still shone back from the placid bosom of the sea. Away out on the radiant streak a boat moved imperceptibly along, and the soft plash of the oars could be heard now and then from the shore. The band had ceased playing, and most of the promenaders had gone home for the night; but down on the beach a little crowd was gathered still, listening to the eager, thrilling voice of a mission preacher.

"Let us take a turn along the parade, if you are not too tired," said a young man to his companion. "It is a glorious evening, and, now that the world, the flesh, and the devil have retired, the place is almost bearable."

He spoke with a pleasant air of

camaraderie, and the plain young woman looked up with a smile. "It is lovely," she said, "and I am not a bit tired; but I am afraid I am Philistine enough to enjoy the world, the flesh, and the devil too."

"I must apologise, then, for taking you up to the solitude of the Great Orme."

"I have enjoyed it so much," she said, simply. "It has been one of those walks that stand out in one's memory after long years. It is very good to see you again, Fred."

Her companion did not answer immediately.

"And I am so glad you mean to devote yourself to figure-painting," she went on. "I have always felt sure that was your line. I am certain you will get on now."

"It is certainly a line that lends

itself to the production of pot-boilers!" he said, moodily.

"That's an advantage I had not thought of," she answered, laughing. "And yet I don't know. One sees plenty of pot-boiler landscapes. You know the kind of thing—finikin foliage, and a boat with reflections in the water."

"Yes, I know; like the picture I was so proud of getting into the New!"

"I absolutely decline to rise to that, Fred; but I am very glad you mean to stick to figures. I shall look for a great success in May."

"And will you provide the subject?"

"I might, if I had one brilliant idea for your twenty." She paused, and then laughed softly. "Such an odd recollection comes back to me through the years, of a picture I planned when I was a girl, and thought I could paint! It was to be called 'The Shadow of the Cross.'"

"Your acquaintance with contemporary art must have been limited. How long was it before you exclaimed, '*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!*'?"

"I never said that in my life," she answered, proudly; "and on that occasion even my baser nature was in no way tempted to say it, for Holman Hunt's idea was not '*nostra*' at all. The cross did not come into my picture—it was supposed to be on the left—but the great shadow threw its whole length across; and into the shadow I put—all my ideals. I was wonderfully catholic even then. Of course a young priest was the prominent figure; but I had soldiers, and—I forget now who they all were. Some of them accepted the shadow with rapture; some were crowding into it; and some were trying, oh, so hard! to

get out of it. There was one woman of society—in whose jewels I revelled in prospect—stretching out her arms to the brightness. Most of her figure was in brilliant light, but the shadow fell right across. Crude, was not it?"

"Very," he replied. "Why didn't you stick to art?"

"I did; but I found it more profitable to stick to other people's."

"Mine, for instance," he observed, cynically.

"Yours, for instance."

They walked on for some time in silence, till, gradually rising in intensity as they approached, the voice of the preacher fell, full, mellow, and deliberate, on their ears—

"'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.'"

The two companions stopped short in something like awe. Only dimly in the distance could they see the outline of the motionless little throng; the wonderful voice came straight out of the darkness of the night.

"Don't go, Fred!" said the young woman under her breath. "This is magnificent."

"Pity to spoil the illusion," he said. "It is a fine voice. More suited to the music of Isaiah than to the meeting-house rant you will hear presently. Come!"

"For an artist and a philosopher, Fred," she said a moment later, "not to add, a man of the world, you are curiously bigoted. Do you expect an abstract statement of the Absolute Right to convert the world? You are like a scientist who wants to feed himself and his fellows in strict accordance with a physiological table of diet, quite regardless of the fact that they *won't eat* the food he provides."

"Am I?" he said, reflectively. "I don't think so. But I prefer to choose my own sauce."

"And to scoff at other people's?"

"No; but I don't see why I should pretend to share their tastes."

The young woman sighed. "It really is the great problem of life," she said, "how to reconcile absolute intellectual honesty with intense emotional appreciation of every striving after right."

They had turned back in their walk, and now came again within hearing of the preacher's voice—

"We elder children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore."

"Is that meeting-house rant?" she asked.

"It will be directly. He can't stick to quotations for ever. Come!"

"No; I am going to join in the service." She sprang lightly down on the beach, and then turned to look up. "You are tired to-night, Fred, and no wonder. Go home."

"You don't want me to come with you?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Certainly not."

"Will you come for a walk again to-morrow?"

"With all my heart."

"Then I'll call about ten. Good-night."

Very softly the young woman made her way over the shingle till she stood on the outskirts of the little gathering. Then, ascending the steps of a stranded bathing-machine, she seated herself to listen and watch.

A lamp by the preacher's side cast an uncertain light on the eager, upturned faces: one might have thought that here was a missionary in a heathen land, preach-

ing a new gospel of salvation. For, whatever doctrine this man might teach, there was no doubt about his power to influence his fellows. That smartly dressed lad in the front row had clearly forgotten where he was; those tears were evidently unusual visitors on the painted cheeks over which they flowed; that beautiful girl—— Why, where in the world had she seen that beautiful face before?

Gradually it all came back to her,—the night journey through France, the swaying carriage, the lamp reflected in the window-panes. In this dim light the girl looked lovelier, almost younger, than ever; and yet it must be two?—three?—years ago.

The sermon was over, and a parting hymn rang out plaintively over the water. The young woman descended from her seat, and was about to make her way homewards, when, to her great surprise, the beautiful girl came up to her with outstretched hand. The great eyes were strangely bright, and the muscles of the lovely face quivered in pathetic self-revelation.

"I thought it was you," she said, eagerly, as though they had only parted the day before. "I saw you come, and during the last hymn it flashed on me who you were. You will let me walk home with you, won't you?" Her voice was almost imploring.

"Better let me come with you," said the young woman, gently, glancing at the flushed cheeks and ruffled hair. "You look—tired."

"Tired?" The girl laughed excitedly. "I never was less tired in my life!" She slipped her hand in her companion's arm. "Wasn't it wonderful?"

"It was extremely fine."

The words, though spoken cordially, struck chill on the girl's

overstrained mood, and she turned on her companion with a quick, suspicious glance; but the plain face was very grave, very sympathetic, nothing more.

They walked on in silence for a time. "These are my diggings," said the girl at last, her voice still shaken by strong feeling. "Won't you come in? Do! I am all alone."

"Not to-night, I think, thank you."

"Oh, but you must! I want to talk to you. I must have some one. Do come in! I won't be left alone to-night!"

The full lips pouted like those of a spoilt child, and an expression of terror came into the great eyes, as, with an almost caressing gesture, she drew her companion into the house.

A bright little fire burned in the grate of a pretty sitting-room, and a dainty supper was spread on the table. The window stood open, but the air was heavy with the fragrance of flowers.

"If you please, ma'am," said the maid, "Colonel Whyte called while you were out. He said he would come again."

The girl looked at the speaker for a moment with dazed, uncomprehending eyes; but gradually a deep flush spread over her face. "I quite forgot," she said. Then, turning to her companion, she drew her hand across her brow as if trying to collect her thoughts.

"It is so odd," she said, dreamily, with a nervous shiver, "to find everything going on just precisely as it did before,—supper and callers and flowers—and a jolly fire! Sit down. I feel as if I were just beginning to wake from an extraordinary dream—the sunset and the sea and the darkness—and that man's voice! I felt almost as if the last day had come, as they used

to tell us it would, and it seemed quite natural that you should be there. Do you know, I have often thought of you? And you see I did know you again in spite of—what was it?—your magic ring." She laughed more naturally now; she was regaining her self-control.

"Your memory is marvellous."

"Oh no; it isn't that. I have no memory at all. But you were so queer, you know. I never met anybody in the least like you."

The words gave the plain young woman an unpleasant sense of responsibility. "Are you quite sure," she said, a little awkwardly, "that this is not the dream?—the flowers, I mean, and the callers, and the fire—and the other the reality?"

"Do you think it is?"

"I am inclined to think that the other is at least nearer the reality than this."

"But you don't really believe all he was saying?"

"I didn't hear it all."

"I know. I saw you come. Are you engaged to that man?"

The young woman found it difficult to follow these conversational gymnastics. "No," she said shortly.

"Nor going to be?"

"Nor going to be."

"I never feel quite sure that you haven't a trump card up your sleeve all the time."

There was no answer.

"Are you still as contented as ever?"

"I think so. Life seems sadder than it did; but, when all is said, it is very beautiful."

The girl sighed impatiently. "I wish I could see where the beauty comes in!"

"Well, in that scene on the beach, for instance,—the intense earnestness, the magnetic human influence, the longing for better things."

"And yet you don't believe what the man said?"

"At least he made me wish myself a better woman."

The girl sprang to her feet, and paced up and down the room.

"I believe," she said, with intense vehemence, "you could save my soul if you would tell me what it is you do believe!"

A look of genuine distress came over the little woman's face. "Believe, believe!" she said. "Why do you talk so much about belief? I believe it is worth while trying to be good."

"Why? Is there another life after this? Is there a heaven?"

"Here at least—yes."

"And a hell?"

"Yes."

"Where we shall burn?—really burn"—she put her pretty finger close to the bar of the grate—"to hurt?"

"It would be a poor look-out for us if it did not hurt; but some people never seem to feel it."

The girl laughed. "I know what you mean," she said. "I once heard a clergyman say that. You mean that I am in hell now."

"God forbid! I don't need to go beyond my own experience. But I never cared to *stay* in hell long."

"I don't know. One might be in a worse place. I am afraid," she went on, with a weird laugh, "I am one of the people who are not sensitive enough to feel it!"

The little woman shuddered. "Don't!" she said.

"Why not?" The splendid figure drew itself up defiantly. "Why should I talk gammon to you? What do you in your grey little world know of life, of temptation?"

"More, perhaps, than you think."

"Bah! It is easy for you to talk of 'trying to be good'! Were you ever in love? Were you ever married? Were you ever——" she hesitated, looked straight into the honest eyes, and then continued boldly, "Were you ever married and *then* in love?"

For the first time the young woman's eye fell on the plain gold circlet which had replaced some of the flashing gems. "I did not know," she said, weakly, "that you were married. I remember—that night—you told me there was a difference between you and the man you cared for."

"If only it had lasted! God! if only the difference had lasted! His coldness piqued me, don't you know?—he had been so much at my feet; and I was so determined to win him back that I don't think I realized how much I had begun to think of somebody else. But somebody else wasn't—wasn't 'free,' as the library books say; and—and it was time I was getting settled. I had lost money in gold shares, and my life was all in a muddle, and I hadn't the society I was entitled to at all. So I married—and then I knew that I loathed him—and somebody else's wife died. If there is a God at all, it just seemed as if He was laughing at me! What was the use of making me pretty, and giving me money to buy nice clothes, if I am never to be happy,—never, never to have what I want? And my youth is slipping away, and nobody seems able to tell me whether there is another world or not. I meet people—clever *men* who ought to know!—who say it is all moonshine; and you would have me grow old and ugly, '*trying to be good*'! Do you know"—she fell on her knees, and threw her arms across her companion in magnificent abandonment—"I almost

wish you would tell me there is no other life, for then I could have what I want in this!"

"Colonel Whyte, ma'am," said the maid.

With a bound the girl sprang to her feet, and raised her hands to her dishevelled hair. "I have kept you an unconscionable time," she said, with a nervous laugh, "and no doubt you are longing to get home. It was awfully good of you to come in!"

The young woman had flushed as though some one had struck her. "Yes," she said, quietly, "it is time I was at home. Good-night."

Before she had reached the

threshold, however, the uncomfortable sense of her own responsibility came back upon her.

"Where is your husband?" she said, earnestly, laying her hand on her companion's arm. "Who is this man?"

But the tide had turned.

The girl looked annoyed and nonplussed for a moment, then broke into a laugh.

"Come in, Colonel!" she cried. "Here is a young lady who is anxious to make your acquaintance."

Without another word or glance the little woman slipped past the waiting figure in the hall, and made her way out into the night.

III.

"Well, this is a change from smoky London lodgings!"

The plain young woman stood with a friend at the open window of the hotel. A heavy shower had fallen in the afternoon, but now the sun was shining genially, and the subtle, invigorating fragrance of the heather was borne in from the Yorkshire moors.

"We have earned our holiday honestly, haven't we? and we mean to make the most of it. *Three whole weeks!* For three weeks we are going to bask on the heather, and read Heine, and look up at the blue sky: we will forget that we ever attended a woman's suffrage meeting, or interviewed a celebrity, or described what royalty wore. We have left our moral responsibilities behind, too. It is a duty, a positive duty, to cultivate the sentiments and the emotions. I hope there will be some pretty gowns at dinner! I hope there will be lots of courses—lots—daintily served! We are grand ladies, Rita, you and I—for three weeks!—and we know how things

ought to be done. Do you think we can afford half a bottle of *Médoc?*"

The plain face looked older than at Llandudno; but the lines that took from its fresh youthfulness were genial, friendly lines, such as endear a face to those who know it.

"Change your gown, dear girl, and don't chatter. The gong will sound in ten minutes."

"Sadly beneath the dignity of a grand lady, isn't it, to dress in ten minutes? Heigho!"

She slipped on an old-fashioned black silk, and went to explore the possibilities of the reading-room before going down-stairs.

Two ladies were sitting there in earnest conversation. They lowered their voices slightly when the plain young woman entered; but, as she stood by the window, newspaper in hand, she could hear every word.

"—all her life men have treated her better than she deserves. Her husband actually offered to take her back; but when she refused,

of course he instituted proceedings for divorce. The action was quite undefended, and, as soon as it was over, Colonel Whyte married her."

The plain young woman grasped her newspaper more tightly, and turned her back upon the speaker.

"It was a great surprise to every one, for socially she was very much beneath him, and of course they were cut by all the *nice* people. I am told she was a mere adventuress!"

"American, was not she?"

"Yes, but I believe she left America when quite a girl. She prided herself on being cosmopolitan. Cosmopolitan, forsooth!"

"And is she still as fascinating as ever?"

"When I saw her drive up to the door on Saturday afternoon, I thought she was handsomer than at the time of her marriage. She has a better colour—I don't think it is rouge—and I never saw such eyes—simply lustrous! But when she comes near——" the speaker nodded significantly. "Her age will soon begin to show, I can assure you!"

Very eagerly the plain young woman scanned the faces assembled at *table d'hôte*, but without finding the one she sought. Five years must have made a change, no doubt; but even when all allowance was made for that, there was no woman present who could by any possibility be the *ci-devant* beautiful girl.

Dinner was more than half over when the door opened, and a lady and gentleman were ushered up to a small table in the window. Ah, there was no doubt about it now! The plain young woman would have known that face again anywhere.

And it *was* more beautiful than ever!—transparent, pensive, ethe-

realized. Poor soul, she must have suffered——!

Was it more beautiful? A sudden turn of the head had brought into startling relief the hollow in the oval of the cheek; and was it not too transparent? was the flush—deepening as the evening went on—not almost that of hectic?

Scarcely a word was passing between the two in the window. The gentleman's manner was uniformly courteous; but it would have been hard to say which face bore more evident marks of ennui, of disillusion.

The plain young woman gazed as if fascinated, only responding absently now and then to the remarks of her companion. At last the beautiful head turned, the wonderful eyes looked straight across to where she sat. It was a mere glance at first, then a puzzled look, and then a showy lorgnette was raised for a deliberate stare. It dropped again presently, and its owner made no sign of recognition.

"It would have been strange if she had known me again—or cared to know me!" mused the young woman, as she rose to leave the table. "Is this the curtain at last, I wonder,—or only another drop?"

Some minutes later the chambermaid knocked at her door with a visiting-card. A few lines were scrawled on the back—

"Do come to my room for a few minutes. My husband has just gone out. No. 8, 1st floor."

No. 8 was a fine room, and its occupant lay stretched on a *chaise longue* in the oriel window.

"Come along!" she said, rather wearily, but with the old charming smile. "How odd that we should meet again! I can't think how I recognized you. Sit down. That is rather a comfortable chair."

"I am afraid you are not very well."

"Who could be well in this hateful place? The sharp air makes me cough incessantly. What ever induced *you* to come? And yet I don't know. These cold, grey moors are admirably in keeping with your philosophy. I wonder,"—she looked up with an arch smile—"I wonder if you are still 'trying to be good'?"

The young woman walked to the window and looked out on the daffodil sky and rich purple heather.

"Cold,—grey!" she said. "Why, it is all blazing with colour!"

"And you know the Riviera! It seems to me you carry your own world about with you, and see things that are invisible to ordinary mortals. What was it Jack was quoting last night?"

"Oh, the dreary, dreary moorland!"

And these long evenings depress me unspeakably. If you had only heard the church bells yesterday! I thought they would drive me mad before they stopped. I want sunshine — real sunshine — and roses and blue water! I am making my husband take me away the first thing to-morrow; and he has gone out now to see if there is nothing going on that would pass away the time for an hour or two."

She was silent for a few moments, and then resumed with a light sneer that only half concealed her nervousness. "You know all about me, I presume? I have become quite a celebrity since we met."

"Yes, I heard that you had married Colonel Whyte."

"Saintly of him, wasn't it? All the good women said so. Ugh, how I hate good women!"

"Do you know," said the plain young woman, almost tenderly, "I

don't think you should go out to-night. If your husband goes, I will come and read you—something amusing. You are wearing yourself out."

A curious look of fear came into the beautiful eyes—a look that was only made the more pathetic by the laugh which hastened to hide it.

"You think I am a gone case, do you? How long do you give me? Two years? One? Six months?"

"Don't talk nonsense!" said the other, sharply. "You are knocking yourself to pieces at present. Take a little ordinary care, and you will be all right."

A fit of coughing was the only answer. Hastily the beautiful woman lifted her handkerchief to her lips, and in another moment its snowy folds were stained with a crimson drop.

"Do you see that?" she said, quickly.

"Yes, and I have often seen it before in people who are well and strong now. It means that you must rest, and take care of yourself, and get strong."

"No, no, no!" The answer came like the clang of a passing-bell. "No need to tell me what it means! I have seen it all in my mother. I am getting thin"—she slipped the rings from her long white fingers—"and my neck—— But you never saw my neck in the old days!" she interposed, regretfully. "I had a dark velvet gown—but there!—that's past." There was dead silence in the room for a few moments, then, "You could have saved me if you had wished," she said.

"Saved you?"

"Oh, not from this! This is nothing. Do you remember that night on the beach? I was screwing up my courage to go and

speaking to that man; but I looked at you, and saw you did not believe a word of it."

"Oh!" cried the little woman, with a sharp cry as of physical pain. "Surely I never said that!"

"No, you did not say it; but you looked as if you had found something better, don't you know? And your something better was too good for me."

"But, dear child, it is not too late. If I were you"—she threw back her head—"I would make a fresh start now—this very minute!"

The other nodded slowly. "I believe *you* would, even if you were dying," she said. "Oh, I know you have got hold of some thread in life, something that is worth having; but you don't seem able to put it into words much. Well, well, it doesn't matter! I don't suppose my soul was worth saving—and, I daresay, it was all bunkum after all. When you come to think of it, nobody ever

has come back.—Is that you, Jack? Come in! Let me introduce you to my friend——"

She broke off with a laugh less musical than of old. "I declare I don't even know your name? Never mind; we are old friends all the same, I assure you. Well, what luck?"

The newcomer seated himself with a sigh of resignation, and looked at his watch. "There is a revival meeting," he said, "in the conventicle down the way, and a performance of 'Johnny's Mamma' in the Town Hall."

The beautiful lips pouted peevishly.

"'Johnny's Mamma'! I've seen it a hundred times. Never mind! It will help to pass the time. Good-bye, Miss—— Smith? I might have known it was Smith! Come along, Jack. We shall be awfully bored, but we'll show the folks a Parisian bonnet for once in their lives!"

"TOMMYROTICS."

A MOST excellent wag—quoted with approval by the grave and sedate 'Spectator'—recently described modern fiction as "erotic, neurotic, and Tommyrotic." Judging from certain signs of the times, he might have extended his description to the mental condition in our day of a considerable section of civilised mankind. Our restless, dissatisfied, sadly muddled, much-inquiring generation seems to be smitten with a new malady, which so far bids fair to baffle the doctors. Society, in the limited sense of the word, still dreads the influenza and shudders at the approach of typhoid, but its most dangerous and subtle foes are beyond question "neurotics" and hysteria in their manifold forms.

A wave of unrest is passing over the world. Humanity is beginning to sicken at the daily round, the common task, of ordinary humdrum existence, and is eagerly seeking for new forms of excitement. Hence it is kicking over the traces all round. Revolt is the order of the day. The shadow of an immeasurable, and by no means divine, discontent broods over us all. Everybody is talking and preaching: one is distressed because he cannot solve the riddle of the universe, the why and the wherefore of human existence; another racks his brains to invent grand-new social or political systems which shall make everybody rich, happy, and contented at a pound. It is an age of individual and collective—perhaps I should say, collectivist—fuss, and the last thing that anybody thinks of is settling down to do the work that lies nearest to him. Carlyle is out of fashion, for Israel has taken to

stoning her older prophets who exhorted to duty, submission, and suchlike antiquated virtues, and the social anarchist and the New Hedonist bid fair to take their place as teachers of mankind.

It is thought by many that the hour brings forth the man; and just as the world seems most in need of him, a new prophet has arisen to point out some of the dangers which lie in the path of modern civilisation. Like most prophets, he raves somewhat incoherently at times and is guilty of much exaggeration, but this is a fault common to nearly all men with a mission. And, when every allowance has been made on this score, we should still be grateful to Dr Max Nordau for his striking and powerful work, 'Degeneration.' The book has been violently assailed, and portions of it lend themselves readily to hostile criticism. It is certainly not a book *virginibus puerisque*, and it is exceedingly learned and long; but the wealth of epigram, the fecundity of illustration, and the brilliant incisiveness of its style, make it far from heavy reading. A perusal thereof forces one to "devour much abomination," as the Arabs say; but unsavoury topics are at any rate not handled sympathetically, as by decadent essayists and "yellow" lady novelists, but rather in the spirit of fierce hatred and horror which characterise a Juvenal.

And the sum of his matter is this—that ours may be an age of progress, but it is progress which, if left unchecked, will land us in the hospital or the lunatic asylum. Neurasthenia and brain-exhaustion are driving the upper classes

among mankind post-haste to Colney Hatch. The causes of our mental disease are the wear-and-tear and excitement of modern life, and its symptoms are to be found in the debased emotionalism apparent in so many of the leading writers and thinkers of our day, who, together with their numerous followers and admirers, are victims of a form of mania whereof the scientific name is "degeneration." Now all this is very sad, and happily only partially true, else the world were indeed in a bad way. If it be the fact that we are in the Dusk of the Nations, that the *Zeitgeist* is poisoned, and that the upper stratum of society in large towns is a sort of hospital of actual or potential epileptics, then are we all doubly and trebly cursed. The pity of it is that Dr Nordau should partially spoil an excellent case by such palpable overstatement. Indeed, an opponent might fairly retort that our learned Teuton's exaggeration and his overstrained pessimism are just as much evidence of a disordered intellect as are the eccentricities of the authors he condemns. Nevertheless, in spite of these faults and certain others of tone and temper, his book remains a memorable protest against the foulness and hysteria which deface modern literature, and the waywardness and maudlin sensibility which impair the intellectual "movement" of the latter half of the century.

I do not propose to follow Dr Nordau in his searching analysis of Continental authors belonging to the decadent or "degenerate" schools. Anybody desiring to acquaint himself with the morbid abominations with which they abound will have his curiosity abundantly satisfied in the pages of 'Degeneration.' He will find there eloquent expression given to

the feeling of loathing, usually inarticulate, with which their works inspire healthy-minded people—a feeling that is aroused less, as a rule, by their immorality than by their unnaturalness, morbidity, and general unwholesomeness. And our pale English imitations of Continental decadentism are almost as objectionable as their originals. They are less highly seasoned, no doubt, because the authors (or their publishers) have still some fear of Mrs Grundy before their eyes, while it is easy to see that they would say a great deal more than they do if they only dared. On the other hand, they display less talent, and they lack the saving merit of originality. Both their style and their matter are borrowed—so much so that our late apostle of æstheticism is said to have earned the admiration of a brother *précieux* because he had "the courage of other people's opinions." Decadentism is an exotic growth unsuited to British soil, and it may be hoped that it will never take permanent root here. Still, the popularity of debased and morbid literature, especially among women, is not an agreeable or healthy feature. It may be that it is only a passing fancy, a cloud on our social horizon that will soon blow over; but the enormous sale of hysterical and disgusting books is a sign of the times which ought not to be ignored.

Continental influence upon our literature is more apparent now than for many years past. The predilection for the foul and repulsive, the puling emotionalism, and the sickly sensuousness of the French decadents, are also the leading characteristics of the nascent English schools. The former, to take a single example, are the direct intellectual progenitors of

our æsthetes, whose doctrines Dr Nordau examines at quite unnecessary length. He takes far too seriously their intellectual clowning, their laboured absurdities and inane paradoxes which the vulgar mistake for wit, as well as the assiduous literary and artistic mountebankery with which they have advertised themselves into notoriety. For a while sensible and healthy-minded people regarded with half-amused contempt their antics, and their absurd claim to form a species of artistic aristocracy apart from the common herd, but the contempt has since deepened into disgust. Recent events, which shall be nameless, must surely have opened the eyes even of those who have hitherto been blind to the true inwardness of modern æsthetic Hellenism, and perhaps the less said on this subject now the better.

A somewhat similar, and scarcely less unlovely, offspring of hysteria and foreign "degenerate" influence is the neurotic and repulsive fiction which so justly incensed the "Philistine" in the 'Westminster Gazette.' Its hysterical origin shows itself chiefly in its morbid spirit of analysis. Judging from their works, the authors must be vivified notes of interrogation. Their characters are so dreadfully introspective. When they are not talking of psychology, they are discussing physiology. They search for new thrills and sensations, and they possess a maddening faculty of dissecting and probing their "primary impulses" — especially the sexual ones. Being convinced, like the ancient sage, that "there is nothing so dreadful in its nakedness as the heart of man," they endeavour to explore its innermost recesses. They are oppressed with a dismal sense that everything is an enigma, that they themselves

are "playthings of the inexplicable"; or else they try to "compass the whole physiological gamut of their being" — whatever that may be. I am quoting from Miss George Egerton's 'Discords,' a fair type of English neurotic fiction, which some critics are trying to make us believe is very high-class literature. I must confess that I find the characters in these books more agreeable when they are indulging in nebulous cackle like the above than when they are describing their sexual emotions. The cackle means nothing, and at any rate serves—as Balzac said of his unintelligible sentence—"mystifier le bourgeois."

It is noticeable that most of these profound psychological creations belong to that sex in which, according to Mrs Sarah Grand, "the true spirit of God dwells," and which, we are assured by another authority, "constitutes the angelic portion of humanity." "To be a woman is to be mad," says the notorious and neurotic Mrs Ebb Smith. Possibly, but the woman of the new Ibsenite neuropathic school is not only mad herself, but she does her best to drive those around her crazed also. As far as the husband is concerned, he is seldom deserving of much sympathy. In morbid novels and problem plays he is usually an imbecile, a bully, or a libertine. An even worse charge has recently been preferred against him: he is apt to snore horribly, thereby inducing insomnia—a disease to which our neuropaths are naturally subject. Indeed, the horrors of matrimony from the feminine point of view are so much insisted upon nowadays, and the Husband-Fiend is trotted out so often both in fiction and in drama, that one wonders how the demon manages still to command a premium in

the marriage market. "What brutes men are!" is the never-ceasing burden of the new woman's song, yet the "choked up, seething pit" of matrimony (*vide* the 'Notorious Mrs Ebbsmith') is still tolerably full. The latest phase in the discussion of the eternal sex-problem, or marriage question, is a cry of revolt recently sounded in an American magazine by Lady Henry Somerset concerning "the unwelcome child." I do not propose to trench on this very delicate subject further than to mention that a very new woman,¹ a German unit of the angelic portion of humanity, has suggested a highly effective method of dealing with the intrusive little stranger—chloroform. Let us hope, however, that this lady is somewhat in advance even of the "intellectual movement" of the end of the nineteenth century.

The physiological excursions of our writers of neuropathic fiction are usually confined to one field—that of sex. Their chief delight seems to be in making their characters discuss matters which would not have been tolerated in the novels of a decade or so ago. Emancipated woman in particular loves to show her independence by dealing freely with the relations of the sexes. Hence all the prating of passion, animalism, "the natural workings of sex," and so forth, with which we are nauseated. Most of the characters in these books seem to be erotomaniacs. Some are "amorous sensitives"; others are apparently sexless, and are at pains to explain this to the reader. Here and there a girl indulges in what would be styled, in another sphere, "straight talks to young men." Those nice heroines of "Iota's" and other writers

of the physiologico-pornographic school consort by choice with "unfortunates," or else describe at length their sensations in various interesting phases of their lives. The charming Gallia, in the novel of that name, studies letters on the State Regulation of Vice, and selects her husband on principles which are decidedly startling to the old-fashioned reader. Now this sort of thing may be very high art and wonderful psychology to some people, but to me it is garbage pure and simple, and such dull garbage too. If anybody objects that I have picked out some of the extreme cases, I reply that these are just the books that sell. That morbid and nasty books are written is nothing: their popularity is what is disquieting. I have no wish to pose as a moralist. A book may be shameless and disgusting without being precisely immoral—like the fetid realism of Zola and Mr George Moore—and the novels I allude to are at any rate thoroughly unhealthy. I would much rather see a boy or girl reading 'Tom Jones' or 'Roderick Random' than some of our "modern" works of fiction. Their authors, who write as a rule under a sense of moral compulsion, as martyrs, so to speak, to up-to-date indecency, seem to be following the principles laid down by Tennyson in the lines:—

"Author, atheist, essayist, novelist,
realist, rhymester, play your part;
Paint the mortal shame of Nature with
the living hues of art.
Rip your brother's vices open; strip
your own foul passions bare;
Down with reticence, down with reverence—
forward, naked, let them stare.
Feed the budding rose of boyhood with
the drainage of your sewer;

¹ Frau von Troll-Borostyani. See the 'Quarterly Review' for October 1894.

Send the drain into the fountain, lest
the stream should issue pure.
Set the maiden fancies wallowing in
the troughs of Zolaism—
Forward, forward, aye to backward,
downward too into Abysm."

If this be an accurate description of contemporary literature when "Locksley Hall—Sixty Years After" was written, one shudders to think what it will be like a few years hence! Perhaps, however, the tide will have turned by then, and the British public will be in the middle of one of those periodical fits of morality which Macaulay found so supremely ridiculous. They may be so, but at any rate John Bull the moralist is a less incongruous figure than John Bull masquerading, as of late years, in anarchical rags tricked out with the peacock feathers of æsthetic culture.

Some critics are fond of complaining of the lack of humour in the "new" fiction. But what in heaven's name do they expect? In this age of sciolism, or half-knowledge, of smattering and chattering, we are too much occupied in improving our minds to be mirthful. In particular the New Woman, or "the desexualised half-man," as a character in 'Discords' unkindly calls her, is a victim of the universal passion for learning and "culture," which, when ill-digested, are apt to cause intellectual dyspepsia. With her head full of all the 'ologies and 'isms, with sex-problems and heredity, and other gleanings from the surgery and the lecture-room, there is no space left for humour, and her novels are for the most part merely pamphlets, sermons, or treatises in disguise. The lady novelist of today resembles the "literary bicyclist" so delightfully satirised

by the late Lord Justice Bowen. She covers a vast extent of ground, and sometimes her machine takes her along some sadly muddy roads, where her petticoats—or her knickerbockers—are apt to get soiled. As Lord Justice Bowen puts it, "cheap thought, like cheap claret, can be produced on an extensive scale. Instruction grows apace; knowledge comes, as the poet says, but wisdom lingers; intellectual modesty and reserve, the sense of proportion and wholesome mental habits of discrimination, all have yet to be acquired."

The pathological novel is beyond question a symptom of the mental disease from which civilised mankind is suffering. And if the nerves of humanity at large were in the same state as those of the characters in erotomaniac fiction, ours would be a decaying race indeed. These "subtle confidences of the neuropath" are all thoroughly morbid, and remind one of a decadent writer's¹ description of the language of the falling Roman empire, "already mottled with the greenness of decomposition, and, as it were, gamy (*faisandée*)" with incipient decay. And if the idioms a nation uses are in any sense an indication of its state of mental health, surely some of our modern jargon gives us occasion for anxiety. As far as our decadent lady novelists are concerned, we may console ourselves with the reflection that there is one failing which they certainly do not share with their foreign originals—over-refinement of style. Whatever else may be said of them, they are, as a rule, robustly ungrammatical.

Along with its diseased imaginings—its passion for the abnormal, the morbid, and the unnatural—the anarchical spirit

¹ Théophile Gautier, quoted in 'Degeneration,' p. 299.

broods over all literature of the decadent and "revolting" type. It is rebellion all along the line. Everybody is to be a law unto himself. The restraints and conventions which civilised mankind have set over their appetites are absurd, and should be dispensed with. Art and morality have nothing to do with one another (twaddle borrowed from the French Parnassians¹); there is nothing clean but the unclean; wickedness is a myth, and morbid impressionability is the one cardinal virtue. Following their French masters, our English "degenerates" are victims of what Dr Nordau calls ego-mania. They are cultivators of the "I"—moral and social rebels, like Ibsen, whose popularity rests far less on his merits as a writer than on the new evangel of revolt which he preaches, or like Ola Hansson, whose aim is to go one better than Ibsen.² By the way, the "triumphant doctrine of the ego," which Miss George Egerton finds so comforting, appears to be the theory of a German imbecile who, after several temporary detentions, was permanently confined in a lunatic asylum. His writings being thoroughly hysterical and abnormal, he naturally had a crowd of foolish disciples who considered him a very great philosopher. Indeed, 'Degeneration' is worth reading if only to learn of what very inferior clay are fashioned the idols whom modern "culture" worships. Some of them are mentally diseased beyond question; others

rhapsodise over, or have even been convicted of, abominable crimes, while their writings are often crazy and disgusting beyond belief. "The only reality is the 'I,'" cries one of them, "a poor shattered ego-maniac," and his English imitators echo him by proclaiming the development of one's personality to be the sole rational aim of life. "I am responsible before but one tribunal, which is myself," cried the Parisian dynamiter Henry, and this is the keynote of all modern egotism.

According to most canons of philosophy, the ego should be the first to acknowledge his own utter unimportance in the scheme of the universe. In practice this is the last thing he will do. He is forever seeking his exact place among the infinities, asserting his claims to attention, and bewailing how badly he is used. Miserable himself, the ego-maniac tries to infect others with his misery. The world is not good enough for him. His Paradise is Ola Hansson's enchanted isle, where "former virtues hobbled on crutches, as senile oldings at the point of death, whilst sins stood in full flower; whose fruits provided me with a fare of rare sweetness." Can it be, as this choice fragment seems to show, that our hyperborean egoist has been drinking at the well of British æstheticism?

It would appear, then, that we are approaching an era of what somebody has called "holy, awful, individual freedom." Life is henceforth to be ordered on the go-

¹ 'Degeneration,' p. 274.

² 'Young Ofeg's Ditties,' translated by George Egerton. I have just been reading these "beautiful prose poems," as Miss Egerton calls them, together with Mr Punch's excellent skit thereon, and I am not sure whether the original or the travesty is the more absurd. The author's confused and idiotic babblings mark him out as a worthy disciple and expositor of the mad Nietzsche, whose works Dr Nordau analyses at length. If this is to be the literature of the future, heaven help poor humanity!

as-you-please principle. Novelists and essayists denounce the "disgusting slavery" of wedlock, and minor poets may be heard twittering about free-love and the blessedness of "group-marriages." "Why," asks Mr Esmé Amaranth in the "Green Carnation," "are minor poets so artless, and why do they fancy they are so wicked?" And Mr Le Gallienne, one of our best minor poets, who began his literary career as an apologist for Christian doctrine—desirous, apparently, of showing the world that he is not quite such a good young man as it thought—has recently declared himself in favour of the free-lovers. His friend, Mr Grant Allen, as every modern schoolboy knows, is ranged on the same side. This accomplished gentleman, now that the star of æstheticism is fading, certainly deserves to be recognised as the leading luminary of English cultured anarchism. He is also the inventor of the phrase "New Hedonism." Where the newness comes in, by the way, I have never been able to see. That the realisation of oneself through pleasure ought to be the chief aim of life, was said by the Greeks more than two thousand years ago. Of late years the doctrine has been consistently preached and practised by our late prophet of the æsthetes, who are beyond question the real modern representatives of Hedonism. Nevertheless, Mr Grant Allen is of opinion that "the New Hedonist should take high ground and speak with authority." He should uphold "the moral dignity of his creed" against the "low ideals of narrow and vulgar morality." And his creed is, of course, the old anarchical one which teaches that asceticism and self-sacrifice are not only a bore, but positively disgusting. The one

duty of the ego is to itself, and its mission on this sinful earth is to enjoy itself to its utmost capacity. Let us, then, follow Mr Grant Allen and the erotomaniac authors, and take our appetites for sign-posts, and follow where the passions lead. If they land mankind, as they have in the past, in moral abysses and abnormalities that cannot be named, what matter if only we find our pleasure? Let us cease to worship the beauty of holiness, and glorify the sexual instinct in its stead. "Everything high and ennobling in our nature," says Mr Grant Allen, "springs from the sexual instinct." "Its subtle aroma pervades all literature." It does, indeed, and a very unpleasant aroma it is becoming. Let us, therefore, make love as soon and as often as possible, for did not Catullus and Sappho, among others of the ancients, and in these degenerate days good grey Walt Whitman (so Mr Allen styles that obscene old American twaddler), glorify the gentle passion? "Religion," he says, "is the shadow of which culture is the substance," Christianity in particular being "a religion of Oriental fanatics"; and, like his masters the æsthetes, he bids us look to Hellas for our ideals.

Concerning marriage, Mr Allen considers the desire of a man to keep to himself a wife whose affection has cooled "the vilest, the deepest-seated, the most barbaric" of all the hateful monopolist instincts. "She is not yours: she is her own. Unhand her!" he melodramatically exclaims. *La propriété c'est le vol*, and in the good times that are coming no doubt we shall have a community of all things—free land, free love, free spoons and forks, free everything. The sacredness of the mar-

riage-tie is apparently mere old-fashioned Tory twaddle in the eyes of our *révoltés*, and the grasping dotard of a husband who fondly and selfishly hopes to retain the "monopoly" of the wife of his bosom must learn sounder, because newer, doctrine. Our wives henceforth are to be the partners, of our joys possibly, but of our sorrows only if they so desire it. The lady will take her husband, like her sewing-machine, on approval or on the three-years'-hire system. If he turns out vicious or a bore—or perhaps if he snores unduly—like Ibsen's Nora, she will bang the door and develop her personality apart. "No Mrs Robinson will be the wife of a single Robinson," and group-marriages will take the place of the present "lifelong Siamese twinning." By the way, I never can find any provision made for the case of a virtuous husband who finds himself saddled with a bad wife; but then in "revolting" literature there are no such things as virtuous husbands or bad wives.

Here we have the social *vox Tommyrotica* pitched in its loudest key, and sensible people will not be greatly moved by the din. Least of all need it vex the soul of the unregenerate male, for, if the new Ibsenite anarchism is to prevail, not he, but women and children, will assuredly be the losers. Fortunately the influence of Messrs Grant Allen and Le Gallienne is not proportioned to the extravagance of their views. Of the latter, if he perseveres in his present courses, it may safely be predicted that "unstable as water, he shall not excel"; while his friend and mentor bids fair to emulate Ephraim by abiding "a wild ass alone by himself" in the arid desert of the New Hedonism.

Already, if I mistake not, there

are signs of a reaction in the public mind in favour of moderate views. People are growing sick of æsthetic Hellenism, Hedonism, and such-like "gracious and Greek" revivals, which, along with other similarly precious gifts, we have received from the French decadents. Ordinary men and women do not express themselves freely on these topics, but, like the parrot, they think a deal, and their notions are likely to prevail in the end. And they have others besides old fogies and out-of-date Tories on their side. Mr Labouchere is not the possessor of a Nonconformist conscience, yet 'Truth' gleefully proclaims the doom of morbid literature. The 'Speaker,' a sober Radical weekly, denounces the "new" prophets and all that pertains to them in language which I, for one, should not venture to use. "For many years past," it says, "Mr Wilde has been the real leader in this country of the 'new school' in literature—the revolutionary and anarchical school which has forced itself into such prominence in every domain of art." The new criticism, the new fiction, even the new woman, "are all merely creatures of Oscar Wilde's." He is "the father of the whole flock." Surely this is rather strong, the truth being, as I have shown, that they are all the offspring together of hysteria and Continental decadentism. Nevertheless, the influence of the æsthetic school has been undeniably great during the last decade, and the fact affords much food for melancholy reflection.

What we lack nowadays is a school of sound, fearless, and vigorous criticism. The public, who in things literary and artistic largely resemble a flock of sheep, know not where to look for guidance. "The hungry sheep look

up, and are not fed"—unless it be with the shrill piping of rival log-rollers. Scribblers and poetasters strut and peacock across the literary stage, and each one tells the other what a fine fellow he is. Brown, who is himself a writer of verse, thinks that Robinson's poetry unites the majesty of Milton, the myriad-mindedness of Shakespeare, the music and idealism of Shelley—all within the covers of a single diminutive volume. Are these critics victims of "megalomania," or are they simply engaging in the good old-fashioned business of "scratching each other's backs"? There is nothing new or remarkable in extravagant or wrong-headed laudation. Not one among the unclean brood of Continental decadents but has his clique of idiotic or debased admirers, who extol his works to the skies. When, however, sober, high-class English reviews take to praising such a book as the 'Yellow Aster,' where the subject-matter is objectionable, and the style is an affront to our poor, ill-used mother tongue, one begins to despair of the future of criticism. Of course the pay is necessarily small, and the work to be got through is so enormous that it cannot all be done thoroughly; but if critics would only indulge now and then in a little plain speaking, it would be something gained. There are always a few who have the courage to say that a book is disgusting or unwholesome, but the majority seem to prefer to swim with the stream, fearing the imputation of out-of-date fogysm. Personally, I have no wish to be thought "modern." I am quite content with commonplace and old-fashioned notions on these subjects, but the temptation to appear in advance of the time is always strong in some natures.

Especially is this so in dealing with social and political questions, where the enervating influence of hysteria and hypersensitiveness is hardly less apparent than in literature. They express themselves in flabby sentiment and an unreasoning passion of pity, and they furnish us with the bulk of our political faddists, cranks, and nostrum-mongers. I sometimes wish that Dr Nordau would extend his method of investigation to some of our latter-day revolutionaries, founders of Utopias, and builders of socialistic castles in the air. It might furnish us with some interesting reading. The connection between revolutionary principles in ethics and politics is obvious. The æsthetic sensualist and the communist are, in a sense, nearly related. Both have a common hatred of and contempt for whatever is established or held sacred by the majority, and both have a common parentage in exaggerated emotionalism. Everybody knows that among the Jacobins of the French Revolution filthiness of life, ferocity, and maudlin compassion went hand in hand. In these days the unbridled licentiousness of your literary decadent has its counterpart in the violence of the political anarchist. Each is the *alter ego*-maniac of the other. The one works with the quill, the other with the bomb; and the quill is the more dangerous weapon of the two. Continental degenerates rave as impotently against the social order under which we live as against those moral restraints which distinguish man from the brute beasts. To take a single instance, M. Paul Verlaine, most "precious" and puling of French decadents, is a fervent admirer of Louise Michel. English examples are afforded us by Mr Le Gallienne,

the apostle of free-love, and Mr Grant Allen the Hedonist, who both figure as contributors to 'Vox Clamantium,' the latest uplifting of the political *vox Tommyrotica* in this country, where Rousseauism is raising its head and Utopian visions are once more being regarded as capable of realisation.

Hysteria, whether in politics or art, has the same inevitable effect of sapping manliness and making people flabby. To the æsthete and decadent, who worship inaction, all strenuousness is naturally repugnant. The sturdy Radical of former years, whose ideal was independence and a disdain of Governmental petting, is being superseded by the political "degenerate," who preaches the doctrine that all men are equal, when experience proves precisely the opposite, and dislikes the notion of the best man winning in the struggle to live. Individual effort is to be discouraged, while the weak and worthless are to be pampered at the expense of the capable and industrious. State aid is to dispense with the necessity of thrift and self-reliance, for men will be saved from the natural consequences of their own acts. Hence it is that your anarchist or communist is usually an ineffective person who, finding himself worsted in the battle of life, would plunge society into chaos in the hope of bettering himself. Already in this country, where altruism has become a hobby, an amusement, or a profession, much mischief is done even with the best intentions. To take the opinion of an expert, Mr C. S. Loch, "the wave of sentiment that has dominated the country during the last few years marks its line of advance in an increasing pauperism." A flaccid philanthropy may be more disastrous

in its consequences than the most brutal policy of *laissez-faire*.

Opinions will always differ as to the proper relative influence upon human conduct of the reason and emotions, but surely the latter are now usurping more than their fair share of authority. Everybody, be he old Tory or new democrat, is genuinely sorry for the poor and the suffering, only they differ as to the best means of improving their lot. And it seems to me that our judgment is weakened, and the clearness of our perceptions dimmed, by the tearful apostrophes and never-ceasing appeals to the emotions, especially the emotion of pity. In the twilight of the new learning men see but dimly the ultimate consequences of measures which may temporarily alleviate suffering. Strange political monstrosities pass muster as the fruit of wisdom, for in purely democratic communities the authority of the wind-bag is apt for a while to be supreme. We can only trust that, if Demos is capable of being really educated, sane counsels will prevail when instruction is deepened as well as widened.

Is it the fact that, as many believe, we have fallen on a temporarily sterile time, an age of "mental anæmia" and intellectual exhaustion? The world seems growing weary after the mighty work it has accomplished during this most marvellous of centuries. Perhaps the great Titan, finding his back bending under the too vast orb of his fate, would fain lie down and sleep a while. Be that as it may, in politics we seem to be losing faith in ourselves, and leaning more and more on the State for aid. In literature the effects of brain-exhaustion are certainly apparent. A generation that nourished its early youth on

Shakespeare and Scott seems likely to solace its declining years with Ibsen and Sarah Grand, and an epidemic of suicide is to be feared as the result! In no previous age has such a torrent of crazy and offensive drivel been poured forth over Europe—drivel which is not only written, but widely read and admired, and which the new woman and her male coadjutors are now trying to popularise in England. We may hope, however, that the present reaction will only be temporary, and that humanity will recover itself before it is ripe for Dr Nordau's hospital or lunatic asylum. If the world is going backward now, it is only *reculer pour mieux sauter*. For the moment, if it knew the things that pertain to its peace, it would cease to fume and fret; it would seek to calm, instead of further exciting, its agitated nerve-centres, and to regain, if possible, some measure of its lost repose.

To sum up, Dr Nordau has admirably diagnosed the prevailing disease, but he has monstrously exaggerated its universality. The *Zeitgeist* may be poisoned, but not to any great extent, and the *Zeitgeist* can be trusted to find its own antidote before long. In this country, at any rate, amid much flabbiness and effeminacy, there is plenty of good sense and manliness left, and I never can see the evidence of the moral or material degeneration (in the ordinary sense of the word) of the mass of the population. Luxury may be increasing, but athleticism redresses the balance, and if our young barbarians are all at play, why, so much the better. In artistic and ethical matters most people are till what Mr Grant Allen contemptuously calls "average Philistines"—and long may they remain so. In other words, they adhere

to the old-fashioned ideas of social order and decency. At the same time, our age, like every other, has its ugly features and its special dangers that threaten it. I know that each generation is apt to think that its own vices and crazes are peculiar to itself. We forget that there were literary fops in the days of Molière, and that fashionable fops, snobs, and money-grubbers there have always been and always will be. Nasty plays and books are nothing new, and the faults and follies of to-day are pretty much those that Juvenal satirised. All this is perfectly true, yet I cannot help thinking that Dr Nordau's charge of "degeneration" (in the specialist's sense) as a malady peculiar to our time is justified by the facts. Never was there an age that worked so hard or lived at such high pressure, and it would be strange indeed if the strain upon our nerves were not beginning to tell. In fact, excessive nervous sensibility is regarded by some as a thing to be admired and cultivated. It is a bad sign when people grow proud of their diseases, especially if the disease is one which, if left unchecked, will poison the springs of national life. That there is a moral cancer in our midst is not to be denied, and that it has its roots deep down in morbid hysteria seems equally clear. That such morbidity is directly fed and fostered by the "new" art and the "new" literature—themselves symptoms of the disease—is a (to me) self-evident proposition. So far our fiction is only "gamy": let us see to it that we do not acquire a taste for the carrion of the French literary vulture.

It is time that a stand were made by sane and healthy-minded people against the "gilded and perfumed putrescence" which is creeping

over every branch of art. Concerning fiction enough has been said, but what of the problem play with its medley of social faddists, sots, harlots, and crazy neuropaths who discuss the "workings of sex," or, more unpleasant still, the gospel of sexlessness as preached by Tolstoi and his disciples? No doubt the bulk of the manhood and womanhood of this country are sound enough, but it has been well said that "nations perish from the top downwards." And if the leaders of the intellectual movement of the day, as it expresses itself in contemporary art—those who mould the thoughts and shape the tendencies of future generations—if these are in a sense mentally diseased, is not the whole body politic likely to be soon infected? The remedy is a very simple one, if people would only enforce it. The so-called Philistines are still the large majority of the population, and if only these would resolutely boycott morbid and nasty books and plays, they would soon be swept, for a time at least, into the limbo of extinct crazes. The matter rests largely in the hands of women. I do not wish to say anything unfair, but I think it cannot be denied that women are chiefly responsible for the "booming" of books that are "close to life"—life, that is to say, as viewed through sex-maniacal glasses. They are greater novel-readers than men, to begin with, and their curiosity is piqued by the subjects dealt with in the new fiction and drama, and not a few of them regard the authors as champions of their rights. In all matters relating to decency and good taste men gladly acknowledge the supremacy of women, and we may surely ask them to give us a lead in discouraging books which are a degradation

of English literature. Frankly, isn't the whole thing getting slightly ridiculous as well as sickening?

If public opinion should prove powerless to check the growing nuisance, all the poor Philistine can do is to stop his ears and hold his nose until perhaps finally the policeman is called in to his aid. It is always well to dispense with that useful functionary as far as possible, but, if matters go on at the present rate, it may soon become a question whether his services will not again be required. They have proved highly effectual before now, and an occasional prosecution has an amazing moral effect upon the weak-kneed. Above all, it is to be hoped that that much-abused but most necessary official, the Licensor of Plays, will harden his heart and do his duty undeterred by the ridicule heaped upon him by interested persons. Ours is a free country, no doubt, but the claim for liberty to disseminate morbid abomination among the public ought not to be entertained for a moment.

Much of the modern spirit of revolt has its origin in the craving for novelty and notoriety that is such a prominent feature of our day. A contempt for conventionalities and a feverish desire to be abreast of the times may be reckoned among the first-fruits of decadentism. Its subtle and all-pervading influence is observable nowadays in the affectations and semi-indecency of fashionable conversation. The social atmosphere is becoming slightly *faisandée*, as Gautier has it. Effeminacy and artificiality of manner are so common that they have almost ceased to appear ridiculous. Table-talk is garnished with the choice flowers of new woman's speech or the jargon of our shoddy end-of-the-

century Renaissance. In certain sections of society it requires some courage to be merely straightforward and natural. Personally, I esteem it rather a distinction to be commonplace. Affectation is not a mark of wit, nor does the preaching of a novel theory or crack-brained social fad argue the possession of a great intellect. Whence, then, sprang the foolish fear of being natural, the craving to attitudinise in everything? The answer is plain. It was Oscar Wilde who infected us with our dread of the conventional, with the silly straining after originality characteristic of a society that desires above all things to be thought intellectually smart. "To be natural is to be obvious, and to be obvious is to be inartistic;" and the buffoonery of a worldly-wise and cynical charlatan was accepted by many as inspired

gospel truth. Truly, they be strange gods before whom modern culture bows down! But let the Philistine take heart of grace. He is not alone in his fight for common-sense and common decency. That large number of really cultivated people whose instincts are still sound and healthy, who disbelieve in "moral autonomy," but cling to the old ideals of discipline and duty, of manliness and self-reliance in men, and womanliness in women; who sicken at Ibsenism and the problem play, at the putrid eroticism of a literature that is at once hysterical and foul; who, despising the apes and mountebanks of the new culture, refuse to believe that to be "modern" and up-to-date is to have attained to the acme of enlightenment,—all these will be on his side.

HUGH E. M. STUTFIELD.

OUR NATIONAL COLLECTIONS OF MANUSCRIPTS.

THE COTTONIAN LIBRARY.

THE great, perhaps the sole, repositories of the early historical and topographical records of England, Scotland, and Ireland, from the introduction of Christianity until the introduction of printing, were the monasteries. Throughout the middle ages these libraries were the homes, in many instances the birthplaces, of treasures which would have been hopelessly lost or destroyed in those rough times but for the shelter thus afforded them. The monks were constantly employed in writing, copying, or ornamenting manuscripts; while State papers and parliamentary rolls were deposited in their archives for safety. Moreover, as they were known to be rich, and to care for such things, books were brought to them from time to time for sale by those in need of money. There was scarcely any religious house but had a library, and many of them were very good ones. Some data have come down to us by which we can form an estimate of their bulk and value.

The books which St Augustine brought with him from Rome, together with those of Theodore, formed the nucleus of the well-known monastic library at Canterbury. In the library at Peterborough there were no fewer than 1700 MSS. That of the Grey Friars in London was 129 feet long by 31 feet broad, and well filled with books. That the abbey of Leicester and the priory of Dover had no mean libraries appears from the catalogues of their books yet remaining in the Bodleian at Ox-

ford. Ingulf tells us that when the library at Croyland was burnt in 1091 the monks lost 700 books. The great library at Wells had twenty-five windows on each side, a fact which gives us some notion of the space required to contain all the volumes possessed by this monastery.¹

In the English preface to Dugdale's '*Monasticon*' mention is made of the "incredible number of books written by the monks," and it would be easy to multiply illustrations of this kind, and to collect notes of the indiscriminate destruction that took place at the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII., when the contents of these libraries were sold as waste paper.

"I know a merchant-man," wrote Bale, Bishop of Ossory, quoted by Leyland, "which at this time shall be nameless, that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings apiece. A shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied, instead of gray paper, by the space of more than these ten years, and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come. A prodigious example is this, and to be abhorred of all men which love their nation as they should do. Yea, what may bring our realm to more shame and rebuke than to have it noised abroad that we are despisers of learning? I judge this to be true, and utter it with heaviness, that neither the Britons under the Romans and Saxons, nor yet the English people under the Danes and Normans, had ever such damage of their learned monuments as we have seen in our time. Our posterity may well curse

¹ Tanner's '*Notitia Monastica*,' Preface, p. xl, ed. 1744.

this wicked fact of our age, this unreasonable spoil of England's most noble antiquities."

Centuries had been spent in collecting that which a few short months had sufficed to scatter abroad, and Bishop Tanner also mentions with sorrow the loss of a great number of excellent books, to the unspeakable detriment of the learned world.

For a time this havoc of the monastic libraries went on unchecked; but during the reign of Edward VI. a reaction set in, and there arose a little knot of men who had the good sense to recognise the value of these memorials of the past, and to treasure up what still remained, and the next generation produced such men as Parker, Bodley, and Cotton. They were followed by others of kindred tastes, to whom more golden opportunities of acquiring valuable treasure-trove were afforded.

We shall confine ourselves to the most illustrious of these collectors, Sir Robert Cotton, whose library now forms the basis of the national collection in the British Museum. The era of English libraries began with Matthew Parker's gift to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, a collection of books which has preserved from destruction more materials relating to the civil and ecclesiastical history of this country than had ever before been gathered into one library. Fuller styled this munificent bequest "the Sun of English antiquity, before it was eclipsed by that of Sir Robert Cotton."

Sir Thomas Bodley was one of the first men in Europe to conceive the notion of a great public library, and the rich collection of books which he made at Oxford on the

ruins of Duke Humphrey's library, and which he bequeathed to the University, is not merely of European but of world-wide celebrity. Living as he did at Oxford, in a learned atmosphere, he naturally turned his chief attention to Latin MSS., while Cotton made English history his special study, and was ever on the alert for material to throw fresh light upon its annals. Hence the numerous Anglo-Saxon MSS. in his library, and the splendid collection of State papers relating to England, Scotland, and France, contained in the press marked Caligula, and in many other places.

Cotton and Bodley were good friends, and not only shared the same tastes, but sympathised actively in each other's work. In 1595 Bodley wrote to Cotton asking him whether he held to his "old intention for helping to furnish the Universitie librarie," and in 1601 he acknowledges having received from Cotton a contribution of manuscripts for that purpose. These manuscripts were eleven in number, the titles of which may be seen in Smith's MS. notes to his catalogue, in the Bodleian Library.

Bodley, on his part, was no less generous. A folio volume on vellum, containing the four Gospels, the four Dialogues of St Gregory, and some other articles, the whole in Saxon, and consisting of 290 leaves, was a part of his contribution to the Cottonian collection.¹ The contents of this volume, as described by Wanley, show it to have been of exceeding value; but since his time 25 folios have been lost. When Planta compiled his catalogue, he affixed a note to the effect that the manuscript was so burnt

¹ Otho, C i. The notes furnished by Smith also prove the identity of the Cotton MS. (Otho, C ix) with Bodley's gift.

and contracted as to render the binding of it impracticable, and that it was preserved in a case. Later on it passed through the restoring hands of Sir Frederick Madden.

Cotton was neither a great scholar, nor did he produce any original work of special value, but he seems to have possessed the tact and the taste to divine and also encourage talents superior to his own, thereby deserving no less well of his country than those who served her with higher gifts. His friend Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, once called him an "engrosser of antiquities." If we add that he did not merely "engross," but that he liberally shared his acquisitions with others, we shall perhaps best describe his special place and work in the world of letters.

To judge by his correspondence, it would seem that all the learned men in the kingdom applied to him for the loan of some rare manuscript or other, and that hardly a scientific, political, historical, or heraldic work was produced in the early part of the seventeenth century but owed something to his labours as an antiquary.

Selden asks for a sight of his Peterborough books, his *Book of Monies*, his '*Historia Jorwallensis*.' Camden writes for a treatise on Heraldry, and for a ledger of the Abbey of Meaux. George Carew, afterwards Earl of Totness, needs his *Chronicle of Peter the Cruel*. Crashaw the poet sends for volumes treating of the Council of Florence, and of the excommunication of the Emperor at the Council of Lyons. Sir John Dodderidge, judge and antiquary, asks leave to keep Cotton's maps (perhaps for his work '*Of the Dimensions of the Land of England*').

Speed requires a note of all the monasteries in the realm, as well as the *Book of Henry IV.*, and craves help in his life of Henry V., signing himself "Your loving friend, troublesome and troubled."

All these demands on Cotton's library and Cotton's liberality, together with many more, may be seen in the collection of letters contained in the volume marked *Julius, C iii.*

The fame of the Cottonian Library was great among the learned at the beginning of the seventeenth century; in 1612 it was spoken of with enthusiasm. The following letter from Edmund Bolton, poet and antiquary, which we believe has never before been printed, is, despite its somewhat florid style, a proof of the high estimation in which the library was held:—

"SIR,—The world sees that worthie monument of witt and learning come forth, but with honourable acknowledgements of speciall helps from you.¹ But we that are somewhat privie to the truth of things, do also knowe that without your assistance, it is in vain to pretende to weightie works in the antiquities of this kingdom. For your studie, if we respect the glories of saints, there carefully preserved in authentic registers, it is a Pantheon and All Hallowes. If the memorials of the honourable deceased, it is a mausolæ. If the tables and written instruments of empire, it is a Capitol. If the whole furniture of Cyclopædia, it is a mart. If matters marine, it is an arsenal—if martial, a camp and magazine. Briefly, it is the Arck, where all noble things which the deluges of impious vastitic and sacrilegious furie have not devoured, are kept to bee the seminaries of better plantations."

He goes on to compare Cotton's library with that of Paulus Jovius, the pride and glory of Italy, which

¹ Probably a reference to Bacon's '*History of Great Britain under the Conquests of the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans*,' published in 1611.

he declares "will seem perhaps little better than a beauteous charnel-house, filled with skeletons, and the rotten timbers of clay-built tenements dissolved into dust, by the side of this exquisitely instructed studie."

Exaggerated as this praise may seem, the fact remains that the Cottonian collection was unique, and that scholars owed more to it than to any other sources of information. There is no account of any visit of Cotton's to the Continent, although in one of his early pamphlets he speaks of having visited Italy; but people were busy in different parts of Europe, seeking for what was valuable in the shape of parchments and old coins, in order to add to his treasures.

England was, however, at that period the best hunting-ground for manuscripts, so short a time having elapsed since our monastic libraries had been scattered to the winds. Chronicles, chartularies, State papers, treaties, family pedigrees, documents of every kind, were floating about the country, often in the possession of strange owners, almost always to be had for gold. To acquire these was Cotton's chief delight from the age of eighteen; and as a natural consequence this taste surrounded him with learned friends. At his house at Westminster the *litterati* of the day were wont to meet. Josceline, Camden, Noel, Speed, Sir John Davis, and others formed, together with himself, the then society of Antiquaries, which Matthew Parker had founded. But James I., although so great an amateur of antiquities, did not regard the Society with a favourable eye. He was eminently

cautious, and fancied that these meetings might lead to a political association, and he accordingly suppressed them.

In recognition, however, of Cotton's merit, the king had knighted him at the coronation honours; he called him "cousin," and acknowledged his claim to be descended from the Scottish family of Bruce. From that time, Cotton quartered the royal arms of Scotland with his own, and adopted the name of Bruce,—“not,” says Collins in his ‘*Baronetage*,’ “in arrogance and ostentation, but in distinction to those of the name of Cotton of other families, . . . and in a grateful sense of the divine favour for that extraction, and to excite an emulation in his issue to follow the virtues of such glorious ancestors.” His descent is clearly traced in the history of Connington Castle in Huntingdonshire, which had been the home of his family for centuries. The house had been rebuilt at various times. When it came into Sir Robert Cotton's hands he completely restored it, embellishing the north front with richly moulded arches which he had purchased and brought from Fotheringhay Castle, together with the room in which Queen Mary had been executed.¹

Cotton's friendship with Camden began at Westminster School, where he was educated—Camden being at that time second master. In the last year of the century the two friends made an antiquarian journey into the North, where they explored the old Roman wall built to keep out the marauding Picts, and returned to Connington laden with trophies. These were afterwards presented to Trinity College, Cambridge,

¹ Neale's ‘*Views of the Seats of Noblemen and Gentlemen*,’ vol. ii. For Cotton's degree, see Julius, F viii, fol. 58b; ‘*Dictionary of National Biography*.’

where they are still preserved. Camden's 'Britannia' contains more than one allusion to this journey. His 'History of Queen Elizabeth' was long supposed to be their joint work; and it is probable that, although he only acknowledged the loan of autograph letters, the part relating to Mary Stuart was at least inspired by Cotton. It is certain that Camden obtained nearly all his materials from his friend's library.

In one of his letters he speaks of Cotton as "the dearest of all my friends." And in this profession he was constant till his death; for he directed in his will that Sir Robert should have the first view of his books and manuscripts, "that he may take out such as I borrowed of him"; and then he goes on to bequeath to him his entire collection, except his heraldic and ancient seals, which he left to the Heralds' College.

About the year 1614 it began to be whispered that Sir Robert Cotton had unlawfully come by some of the State papers in his library, and the low murmurs soon grew into a loud argument that the Public Record Office was injured "by his having such things as he hath cunningly scraped together."¹ The general feeling of jealousy and suspicion is expressed in the following extract from a contemporary letter, prompted by the fact that Arthur Agard, Keeper of the Public Records, had left his private collection to Cotton:—

"The late Mr Agard has left some manuscripts, the labour of most of his life; including a book on the exemption of the Kings of England from the power of the Pope, abstracts of treaties, and other State matters,

which Sir Robert Cotton claims, on pretext that they were left to him by will; *but he was at the making of the will.* It is important that such things be kept in possession of the King's officers, as otherwise they may be suppressed when most wanted."²

After this, charge after charge was brought against him, till the life that had been so usefully spent in the service of learning closed in sadness and gloom. James, however, whether he gave credit to the accusations of his enemies or not, never quite abandoned him. He had made him a member of the "new order of hereditary knights called baronets," which Cotton had himself advised the king to create, as a means of replenishing the State coffers without burdening his subjects with taxes. (The fee was fixed at £1000.) Disraeli, in his 'Curiosities of Literature,' quoting from a Lansdowne MS., says that it appeared "by the manuscript book of Sir Nicholas Hyde, Chief Justice of the King's Bench from the second to the third year of Charles I., that Sir Robert Cotton had in his library, records, evidences, ledger-books, original letters, and other State papers, belonging to the King; for the Attorney-General of that time, to prove this, showed a copy of the *pardon* which Sir Robert had obtained from King James for embezzling records, &c." Moreover, James had the greatest regard for Cotton's historical acumen, and in the last year of his reign he ordered that no more copies of the Life of his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, should be published till Sir Robert Cotton had enlarged it and made it more authentic from two more ample

¹ J. Wilson to Ambrose; Randolph, State Papers, Dom. James I., 1615, R.O.

² Dom. James I., vol. 83, 69*, R.O.

histories which had come out.¹ The similarity of their tastes always ensured a certain sympathy between the antiquary, who was also in some sense a Scotchman (being descended from the Bruces), and the first Stuart King of England. But James's successor never took him into favour, and henceforth there was little in his worldly prosperity to divert him from his beloved library—a perennial source of joy to him—till his enemies turned it into a weapon for his destruction. He never ceased to add to it while he lived, and casual contributions continued to flow in from various sources.

Thus, in 1627, Sir James Ware sent a MS. register of St Mary's Abbey, Dublin; and the year after Archbishop Ussher presented a Samaritan Pentateuch (Claudius, B viii.) Already, in 1625, he had mentioned this book in a letter to Cotton as follows:—

“Touching the Samaritan Pentateuch, the copye which I have is (as I guesse) about three hundred years old, but the work itself commeth very short of the tyme of Esdras and Malachy. I have compared the testimones cited out of it, by the ancient Fathers, Eusebius, Jerome, Cyrill, and others, and find them precisely to agree with my booke, which makes me highly to esteeme of it.”

In 1628 he writes apologetically for his long silence, and his delay in returning books lent to him by Cotton:—

“A farre longer time than good manners would well permitt, for which fault yet I hope to make some kinde of expiation, by sending you shortlye, together with your own, my ancient copye of the Samaritan Pentateuch, which I have long since desti-

nated unto that librarrye of yours, to which I have been beholden for so many good things, no where else to be found. I shall (God willing) ere long finish my collation of it with the Hebrew text, and then hang it up *ut votivam Tabulam* at that Sacrarium of yours.”

A correspondent signing his letter Jo. Scudamore, gave him a whole edition of Chaucer “in a fair ancient written hand.” This MS. has unfortunately disappeared from the collection. Nicholas Saunder sent a history by Helinandus, a Cistercian monk, written in the time of William the Conqueror,² and many other donations are recorded.

Of the constant activity going on in the formation of this wonderful library, and of the great generosity with which the books were lent, the following letters are eloquent. Archbishop Ussher writes thus:—

“WORTHY SIR,—I have received from you the history of the Bishops of Durham, together with your ancient copies of the Psalmes, whereof that which hath the Saxon interlineary translation inserted is the old Romanum Psalterium, the other three are the same with that which is called Gallicum Psalterium. But I have not yet received that which I stand most in need of, to wit, the Psalter in 8° which is distinguished with obeliskes and asteriskes. I pray you therefore send it unto me by my servant this bearer, as also the life of Wilfrid, written in prose by a nameless author, that lived about the time of Bede; the other written in verse by Fredegodus, I received from Mr Burnett, together with William Malmsburiensis de vitis Pontificum Angliæ et S. Aldhelmus. Before you leave London, I pray you do your best to get master Crashaw's MS. Psalter conveyed unto me. I

¹ Secretary Conway to the Wardens, &c., of the Stationers' Company, June 25, 1624; Dom. James I., R.O.

² Claudius, B ix. This donor was not the notorious Nicholas Saunders who lived in the reign of Elizabeth.

doubt not but before this time, you have dealt with Sir Peter Vanlore, for obtaining Erpenius his Hebrew, Syriach, Arabick, and Persian books, and the matrices of the letters of the Oriental languages. If he interpose himself seriously herein, it is not to be doubted but he will prevayle before any other. But what he doth, he must doe very speedilye, because the Jesuites of Antwerp are already dealing for the Oriental presse, and others for the Arabick, Syriac, Hebrew, and Persian bookes. It were good you took some order before you went, how Sir Peter may signifye unto you when you are in the countrey, what is done in this businesse. If he send to Mr Burnett at any time (who dwellith at the signe of the three swannes in Lombard Street) he will finde some means or other to communicate what he pleaseth unto me. I thank you very hartilye for the care which you have taken in causing my Samaritan Bible to be so faire bound. I have given order to Mr Burnett to content the workman for his paynes, and so with remembrance of my best affections unto yourself and the kinde ladye your wife,¹ I committ both of you to God's blessed protection, and rest your own most assured,

"J.A. Armachanus."

Sir Edward Dering writes in 1630 :—

"SIR,—I received your very welcome letter, whereby I find you abundant in courtesies of all natures. I am a great debtor to you, and those obligations likely still to be multiplied. As I confess so much to you, so I hope to witness it to posterity. I have sent up two of your bookes which have much pleased me. I have here the charter of King John, dated at Running Meade.² By the first safe and sure messenger, it is yours. So are the Saxon charters, as fast as I can copy them, but in the meantime I will close King John in a boxe, and send him. I shall much

long to see you at this place, where you shall command the heart of your affectionate friend and servant,

"E. DERING.

"DOVER CASTLE, May 10, 1630."

It would be extremely interesting, were Cotton's own letters extant, to have some account from his pen of the manner in which he came by many manuscripts, the history of which is a blank to us, from the time of the dissolution of the monasteries till they found a resting-place in his library. But his letters are very rare; two only have been preserved in the Record Office. They are addressed to his brother Thomas in the years 1623 and 1624, and they begin "Lovinge David" and end "Thy Jonathon." One is much stained and difficult to read; both treat of political matters.

In 1629, the origin of a seditious pamphlet, entitled "How to bridle the impertinency of Parliaments," which was handed about in London, causing some commotion, was traced to the Cottonian Library. In spite of all Cotton could put forward to justify himself, an order was issued by the Privy Council for the sequestration of his books, on the ground that they were not of a nature to be exposed for public inspection. And this was not all. Once before he had been deprived of access to them for a time, and now again he was debarred from entering his library, a privation which affected him so seriously that from the moment of sequestration his health visibly declined, and he declared to his friends that they had broken his heart who had locked up his books from him. Disraeli, in his

¹ Sir Robert Cotton had married Elizabeth, daughter and coheirress of William Brocas of Thedingworth, Leicestershire, by whom he had several sons, the eldest, Thomas, alone surviving him.

² There are two original drafts of Magna Charta in the Cottonian Library.

'Amenities of Literature,' says that, "tormented by the fate of a collection which had consumed forty years, at every personal sacrifice, to form it for 'the use and service of posterity,' he sank at the sudden stroke. In the course of a few weeks he was so worn by injured feelings that, from a ruddy-complexioned man, his face was wholly changed into a grim blackish paleness near to the resemblance and hue of a dead visage." He made two separate petitions to have his rights over his own property restored. In the first he signified to the Privy Council that their detaining his books without rendering any reason for the same had been the cause of his mortal malady. In the second, in which his son joined, he merely complained that the documents were perishing for lack of airing, and that no one was allowed to consult them. The Lord Privy Seal was at last sent to him with a tardy message from the king, but too late for it to avail him anything. Within half an hour of his death, the Earl of Dorset came to condole with his son, Sir Thomas Cotton, bearing an assurance that "as his Majesty loved his father, so he would continue his love to him." Sir Robert Cotton died on the 6th May 1631, and was buried at Connington. Long afterwards it was discovered that the author of the fatal pamphlet was Sir Robert Dudley, who had written it when an exile at Florence.

Before tracing the subsequent history of the Cottonian Library we will pause here, and consider some of the most important manuscripts which it contained at the death of its famous originator.

We have said that he turned his attention largely towards collecting materials for every period

of English history, and these materials are particularly rich as regards the Anglo-Saxon period.

Beginning chronologically, we find here (in Vitellius, A 15) the story of Beowulf, the oldest monument of Anglo-Saxon literature, reaching back into the dark ages of heathendom. It is a pagan war-song which, in being handed down from minstrel to minstrel, has lost nothing of its wild, exultant beauty, while it has received many Christian inflexions from the bards of a better religion, through whose minds it passed before being committed to parchment. When the Saxons had embraced Christianity they carefully weeded out from their national poetry all allusion to personages of pagan mythology, so that in an antiquarian sense their literature suffered. But the forcible and picturesque imagery of half-barbaric tribes still remained. The coarseness of the beer-hall is subdued by the gold and silken embroideries with which it was adorned. In a vivid description of a battle we have the fact of slaying an enemy told as his being "put to sleep with the sword." When a hero died in peace, "he went on his way."

The poem of Beowulf has been variously edited. It was first noticed by Wanley in his Catalogue of Saxon MSS. in 1705. It was printed, with a Latin translation and notes, by Thorkelin, at Copenhagen, in 1815. Conybeare, in his 'Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry,' points out several errors into which the Dane Thorkelin and the Englishman Turner fell; and Thorpe, in his 'Anglo-Saxon Poems of Beowulf,' differs from all preceding editors, who considered the heroes as mythical beings of a divine order, by suggesting that they were kings and chieftains of the North, within the pale of

authentic history.¹ This opinion had been shared by Kemble; but under the influence of Grimm—perhaps the greatest authority on these matters—he ended by regarding the poem as mythic. Later critics have considered that it deals with historical persons.

Only secondary to the romance of Beowulf must once have been the fragment of a poem on the death of Beorhtnoth.² It was printed by Hearne in the appendix to his edition of 'Johannis Glasciensiensis Chronicon,' but without a translation.

"It constitutes," says Conybeare, "a battle-piece of spirited execution, mixed with short speeches from the principal warriors, conceived with much force, variety, and character; the death of the hero is also very graphically described. The whole approximates much more nearly than could have been expected to the war-scenes of Homer."

Of the poem of Judith, one of the finest specimens of Anglo-Saxon song, a fragment is preserved in the same volume which contains the story of Beowulf.

The type of the Anglo-Saxon poets in Christian times was Cædmon, whom Professor George Stephens calls "the Milton of North England in the seventh century," and who, according to the legend told by Bede, being singularly unblest with the power of song, received the gift miraculously in sleep. He is represented in the Cottonian Library only by a few prayers in Anglo-Saxon (Julius, A 2) which Junius printed from this MS. at the end of his edition of Cædmon's Paraphrase. The interesting col-

lection which goes by Cædmon's name in the Bodleian Library is a series of pieces on Scriptural subjects, with beautifully painted illustrations. His poem of the Rood is inscribed on an ancient monument, known as the Ruthwell Cross, in Dumfriesshire.

A MS. of the tenth century (Cleopatra, B 13) contains a short hymn on the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, and in the same volume there is a life of St Dunstan.

Two important volumes (Tiberius, B v, and Titus, D 27), one of which seems to have been written for the use of nuns, formed part of the material for a history of Mathematics in England during the middle ages.³

Alcuin and Aldhelm were the chief Anglo-Latin poets. Some of Alcuin's letters are to be found in this collection. St Aldhelm, Abbot, afterwards Bishop, of Malmesbury, was regarded by King Alfred as the prince of Anglo-Latin poets. His chief work, the 'Praises of Virginity,' is at Cambridge, but his metrical treatise on monastic life and one of his letters are here preserved.

King Alfred is well represented in his Laws, and in his Saxon versions of Augustine's Soliloquies.

Of the works of the Venerable Bede we have the 'Ecclesiastical History,' the 'Life and Miracles of S. Cuthbert,' and nine other manuscripts.

It was probably between 1615 and 1621 that Sir Robert Cotton became possessed of the celebrated manuscript known as the Utrecht Psalter. Its early history is

¹ Preface, p. xvii.

² Formerly (Otho, A 12) in the Cottonian Library. The original MS. perished in the fire of 1731.

³ 'Rara Mathematica from inedited MSS.,' by J. O. Halliwell, 1839.

obscure, and experts have differed widely as to its probable date and origin. Sir Thomas Hardy, who summarised its contents, and drew up a report upon the intrinsic arguments found in the Psalter itself in favour of its remote antiquity, calls attention to the fact that it could not have been written in England, because it contains certain liturgical pieces not in use in this country, at the time assigned for its age by other internal evidences. He suggests that it may have been brought into England by the Christian princess Bertha, daughter of Charibert, the Frankish king, who became the queen of Athelbert. He bases this supposition on the costliness of the MS., which points to its having belonged to a royal personage. He next considers the probability that the Psalter was presented by Queen Bertha to the Monastery of Reculver in Kent, where the king had built a new palace, and where Bertha attended the services of her religion. This argument he draws from the coincidence that at the time when the Psalter came into Cotton's hands there was bound up with it a charter, recording the gift of certain lands, by Lothair, King of Kent, to Berwald, Abbot of Reculver, and to his monastery. The charter is dated Reculver, May 7, 679, and it seems to have been the custom in smaller monasteries to place royal and other charters inside valuable books for preservation, in default of any more suitable depository. This charter, which Sir Robert Cotton took to be an original document, he separated from the Psalter, preserving it in another part of the library. It is still to be found

where he placed it, in Augustus, ii. 2.

But Mr Birch disposes summarily of Sir Thomas Hardy's ingenious theory, and first of all pronounces Cotton's opinion, that the above-mentioned charter is an original document, as not worth much. After giving all the evidence for and against the probability of Queen Bertha having presented the Psalter to Reculver Abbey, he shows reasons for preferring to think that the charter is a copy of the original, and was made at Christ Church, Canterbury, a religious house very closely allied to Reculver, which was secularised centuries before the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII.

But the most recent authority on illuminated MSS., Mr Maunde Thompson, considers that the actual date of the Utrecht Psalter may be placed about the year 800, and he maintains with Sir Thomas Hardy, from internal palæographical evidence, that, without doubt, the manuscript is of Frankish workmanship, and adjudges it to belong to the north or north-east of France.¹ This carries us back to Queen Bertha, and the likelihood of her having brought it over with her.

Shortly after the suppression of Christ Church, which in all probability inherited the treasures of Reculver, the Utrecht Psalter, together with its incorporated charter, fell into the hands of the Talbot family; and in Mr Bond's report on the manuscript he says that the name Mary Talbot can with some difficulty be deciphered on the lower margin of folio 60b in a sixteenth-century hand. Various suggestions have been

¹ See a Paper on "English Illuminated Manuscripts, A.D. 700-1066," by Mr Maunde Thompson. 'Bibliographica,' Pt. 2. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

made with regard to this name, but in Mr Birch's opinion—and here there is good reason for following him—it belonged to the wife or daughter of “Master Talbot of Norwich, a most ingenious and industrious antiquary.” He made a collection of rare manuscripts, most of which are now in Corpus Christi College at Cambridge, and it was from his collection that the Utrecht Psalter passed into Sir Robert Cotton's, but whether by gift or purchase is not recorded.

The book is inscribed in the catalogue of the library written by Cotton himself in 1621, under the press-mark Claudius, C vii, but it is not entered in any subsequent catalogue. An entry occurs among the “Notes of such books as have been lent out by Sir Robert Cotton to divers persons, and are abroad in their hands att this daye, the 15th of January 1630,” which entry is to the effect that the Psalter was lent “to my lord the Earle of Arundel.”

Birch gives it up as lost to the Cotton Library from the time that it passed into Lord Arundel's hands. He must have been unaware of the existence of Smith's own copy of his printed catalogue, which contains his MS. notes of books borrowed from the Cotton collection, and in which these words are written: “Borrowed by Mr Ashmole, on the 17th Feb. 1673, Claudius C vii.” Smith's folio catalogue, published in 1696, has the word *Deest*, marking its absence from the library. Nothing further, however, can be discovered of the book till 1718, when it appears to have become the property of Monsieur de Ridder, a Dutchman, who presented it to the

University of Utrecht, where it still remains.¹ Sir Robert Cotton's signature is on the first page.

The greatest charm of this manuscript, a facsimile of which is to be seen in the Cottonian Library, lies in its pen-and-ink illustrations, which are as forcible and eloquent as the scenes of Orcagna's Last Judgment on the walls of the Campo Santo at Pisa. Among the Harleian MSS. (603) there is an illuminated Psalter so like it that it is impossible that the artist should not at some period have had the Utrecht Psalter before him as he drew; unless, as Mr Maunde Thompson supposes, the older manuscript is itself a copy of a still more ancient one, which leads him to infer that other versions of this Psalter were in existence in England at an early date. This would account also for the Eadwine Psalter at Cambridge, a twelfth-century facsimile of the Harleian MS. Neither of these Psalters can be described as an absolute copy of the Utrecht Psalter.

We are here led to deplore the loss of another valuable manuscript of a totally different kind, which, although not in the collection at the time of Sir Robert's death, once belonged to the Cottonian Library, and was lost in the same way. We refer to the “*Enconium Emmæ*,” an eleventh-century MS., which Cotton lent to Duchesne, and which he used in his ‘*Historiæ Normanorum*,’ but never returned. It has entirely disappeared.

We now come to what is perhaps the noblest monument of Anglo-Saxon times in the Cottonian Library—namely, the famous Lindisfarne Gospels, also called the Durham Book, a marvel of

¹ ‘The History, Art, and Palæography of the Utrecht Psalter.’ By W. de Gray Birch, F.R.S.L., Keeper of the Manuscripts in the British Museum.

palæographic art. It is indisputably the finest production of the school of Lindisfarne. The Latin text, written in double columns, was transcribed by Eadfrith, Bishop of Lindisfarne, while still a simple monk, in honour, some say for the use, of St Cuthbert. It was finished after the saint's death, at the end of the seventh or beginning of the eighth century. This we learn from intrinsic evidence, in the form of a brief Anglo-Saxon entry at the end of the Gospel of St Matthew, and a longer one at the end of the volume. These entries have thus been translated by Mr Waring (*Prolegomena Lindisf. and Rushworth Gospels*, part 4):—

"Thou O living God, bear in mind Eadfrith and Æthelwald and Billfrith and Aldred the sinner. These four with God's help were employed upon (or busied about) this book."

And—

"Eadfrith, bishop over the church of Lindisfarne, first wrote this book in (honour of) God and St Cuthbert, and all the company of saints in the island; and Æthelwald, bishop of Lindisfarne, made an outer cover, and adorned it as he was well able; and Billfrith the anchorite, he wrought the metal-work of the ornaments on the outside thereof, and decked it with gold and with gems, overlaid also with silver and unalloyed metal; and Aldred, an unworthy and most miserable priest by the help of God and St Cuthbert, over glossed the same in English, and domiciled himself with the three parts: Matthew, his part for God and St Cuthbert; Mark, this part for the bishop; and Luke, this part for the brotherhood; with eight ora of silver (as an offering) on entrance; and St John's part for himself—*i.e.*, for his soul; and depositing) four silver ora with God

and St Cuthbert, that he may find acceptance in Heaven, through the mercy of God; good fortune and peace on earth, promotion and dignity, wisdom and prudence, through the merits of St Cuthbert.

"Eadfrith, Æthelwald, Billfrith, and Aldred have wrought and adorned this book of the Gospels for (love of) God and St Cuthbert."

Old as it is, neither vellum nor illumination shows the faintest sign of decay. The writing is exquisitely beautiful, and points to a degree of cultivation which we do not usually associate with a rough life, such as was led by the monks of sea-girt Lindisfarne. There are wonderful initial letters, geometrical and tessellated designs, like the most delicate and intricate mosaics, and, above all, beautifully devout representations of the four Evangelists, all evidently by the same loving and reverent hand, and the whole colouring as fresh now as if it had been painted yesterday. The drawings of the Evangelists, each accompanied by the symbolic animal usually assigned to him, are of a large size, occupying nearly the whole of their respective pages. They are taken from Byzantine models, of which, according to Westwood,¹ nothing remains but the attitudes, the fashion of the dress, and the form of the seats. The most recent investigations prove beyond a doubt that these illuminations were copied from a MS. brought into England by the missionaries sent from Rome. Mr Maunde Thompson, following Dom Germain Morin,² shows that the Capitula, or tables of sections which accompany the several Gospels, are according to the Neapolitan use, and that Adrian, the companion of the Greek

¹ 'Facsimiles of the Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish Manuscripts,' p. 35.

² See his articles in the '*Revue Bénédictine*,' Nov.-Dec. 1891, pp. 481 and 529.

Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, in his mission to Britain in 668, was abbot of a monastery in the island of Nisita, near Naples. Bede tells us that these missionaries were both at Lindisfarne, and Mr Maunde Thompson thinks that there can be no reasonable doubt that the Neapolitan MS., from which the Durham Book or Lindisfarne Gospel derived its text, had been brought a few years previously from Naples by the Abbot Adrian.¹

The interlineary Saxon gloss was a later addition by the monk Aldred, and Billfrith, as we have seen, made the sumptuous metal covering. The binding, needless to say, has long since disappeared, and for many years a shabby morocco covering replaced the gorgeous shrine in which the monks of Holy Island had deposited their treasure. About fifty years ago, Bishop Maltby of Durham, at the suggestion of Mr John Holmes, provided a worthy substitute, the design of which was copied from one of the ornamental pages in the book itself.

This manuscript has been published by the Surtees Society, together with the very inferior Rushworth Gospels, but only one illumination has been reproduced.²

Of absolutely authentic history there is little to relate concerning this book, but Simeon of Durham, or rather Turgot, whose manuscript he copied (and both men lived in the neighbourhood), is responsible for a story which says that it remained at Holy Island till the ravages of the Danes obliged the monks to fly, carrying

with them their two greatest treasures, the body of St Cuthbert and this volume. But in their flight across the narrow strip of sea which divides the island from the coast of Northumbria, their boat was thrown so much on one side that the book fell overboard. They arrived safely on the opposite shore, but could not resolve to continue their flight till they had done what they could to recover the precious relic. So they waited at the peril of their lives till the tide went out, leaving, as it does to this day, a stretch of bare sand between the island and the mainland. To the joy of the monks, they then found the book lying on the sand unharmed.

Archbishop Eyre, in his 'Life of St Cuthbert,' following the story contained in the 'Rites of Durham' (Surtees Society), places this incident in the sixth or seventh year of their wanderings :—

"And so, the Bishop, the Abbot, and the rest, being weary of travelling, thought to have stolen away, and carried St Cuthbert's body into Ireland, for his better safety. And being upon the sea in a ship, by a marvellous miracle, three waves of water were turned into blood. The ship that they were in was driven back by the tempest and by the mighty power of God, as it would seem, upon the shore or land. And also the said ship that they were in, by the great storm and strong raging walls of the sea as is aforesaid, was turned on the one side, and the book of the holy Evangelists fell out of the ship into the bottom of the sea."

This account says that the monks found the volume about

¹ "English Illuminated Manuscripts," 'Bibliographica,' Pt. 2.

² The Lindisfarne Gospels, or Durham Book, is described in Planta's Catalogue under Nero, D 4, as "Liber præclarissimus, elegantissimis characteribus et curiosissimus pro istius seculi arte picturis et delineationibus ornatus." See also Wanley's 'Catalogus Codd. MS. Anglo-Sax.,' p. 250.

three miles from the shore, and that their landing-place was Whithorn in Galloway, opposite Belfast.

When Lindisfarne became a priory cell to Durham, it still remained there, and in the 'History of North Durham' by Raine it is mentioned in the year 1637 as "the book of St Cuthbert which had fallen into the sea." We notice a brown stain on several of the leaves, which might be accounted for by their having been saturated with water, did we but know what would be the effect of a sea-water mark after so long a period. At the time of the dissolution it was still at Lindisfarne, and no record of what then befel it has been preserved.¹ Sir Robert Cotton discovered it in the possession of Robert Bowyer, clerk of Parliament under James I. The resemblance between the artistic and palæographic peculiarities of the Book of Kells and the Durham Book is accounted for by the fact that Lindisfarne was founded from Iona, which had been given to St Columba and his Irish companions in the sixth century. The monks who settled at Holy Island continued the Scoto-Irish traditions which they had brought with them.

We have space but for a very brief notice of another remarkable MS., which an early tradition has pronounced to be one of the volumes sent to St Augustine by Pope Gregory.² It is known as the Augustine Psalter, and the style of its ornamentation shows it to be of Roman origin. This ornamentation consists of initial

letters in the Celtic manner; but gold, which was hardly ever used in the Lindisfarne school, and never in Irish MSS., is here to be seen in profusion, betraying a foreign influence. The Psalter belonged to the Abbey of St Augustine, and is probably a copy, executed in that house, of one of the books sent from Rome.

The Paraphrase of the Pentateuch, and the Book of Joshua, by Ælfric the Grammarian, in this collection, is the finest known copy of the work. It is ornamented with 397 drawings illustrating the text of the early books of the Bible. The largest miniature is the building of the Tower of Babel.

The Psychomachia of Prudentius is very beautifully written in red and black ink. There are 83 drawings. A replica of this manuscript, which formerly belonged to the monastery of Malmesbury, is now at Cambridge.

Scarcely less interesting historically than the Lindisfarne Gospels is the book of the benefactors to Durham Cathedral. Their names are written in alternate lines of gold and silver, and the binding was also originally of gold and silver, to which fact a Latin couplet in verse testifies. As time went on, it was carelessly kept by the monks of Durham, but entries were made up to the eve of the dissolution. It was published by the Surtees Society under the name of the 'Liber Vitæ,' and edited by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson, who also wrote a preface to the volume. The meaning of "Liber Vitæ" was that the fact

¹ Brayley's 'Graphic and Historical Illustrator,' 1834; article, "The Durham Book," by the Rev. Joseph Stevenson.

² Claudius, B 4. A careful description of this MS. is to be found in Westwood's 'Palæographia Sacra Pictoria,' and in his 'Miniatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS.'

of the benefactor's name being inscribed in this book was coupled with the hope and the prayer that the same name might at last find a place in the Book of Life, in which those are enrolled who shall be faithful unto death.¹ Later on, it became a sort of memorandum-book, in which, together with the names of benefactors, was entered a brief account of the nature of their donations. Copies of charters were also inserted, and other matters of a historical character. Up to folio 42 it is written in a beautiful ninth-century hand, but from this point downwards the gold and silver lines are omitted, and it is continued in various and less elegant writing. This manuscript remained at Durham till the dissolution; and it is not known how it came to be removed, nor the manner in which it passed finally into the Cottonian Library. It is thus quaintly described:—

“There did lie on the High Altar an excellent fine book, very richly covered with gold and silver, containing the names of all the benefactors towards St Cuthbert's Church, from the very original foundation thereof, the very letters of the book being for the most part all gilt, as is apparent in the said book till this day. The laying that book on the High Altar did show how highly they esteemed their founders and benefactors; and the quotidian remembrance they had of them in the time of Mass and divine service. And this did argue, not only their gratitude, but also a most divine and charitable affection to the souls of their benefactors as well dead as living, which book is yet extant, declaring the said use in the inscription thereof.”²

These examples may suffice as

a glimpse into the nature of this treasure-house; but where so much is rich and costly, it is not easy to make a selection that shall be fairly representative. With regard to the peculiar designation of the places occupied by the books in this collection, Sir Robert Cotton arranged them in fourteen presses, each press being surmounted by a bust of one of the twelve Roman emperors, the two last having that of Cleopatra and Faustina. The contents of each press were placed in boxes or portfolios, or bound up in volumes, each box, portfolio, or volume being designated by a letter of the alphabet or a number, each document having a separate number.

After the death of its founder the library remained for some time in sequestration, to the great annoyance of the new baronet, Sir Thomas Cotton, who complained bitterly that he was shut out from his study, *the best room in his house*. A schedule was at last drawn up, a large vellum roll still extant in the collection, showing that it contained nothing that did not belong to him, and ultimately he gained admission. Sir Symond d'Ewes made no secret of his opinion that Sir Thomas Cotton was “wholly addicted to the tenacious increasing of his worldly wealth, and altogether unworthy to be master of so inestimable a library.” We cannot altogether agree with this verdict, since he avenged himself by lending d'Ewes his father's collection of coins; and it is but fair to add that he appears in general to have been no less liberal, we might almost say careless, in lending than his father. Rancour may, however, have set in later on, for Dug-

¹ Preface, p. viii.

² ‘The Ancient Rites and Monuments of the Monastical and Cathedral Church of Durham, collected out of Ancient Manuscripts about the time of the Suppression.’

dale, writing to d'Ewes in 1639, says, "I am in despair to obtain the books of Sir Thomas Cotton which you desire."

Richard James, librarian, fell under the same condemnation as his master, for d'Ewes describes him as "a wretched mercenary fellow."

Sir Thomas Cotton died in 1662, and was succeeded by his eldest son John, who was somewhat of a scholar. Several respectable Latin verses by him occur in Smith's MSS. at Oxford. He married Dorothy, daughter and coheirress of Edmund Anderson, of Stratton, in Bedfordshire; and it appears that during the Civil War the library was removed to this place for greater security. This was the beginning of its various wanderings and vicissitudes, which lasted nearly a hundred years. The first regular catalogue was that made and printed at Oxford by Dr Thomas Smith in 1696. This catalogue is defective in many ways, especially as regards State Papers and detached Tracts, of which there are no fewer than 170 volumes, which are here severally entered under one head only, although they contain on an average as many as a hundred separate documents on different subjects. Dugdale, who was allowed to make what use he liked of the library, discovered 80 of these volumes in loose bundles, and had them bound; but they were still practically useless, for want of proper descriptions and indices, till Planta, keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, published his descriptive catalogue in 1802. His catalogue, although not without faults, has never been superseded.

We are mainly indebted to the third baronet for the magnificent project of bequeathing the Cotton-

ian Library to the nation. He died in 1702, before the final steps had been taken for this purpose; but his grandson and immediate successor carried out his wishes, which had also been those of his father and grandfather.

The statute, drawn up in the year 1700 (12 and 13 William III.), is entitled "An Act for the better settling and preserving the library kept in the house at Westminster, called Cotton House, in the name and family of the Cottons, for the benefit of the public."

The next step was to have the books carefully inspected, and compared with Smith's catalogue, now found to be defective. Many of the manuscripts were reported to be in a state of decay, the place where they were kept not being altogether calculated to receive them. In 1706, Sir Christopher Wren was commissioned to fit up the study for public use; but he declared that Cotton House was in a ruinous condition, and in consequence of his report, in the following year, another Act of Parliament decreed that to increase the public utility of the library, Cotton House should be purchased of Sir John Cotton for £4500, and a new building erected for the collection. Still nothing was done, till the house actually threatening to tumble down, the books were removed to Essex House in the Strand, where they remained for twenty-eight years. In 1730, Ashburnham House, Westminster, was purchased by the nation for the reception of the Cottonian, together with the Royal Library. It was here in 1731 that the terrible fire broke out which destroyed so many valuable manuscripts.

At about two o'clock in the morning of the 23d October, Dr Bentley the librarian and his

family, who lived at Ashburnham House, were aroused from sleep by a suffocating smoke, which soon afterwards burst into a flame. The outbreak was caused by a wooden mantelpiece taking fire in the room immediately under the two libraries. It was at first hoped that the flames might be extinguished by throwing water upon the woodwork of the room actually on fire, so that they did not begin to remove the books as soon as they should have done. But seeing that this was hopeless, Mr Casley, deputy librarian, hastened to rescue the famous Alexandrian MS., and the books in the press named Augustus, as being considered the most valuable. These are principally charts, maps, grants, and Papal Bulls, all relating to early English history. Several of the presses were then removed bodily; but as the fire spread with alarming rapidity, and there was a delay in the arrival of the engines, it was discovered none too soon that some of the backs of presses were on fire. Then the books were seized and thrown out of windows, after which they were carried into Westminster School and the Little Cloisters. By permission of the Dean and Chapter, they subsequently found a temporary home in a new building that had been erected as a dormitory for the school. A Committee was at once appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the amount of injury sustained. It was found that a great number of manuscripts had suffered from the engine-water as well as from fire, and the Report of the Commissioners stated, that out of 958 volumes of MSS., 746 were un-

harméd, and 98 partially injured. The press known as Otho had suffered the most. In the table drawn up by Mr Casley, in his appendix to the Royal Library, not one volume in Otho is seen to be intact; 16 are marked defective, 55 as lost, burnt, or defaced so as not to be distinguishable. Vitellius was the next greatest sufferer—46 volumes being preserved, 28 defective, and 34 seriously damaged. Vespasian, with its fine collection of historical materials belonging to the history of England and Scotland, its dramas in Old English verse, and the famous Coventry Mysteries and others, happily escaped entirely.¹

Casley's figures differ slightly from those of the Commissioners: out of a total of 958 volumes, he notes 748 as uninjured, 99 as defective, and 111 as lost, burnt, or defaced.

On the 1st November the work of restoration began, and was carried out by Bentley, Casley, three clerks from the Record Office, a bookbinder, and others. The Speaker of the House of Commons was frequently present to see that all was properly done. Some of the MSS. inclined to mildew were dried before a fire. Some would have rotted if they had not been taken out of their bindings, so thoroughly had the water permeated. The paper books which had been stained were unbound and put into the softest cold water that could be procured, and when the stains disappeared, they were plunged into water in which alum had been dissolved, and then hung upon lines to dry.

The best means of stretching vellum to its former dimensions,

¹ "Narrative of the Fire which happened at Ashburnham House, October 23, 1731." Report of the Committee appointed by the House of Commons.

after it had been shrivelled and contracted, had not at that time been discovered, but the restorers did what they could. It was first softened in cold water; then those leaves which had become glued together, by the heat melting all kinds of extraneous substances, were separated by means of an ivory cutter, and the glutinous substances carefully removed with the fingers, the parchments smoothed with the palm of the hand, and their backs pressed with a clean flannel. Fragments were also carefully cleaned and preserved, and upon many of these, with which the original restorers could do nothing, Sir Frederick Madden afterwards worked wonders. By his method, 100 volumes were repaired on vellum, and 97 on paper.

Among these mutilated fragments was the priceless fourth century manuscript of Genesis, contained in Otho, B vi, which Mr Birch tells us was taken abroad, and for a while given up as lost. It could not be found after the fire, but Sir Frederick Madden discovered the much burnt remains and pieced them together. This book of Genesis was thought to be the oldest Greek MS. in England; but four leaves of the Gospels in Greek (Titus, C xv) are considered by Mr Birch to be as old, or even older. The Oxford librarian, Thomas James, wrote in the beginning of the volume that it was brought into this country by two Greek bishops as a present to Henry VIII. They told him that, according to an old tradition, it had belonged to Origen, and there was nothing in the text to make the supposition incredible. This, if true, would make the book to be at least 1500 years

old, with a possibility of its being even more ancient. It had been the subject of a dispute in the time of the first Sir John Cotton, when it was supposed to have been lost. All at once it was found to be in the possession of Lady Stafford, who stoutly maintained that it had belonged to the late earl, her husband, who had lent it to Sir Thomas Cotton, and that while it was in his hands he caused it to be newly bound, and his coat of arms to be fixed upon it. She declared, however, that Sir John might have it for £40, but that she would not take a farthing less, adding that he had already offered her £30, in her own house, but that she had refused the sum. Mr Gilbert Crouch, who was negotiating for Sir John, in explaining the matter to Dugdale, said that if Sir John Cotton had "so great a mind to the book, he were better give this other £10 than run the charge and hazard of a suit."¹

All that now remains of this uniquely beautiful MS., painted on every page, are eighteen melancholy scraps, of no use but as a monument of the ingenuity with which they have been pieced together, mended, and preserved.

The Chronicle of Wendover, which was also believed to have perished, was found and repaired in Sir Frederick Madden's time.

A fragment of another MS., marked as missing in Planta's Catalogue, has found its way to the Bodleian Library. It consists of ten folios of the life of S. Basil: a note by Hearne says that it came from a Cottonian manuscript.

Grand as the library still is, it is painful to consider how infinitely finer it must have been during the

¹ 'Life, Diary, and Correspondence of Sir William Dugdale.'

lifetime of its celebrated founder, before it had suffered from the ravages of the fire and the carelessness or dishonesty of so many borrowers. Sir John Cotton avowed that many books lent to Selden were never returned; the Duke of Buckingham was also guilty in the same respect. A manuscript now in the Bodleian Library (Barlow, 49) was borrowed from the Cottonian by Dr Prideaux, and never restored to its owner. It was afterwards exposed for sale in Worcester, and bought by Dr Barlow, who presented it to the Bodleian. Parliamentary rolls often suffered a like fate, and we could multiply instances of similar losses did we not fear to prolong this article to an inordinate length. The loss of the Utrecht Psalter is, however, perhaps the most grievous that the library has sustained from borrowers.

Some of the manuscripts injured by the fire at Ashburnham House were further mutilated by another fire, which occurred on the prem-

ises of a bookbinder on the 10th July 1865.

In 1753 the Government purchased the large Natural History and Art collection of Sir Hans Sloane, together with a library of 50,000 volumes which were deposited in Montague House, on the site of the present British Museum buildings. Hither the Cottonian and Royal libraries were brought, and formed, together with the Sloane collection of manuscripts, the nucleus of the great national collection of which we are so justly proud, and which, under its present efficient and courteous management, is rendered so useful to students.

The British Museum was formally opened to the public at Montague House in 1759. But it grew so rapidly that soon more space was needed, and in 1823 the eastern wing of the present building was erected to receive the library of George III., presented to the Museum by George IV. The whole building was completed in 1847.

CUCKOO CORNER.

A WEST COUNTRY SKETCH.

It was a damp chilly afternoon in March, and the tall black poplars were still leafless as in December, when a young girl passed under them and turned the corner, to go up the lane, between the hedges covered with buds and catkins, which seemed to make the distant trees rise through a silvery haze. A little brook trickled down over the rough stones in the middle of the pathway, and the girl had to pick her way across from one side to the other; but it was with a slow heavy step which had little of the joyous freedom of youth.

As she turned her head she revealed a pale delicate face, with soft dark eyes and brown hair smoothly brushed back from her low forehead, round which clustered a few little vagrant curls. The sensitive mouth, with full red lips, half open, and the short receding chin, spoke of a weak timid nature. Her dress was neat and simple—a plain straw hat and a dark stuff gown with a black jacket; and she carried in her hands all her worldly goods—a bundle of clothes tied up in a red shawl, and a white bandbox,—no heavy burden, and yet her whole manner was of one who was weary and heavy laden. Half-way up the lane she paused for a moment to listen to a blackbird singing in the hedge, just above the bank where the starry white blossoms of the stitchwort bent down towards the grey film of coming bluebells.

Her eyes were dim with tears, and as she stretched out her hand longingly, she slipped ankle-deep in the water.

Poor Letitia! How familiar it

all was to her, for her earliest remembrances were bound up with that watery path to school, which had been so often trodden by her little toddling feet. Oh, if she could but call back those bygone days of her innocent childhood!

She had reached the point where the winding lane took a sharp turn up from the hollow towards the wooded slopes above. Beneath a clump of gaunt weather-beaten fir-trees her home stood before her—one of those two cottages with grey stone walls and a thatched roof, tinted with many-coloured lichens, where the swallows always built under the deep eaves.

Why it was called “Cuckoo Corner” nobody knew for certain, but from time immemorial such had been the name of that secluded nook, away and apart from the rest of the village of Combe Dall-wood. A lovely spot in summer, when the world is flooded with sunshine; but seen through the gathering mist, it seemed to echo back the sadness and gloom in the girl’s own heart.

By the broken gate of the nearest cottage Letitia paused awhile irresolute, until some sound from within startled her, and summoning up her courage, she crossed the few yards of garden path, with the tangled mass of violets and snowdrops on either side. Then with a deep sigh, which was almost a sob, she pushed open the rough door left ajar, and stood trembling on the threshold of her home. Coming out of the daylight, it all looked so dark that she could distinguish nothing at first, for the big oak

settle hid from her the firelight on the hearth.

"Mother!" she murmured faintly, and in a moment her voice was heard and recognised, and a worn-looking woman with a wrinkled face came forward in a stiff awkward manner.

"Titia!" she cried, in sudden amazement. "Why, if it beant our 'Titia a - come hoam, dear maïd!"

With a great effort the girl had kept up till that moment, but it was well for her that her mother's arms closed round her ere she fell, and gently drew her towards the place of honour—the high-backed chair with a chintz cushion, which stood inside the snug refuge of the chimney corner. Full of anxious love, Ann Lever bent over her child and kissed her pale face; then kneeling down by her side, she gently chafed her cold hands, and loosened her jacket.

"Whatever hav'ee a-left thy plaâce vor?" asked a hoarse voice, from the other side of the hearth, in a level undemonstrative tone.

It was the first sign that Timothy Lever, the girl's father and the master of the house, had given of his presence; but he was always a man of few words, one of the quiet ruminating order, almost sharing the nature of the peaceful beasts among whom his days were spent.

"Now do 'ee let the maïd alone, Tim'thy!" exclaimed his wife, in a sharp peevish voice, a complete contrast to that in which she had been crooning over Letitia. "Her be that beat wi' her long traipse, you mid knock she down wi' a feather, an nar' a word shall her zay, good or bad, till her 've had a bit o' zupper."

So Mrs Lever set to work with a will to kindle the smouldering embers of the wood-fire on the

hearth, and to boil the big kettle hung above it and hooked on to the iron chain. Then she put ready on the table the old brown teapot with a broken spout, and the loaf of home-made bread, and a tiny pat of butter, and the blue-vinny cheese; and in honour of her 'Titia, she took down, with tender solicitude, the pink cup and saucer which always lived on the top shelf.

Meantime Timothy sat there in his soiled smockfrock, his stiff leather gaiters tied on with wisps of straw, and his heavy hob-nailed boots, thick with mud which was slowly drying in that warm corner. He was quietly smoking his pipe, and to all appearance taking no interest in what was going on. But a keen observer would have noticed a nervous twitch about the thin mouth, and an anxious look in the small deeply sunk blue eyes, which revealed the workings of the poor soul in that uncouth body. As his master, Farmer Dorymeade, had once remarked, "Timothy Lever's silence do mean so much as most men's speech."

He loved his daughter, the last and youngest of his children,—and she knew it; but he lacked the power to express his feelings. Then, too, he was stiff and weary with his long day's work along the furrows, which had begun before four o'clock that morning; for he was a carter, and he had to get up in the dark and trudge through the muddy lanes and wet grass, to feed his horses before taking them out to plough. When once he sat down in the chimney-corner, he rarely had the energy to move again till bedtime, when his wet clothes had mostly time to dry on him. Everything was so close at hand that he even took his supper on his knee, cutting his hunch of bread and cheese

with a big clasp-knife, which was always handy for every purpose.

His wife was a great contrast to him—an eager excitable woman, with keen black eyes and scarcely a grey hair amongst her thin locks. Her figure was bent, more from work than age; she was untidy in appearance, wearing a short rusty black skirt and not over-clean greenish body, while she was scarcely ever seen without a purple sun-bonnet, carelessly pushed back from her face. As she busied herself in making the tea and getting supper ready, her husband's eyes followed her movements, and then turned towards his girl, with almost pathetic hungry longing.

If he could only do or say something to show how warmly he welcomed her home. And all the time there was the kind of quiet look about him with which he used to stand up in his place in church on Sundays, and which was like nothing so much as the patient demeanour of his own cart-horses, as they were wont to wait at the end of a furrow.

Meanwhile Letitia leant back in her chair, thankful that she was allowed to be silent, while she gave herself up to the soothing influence of the warm fire, and the kindly home feeling of rest and love. Surely now all her care and trouble would be forgotten and fade away like a bad dream, but yet—she must not think of it.

Her eyes glanced languidly round the poor little dwelling, of which every detail had been so familiar to her from her earliest childhood. She saw the low ceiling, full of cracks, discoloured with smoke, and the rough wooden rack for hanging bacon, when such a luxury was to be had. There was the wooden dresser, with its motley assortment of cups and jugs and odd dishes and other miscellaneous

articles—in fact most of the household property was kept there, or on the narrow table by the stairs. The rough and much-stained plaster of the walls was partly hidden by pictures from old illustrated papers of the most varied and incongruous kinds. Just in front of her there was hung, in a black frame, a work of art of which she was very proud—the sampler she had worked at school, with her full name, "Letitia Caroline Lever," in red cross-stitch, and various quaint designs round it. She had never distinguished herself in any other way, for she had always been a weakly child; and as the youngest of a large family, many of whom had died, her mother had spoilt her and kept her at home from school as much as possible.

Indeed, as to this matter of sending the children to school, most of the Combe Dallwood folks were agreed that it was a sad waste of time for their boys and girls, who might be so much more usefully employed. Yet whatever might be their views about education, they all said that Ann Lever was a poor weak sort of mother, and that it was a wonder her family did not turn out worse. Two of the sons had enlisted, and another worked as under-carter under his father. The eldest girl, Polly, a brisk capable lass, had married a young dairyman in the neighbouring village of Stoke Melford. But Letitia stayed at home with her mother, and being of a meek and timid disposition, she dreaded any change.

It so happened, however, in those days, that there was a curate in charge of the parish who had an energetic well-meaning sister, and she took upon herself to be a kind of Providence to the poor people, and rule their lives for them better than they could do

for themselves. Now she was quite scandalised at the idea of this big girl of Lever's, going on for fourteen, remaining at home and doing nothing, but only a burden to her parents. So the fiat went forth that "Caroline," as she was to be called,—ignoring that ridiculous name of "Letitia,"—must go out to service at once. The good lady lost no time: she made inquiries up North amongst her friends in Birmingham, where she came from, and soon found a "situation." A cousin of her own had recently married the managing clerk of a bank, and wanted a young country servant.

The girl Lever was told of her good fortune in being selected for such a post, and despite her mother's loud protestations and her father's ominous silence, she was sent off to Birmingham,—for, as a last resort, the Squire's authority was invoked, and from this there was no appeal.

The curate's sister, who could ill afford it, had helped with Letitia's outfit, and had herself made the neat black frock and white cap and aprons, which she was to wear in the afternoon. But even with her strong supporting sense of duty fulfilled, Miss Wilson was haunted for days afterwards by the look of dumb despair on the child's face, as she started on her long journey in the third-class railway-carriage. Poor little "'Titia"! There were worse troubles in store for her than even the parting from her home and her mother.

Her new mistress was young and inexperienced, and expected a great deal more from the untrained creature than she could possibly perform. There was no other servant kept, and she had to get through all the work as best she could,—be housemaid, parlour-maid, cook, all in one. But per-

haps her greatest grievance was that she was expected to put on her one tidy frock before early dinner, and wait at table, and "answer the door" to visitors, while, as she described it in after-days—"The kitchen, he were all of a caddle, while mis'ess, her did zit i' the parlour, vor all t' world loike a wax doll, wi' her yaller hair all frizzed and touzled, an' a black velvet gownd wi' a tail to un!"

But, after all, the work and even the worry, the poor child might possibly have endured: what was most terrible to her was the death-like silence and loneliness at night, when she was shut up all by herself, far away in the kitchen of the gloomy town house. The desolate, home-sick girl would sob her heart out at such times, for hours together. Escape was impossible, for she had no money to pay for her journey home; it was no use writing to her mother, who could not read her letters, and might show them to the wrong person: she must bide her time. But at the first quarter-day, when she was paid her accumulated wages—the sum total of half-a-crown a-week—she tied up her bundle and went straight off to the station and took the next train back South, to the dear old home. She was sure of a loving welcome there; and oh, the luxury of pouring out all her troubles in the ear of her indignant mother, after the long three months' purgatory of silence and despair!

"No, they should'n never zend my maiden away agen, never no mwore, along wi' they stuck-up vo'k; no, I wunt let 'un, not vor no Squier an no passon liven, pore lamb!"

So she vowed, did Mrs Lever, and for nearly two years she had

her way and kept her girl at home. But then, alas! bad times came, and Timothy was laid up for months with the "rheumatics," and the potatoes got the disease, and the pig died; and so, little by little, their small savings went, and their credit down at the shop was almost exhausted.

The position was so serious that Polly, the eldest daughter, came over from Stoke Melford to consider what was to be done. She took her sister to task at once, and clearly pointed out to her that she was another mouth to feed at home, and that the best thing she could do to help the old people was to earn her living and save her wages for them. Mrs Lever shed many silent tears; but she was like wax in the hands of Polly, whose hard sensible view of the matter carried the day.

So another place was found for 'Titia, but this time in a farmhouse about ten miles away, where she would live in a homely way with the family, and share their domestic life. Here it was, at Steynford-under-the-Hill, that she had been living for nearly a year, when, as we have seen, the young girl suddenly and without warning appeared at home again.

Not until she was rested and warmed and comforted were any questions asked of the poor wanderer, and then her mother could make but little out of her broken, incoherent replies.

"Yes, sure they've a-ben main good to I, over to the varm, an' I've nowt to zay agen they; but howsomdever 'tis up early an' late to bed, an' the work, why, tidden never done." Then she added with a burst of tears, "An' now I be comed hoam to bide."

Not one word of blame did her mother speak; she kissed and

petted her darling as though she were a little child again, and made a place ready for her in the one low bedroom under the thatch.

But the poor woman herself never slept that night, for she was full of sad and anxious thought. A dim brooding shadow hung over the future, which only the inherited instinct of generations, laden with sorrow and suffering, enabled her to face with pathetic resignation.

Time passed on, as it does for us all, whether in hope or fear. The early spring, with its vague misty promise of bud and blossom, had melted away into the full flush and glow of summer. But in vain for Letitia had the primroses filled the earth with their pale delicate colour; in vain had the blue hyacinths clothed the hillside with a shadowy veil of azure, and the golden daffodils shone like stars in the copse: the days would come again no more when the eager child filled her hands with flowers, and brought them home rejoicing.

A great change had come over the girl: she never willingly went beyond the cottage door, and while the outside world was flooded with sunshine, she turned her face away from the cheerful light, and crept back into the darkest corner of the room. Soon the neighbours down in the village street began to gossip and shake their heads: there was trouble somewhere, that they were sure of; but if the girl had been defiant, and held up her head, not shunning them and withholding her confidence, the village critics would have treated the matter very differently.

After a while, no one knew how it befell, a dark rumour reached the Squire, and one day he bore down like a whirlwind upon poor

Ann Lever, who was taken un-awares, and so he got the whole truth out of her. Now Squire Ingram ruled Combe Dallwood with an absolute despotism in those days, and would have no scandal there. So his imperious word went forth—that Lever's daughter must be married at once.

It so happened that the Squire owned the very farm in the neighbouring parish where poor Letitia had been in service, and he could thus bring strong pressure to bear both on the farmer and on the rustic Lothario in his employment, who was soon discovered. Thus it came about that before many weeks the banns of marriage between "Caleb Thornden and Letitia Caroline Lever" were given out in the old church, to a congregation which scarcely tried to hide its amusement.

It was an awful time of misery for the poor girl, whose affairs were thus made a public laughing-stock, and she could never have lived through it, but that the very depth of her trouble had called forth friends where she least expected them.

As we have seen, there were two cottages at Cuckoo Corner, in a measure isolated from the rest of the village; and one of these was tenanted by the Levers, while in the other dwelt old Tom Lane the thatcher and his wife Hephzibah. There had never been much intimacy between the two families, though Tom was a genial old fellow, who always had a ready word and jest for every one he met. But the women did not quite hit it off together. Ann Lever, with her untidy ways and spoilt children, always at work and always behindhand, had an aggrieved feeling towards Hephzibah, who seemed to have so much leisure, and whose bare-looking cottage was the ideal of order and

neatness. Old Tom's wife was a tall gaunt figure, with her head always shaking as though the long thin neck could scarcely support it, and her wisp of grey hair was smoothly drawn back from her prominent forehead. She was never without a big clean apron over her short faded print frock, of which the sleeves were always tucked up, showing her long bony arms and hands, all gnarled and distorted by a lifetime of hard work.

Poor Hephzibah had a stern forbidding look, and few people had any idea how that uncouth body hid a shy, timid, gentle nature, painfully conscious of the fact that she was looked on askance by the village as being a stranger, "a furrener, one o' they Chillerton vo'k,"—for she was a native of the next village, and had only been Tom Lane's second wife for a matter of the last twenty years. Yet such is the force of prejudice that she was never felt really to belong to the village.

On that particular Sunday when the banns were given out, Tom Lane had been sitting in his usual place, in the choir in church. True, his poor old cracked voice was secretly scoffed at by the younger men and boys, yet he had once sung the solo in the village anthem, and played the big bassoon in the gallery. Alas! those days were long past, and only the tradition of his musical greatness remained.

As he walked slowly up the lane, homewards, he came suddenly upon Letitia Lever, standing at the threshold of her cottage, the very picture of limp, absolute wretchedness. She looked up at him with a hunted expression in her eyes, which went straight to the heart of the old man, who had never had chick nor child of his own.

He went up to her with a sudden impulse. "Titia, my dear," he began, "do 'ee mind how thee was wont to come an sit 'ee down by our vireside, when thee was but a little toddle, and mother were out to work? But us doant never zee thee now. 'Tell 'ee what, lass; us have zum rare good teäties for dinner, an' a tidy bit o' bacon; an' my mis'ess, her'll be main glad, zo do 'ee just come along o' we."

There was such a look of genuine kindness and sympathy in the old man's broad face, all covered with queer little wrinkles, that the poor girl felt any change might help to make life more endurable, and so she let him take her by the hand and lead her across the few yards which separated one door from the other.

His eyes rested on the two hands linked together—hers so white and transparent, and his so brown and thick and horny.

"Wonderful tackle our han's do be, zure enow!" he exclaimed. "Why, ef zo be that I'd a' worn gloves vor my thatchen, like as zum o' they vo'k do, bless 'ee, what a sight o' they I'd a' het all to flinders! An' zee, my han's be zo hard an' zo vit as ever."

She smiled, as he had meant her to do, and so he got over the awkwardness of the introduction to his wife, who came forward, looking extra grim when she meant to be more friendly than usual. When she found that Letitia was coming to dinner with them, nothing could exceed the shy nervous delight of the old woman in welcoming her visitor; but beyond mildly fussing about to fill her plate, and press her to eat, she had no power to express her kindly feelings.

Not so the old thatcher. He talked incessantly, and told his

old stories with such a zest that Letitia quite forgot her troubles for the time being, and once or twice actually joined in his hearty laugh. She was such a young creature after all—barely seventeen, and a child for her years.

"A pore lot the lads be nowadays, to talk o' thickey hard toimes, zimmen to I! Why, when I was a young chap, I minds a-goen along o' vather in the waggon vor to take corn to Radstock an vetch coal back, a matter o' vifty mile goen and comen. An' vor to save maäster, that war t' ould Squier, a-payen turnpike more'n onst over to Beemster, us had to be anigh the gaäte, an' bide alongside o' he till the church clock had a'het twelve. Ofttimes 'twas bitter cold an' pitch dark when us 'ood call up wold Bill as kept the 'pike to let we droo—an' then, lawk! how us had to look sharp to get over to Radstock, an' back to Beemster turnpike gaäte agen, avore twelve o'clock o' midnight comed round agen. Bless 'ee, my dear, when I've a' got back safe to hoam, I've a ben that stiff an' clemmed wi' cold that I cood'n budge, an' vather 've a had to haul I out, an' I've a tumbled into bed wi' all my wet clothes on, an' cood'n taäke never a bit or zup."

"Oh, vather would'n like that! He doant hold wi' night-work," said Letitia, to fill up the expectant pause.

"Ay zure; zo 'twur in my young days! An' zum vo'k says tes hard times now," exclaimed Tom Lane, triumphantly. "Lar' bless 'ee! I can tell 'ee lots more. How Squier used to beat I when I wur a bit of a chap, ef zo be as he cotched I in they woods o' his'n up the Hangën. An' 'twarn't no better of a Zunday, vor ef I zo much as let slip a marble on t' vloor, or a waps.

comed a-buzzen agen I, lawk ! passon, he'd a-come down church, an' take I vast by the ear, an' car' I up alongzide o' he in the preachen-box."

This greatly amused his listener, who could not conceive their grave solemn curate doing anything of the kind. The time had been so pleasantly beguiled that Letitia was quite surprised to find how quickly it had passed. This was how the ice was broken with her old neighbours, and during the next few trying weeks she was thankful indeed for their kindly support and sympathy.

At home there was her mother almost always in tears ; her father, whose silence was more oppressive than ever, and who seemed to take care never even to look her way ; while as for her brother Joe, unable to face the village in this time of disgrace, he had taken himself off and enlisted.

Hephzibah Lane had carried her charity so far as to offer to go down to "shop" for Ann Lever, and do her "arrants" for her ; but this the poor woman was too proud to accept, and she went about as usual amongst her neighbours with a set face and a bleeding heart.

Meantime the day fixed for the wedding was rapidly approaching, and many were the jovial bets amongst the men as to whether the bridegroom would turn up or not. For the most part the opinion in Combe Dallwood was against his doing so. But what caused folks to wonder most of all was the report that 'Titia, instead of cheering up now that all was going to turn out well for her—much better than she deserved, they said—did not appreciate her good fortune, but became more miserable every day.

This was quite true ; and on

the third and last Sunday of her banns being published, when she had gone in next door to sit a bit with her old friends, she broke down altogether.

"Doant 'ee take on zo, lass," said the old thatcher, kindly. "Now you've a-ben axed in church dree times, an' you'll be wed all right come Wen'sday, an' have a new hoam, an' us'll gi' thee yon chiney mug wi' the vlowers round 'un."

"No, no, Daddy Lane," cried the girl, passionately. "I doant want no wedden ; I doant want never to zet eyes agen no more on that Caleb Thornden. I do hate 'un, that I do. An' he doant care vor I ; tes only that our Squier an' his meäster over to Steynford have a-made 'un come."

She had spoken her mind at last, and the violent outburst of sobbing which followed seemed to relieve her.

Old Tom and Hephzibah looked at each other in dismay. What was to be done ? All their long experience of life was at fault now ; for much as they pitied the poor girl, yet they could suggest no other solution of the difficulty. In the face of this tragic passion, an irrelevant remark was all that occurred to the kind old man—

"Ay, zure enough ; our Squier he do be a bit masterful, times ; but, Lor' bless 'ee ! tes nought to what his granfer, t' ould Squier, 'ud a done. Why, in they days us cood'n zo much as call our hoams our own, vor us was allers a'bein a-changed about. 'Twas my wold mother used to zay, vor her were that spry wi' her tongue, "Tes dreven out and heaven out, an' us be huffed an' roughed an' scuffled about, till zo be as us be carr'd down street to churchyard an' covered up, an' then they caänt heave we no more.'"

"An' that's where I do want to be," cried the poor child, with a sudden outburst of weary longing; "I do want to be let bide in peace, safe away vrom the likes o' he."

She could not forgive the cruel wrong which she had suffered in her heedless ignorance, and the forlorn creature spoke the truth from her inmost heart when she said that she would rather be dead than wed.

But the eventful Wednesday morning came at last, and with it, to the surprise of most people, the reluctant bridegroom turned up. He had a good situation as shepherd over at Farmer Mitchell's, and he had no mind to lose it, though he could not understand why all this fuss should be made about nothing. If, however, the powers that be were so set upon it, why he would marry the girl; but as to his future intentions after the wedding-day he kept his own counsel.

So Caleb Thornden was at Combe Dallwood, waiting inside the old Norman porch of the quaint village church as the clock struck eleven o'clock. He had walked over all the ten miles from Steynford that morning; and to brace himself for the unusual effort, he had refreshed himself more than once at a public-house on the way.

As for poor little 'Titia, she would never have summoned up courage to fulfil her part, and go to meet him, on the chance of his turning up, but for the chivalrous support of her old friend Tom Lane, who gave up a day's work and wages to go down the village street to church with her.

"Doant 'ee never let 'en zay as 'twur thy vault thee warnt wed, 'Titia, an' that 'twas thee as would'n hav'un," was his anxious warning.

As for her own father and mother, neither of them appeared at the ceremony. Timothy Lever had gone off at daybreak as usual to his horses, and had not returned, though his daughter had turned many wistful glances up the road in hope of seeing him; and Mrs Lever could not bring herself at the critical moment to face her neighbours.

Never was there a sadder wedding. The bridegroom was sullen, and almost defiant in manner, and the unhappy bride's answers were scarcely audible for her sobs.

Old Hephzibah, who had followed her husband at a distance, shyly kept at the far end of the church, under the tower, with the group of children and other lookers-on; but her poor old head shook more than ever as she cried for very sympathy.

At length the registers were signed, and "Letitia Thornden" received a copy of her "marriage lines," and the doleful little procession made its way out through the shadowed porch into the sunshine without. As they reached the churchyard gate Caleb paused for a moment and quietly lighted his pipe, and so with a jaunty air went smoking up the village street, never so much as looking back towards his wife or speaking a word to her. She, poor creature, —the very picture of wretchedness in her bridal gown of purple stuff, —kept her head bowed down, and, shunning the curious looks of the passers-by, crept along close under the hedgerow all fragrant with wild roses. It was a glorious summer day, and all the wealth of flowers in the cottage-gardens as she passed them—above all, the blood-red snapdragons and the tall white lilies, which peeped over the wall—seemed to flout her in her misery.

Old Lane, who had lingered behind, from a delicate instinct, not to anger the sulky husband by ill-timed meddling, could not resist speaking his mind to Hephzibah, who had made bold to join him.

"Did e'er a one ever zee sich a graceless lout? Could'n he zay a kind word, an' walk up street arm-in-crook wi' she, pore lass, on her weddin'-day? 'Tell 'ee what, mis-sus; I'd best not go a-nigh that chap, or I'd gi'un what vor wi' they eärms o' mine."

His wife nodded in approval, but she quickened her steps, for her heart misgave her as to how much more ignominy the hapless girl could endure.

Meantime the ill-mated couple had reached the turn of the lane, and were close against Cuckoo Corner, when the bridegroom suddenly came to a stop, quietly took his pipe out of his mouth, and, turning to his meek little follower, said in a thick voice, speaking to her across the road—

"I be a vair man, 'Titia; an' I've a-kep my word to meäster, an' a big vool I be to a done it. But, look 'ee, I beaint a-gwine to take no miswords vrom thy vo'k. Zo here I'll zay good-bye to 'ee; go thy ways, an' I'll be off to hoam."

He paused for a moment, evidently expecting remonstrance or entreaty; but the girl never looked at him. She only gave one startled cry, and then with faltering steps, blindly feeling for the open door of the cottage, she staggered forwards. In another instant she would have fallen, but her mother's quick ear had caught the sound of her approach, and hastening to her on the wings of love and pity, she caught her in her arms, and clasped her to her breast.

The radiant flush of blossom in garden and orchard had fulfilled its promise and faded away ere it

ripened into fruit beneath the summer sun; the golden grain had been reaped and garnered, and the autumn breeze had swept and eddied round the village till the trees were stripped of their leaves, and stood up gaunt and bare against the wintry sky.

Slowly and sadly the days had passed at Cuckoo Corner, for one trouble after another had fallen upon the Lever family. Timothy, the bread-winner, had the misfortune to have his leg broken by the kick of a restive young cart-horse, early in the autumn. After receiving the weekly allowance for a month from his club, the payment had stopped for want of funds, as so often happens with village clubs. It was a hard winter, and the poor man had been reduced so low as to apply for parish relief; but even this had been refused him, on the ground that Letitia and the baby ought to be supported by her husband.

Joe, the younger son, had nearly broken his mother's heart by going off, like his brothers, to enlist for a soldier, driven away by the scandal at home. As for Letitia herself, she had been desperately ill, and had only slowly struggled back to life. Then she had taken a chill in the damp cold cottage, which was close above the water-meadows, from whence a heavy malarious mist always rose at fall of day when the sun went down.

It was just a week before Christmas, and the girl was sitting once more at her favourite place, in Hephzibah Lane's chimney-corner, with the child on her knee. She looked but the shadow of her former self; her features were thin and pinched, there was a feverish flush on her cheek, and at times her voice was broken by a hard cough. She was full of excitement in telling the old people about her sister's visit the day

before—as once again, in a bitter emergency, Polly, representing the common-sense of the family, had come to the fore.

“Tes clean and wholly useles vor to talk to she,” said the weaker sister. “Her do tell I as, tes all my fault, an’ us caän’t goo on no more this way: vather he do get no better, an’ mother be most worn out, what wi’ all the caddle, an’ fretten zo vor Joe; an’ the parish, he won’t help we, an’ zo us’ll be all a-took in t’ Union avore long.”

‘Titia broke down at this point and began to cry, adding through her sobs, “An’ her do zay as I mun go an’ live along o’ Caleb.”

Old Tom shook his head thoughtfully, and presently remarked, in a low voice, looking steadily into the fire all the time—

“Zimmen to I, her’ve a got a lot o’ sense, have Polly. I minds what a spry peärt little maïd her was, an’ what a mort’ o’ work her did, when t’ ould grannie were ill a-bed.”

To tell the truth, Polly, like a wise woman, had taken the old man into her confidence, and pointed out that things were going from bad to worse, and that some change must be made. She took a practical, matter-of-fact view of the case, and urged that the natural solution of the difficulty was for ‘Titia to go and live with her husband.

“He beant a bad zort o’ chap, as men go, I’ve heard tell, an’ a wonderful hand wi’ young lambs,” she said; “an’ ef zo be he do love they little helpless things, why, zure enough, he’ll be pleased an’ proud wi’ a baby.”

So the elder sister argued, with homely logic, and quite won over Tom Lane as an ally, for he delighted in her shrewd mother wit. She felt that the affair had been so hopelessly mismanaged at the

time of the wedding, by the interference of the Squire and Caleb’s master, that she longed to take it into her more capable hands.

Her theory was that men were queer creatures, and that there wasn’t much to choose amongst them, but there was a right and a wrong way of taking them in hand; and, moreover, whatever a woman’s lot might be, she could always make the best of it. She believed that her sister, spoilt and foolish as she was, would probably get on all right with her husband, if once she had a fair start; but that if the poor girl were to bide on at home, in that damp cottage, with only her troubles to think of, and no proper food and firing, why, she would go off in a decline, for certain sure.

So this was Polly’s plan: she would get Sam the carrier, who was a big good-tempered fellow, and a friend of hers, to drive her over to Steynford with ‘Titia and the child on some by-day when he would not be going to market at Mere or elsewhere. It would not take them more than two hours or so to get there in the light cart, and they would go as suppliants, and not try to put Caleb Thornden in the wrong, but give him the opportunity of feeling that he was doing a generous deed in taking back his wife and child. When all this was talked over and explained, old Hephzibah had timidly ventured to suggest an improvement—that they should choose Christmas Day for the venture, and that she should make a real good plum-pudding for ‘Titia to take as a peace-offering.

Polly smiled somewhat at this suggestion; she was so overflowing with common-sense that there was very little room for sentiment in her composition. However, she was willing to humour the old people who had been so kind to

her sister, and so the matter was settled.

Christmas morning dawned cold and misty in the valley ; but the hoar-frost had caught the dew on tree and hedge, and as the day advanced, and the sun gleamed dimly out through the shrouding mist, every leafless branch was clothed with sparkling silver, till the whole world was transfigured in the glowing shimmering light.

Letitia and her mother had long since exhausted their feeble protests and shed their unavailing tears in secret. They well knew from past experience that Polly always had her own way when she set her mind to it, and indeed they were forced to own that there was no choice for them. The only alternative would be for the old people to break up their home, sell their bits of furniture—precious to them as household gods—and say farewell for ever to all that made life dear to them : the homely cottage with its memories of joy and sorrow, the friendly greetings and even the gossip of their neighbours ; and last, not least, the priceless freedom of going in and out, at no man's will but their own. All this would be lost to them when once the gates of the big prison-like "House" should have closed behind them ; they would leave all hope beyond those high walls, and the familiar place of their dwelling would know them again no more. This was a depth of misery and degradation which Timothy and Ann Lever could not face.

It was not much past eight o'clock in the morning when the carrier's cart came slowly up the lane, with the old white mare, driven by young Sam, a lad of about twelve, with a shock of red hair and a round good-tempered face. He could not manage to drive close up to the cottage gate,

for the ruts were so deep just there, so they had to come out to meet him. Letitia was carefully wrapped up in a big red shawl of her mother's, under which she could cuddle the baby up warm, and was hoisted up into the middle of the seat, where they were to sit three abreast—Polly on one side and young Sam on the other. Ann Lever stood at the gate in her purple sun-bonnet, waving her hand, and straining her eyes to watch them till the last moment when they disappeared into the mist.

The travellers jogged on in silence down the village street, on past the church, and up the steep hill under the overhanging fir-trees, where every needle shot out its sparkling diamonds of frost, and the tall poplars beyond seemed to bend forward like shadowy ghosts in the dim gloaming, while all the near foreground was lightly covered with a silvery sprinkle of powdered snow.

It was scarcely ten miles by the road to Steynford, and yet it seemed an endless drive that day ; for they had a hard matter to get beyond a walk the whole distance. As the boy driver cheerfully remarked—

"'Taint nar' a bit o' good to hurry t' wold meäre ; her'll go her own pace, be 't never zo. Lawk ! I mid het she wi' a besom-stake, and t'ooden be no odds."

No doubt he spoke the truth from old experience. Anyhow, it was nearly eleven o'clock when the desolate little party reached their destination, and the villagers were just going into church—at least, they passed some children and a few men by the porch, who stared at the "furreners" with mild curiosity. The women were probably at home cooking the Christmas dinner, thought Polly with a touch of envy, as they drove on very slowly up the road

to Farmer Mitchell's, and came to a full stop in front of the lonely cottage to which they had been directed as "shepherd's hut agen the vold."

Here Letitia, who was all trembling with cold and anxiety, was helped down, as soon as her sister had quite satisfied herself that she had come to the right place. Next a variety of queer-looking packages were handed out, and young Sam was sent down to the "Red Lion" to put up, with the cart and mare, and a bundle of good things for his own dinner, which set his face in a broad grin.

The critical moment of the whole expedition had now arrived, and it was with a sigh of relief that Polly found the door on the latch; and though the cottage was empty, she knew that the owner could not be far away, and would soon return. On her way up the hill she had seen through a gap in the hedge the sheltered fold, built up with hurdles and straw, and she felt sure that "shepherd" was close at hand looking after his ewes. It was all very bare and comfortless inside the low dark room, with only a narrow window at one end, cut through the thick wall. In the middle of the rough stone floor there was a deal table; while two rush-bottomed chairs, a dresser with a few odd bits of crockery, a black kettle and a pot or two, and an old settle by the fireside, completed most of the scanty furniture.

But Polly, nothing daunted, was equal to the occasion—in fact, the more she had to do, the more her spirits seemed to rise. She looked about and fetched wood from the outhouse at the back, and soon made up a bright crackling fire from the smouldering embers on the hearth, for the place struck damp and cold to her. Then she put Letitia on the settle in the

chimney-corner to feed and comfort the poor baby, who had woke up and was beginning to cry, and next hung the kettle on to boil for a cup of tea—that unfailing support and luxury of poor women. Meanwhile her deft fingers soon produced a change in the wretched place which was little short of magical. She seemed to have thought of everything, and no one ever knew at what personal sacrifice she had collected all the little odds and ends, which go so far towards turning the poorest dwelling into a home. She nailed up a muslin blind in the window, and a strip of coloured chintz along the black board in front of the chimney; laid a bright cushion on one of the stiff-backed chairs, and stuck a few sprigs of holly about the room. Then she carefully opened a roll of paper and took out her last treasures,—a few gaudy pictures, some rude engravings, and a grocer's almanac; and, making a little paste with the now boiling water, she stuck them up against the bare white-washed wall. This was her greatest triumph, and after she had given a touch here and there, the transformation was really marvellous.

Having thus satisfied her artistic taste, she was free to devote all her energies to the cooking, or rather warming-up, of the good things she had brought. Before long, a savoury smell from the black pot hung over the fire, and from an earthen crock on the hearth, began to pervade the room; next she took a white cloth and sundry small articles from her basket and laid out the table. Then she set the door ajar and began to listen anxiously for footsteps.

"La, dear! I do hope as shepherd be a-comin zoon," she murmured to herself, "vor it be all ready, an tes gone dinner-time."

The genial warmth of the fire, before which the baby was spreading out his little pink toes, the hot cup of tea, and a gradually increasing interest in Polly's doings, had brought a smile and a faint flush of colour to Letitia's pale face, when the door was abruptly pushed open, and Caleb Thornden came in. He gave a great start at the sight of his unexpected guests, and looked round in utter amazement at the scene before him. He had scarcely time to recover himself before Polly came forward to meet him, with a cheerful face.

"I do wish 'ee a Merry Christmas, shepherd; an' us have a-come to put 'ee a bit straight. It do zeem a pity, now," she added, wistfully, "vor vo'k as be wed to bide apart, an' zo I've a-brought 'Titia an' the little chap: tes all my doin', zo doant 'ee lay the blame on she."

With a smile on her face, but trembling inwardly, the brave woman paused for the answer on which her sister's fate depended. She cherished still the vague hope that, as he was known to be a good shepherd and tender with the lambs, there should be the making of a kind husband and father in such a man. There was absolute silence in the room while she waited patiently, but no words came. Caleb cast a bewildered glance round the cottage, which had an air of comfort, and a promise of good cheer, to which he had hitherto been a stranger, and his heart was softened.

At a sign from her sister, whose quick perception realised that the battle was half won, Letitia timidly came up to the table, and her husband took his seat in silence by her side, while Polly made an excuse to fetch a stool which she had seen in the outhouse. She was in no hurry to come back, and

presently the shepherd, in a shame-faced sort of way, nudged out his elbow towards the baby on her knee, and asked—

"What be 'un called?"

"Caleb," replied the poor little wife, almost in a whisper.

When Polly came in and took her place at table, she piled up the man's plate well with hot beef and potatoes, and finished off with thick slices of old Hephzibah's plum-pudding. To cover the silence of the other two, she kept up a constant chatter about everything she could think of, till what with the good dinner and the lively talk, shepherd was worked up into quite a pleasant temper.

Then Polly felt that her part was done, and she got up to go.

"Young Sam an' the meäre 'll be a-weary o' bidin' down to the 'Red Lion'; zo now, Caleb, do 'ee tell I ef zo be thee wants *they*"—and she pointed to her sister and the child on her knee—"vor to bide along o' thee or not?"

Half involuntarily the poor young creature had risen from her seat, and was beginning to wrap the big shawl round her precious burden, when—such is the contrariety of human nature—possibly that very movement may have decided him—he put out his hand to stop her.

"No, no, 'Titia," he cried, abruptly, "doant 'ee go vor to leave I agen! Thee beänt half a bad lass, an' us'll jog on together zumways, an' the young un too. Zo thee've a-called the little chap Caleb, did 'ee?" he added in a low tone which was almost a caress.

For all her common-sense, Polly's eyes were full of blinding tears as, with a hearty kiss and a mute farewell to her sister, she slipped away, leaving the husband and wife to "dree their weird" like other folks.

ROADSIDE SINGERS AND COVERT WARBLERS.

I.—ROADSIDE SINGERS.

ABOVE all other migrant songsters ranks the sober-plumaged bird which for so many generations has had a romantic reputation peculiarly his own, the nightingale, or "Voice of the night." Merle, mavis, and plain-song cuckoo have all claimed a large amount of notice, but the nightingale is essentially the poet's favourite. There are beautiful legends and traditions, which are still believed in by those who live beneath the shadow of green trees, referring to the nightingale; in fact, each county that the bird visits has its own nightingale lore.

In the southern parts of England this fine singer may be seen first about the middle of April; but this will depend on the weather, for migrants are very often about, yet do not show themselves. The cock-birds are the first to come over, and the hens follow. It is not yet quite settled whether they migrate in company, or come, so to speak, in dribblets: my own opinion, formed from a close observation of their habits, is that they come anyhow, in very loose order. I do not assert this, but only give the opinion for what it is worth.

It is well known that on their first arrival they have been found close together on the shore in numbers, but they may have dropped down miles apart in the first instance. One bird will call to another for a long distance until they get in close company; and a certain district, or even a particular patch of saline vegetation, may be for a few hours all alive with certain birds, and these only; and then they are gone again, and not one will you find. "Birds of a

feather flock together," and "any port in a storm," are very old but very true sayings. Tired-out birds must rest for a time, and they do, when they can go no farther.

The nightingale is not sociable—that is, it does not mix with other birds of its kind: you will see it alone, as a rule, excepting when the young are out of the nest. Then the parents and their brood may be seen in company.

It is local, too, in its habitat, even in those districts that are favoured by it. A certain amount of warmth and moisture are necessary for its wellbeing. A copse-bank close to a hollow, under some hill with a southern aspect, suits him well: never a nightingale yet was heard to sing on, or we ought to have said over, sour ground. The full meaning of the term sour ground I cannot well explain in writing, but there are certain stretches of land where nothing will prosper, not even vermin so called, and that is saying a great deal. And this unkind state of things extends even to the pools of water. Carp will live nearly anywhere but in these pools which are here and there; in the sour district they are dwarfed, with heads on them like cod-fish.

You may hear our bird pouring his music out as you jog along the road; for he sings in the daytime, although many think that night is the only time when his voice is heard. You will hear him as much one time as another, by day or by night; you can watch him singing, too, for secluded the bird may be, but no one can say that he is exactly shy.

His song is over for a time, and

he has dropped down to feed. Just out of curiosity you look over the hedge at his haunt. A tiny rill from the meadows runs through that small copse which is carpeted with blue-bells; and, yes, there is a cottage and garden, half hidden by the trees that shelter it.

Some main roads, although still kept in good order, are not much frequented. At one time the roads from London to Dover, Portsmouth, and Brighton, for instance, were travelled over day and night by coaches and her Majesty's mails; you can go now for miles and miles without seeing more than your own shadow in front or by the side of you—in fact, the lonely way gets wearisome. Steam has altered matters in all directions for the better. Some of those roads through Sussex are as long, the natives say, as a “wet week,” whatever that length may be. They certainly do run in front of you without a turn for a long long way, and Sussex miles even now, in some districts, are proverbial for good measure.

In this favoured woodland country, I have found the bird under notice to be to a certain extent local, as it is elsewhere. There is a plaintiveness about the bird's song; it is not jubilant, like that of the merle or mavis. Often have I listened to that voice of the night in the heart of the woodlands when others were sound asleep. No one, however, can call it a woodland bird—very few nightingales can claim that title in the full sense of it; but just on the borders, near to man but not quite close to him, this singer will stay for a time.

It is a fact, now well known, that the bird is not so numerous in places well suited to it as it was a few years ago. Trapping for dealers has had nothing in the least to do with this; certain

favoured spots and districts have for their very beauty been purchased and built on: setting on one side the natural beauty of the surroundings, the simple fact of the birds singing and nesting there was a guarantee that no sour ground was about. There is a vast amount to be learnt at times by taking heed of so-called trifles. If, in the course of necessary alterations, hedge-banks that have soil of a generous nature are cleared away, nothing can replace the insect life that once harboured there, and certain soft-billed birds must have certain insects.

Caged nightingales do not, as some think, require covering up to make them sing,—that idea, like many more connected with kept birds, is simply ridiculous; but the amount of care and thought required, when they are kept as pets, to make birds of this kind happy would hardly be credited. When winter comes, all kinds of expedients have to be resorted to, so that their food may in some measure resemble that which they would forage for and procure in a state of nature. But it is well worth all the time spent to see the full-eyed bird ruffle himself out and cock his head on one side before he comes down from his perch to take some dainty from your fingers. It is necessary for some naturalists to keep certain creatures for a time, in order to disprove ideas about them which have unfortunately got into print. Insects, small fruits, and berries compose his bill of fare in their seasons, and when our small fruits are ripe the nightingale is ready to visit his winter quarters in other lands.

The blackcap, blackcapped-fauvet, or mock-nightingale, as it is sometimes called, is another singer by the roadside. This bird is shy to a degree, but he will sing near a road, a carriage-drive, or a path,

warbling his rich notes out. These are not all his own, for he mimics other birds—at least, so far as my own hearing can be trusted. Thickly foliaged trees are preferred, where he can sit and sing to his heart's content, all unseen. If a clump of trees are on a lawn in front of some homestead, there you will hear the bird wail it out all day long—for, like the hedge-sparrow, the blackcap does sing at times in a wailing fashion; in fact, so close is the resemblance between these two birds at times, that if you are not able to see the bird that the song comes from, you could not tell one from the other, and this, no doubt, is a bit of the blackcap's mimicry. The bird's notes are loud, clear, and rapid; there is not a note of the blackbird's song in it all, but you may detect some very like those softer notes that the thrush gives out at times when the evening falls.

Country quietness may have much to do with impressions, so far as the strength of the song of birds in relation to the small bodies the sounds proceed from is to be considered; but more than once have I stopped in astonishment at the volume of sound proceeding from the throat of a blackcap, just overhead, by the side of a road.

Like the song of Master Shufflewings (the hedge-sparrow), you hear no preparatory chirps or twiddles; out it rolls for the benefit of those who are privileged to hear it. The nightingale you may watch, but this bird is difficult to inspect with your glasses, for cover he will have when he sings.

In summer heat, when those restless, inquisitive, sharp-biting creatures, the fox-terriers, are for a short time fast asleep in the old court-yard, which is shaded over by plane and chestnut trees; where

not even the clink from a stable-pail is heard to break the silence from under the cool green leaves,—that rich song comes with startling distinctness.

His times for coming and going are the same as those of his larger relative first noticed. Some members of this species have been seen here in winter; but this is hardly worth notice, for many birds of the migrant class have been met with at different times in severe weather. Late broods, accidents that all birds are liable to more or less, and mild winters, may account in some measure for these variations. But there is no infallible rule or reason to go by, for that large plover the stone-curlew, a southern migrant certainly, has been shot to my knowledge in most severe weather. This bird was not injured in any way, and when it fell to the shot I had it.

The garden-warbler, a bird about the size of the whitethroat, but quite distinct from it, loves dearly to babble out his song close to the highroad. A low stone wall to divide the garden from the road, and one or two thick shrubs and bushes, are quite enough for him—in fact, all that he requires; and in one or other of them he will sit and sing to his mate from morning to night. If there is plenty of traffic on the road, all the better; the tramp of foot-passengers and the roll of wheels appear to excite him to fresh exertions, and he can hardly get it all out fast enough.

Other singers and warblers, belonging more or less to the same family, we might mention; but my purpose in this article has only been to direct attention, before fresh improvements cause them to flit far away, to these three famous roadside singers—the nightingale, the blackcap, and the garden-warbler.

II.—COVERT WARBLERS.

Where large heaths and commons run continuously for miles, broken by ponds, pools, and wet plashes, well covered by thick old furze-coverts and thorn-bushes—both white and black—in such districts you may expect to see the “fuz-wren,” the Dartford warbler, or, as it is sometimes called, the fire-eyed chat. As the bird was first noticed at Dartford, or near it, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, it has derived one of its names from that slight accident; but ornithological research from that date has extended in all directions, and, at the present time, although from the small creature’s habits it must be to a certain extent local, several places in Kent, Sussex, Surrey, and Hampshire are known to us where it may be called abundant, taking into consideration its hiding ways. The colouring of the bird is as quiet as its way of living; it is dark grey above, has a fan-shaped tail, is slightly edged with white on the outside feathers, the breast is warm chestnut, and the under parts are a dull white; and from the tip of its bill to the end of its tail it measures five inches. No wonder that the natives on the borders of Surrey have christened this bird the “fuz-wren.” When his haunts are invaded, or the little fellow thinks that they are in danger of being so, his excitement is something to look at. He is all fuss and flutter; darting out of the furze and hanging over it, with his tail-feathers spread out and his crest raised, he chatters out his Cha-che-che-che, Cha-cha-che-che-cha, as fast as he can get it out. Specimens of the birds I could have had very frequently, as well as their nests and eggs; but I do not collect or procure specimens of any wild

creature for others, nor will I give the exact directions of the localities I wander over at times, for very good reasons.

Old locks and miles of water-meadows are close to the fuz-wren’s haunts. All our water traffic is not yet done with, for sleepy barges still come from below, out of the west, into the river Wey.

It is a wild district, and to a great extent a lonely one: wild ducks and teals spring from bogs and waters now as they did in Gilbert White’s time, although lines of railways cut through the country. With the exception of the red-deer—these are gone—wild life remains much like it was one hundred years ago; and some of the people are really, so far as their ideas run on certain subjects, which it is not quite expedient to mention, very like their forefathers were.

Snipes and woodcocks nest round here as they have always done; but it was not to see these long-billed bog-runners that we roamed there lately from morning to night—for they breed close to my own home—but to watch, so far as it was possible to do it, the grey-backed, rufous-breasted Dartford warbler.

Entomologists would have rare finds in this district, for the fuz-wrens were busy; but the cover was, as one of the natives observed, “too rank tu git in.” I quite agreed with him on that point. Natter-jack toads are to be seen travelling along at a rare rate, in fact you might say at a run. There is as much difference in the movements of this striped natter-jack and those of the common toad as there is between the paces of a cart-horse and a trotter.

Red vipers are too numerous

here, if the truth must be told,—the largest not more than fifteen inches long, and some only ten. You can take their measure when you have killed them, but you certainly will not do so before. They hiss and swish about quite near enough to be pleasant, when you are looking for other creatures; their movements are remarkably rapid.

Insect plagues are, as might be expected, troublesome here—ticks, horse-flies, stouts, and midges; there are others, but the four mentioned are quite enough. In case our readers, or at least some of them, should come in contact with those we have indicated, let me suggest the remedies. If you find ticks fixed on you about the size of small peas, sometimes larger ones, it is useless to try and pull them away; that would be disastrous. Carry a small bottle, with a feather run through the cork, filled with olive-oil and paraffin in equal proportions. Pass the feather over their bodies, if they fix on you, and they will drop off at once. Pull horse-flies in two—that is the only thing you can do with them; and after one experience of their torture you will kill every stout you can get at, which is easy enough. As to midges, don't go where they are if you can help it, only when necessity compels; but the mixture we have used will give relief in all cases. A flask of whisky will never be out of place or in the way. Practical natural observations are charming, but the hard work entailed in making them is at times arduous. You may have the very best water-tight boots that can be made, but after hours of plashy tramping your feet get chilled: then take your socks or stockings off, moisten the feet of them with whisky, put them on again, and lace your boots up;

take a nip of the creetur as medicine, and off you go again all right. For provender, oatmeal biscuits are about the best you can carry: a square meal is not to be thought about before your day's work is done; and even if you required one, you could not get it where I have been recently, simply in order that I might look at a small dull-coloured bird. Moths of some size I know the furze-chat catches and kills; so do some other birds when the chance offers, for I have seen the wings of hawk-moths pulled from the bodies of their owners. What may be under those furze thickets in the shape of insect life, only the birds that live and shelter there know. Once, and once only, I crawled into one of these sanctuaries, and I have not the least desire to repeat the experiment; for what with one mishap and another, things were too much for me.

In the drier parts of fuz-wren land that active reptile the smooth snake or coronella can be seen, looking, when it has freshly cast its skin, like a living band of smoked mother-of-pearl.

It will be long before any alterations of importance can or will be made in this district, for directly you are out of Surrey you find the confines of a royal forest near you. The district above indicated is within a few miles of the river where, as the Arthurian legend has it, the Lily Maid of Astolat, after her death, was carried upward on the flood.

The grasshopper-warbler, cricket-bird, or cricket-chirper, haunts spots of a moister and, if possible, more lonely nature than the one already described. On wide commons, all glistening with summer showers, when the rain has ceased I have heard him reeling off his song in some thick tangle that drooped over the water-filled wheel-ruts in

the rough common road. There is something uncanny about it at times. All, or nearly all, the stock out at feed will be resting as if by one consent: with the exception of some patriarchal goose that is hanking out a warning to some straying gosling, all is as quiet as it can be, for birds do not always sing, atmospheric changes affecting them greatly. But our cricket-bird reels away contentedly enough.

Just to refresh our memory, we cautiously pelt him out of his sanctuary, and then for a few moments we can see a bird about the size of the furze-wren, with a fan-shaped tail, greenish-brown with dark streaks on the upper part of it, of a lighter tint on the breast and under side, fussily darting here and there, as if it did not know where to pick out the thickest bit of tangled cover, within a few yards of it, for it never moves far away, pelt or thresh it out as you will.

How many times in the course of long years have I looked over the gate leading from one lonely farm into a main road near my present home!

There was the house, and the rambling old stackyard beyond, as quiet as a place could well be, when all work was over for the day. If it was dry you might see one or two hares cross the road, or a part-ridge run towards the hedge, in passing into the fields beyond, but this would be about all, for it was what is called a wet lane. Wide ditches ran on either side of the green stripes that bordered the cart-way, and these were completely covered in by all the tangle that flourishes in such localities. Moor-hens, rails, and snipes used to run there; the farmer's son springed

them; and that wet lane, with all its rough coarse tangle, was one of the favourite haunts of the "reeler."

Here, too, we have listened to the song of the woodlark, after the tree-pipit had done his trilling for the day, and have compared the notes of the fern-owl with those of the grasshopper-warbler near to us. One was like the rattle of a pike-winch going out at speed, the other was like the soft winding up of a roach-reel. Grasshopper- or cricket-like the note or trill has been called, but there is a wide difference, you will find, if each has been heard near to the other. Even the mole-cricket—little frisky pigs will half plough a moist meadow up in order to get these, if permitted, mole-crickets being to them what sweets are to children—has a different note to the reeler. The nest and eggs of this bird I saw two days before my article was commenced; they had been placed in the tangle of a very old orchard.

Insects form the principal food of this species, which in one respect differs from the Dartford warbler. The latter bird remains with us all the year round, the grasshopper-warbler is a migrant. In pursuit of the rarer birds—or we had better say the shyest, for birds are only rare comparatively speaking—I have lately been led into places of great beauty, quite away from all tracks or paths of any kind. Not that life is abundant in such places, for it is not so; indeed all I have seen that might be called worth seeing, with very few exceptions, has come before me not far from the dwelling-places of man.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

A FOREIGNER.

CHAPTER XXXII.—MELITTA'S DRAWING-ROOM.

WHEN Phemie woke next morning the bed by her side was empty, for Leo was an early riser, and had already left the house before eight o'clock, in order to visit his horses, whose stables were situated at some little distance from the lodgings.

Seen thus by daylight, the bedroom looked fully more bare and cheerless than it had done on the previous evening.

"But that is of course only because it is not yet arranged," she said to herself, while getting up. "When I have unpacked all my toilet things, and procured what is necessary, it will look quite different, and it will be all the more amusing arranging things for myself."

When Phemie, after having risen, summoned the *Stubenmädchen* for her morning bath, she was met by a blank uncomprehending stare of amazement, and so, resigning herself to the inevitable, had momentarily to content herself with such refreshment as was to be extracted from the very modest sized basin with which she had already made acquaintance on the previous evening. Unpacking her trunk, she selected a myrtle-green cloth costume, trimmed with rows of plain black braid, as the most suitable attire for this dark and gloomy day—one of those plain correct-looking dresses so rarely seen out of England, whose greatest charm lies in their perfect cut and severe simplicity. A small Scotch pebble brooch confined the white linen collar at the throat, and her dark-brown hair, drawn back tightly behind the ears in a compact knot, shone like burnished copper

at the edges when caught by the light.

Entering the dining-room in quest of breakfast, Phemie perceived a curious figure, which, standing with its back turned towards her, appeared to be busied with a spirit-lamp on the sideboard. A dingy maroon-coloured dressing-gown of ample shapeless form, and terminated at neck and wrists by some frillings of rather dubious white lace, was surmounted by a night-cap shaped somewhat like an extinguisher.

As Phemie opened the door the figure turned round in her direction, disclosing a sallow parchment face, framed in by the night-cap strings tied firmly beneath the chin, from which, nevertheless, there had escaped a few sparse elf-locks of rough grizzled hair.

About to accost this person with some question regarding breakfast, Phemie checked herself just in time as the jingling sound of heavy keys struck upon her ear with an already familiar sound, and looking more closely at this curious figure, a sort of incredulous recognition began to dawn on her mind. Was it indeed possible that this dingy and unkempt apparition was identical with the majestic black-robed dame of the previous evening? could it indeed be true that a German lady of unquestionable position should at any hour of the day or night permit herself to be seen outside her own bedroom in a costume which no respectable English cook, let alone a housekeeper, would have condescended to wear? were the questions which confusedly shot through Phemie's mind during two or three seconds while she stood

staring stupidly with very wide-open eyes.

"Good morning, my dear," said the lady, seeing that Phemie made no effort to move from the threshold. "I trust you have rested well this first night under your own roof?"

"Oh yes — rather," stammered Phemie, still a prey to bewilderment, not at all understanding the reason of this matinal visit, but distinctly conscious of a feeling of relief as she saw that Madame Kronenfels did not attempt to embrace her.

"I thought I would just run down to see about your breakfast, as your servants are yet scarcely broken in to regular habits. Lisi the cook has gone off to market, and Anna will have the beds to make."

"You are very kind," said Phemie, rather constrainedly.

"Your coffee is just ready, and I have only still the milk to boil," went on the old lady, turning back towards the sideboard.

"Please don't!" exclaimed Phemie, with a ring almost of pathos in her voice. "Indeed I do not require any boiled milk, so pray do not trouble yourself on my account."

"No trouble at all," said the old lady, briskly, as she prepared to pour the milk into the enamelled sauce-pan placed above the spirit-lamp, in which act she was, however, intercepted by young Baroness Wolfsberg, who with some difficulty contrived to explain that she loathed and abhorred boiled milk fully as much as the orthodox Jew can be supposed to detest the flesh of swine, and that severe indisposition would probably ensue were she to attempt to do violence to her inclinations in this respect.

Still shaking her head over the young Englishwoman's unaccountable whims, Madame Kronenfels for

the present renounced all further attempt to fathom her tastes, and sat down opposite Phemie to watch the progress of the meal.

No snowy damask decked the dining-table this morning, for the idea of wasting a clean tablecloth at this early hour of the day, when there was no one there to see it, would have seemed unpardonable and senseless extravagance in the eyes of any true German *Hausfrau*. The piece of shining brown wax-cloth spread over the board, and adorned at the edges by a castellated bordering stamped in black, was in every way a far more useful and serviceable article, since it did not betray unsightly stains of egg or coffee, any taint of which suffices to destroy the purity of the fair frail damask whose innocence is as lightly tarnished as woman's virtue. Two small white jugs, filled respectively with coffee and its accompanying cream, were placed before Phemie, along with a saucer containing four lumps of sugar, besides a silver basket heaped full of those appetising white breakfast-rolls which are a *spécialité* of Austria, as well as the remains of that same piece of butter—now much hacked and mutilated—that had figured on the supper-table the previous evening. Plates there were none, and with some reluctance Phemie had to resign herself to ply her knife backwards and forwards between the butter-dish and the piece of roll she held in her fingers.

"You are very smart, my dear," said the old lady, putting on her spectacles and looking at Phemie across the expanse of the brown waxcloth which divided them, and evidently quite as much impressed in contrary fashion at Phemie's appearance as the latter had been on catching sight of the old German lady's *déshabille*. "Are you expecting any visitors this morning

already, that you have made yourself so grand?"

"Grand?—visitors?" said Phemie, glancing from Madame Kronenfels's night-cap to her own plain morning-dress. "Why, this is the gown I put on every day in rainy weather. There is surely nothing grand about it?"

"But it is quite new," objected the lady, with a distinctly disapproving glance at Phemie's neat figure, "and it fits you like a glove."

"Yes, I think myself it is rather well made," said Phemie, modestly. "I am glad you find it pretty."

"Humph," returned the German matron; then after a pause she added, "But do you not think you would feel much more comfortable in a dressing-gown like mine for going about the house in the morning?"

Phemie could not wholly repress a shudder, but fearful of letting her thoughts be read too plainly, she hastened to qualify it by saying—

"Oh, but I have not been accustomed to wear a dressing-gown at all. I have brought a tea-gown with me, but I should never think of putting it on before afternoon tea-time."

"It seems such a waste to wear anything so pretty and becoming in the morning at home, where there is no one to see you."

"No one?" exclaimed Phemie, flushing up; "but there is Leo. Does he count for nobody?"

The old lady's features now relaxed into a sort of grim smile.

"So that is the reason—ah, now I understand. Yes, to be sure, you are still in the *Flitterwochen*, my child; but soon you will see that a woman has more important duties than merely to dress up all day to please her husband. And Leo is not that sort of man either. He never could remember dear Melitta's

dress, and it is not likely that his memory has improved since then."

Phemie finished her breakfast almost in silence, for she was beginning to be aware that although the conversation was carried on in German, she and Madame Kronenfels were speaking two totally different languages, in which neither could understand the other.

When breakfast was over Madame Kronenfels, with a certain solemnity of mien, which would doubtless have been more impressive had her dress been more in keeping with the occasion, detached the jingling bunch of keys from her waistband and handed them over to Phemie. Just so might the holder of a conquered citadel deliver the town keys to his victor; only it is to be hoped, for the dignity of history, that no vanquished castellan ever delivered up the keys to his conqueror attired in night-cap and dirty maroon dressing-gown. The speech, however, which accompanied the presentation left nothing to be desired.

"Here, my daughter, it is my duty to make over to you the household keys, which I have only held in proxy pending your arrival, and which I now lay down in your hands, trusting that in you they will find as faithful and vigilant a guardian as would have been my dear Melitta, whom the Lord was pleased to take away from us eight years ago."

"I shall try not to lose them, if that is what you mean," said Phemie, rather frigidly, for somehow the reiterated mention of the dead Melitta was not calculated to increase her enthusiasm on the subject of house-keeping just then.

"Lose them! Why, of course I do not suspect you of any such wanton thoughtlessness: who ever heard of a woman losing her household keys unless she had previously

lost her head as well?" said the old lady, gravely.

"But there are so many of them," said Phemie, turning over the large heavy bunch between her fingers in some perplexity. "I wonder if I shall ever succeed in remembering which is which?"

"I will teach you, my dear. See here: this big one in the centre is the key of the wood-cellar, and the smaller one alongside opens the inner compartment, where the beer and wine are stowed away. The two steel keys with twisted handles belong to the linen-presses, and all those medium-sized ones belong to other wardrobes and chests of drawers. Then here is the key of the dining-room sideboard, of the writing-table, the bookcase, the china-cupboard, the sugar-case, and the bread-box. These are the principal ones which it will suffice you to learn just now. The others I will teach you by-and-by."

"The bread-box?" asked Phemie, wonderingly. "Do you really lock up the bread as well?"

"Of course," said the lady, briskly suiting the action to the word, as, taking back the keys from Phemie's hands for a moment, she proceeded to empty the remaining breakfast rolls into a black japanned tin box which stood on the sideboard, closing the lock with that vigorous resounding click which to the ears of a true German housewife is the very sweetest music on earth.

"And now let us go to see the drawing-room, before we visit the storeroom and cellars," she said, giving back the keys to Phemie. "I think you will be pleased to see how beautifully it is furnished."

She threw open the door of the next apartment, and Phemie, following closely on her steps, beheld a large, cheerless, three-windowed room, which, though containing a certain amount of furniture apparent-

ly just discharged from the shop of an exceedingly obsolete upholsterer, could not in any acceptance of the word be described as "furnished" according to English ideas. The polished floor, dyed of an offensively yellow gingerbread colour, was guiltless of carpet, save for a place in the centre, where, upon an oblong piece of Brussels of a staring conventional pattern, were placed a large cumbersome sofa, four arm and six smaller chairs, all covered with bright paroquet-green reps, and ranged with mathematical precision around a polished oval table on which two albums, and a tall china lamp standing upon a Berlin-wool mat embroidered with coloured glass beads, were the only ornaments. A grand pianoforte occupied one side of the room, while the opposite wall on either side of the dining-room entrance was filled by a couple of upright bookcases of walnut-wood, through whose glazed doors might be read the names of such classic authors as Schiller and Goethe, Kant and Hegel, Hartmann and Schopenhauer, without whose support no self-respecting German family can be supposed to exist. The two spaces between the three windows were respectively filled up by an exceedingly insignificant writing-table, and a column of imitation marble serving as pedestal for a plaster-of-Paris group representing the immortal Schiller and Goethe lovingly entwined, and in the act of ingeniously crowning each other's heads with laurel wreaths. On the walls, which were decorated in a large sprawling pattern executed apparently in washing blue, half-a-dozen pictures in staring gilt frames had found place in batches of two. Thus on the centre wall, alongside the single mirror which the room contained, its gilt frame carefully protected from dust by a covering of

yellow tarlatane, were a couple of coloured lithographs representing the Austrian Emperor and Empress, he stern and she simpering, and both with the self-same impossibly small waists : Goethe's Lotte cutting bread and butter acted as *vis-à-vis* to Schiller's Don Cesar cutting his brother's throat. The connection between the last two pictures, hanging above the bookcases, was somewhat less apparent, and they had probably been coupled together rather because they happened to be of a size than by reason of any inward affinity. Napoleon crossing the Alps was the subject of one of these pictures ; while the second one, showing a wooden-faced peasant girl being led, apparently greatly against her will, to the bedside of a distinctly consumptive young man who is rapturously stretching out his arms to embrace her, bore the more seductive title of "*Die Liebe als Arzt*." The three windows which faced the street were draped with curtains of imitation white lace, replete with starch, and descending from gilt cornices which, like the picture and mirror frames, were smothered in coverings of yellow gauze.

Madame de Kronenfels now took out a large white linen pocket-handkerchief whose mere sight was suggestive of that steady, copious, methodical discharge of tears of which German women alone have the secret.

"All the things you see here were dear Melitta's," she managed to explain between two heavy sobs ; "they were bought for her outfit, and have never been put into use, but I knew that Leo would be glad to receive them from me as a wedding gift."

"It was very kind of you," said Phemie, trying hard to infuse some warmth into her tone, "but I fear it must be painful to you to see

your daughter's things in another's possession."

"Extremely painful," agreed the old lady, accompanying the assertion with a fresh burst of weeping, "but I considered it my duty to make this sacrifice of my feelings, and it is better this way than if the things were to be sold to strangers after my death. You, I trust, will always value these relics as they deserve."

"I shall try," said Phemie, rather constrainedly, and feeling acutely conscious that the extreme ugliness of the said relics would greatly increase the difficulty of the effort.

"It is a comfort to think that Leo will never be able to enter the room or sit down on one of those chairs without being reminded of dear Melitta," went on the mother, in quavering accents.

Phemie hardly seemed to consider this to be such a very great advantage, for she endeavoured to effect a diversion by feigning an interest in the plaster-of-Paris group between the windows, as she turned to Madame Kronenfels with some question regarding its signification.

The boundless surprise produced by this query had the instantaneous effect of checking the old lady's tears.

"*Grosser Himmel, mein Kind !*" she exclaimed, in accents of profoundest astonishment, "why, where can you have been brought up not to have heard of our immortal poets Goethe and Schiller?"

Phemie now endeavoured to explain that she had indeed heard of the gentlemen in question, but not having the pleasure of their personal acquaintance, she had failed to recognise their portraits at first sight, and had certainly not expected to find them here installed in such familiar fashion. She had no objection to Schiller and Goethe in the abstract and in their proper

places, but their plaster-of-Paris effigies woke small enthusiasm in her heart, and she felt their intrusion into the domestic circle to be superfluous. Too truthful by nature to affect admiration where she felt the reverse, yet unwilling to appear ungracious, she now directed her attention to the only really unobjectionable piece of furniture in the room.

"The piano seems very fine," she said, turning to the instrument, and attempting to raise the lid, which however resisted her efforts.

"It is locked," said Madame Kronenfels. "You will find the key on the chain along with the others. This was dear Melitta's piano, you know, and it has never been unlocked since her death. But, of course, you can open it now, if you wish to try the tone," she added, with an air of concession.

"No, thank you," said Phemie, turning away abruptly from Melitta's piano. "If it has not been touched for so long it will probably be out of tune."

To Phemie's slightly jaundiced mind to-day, there were other things

out of tune besides the piano, and each further object she examined in the course of her tour of inspection round the drawing-room seemed to contain some jarring note or subtle element of disharmony. When she wished to examine one of the book-cases, she was again informed that it was locked, and on the key being produced, was forced to admire one by one all Melitta's favourite volumes; and when she sought refuge in a tapestry footstool, whose design represented a rather undersized bullfinch rashly attempting to swallow a preposterously large cherry, which must infallibly have choked it, again Melitta's name was dinned into her ears.

"This, too, is dear Melitta's work," said Madame Kronenfels, holding up this masterpiece for nearer inspection. "She was so clever with her fingers, and had such an elegant taste in needlework."

"The whole room is full of Melitta," said Phemie to herself, impatiently. "I wonder whether I shall ever succeed in getting rid of her!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.—TAKING ROOT.

Tear up a young sapling from its native soil to plant it out in a strange garden; bestow on it all the necessary conditions of rich soil, genial sunshine, pure atmosphere, and soft spring showers, and it will *not* droop and pine away, as the poets are fond of telling us when they draw pathetic comparisons between the fate of a transplanted human being and that of the uprooted sapling. Any fairly healthy plant, devoid of morbid tendencies, will soon succeed in adapting itself to these altered circumstances; its roots will stretch or contract as the case may be, the branches develop

according to the precise shape of the surrounding enclosure, and it will display quite surprising energy and ingenuity in sometimes overcoming, sometimes yielding to the surrounding obstacles.

The same definition holds good with regard to the human plant which finds itself removed from everything that had hitherto been familiar, and abruptly called upon to learn new habits, new customs, and a new language. Many and various are the difficulties to be overcome in all such cases. There are things to be learnt and to be unlearnt which come very hard to

certain natures ; cherished habits to be relinquished, and other unfamiliar and uncongenial customs to be taken up and practised ; but, after all, man, and still more woman, is gifted with singular adaptive power, and, when required to do so, can achieve wonders in the way of assimilation.

And so it was with Phemie. By the time she had been settled a few weeks in her new home, she had already lost the first oppressive feeling of strangeness, and had even contrived to impart some small degree of taste and refinement previously wanting to many details of the household.

This was not, however, accomplished without some difficulty, and many were the expressions of surprise and disapproval she had to encounter, on the part of her pseudo-mother-in-law, at each new encroachment upon German habits and prescribed usages. Frau von Kronenfels, who was of North German extraction, was deeply imbued with the thrifty and parsimonious spirit of her race, and could not easily be got to understand that beauty and utility need not always be at variance in this world ; nor could she overcome the lurking impression that a woman who likes to make her house and person attractive must surely be devoid of solid principles.

Leo himself had been somewhat surprised when Phemie, about a week after her arrival at Salzburg, had hesitatingly asked him whether he did not find their drawing-room awfully ugly.

"Ugly ?" he returned, in a tone which clearly showed that the idea thus presented to his mind was utterly novel and unfamiliar. "I cannot say that I find it so ; but then, you see, no room can be ugly to me when you are in it."

"Nonsense, Leo !" said Phemie,

who was just then far too intent on the object she had at heart to notice the caress which accompanied the words. "Just look at those blue walls, the green chairs, and those staring gilt frames, and deny if you can that it is all terribly, desperately, hopelessly hideous !"

Leo looked puzzled.

"Why, what is wrong about the room ? It seems to me to be furnished pretty much the same as the drawing-rooms of most married officers in the regiment. The chairs and sofa are covered with just the same reps as the Immhausens have got, only theirs is red instead of green, and Major König has got a similar statue of Goethe and Schiller just a size smaller than ours."

"That is just it. Our drawing-room is exactly as ugly as all the others, and I feel that it would make me miserable to have to live in it."

Leo now looked seriously alarmed.

"Dear me ! I had no notion that the colour of one's furniture had anything to do with being happy."

"It is not the colour only. It is that the whole room has neither expression nor character about it. You must surely have noticed that our English drawing-rooms were very different from these ones."

"There were more things to be knocked down, if I remember right ; but I am not sure that that is an advantage. Don't you remember the evening I upset a gipsy-table covered with china pug-dogs at Colendar Park ? and how I was always tripping over the sprawling tiger-skins at Laird's Hill ?"

"There are some things that might be knocked down here with advantage," remarked Phemie, *sotto voce*, with a vicious little side-glance at her enemies Schiller and Goethe.

"But what can we do now ?" went on Leo, reverting to the original point of discussion. "We can-

not change the colour of the chairs or ungild the picture-frames?"

"I can do a great deal if you will only give me *carte blanche* to turn everything topsy-turvy and rearrange according to my own ideas."

"*Was tausend!* I had no notion that I had married such a revolutionary little woman," exclaimed Leo, laughing. "Of course you are welcome to put the chairs on the top of the piano, and make the bookcases stand on their heads, if it makes you any happier. Only," he added more seriously, and as though with an afterthought, "I trust you will manage to make your changes without quite breaking Madame Kronenfels's heart. The poor old lady has really no other pleasure in life remaining but that of gloating over her daughter's memory, and it would certainly hurt her to see everything connected with Melitta completely swept away."

"I shall try," said Phemie, more soberly, feeling that the task would not be quite so easy as she had supposed, but determined, nevertheless, to persevere in carrying out the proposed reforms.

And so she did, and by the time her arrangements were complete no one would have recognised the gauntly stiff apartment of a little while ago. The furniture had been grouped about in less conventional fashion, blue cretonne covers effectually disguised the staring hue of the paroquet-green reps, while the oppressive amount of gilding on frames and cornices was judiciously tempered here and there by drapings of the same hue instead of the repulsive swathings of orange tarlatane. Their Austrian Majesties, along with the bloodthirsty Don Cesar and the bread-and-butter Lotte, had all been got rid of at one fell swoop. Napoleon alone, reprieved in consideration of the engraving being a really good copy of Delaroche's

celebrated picture, was now kept in countenance by some of Mr Dalrymple's water-colour sketches, and a few photographs, all framed alike with simple rods of dark-stained wood. The glass doors had vanished from the bookcases, and a few of the volumes removed from the shelves were now littered about in elegant disarray upon little wicker-work tables which filled up available corners. Mindful of Leo's injunction, Phemie had, however, not dared to banish the two great German poets from the premises, but had contented herself with relegating them to the darkest corner of the room, where, partially shrouded in a great sheaf of dried palm-leaves and brown-tinted grasses, they loomed out white and ghostly between the blades, with a subdued and chastened glory. The most hideous achievements of Melitta's needle had been rendered less obtrusively conspicuous, and their places occasionally supplied by some of those elegant trifles which would seem to be indispensable to any true Englishwoman.

Of course the old German lady moaned and lamented, and could never be got to understand why the things that had been considered good enough for her darling Melitta should fail to satisfy the capricious young woman who had usurped her daughter's place. The idea of well-bound volumes which had been bought for sterling money, many of them *Pracht-Exemplare*, as she plaintively informed Phemie, being left upon open shelves, exposed to all the perils of possible dust and cobwebs, seemed to her no less than sacrilege; nor was she able to divest herself of a latent idea that a fabric which had cost but eighty kreutzers a-yard was far too ignoble to be admitted into an elegant *salon*; and that to conceal the beautiful green rep, worth at least six times that

sum, beneath the ticking covers, was a proceeding as wildly insane as it would be to wear a rich satin gown under a mean cotton petticoat.

Madame Kronenfels mostly contented herself with melancholy shakes of the head and profound sighs whenever forced to witness something that ran counter to her most inrooted prejudices; for she very soon found that all her arguments were powerless to check this wrong-headed young woman's insane impulses. Despite her usually calm, almost languid exterior, Phemie was possessed of considerable latent obstinacy, and had long since made up her mind that she was not going to allow herself to be tyrannised by this old lady merely because she happened to be the mother of Leo's dead bride,—though, out of consideration for her husband's feelings, she would usually avoid coming into open collision with German customs and prejudices. Sometimes, however, circumstances proved to be too much for her self-control, as may be seen from the following scrap of conversation which took place between the two ladies one gloomy November afternoon.

Madame Kronenfels, who was fond of popping in promiscuously upon Phemie at all sorts of unexpected moments, with perhaps a lurking unacknowledged hope of detecting Melitta's rival engaged in some nefarious occupation, had found Phemie lying down in her bedroom with a bad headache. Not having happened to enter this apartment for some time, she was considerably surprised to see that here too, as in the drawing-room, most of her own carefully-prepared arrangements had been overturned. With a large new japanned bath in one corner, and a white muslin flounced toilet-table in the other, the

chamber certainly no longer resembled an orthodox German bedroom. Experience, however, having already taught her the futility of open censure, she disguised her feelings as best she could, and there was only a very slight touch of constraint in her manner as she inquired after Phemie's health. She could not, however, refrain from letting her eyes wander curiously around, taking stock of every new unfamiliar object, as well as of the absence of certain former familiar ones; and after having in turn scrutinised both the new japanned bath and the muslin-flounced dressing-table, mentally branding the one as indecently large and the other as frivolously flimsy, she delivered herself of the following unexpected remark:—

“Where is your bridal wreath? I do not see it anywhere.”

The question sounded slightly irrelevant, to say the least of it, and so it appeared to Phemie, who replied in some surprise—

“My bridal wreath? Do you mean the orange blossoms I wore at my wedding?”

“Yes, of course; what else should I mean? Where have you put it?”

“Put it? Why, I left it a Laird's Hill naturally, along with the other things I didn't need.”

“Then perhaps it has been forgotten. Why don't you write home and tell your sister to send it out to you?”

“Why should she do so? Chrissy knows quite well that I do not want it.”

“And do you mean to say”—the old lady's voice was now trembling with suppressed indignation—“do you actually mean to say that of your own free will you have separated yourself from such a precious relic?”

“But what on earth should I

now do with my wreath of orange blossoms?" asked Phemie, more and more surprised. "I can't be married all over again, you know."

"Do with it? You should have it framed under glass, to be sure, and then hang it up over your husband's bed. That is what every German woman does."

Phemie's headache was really very bad, but this last remark tickled her sense of the ludicrous so irresistibly as to send her off into a fit of laughter so violent as to be absolutely painful.

"Surely you cannot be serious," she gasped, as soon as she had recovered breath sufficiently to speak. "Have my wreath framed and hung up, did you say? What an absolutely repulsive notion! Why, it sounds exactly like Red

Indians decorating their wigwams with their enemies' scalps!"

Madame Kronenfels, however, was seriously offended.

"Of course," she replied, rising with extreme dignity, "if you choose to jeer at our holiest and most beautiful customs, I cannot prevent it, but at least I need not remain here to listen to you. Poor Leo! to think that he should have married a woman who sets so little value on what should be her proudest and most sacred emblem! Now, if dear Melitta had been in your place——"

But Phemie was laughing again, she really could not help it: the idea of a framed and glazed bridal wreath hung up over her husband's bed was far too overpowering to be resisted.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—FAMILY EVENTS.

After this episode Madame de Kronenfels's visits down-stairs were rather less frequent, to Phemie's considerable relief, for she felt now more at liberty to follow her own instincts in many things, instead of having continually to solve the delicate problem of attempting to balance English comfort against German sentiment, so that neither should be damaged in the process.

It is not our intention to follow step by step all the phases through which Phemie had to pass before she succeeded in adapting herself to her new surroundings. After a little time and a good many blunders, she managed to grasp the most necessary rudiments of German housekeeping as practised in families of circumscribed means. She had schooled herself to feign an interest in the price of single radishes and cucumbers, and no longer felt bewildered when called upon to pronounce off-hand how many ounces

of beef or veal would be required for some particular dish.

The two German servants, on their side, were on the whole not dissatisfied with their young English mistress; for although, to be sure, she had some rather crazy fads on the subject of cold water and open windows, and though Lisi the cook could never make out why Baroness Wolfsberg objected to having her practising interrupted in order to appreciate the beauty of a reeking joint of butcher's meat insinuatingly displayed upon the pianoforte, nor why she preferred to drink a trashy cup of tea in the afternoon instead of a substantial *Weisser Kaffee*; these peculiarities were amply condoned for by the more humane treatment of the English *régime*, in pleasing contrast to the iron inflexibility of certain German housewives who have reduced the starvation of their menials to a perfect fine art, and who seem to

consider themselves vaguely defrauded of their legitimate rights if ever a servant happens to look well-fed or happy.

Phemie's social relations with the officers of the regiment and their wives were likewise productive of many surprises. It was strange to learn that under pain of giving mortal offence to every married officer in the regiment, she must call upon his wife within a month of her arrival, precisely at twelve o'clock on a Sunday, attired in a bonnet and long-trained silk gown. To wear a round hat on that occasion would have been considered as a downright insult, and the lady who, on paying her return call to Phemie's house, had not been directly solicited to take a place on the centre sofa, would assuredly not re-enter that house again.

Upon the whole, however, the young couple troubled their heads but little as to what their neighbours said or thought of them; for, as Leo philosophically remarked, whatever you do or leave undone, they are sure to take offence, and consequently, instead of attempting the futile task of pleasing everybody, it is far simpler and wiser to begin at once by only pleasing ourselves.

And please themselves they accordingly did, the more so as Phemie's state of health presently gave them a good excuse for withdrawing from society and declining all invitations to balls or parties. The only person who would probably have attempted to disturb their privacy, Baroness Gabelstein, was absent from Salzburg this winter. Riki Giffingen had developed a bad cough during the latter part of the autumn, and as the doctor had imperatively prescribed a southern climate, she had gone to spend the winter at Meran under the guardianship of Baroness Gabelstein, to

whom the arrangement was particularly welcome.

Left, therefore, pretty much to their own resources, the young couple took long drives and walks in the neighbourhood of the town, and explored its many curiosities, and in the evening Leo mostly read aloud from the works of some German novelist or poet, while Phemie was engaged in the fabrication of an embroidered tea-cosy or a set of point-lace tidies for the drawing-room.

Sometimes both books and work would be laid aside and opinions interchanged as to what had just been read. Their views were rarely the same; but, strange to say, instead of proving a source of disunion, these diversities of opinion only seemed to give additional zest and piquancy to the reading. Never before had Leo been so keenly aware of the vital difference existing between English and German sentiment, as when reading aloud to his wife certain poems which had formerly been perused together with his deceased *fiancée*. He well remembered how Melitta had listened with moist eyes and heaving bosom to things which in Phemie aroused neither emotion nor admiration, but merely the cool remark that there was a great deal too much sugar and honey for her taste in German poetry, and that many of the finest productions of the German muse would be greatly improved by a judicious decimation of the osculatory allusions.

"Really, Leo, I cannot go on with that novel of Spielhagen," she said one day. "I counted fifty-seven kisses in the first volume alone, and goodness knows how many more are coming, for that sort of thing usually gets worse in the second and third volumes, and this book has got six!"

"She has no soul!" sighed Mad-

ame Kronenfels, who had happened to overhear the remark.

But Leo did not appear to be greatly disturbed by this sinister verdict.

"Oh, her soul is all right," he calmly replied, "only, you see, it happens to be an English and not a German one."

To all appearances, therefore, and despite the prophecies of the many kind friends who are always fond of discovering clouds on the conjugal horizon not visible to the principal parties, the German soul and the English one appeared to be getting on remarkably well together. Happily and peacefully the winter wore on towards spring, bringing along with it an infinity of small joys and pleasurable experiences, though unmarked by any occurrence of special interest to outsiders. Two events alone concerning members of their respective families deserve to be here recorded.

The first piece of news was contained in a letter from Chrissy, who early in December had accompanied her father to his usual bachelor home in the West Indies.

"You ask me whether I have seen any birds of paradise or flying-fishes?" wrote that frank and practical young lady in a letter to her sister, dated January 3. "Birds of paradise, indeed! as if it was for that sort of rubbish that I had come out here. There was only one thing that I cared to discover in these islands, and now I have found it—something decidedly more useful than a bird of paradise, but at the same time often harder to capture than a flying-fish. In this case, however, the fish was only too willing to be caught, and I hooked him the day before yesterday to our mutual satisfaction at the top of the Devil's Sugar-loaf—a pointed mountain near here, where a picnic-party

had been arranged for New Year's Day. I wonder if you will guess who it is; and I have a good mind to send off this letter without telling you the name, and leave you in suspense till the next mail. But perhaps you may happen to remember that your old admirer, Mr Blushwood, has a property adjoining papa's; and as he came out here a fortnight ago to look after some business details, we have met upon several occasions. At first he was disposed to be cool and distant on account of your refusal, but I succeeded in making an impression upon him by the skilful manner in which I bandaged up the wounded paw of his favourite terrier; and what finally finished him off the day before yesterday was to see me ride a kicking and plunging mule up the Devil's Sugar-loaf. The beast in question had already kicked off two other ladies earlier in the day, and it was a mere toss up that I did not share their fate; but, after all, as I calculated, the risk was worth running, and the event has proved how right I was. As he helped me to dismount at the top of the mountain, he contrived to whisper the all-important question into my ear, to which I returned a direct and unequivocal reply, and five minutes later we were calling each other George and Chrissy just as glibly as though we had been engaged for years.

"I suppose my delicate-minded, refined elder sister will be excessively shocked at the want of romance about the whole affair; but then I never set up to be romantic, but only practical, and you cannot deny this marriage to be essentially practical, since it meets the requirements of three different persons: Mr Blushwood wants a wife, papa wants to get rid of his daughter, and I want to be independent. There now! can you deny that

my marriage settles all these difficulties triumphantly, cutting three separate Gordian knots at one fell swoop?"

The letter went on to say that the eminently practical young bride-elect had yet further simplified matters by suggesting that as the one gentleman was as ardently desirous to call her his own as the other unquestionably was to relinquish his claims upon her person, it would meet both their views if the marriage took place without delay. It had therefore been settled

that their wedding was to be celebrated six weeks hence, and that their journey back to England was at the same time to do duty as a honeymoon trip. The clothes she required could just as well be purchased after her marriage as before, and if they made haste they might still come in for a few good runs at the end of the fox-hunting season.

The other piece of news related to Poldi Wolfsberg. He had succeeded in obtaining admission to the Teutonic Order, and it was settled that he was to be dubbed knight at an early date in May.

CHAPTER XXXV.—POLDI'S VOWS.

Leo and Phemie went up to Vienna in order to assist at Poldi's *Ritterschlag*—that is to say, the ceremony of his being dubbed a knight of the Teutonic Order. There were no other near relations of the Wolfsbergs to take part in this family event, and to Phemie the matter bore a peculiar interest from the thought that but for her, Leo and not Poldi would be in the position of pronouncing the vows that were to bind him to a single life. Even now, at the end of nearly eight months of wedded happiness, she could not sometimes refrain from a little shudder as she thought by what a tiny flimsy thread her fate had then hung in the balance. If she had not written that letter to Baroness Gabelstein, or if the letter had gone astray, then their lives must irrevocably have been spent apart; even if too late, Leo had become aware of her love for him.

Poldi, however, did not seem to be much oppressed by the thought of his approaching vows, as he did the honours of Vienna to Phemie, who had never yet been in the capital. He made a first-rate cicerone, and as he escorted them about to

theatres and other places of amusement, he was invariably in the highest of spirits, and frequently provoked Phemie's laughter by the humorous ignorance he so unblushingly displayed regarding classical or historical subjects.

"If you want to be shown the museums or the arsenal, or anything learned of the sort, you must find some other guide," he warned them at the outset of their peregrinations. "You know I don't set up to be a Samuel."

"Is it Solon or Solomon you are trying to say?" put in Leo slyly.

"I haven't the slightest idea. Either will do, I am not particular. All I wanted to remark is that science is not in my line, but that if you want to receive the most reliable information regarding the circus or opera, or amusement of any kind, I'm your man. I can tell you to a nicety which of the trapeze performers at Ronacher's are worth looking at, and whether the latest operette at the Wieden is a failure or success. I have made good use of my novitiate, I can tell you."

"You are really incorrigible!" said the elder cousin, with a mix-

ture of amusement and annoyance. "Will you never learn to be serious? And surely it is high time that you gave up making mince-meat of all the heroes and events of ancient and modern history in this blood-curdling fashion. In less than half-a-dozen years you will become captain, and what will people then say to such an ignoramus?"

"Oh, once I am captain then it is all right, because, of course, it is taken for granted in our country that a captain knows everything, and that by some mysterious dispensation of Providence wisdom and rank always go hand in hand. A cavalry lieutenant, on the contrary, requires to know nothing but how to distinguish a horse's points, and to criticise a ballet-dancer's legs. So that really we ignorant folk and you wiseacres are precisely in the same boat. At present my knowledge would be of no earthly use to me—rather a disadvantage, in fact; and once I have got the three golden stars on my collar, no idiot of a Philistine will ever dare to ask me which is the greatest poet, Faust or Goethe? and whether it was Napoleon or Paris that ran away with St Helena?"

Both Phemie and Leo laughed, but Phemie could not help saying—

"I wonder how you can be so cheerful and talk such nonsense, when you think of what is going to happen the day after to-morrow."

"Well, nothing particular is going to happen, in point of fact, except that I shall have rather a hot forenoon when they dress me up in all that medieval tomfoolery."

"But does not the thought that you are about to bind yourself down irrevocably to a single life almost frighten you?"

"Not a bit of it," laughed Poldi; "why, that is the pleasantest part of the whole business—except the money, of course. I shall feel ever

so much safer when I have burnt my Rubicon behind me."

"The Rubicon was a river," remarked Leo, drily.

"Was it really? Now I always fancied it was a ship. Well, never mind, the principle is the same; and all I meant to say is, that once it is known that I am really not to be had, young ladies will give up trying to marry me, and I shall then be able to enjoy myself a little without always having to look out for nooses or pitfalls."

"Dear me!" said Phemie with mock sympathy, "was it really as bad as all that? And are you actually driven to take refuge in lifelong vows as an antidote to women's wiles?"

"Upon my honour, I don't exaggerate; just ask Leo if it is not all gospel truth? The names of the women that have very nearly proposed to me is simply legion. In fact, you were about the only young lady I ever came across who did not try to flirt with me; but then, of course, it is the privilege of your nation to be eccentric."

"Then have you really never felt as if you would be glad to exchange your liberty for a married life?" asked Phemie, thinking of that scene in the Salzburg museum of which she had been the accidental witness.

"Never for a moment!" exclaimed Poldi emphatically. "I have danced perilously near to the edge of the abyss, I know, and have even toyed with the noose that was dangled insinuatingly over my head, but a wholesome instinct of self-preservation has always held me back at the eleventh hour, for I know that I should have made an execrable husband, though possibly an ideal *Courmacher*."

On the morning of the day fixed for the ceremony of Poldi's *Ritterschlag*, Phemie was sitting alone in

her room at the hotel putting some last touches to her dress, while Leo had gone out to purchase cigars for himself and a bunch of flowers for his wife. Phemie was looking radiantly pretty this morning, as, sitting before the looking-glass, she adjusted upon her brown hair one of those exquisitely *chic* little Viennese bonnets, composed of a simple wreath of double violets, surmounted by a lace rosette resembling a gigantic white butterfly that had settled there by mistake.

Presently the chambermaid appeared to say that a young lady outside desired to speak to Baroness Wolfsberg immediately, and close upon the messenger's heels there followed Riki Giffingen, looking dusty and travel-stained and evidently in a state of extreme agitation.

"Is it true?" she exclaimed almost before the door had closed behind the departing chambermaid,— "is it really true that Poldi Wolfsberg is to be knighted to-day?"

"Yes, it is true. Leo will be here directly to fetch me to the ceremony."

Riki hid her face in both hands.

"Then I have come too late!" she said in a broken voice. "I only read of it in the papers last night at Graz, and came on here at once by the night train. Of course I knew that he was thinking of entering the Order, but I had no notion that it was so terribly imminent. I fancied the ceremony would not take place till autumn—and I thought—I hoped——" she broke off, too much agitated to finish the phrase.

"Poor Riki! I am so sorry for you," said Phemie compassionately, as she took hold of one of Riki's cold hands between her own; "but indeed you must not take this too much to heart. Poldi is a very good fellow, but he would not have made you happy. Only the other

day he said to me that he would have been an execrable husband. You will find some other man who will value you more than he has done."

Riki shook her head.

"I shall never care for any other. Call it insane if you like, but I would rather have shared a crust of bread with him than riches with another man. But now that is all over," she added after a little pause. "He has made his choice, and so there remains nothing more for me to do but to accept my fate, and listen helplessly as I hear him pronounce the vows that are to part him from me for ever."

"You want to assist at the *Ritterschlag*!" exclaimed Phemie. "Oh no, you must not do that! Indeed it would only be needless self-torture."

"I must," returned Riki firmly. "I came here mainly for the purpose of asking you to take me with you to the chapel, as of course you, as his nearest relations, will have a private *loge* for the occasion. I tell you that I have been hungering this whole long year for a sight of his face and to hear the sound of his voice again. You will take me, will you not?" she finished, beseechingly.

"I would do so willingly, only I am afraid——"

"You need be afraid of nothing. See here, I am quite calm and strong again; only give me a little water to wash my eyes, and a clothes-brush for my dress, and in a minute all traces of my folly will have disappeared, and I shall be again the quiet well-behaved Comtesse Riki who is merely going to look on at the ceremony as an uninterested spectator, and because it is the correct thing to put in an appearance there among all the swells," she concluded with a bitter little laugh.

Riki had scarcely finished repairing the disorder of her toilet when the door opened, and Leo appeared holding a fresh dewy bunch of lily-of-the-valley flowers, which with a smile he presented to his wife. He had started slightly on recognising the visitor, but betrayed no other sign of surprise; and as the carriage was already waiting below to convey them to the chapel, there was no time for more than a few words of conventional greeting.

It was a quaint incongruous sort of ceremony that Phemie beheld—like a piece of medieval romance dropped into the prose of the present day. The little chapel attached to the German House in the Singer Strasse at Vienna is scarcely more than an oratory, calculated to hold about a hundred spectators, and as tickets of admission to the ceremony are only dealt out to a favoured few, the assembly to-day presented a most choice assortment of the *crème de la crème* of the Viennese aristocracy, whose elegant spring toilets, copied from the latest Parisian fashion journals, looked strangely out of place alongside of closed visors and mailed suits of armour.

The walls of the chapel were decorated with the emblazoned coats of arms of all those who are, or have been, members of the illustrious Order, while the heraldic emblems of those new candidates about to be knighted were displayed upon the altar.

Presently the Teutonic Knights came trooping in, at their head the Grandmaster Archduke William, all attired alike in floating white mantles adorned with a black cross. The three new candidates are obliged to change costume repeatedly before being finally invested with the insignia of the Order. Having first

been shown to the public in the garb of grim warriors equipped for tournament, they reappeared again in the more graceful and becoming dress of black-robed abbés. They were forced to lie flat on their faces before the altar, while tedious litanies were chanted over their prostrate bodies, and made to pronounce in an audible voice the long list of those virtues which they promise to practise, as well as the still longer catalogue of those vices which they have to avoid; and finally, after receiving from the Grandmaster a stroke on the cheek accompanied by the words—

“Nimm dieses und keines mehr,
Besser Ritter als Knecht,”¹

the sword that is the badge of their knighthood was buckled round each of their waists.

Among all the guests assembled in the little chapel to-day, none had followed the details of the ceremony with such close and earnest attention as Phemie and her companion Riki Giffingen, who, from their position in a niche overhanging the altar, were able to command a full and comprehensive view of the scene. To Phemie it all appeared like a sort of nightmare vision, the picture unrolled before her eyes of what might have been Leo's fate had not Providence otherwise decreed; and so strangely pronounced was the resemblance between the two cousins to-day, that once or twice Phemie turned round with an involuntary movement to assure herself that Leo was really seated in the chair behind her, and not standing down there before the altar fantastically draped in a floating white cloak with a large black cross upon it.

Riki's thoughts could not be read in her face, for she contrived to

¹ “Take this (blow) and then no more,
Rather knight than serf.”

preserve an impassible exterior till nearly the end of the ceremony. Only when Poldi, in a loud cheerful voice, pronounced the vow that engaged him henceforth to forswear the love of woman, Phemie felt her friend's hand tighten upon her arm with an almost painful pressure.

Poldi, his attention fully engrossed in attempting to master all the complicated details of the service, did not happen to glance up in his cousin's direction till close upon the end of the ceremony, just at the moment when he was preparing to buckle the newly bestowed sword round his waist, and as he did so he encountered the gaze of a pair of reproachful blue eyes, which he had not seen for over a year.

The involuntary start which he gave at this discovery caused his sword to fall clanking to the ground, and almost simultaneously there was the sound of a stifled cry heard

from one of the niches above. The two incidents together caused some slight commotion in the chapel, and questions were bandied to and fro.

"What is the matter?" asked some one who, standing behind in the crowd, had no clue to the cause of disturbance.

"Only a lady who has fainted, I think, and no wonder in this terribly close atmosphere; but did you see how one of the knights—that tall fair one to the right—let his sword fall just now? That is a bad omen, take my word for it!"

The newly dubbed knights were now going round the chapel, receiving the kiss of peace from their elder brethren. As Poldi Wolfberg passed close to the niche where his relations had been seated, he could not refrain from glancing again aloft, but this time the place was empty, and no blue eyes looked down reproachfully upon him.

THE LOOKER-ON.

WHETHER it was the languor of public life which affected the spring, or the chill of the terrible winter which affected public life, this country has been in a curiously comatose, half-paralysed condition during the recent months. There has been little to talk about, little to think about, except the crop of improper books, and still more improper plays, which have sprung up in the dearth of anything better to give the sensation, real or fictitious, of a Shock to Society, which, in the absence of anything else to occupy and amuse its rapacious but superficial appetite, is always a godsend in its way—perhaps if we were not so distrustful of that personage in these latter days, it would be well to say a Devil-send, with a good rousing capital letter, if indeed it were worth the while. But as a matter of fact the Devil never was so clever as he has got credit for being. In the middle ages he was the most foolish credulous D—, taken in by any simpleton: and in more modern times his appearances have been almost equally feeble. When he gets a person of true genius to work for him in the literary way, we shall begin to have a little respect for Beelzebub; but in the meantime we can only hope that he will be permitted to give a little modified scorching to the dramatists, the Men-Women and the Women-Men of Society, who have been doing their zealous little for him, before they are all extinguished. But a Shock is something when there is nothing else to be had, just as a bad smell is something, in the dull level, for instance, of domestic life, in which nothing over happens. It excites the heads

of the house, good people, in a way which nothing else perhaps would succeed in doing. Paterfamilias, dull to most other impressions, rouses to that: the servants are all called up to demonstrate once again to their mistress the well-known fact that servants have no sense of smell: the plumber, that now-inevitable ministrant, is summoned in hot haste. If it is Saturday, as it generally happens to be, he is not to be had: and the Shock is thus continued over all the hitherto placid Sunday, during which every visitor is entertained with it, if not led up-stairs or down-stairs to test the delicacy of his organisation by his perception or not of the Smell. In the same way people were sent to see *John-a-dreams* during the winter, and I do not remember to have heard of any one save a little person of the strictest church propensities who did not respond to that call, and come away with contracted nostrils. We are all a little jealous of our reputation in this way, and do not like to be convicted of insensibility to an evil odour—of not being able to “feel a smell,” as we say in Scotland.

Every Looker-on who has been in any way observant of the course of common life must have been led, one time or another, to feel how very strong is the need of a Shock in another point of view—and that is in relation to the necessities of the Press. The Press is a very great and important institution, as we all know. It is not very long since, on the same evening, the Prince of Wales and Mr Arthur Balfour each and severally sang its praises in well-chosen words. “The work

of the politician could not be carried out except with the co-operation of the great body of the Press," said the statesman. It was the Printing Press of which his Royal Highness spoke, which is different; but the testimony of both to the enormous skill, industry, capital, and enterprise occupied in the diffusion of news and knowledge is the same. And it is all very well when Parliament is sitting, when public meetings are being held, when there are drawing-rooms and fashionable marriages, and the season is in all its roar and swing. But after—? in the dead time, in the silly season, in the dull days between whiles, when nothing is going on? What, I ask, is to become of this great institution framed for our benefit, expected to be always "on the spot" when there is no spot to be on? We do not the less look for our morning paper and our evening paper because there is nothing to put in them. Nay, on the contrary, we complain, tossing the unhappy broadsheet from us with contempt, when, if we did but think for a moment, it is ten times more a monument of skill, talent, enterprise, &c., at such fatal periods than when it has a great deal to say. We do not hesitate to add, in the interests of this great institution, and with a tone even of solemnity, considering the importance of the subject, that a great public Shock, a distinguished death, an alarming and terrible accident, have become necessary to the very existence of the periodical press, upon the "immense and responsible powers" of which the leader of the Opposition has been discoursing. Nay, did not one of the most able members of that great corporation, our own 'St James's,' go one better, and make a distinct score for itself, and even

(best blessing of all!) fill its columns—by the noble expedient of refusing to take advantage of the last great Shock? In this case the exception does more abundantly than usual prove the rule. Indeed, it may be accepted as almost a mathematical axiom that at the present moment, when newspapers, magazines, and every form of periodical literature have so monstrously increased, something dreadful must happen from time to time, especially in the autumn and winter months, or the Press of England, that great institution of which Mr Balfour says "every citizen of the empire may well be proud," would go to pieces altogether.

The Looker-on has no objection to the Press of England, nor, for that matter, of Scotland either (the good old 'Scotsman,' for instance, name known over all the world, and cherished in their heart of hearts by many faithful readers in every country under the sun): to tell the truth, he does not know how life would go on without it. But yet, to quote Mr Balfour again, "these great endowed corporations, which practically had it in their power to promote, irrespective of Parliament, irrespective almost of public opinion, what views they chose to take of public policy, did they not run some danger that powers so great might be abused?" We have no doubt whatever that they are abused. Not to speak of public policy, there are other matters less likely to be interfered with by the newspapers, in which great damage has been done by that almost irresistible force of a persistent voice going on from day to day, which no one has the power of contradicting, any more than we can contradict a preacher in the pulpit. The Press, for in-

stance, can make or unmake at its pleasure the reputation of a book. It can, without anything libellous, without a word the law could take hold of, or even a more delicate censor, blight or extravagantly puff up, the fame of a man. It can make a passing folly look like a genuine aspect of Society—and not only look, but in time be so, by persistent assertion and reiteration—a very curious and most dangerous power. The “New Woman,” for instance, is a creation of the Press. To be sure, there are a few live specimens of her about the world, though not a hundredth part as many as of the Old Woman, or the British Matron, or whatever other epithet may be used to note the ordinary member of Society; but her importance to the newspapers cannot be gainsaid. There can (almost) always be something found to say about her. You can laugh at her, jeer, despise, criticise, tell stories of her, to the production of endless copy. There are very few subjects, indeed, that hold out so long. After the upper classes are tired of her, there are the others to fall back upon, who see her tossed over and over again in the blanket with unabated delight. Thousands of pages and of pounds, so ready is the fool public in a bad cause to part with its money, must have been made out of her. The Press, in fact, for a long time has not been able to do without her. She was started some thirty years ago—or is it more?—as the Girl of the Period, either by a literary lady of note or by a historian of still greater distinction. The present young men of the evening papers fondly hope that they discovered or invented her; but it is not so. Probably another thirty years before that there was something like her in existence; but no—at that

time there was very much less copy required, and fewer columns to fill; year by year the exigencies of the press have grown.

There is another instance which we hesitate to bring forth. We yield to no one in admiration and regard for Robert Louis Stevenson; but if it had been possible to induce us to blaspheme, to desire the echoes to be silent, and trumpet those syllables no more, it would have been after the endless fanfaronade, joined in by every penny whistle, over the too dramatic and poetic ending of that young man of genius. It was piteous enough to think of the conclusion of so many hopes in that far-off island of the seas, notwithstanding all the reasonable reflections which suggested that he had himself chosen that retirement, and liked it, and that it suited him, and also that, far off as it was, he was surrounded by friends. But, as a matter of fact, we were confronted in every journal by his name, until it became no longer either lovable or honourable, or delightful to behold, but a weariness to the flesh. How much, we wonder, did his literary acquaintance make out of him from the moment of that first doubtful telegram, on which they all pounced like a struggling shrieking flock of hungry birds in a frost? His youthful vagaries, his sometimes foolish, boyish tall talk, his elaborate description of his studies in style, which we believe was also a boy's nonsensical finery of self-revelation,—for when did a man ever learn a characteristic style, which is born with him, or not, let all the apes chatter as they will?—were thrust upon us, till our souls were sick of Louis Stevenson. This, alas! was all the doing of the Press, its wonderful organisation, its administrative skill, its money, its energy, &c., &c. None of these

things, so mightily insisted upon, will create news where no news is. So their hero, their brother, their poet, had to die. We do not mean to insinuate that the Press had a hand in killing Mr Stevenson; but its pounce upon his reputation after would almost have tempted an ill-thinking Looker-on so to believe. The present Looker-on is nothing if not charitable. We do not suggest, nor do we believe, that his literary friends killed him, only that the eagles were gathered in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, where he lay.

This excessive adulation and deluge of applause is better than the bitter flood which will sometimes for no reason whatever be poured out upon a gentle name. During last winter one of the gentlest souls that ever breathed, Edward Smith Pigott, the Examiner of Plays, was taken in the ripeness of years to his rest. He was a man, we unfeignedly believe, in whom there was no guile. He was friendly and kind to every one he encountered, and never had an ill word to say of either man or woman, which is the most wonderful and unusual characteristic in London Society. He erred, perhaps, in judgment now and then: we have not happened in our experience to meet with any man who has not done so; but his kind eyes were no sooner closed than there poured forth a flood of venom upon him. "*La censure Anglaise si intelligente et si juste*," said Madame Sarah Bernhardt at a moment, if we remember rightly, when the Censor had objected to one of her performances. But we suppose there was a disappointed English dramatist somewhere who had thought the contrary, and who gave the word—which all the paragraphists, delighted with a new sub-

ject, seized, shouting. And then there was the delightful opportunity of a quite entrancing joke as to Mr Pigott's successor, who was neither a journalist nor a dramatist, and whom nobody knew, but whose name the representatives of the Press tossed about like a ball, breathless with pleasure. We do not suppose that there was much active malice or spite in the whole matter. It was a way of filling various columns which are hard to fill. An article here, a string of paragraphs there, were tossed off on the strength of it. It was grist to the mill—it was something to say.

We take it all very easily, we who are not members of that profession; but when you recollect that there are so many words to be put together, so many fatal columns to be filled every day, and that without something to say the huge machine comes to a pause, the five hundred or a thousand men all involved in carrying on the paper, from the sublime editor to the newsboy, shiver and shake in their shoes. This was a consideration not taken into account by Mr Balfour: perhaps it is not one which the gentlemen of the Press would care to put forward; but when you think of it, to the Looker-on it is the most human, the most interesting, the most tragic point of view. To have nothing to say is sad even when you are called upon for conversation in a drawing-room. But in a newspaper, with all the printing-office, and the paper-mill, and the folders and the packers, and the carts and the carmen, and the newsboys! Heavens! let us kill our best friend, and fling him to those rapacious mouths; let us plunge into scandal and rejoice in every scare—for is it not copy? and by copy alone we live or die.

This is no jest, though it may seem so. It is a new agency in life, with which we ought to learn to reckon. It is true that the delightful fidelity of old which made many a simple soul sure that such a thing was true because it was in print, exists no longer; but still whatever is persistently in the papers day after day attains a certain credibility, and imposes itself upon us, whether we will or not. And it suits the papers to repeat many things in which the reader generally has often very little concern. The *Looker-on* is privately of opinion that the Ibsen craze, for instance, is wholly a creation of the papers for their own advantage, as a most fruitful garden of copy. The public does not care if it never heard that Norwegian gentleman's name again; but the journalist, poetically impressed himself by his own exertions in working up the interest, flies at a new play with a sweep of such overwhelming enthusiasm as only a general, almost national, interest would justify. On every side there is a rush to be first, an emulation at which the reader is amazed, but submits to, fancying other readers must care though he does not. The Press cares because it is copy, and makes copy. There is first the account of it, then the criticism, then the ironical parody, then the defence—in short, copy, and more copy, and copy over again. The moral is, that there are much too many newspapers, and that we must all either consent to pay the penalty, or signify so energetically our desire to be done with them that even the sanguine capitalist will no longer continue in desperate hope of the future to carry on papers that don't pay. And then, what is to become of the newsboys, carts, printing-offices, &c.—all

maintained, and earning honest wages, to procure us tales and commentaries which we don't want to hear—not to speak of the much smaller and less important regiment of literary men?

While we are on this subject, there has happened a whimsical incident in the history of newspapers which has recently caused much opening of eyes and mouths and holding up of hands. There is a great American millionaire, as perhaps the reader does not know, who is the proprietor of certain journals in London, with whose management of his property we have no concern. But this gentleman the other day took the sudden and heroic step, without warning and without mercy, of extinguishing a sufficiently well-known newspaper, for all the world as if he had put an extinguisher upon a candle. All at once, staff, printers, carmen, newsboys, and the whole of the troop were turned to the right-about. No benefit of clergy was granted, no gentle letting down. He would not, we believe, even trade—an incident probably never heard of before in business; but of what use is it to be a millionaire and an American if you cannot do what you like with your own? He blew out his paper between to-day and to-morrow as if it had been no more than the taper with which he sealed his letters. The catastrophe is striking to the imagination, especially in a period like this when everybody speculates in everything that can be approximately considered as literature, and the importance of securing standing ground is thoroughly understood. And it was just on the eve of paying, we have heard professional authorities say, with tears in their eyes! It is a great matter, the reader must know, to be on the eve of paying.

Ordinarily you lose ; for the most part the balance is low on the losing side, and you have to pay for your paper largely before the happy moment arrives when the poise of affairs is rectified, and the making of the fortune, on which you have always calculated, begins. And this consummation, so devoutly to be wished, so long waited for, was at hand, when the rich man, who had gaily lost his thousands of pounds week after week, threw up the fight ! He threw it up ; he refused even to sell. It is like the famous case of the man who lit his candle with a bank-bill (but probably did not mean it), or he who melted his pearl into his lady's cup. Only there was no Cleopatra in this case. Perhaps it was to show what feat of derring-do a man and a millionaire can do when he is put to it. And it is not every one who can find a feat of such a kind, quite original, and never attempted before, to do. We believe that somebody picked up the standard as it fell, and set on foot another knight who is the same, so that no gap was really made in the astonished ranks of the newspaper press. But this was but a fortunate accident, and no thanks to the autocrat who did the deed.

There is perhaps but one kind of paper which is never in want of copy, and that is the now abundant class of the women's papers, whose name is legion. The perennial interest which the half of the world takes in those subjects, summarised by the French under the title of *Chiffon*, is one of the most astonishing things : but in its way very comfortable and pleasant to think of, seeing how limited is the circle of amusement possible to the general crowd of women, who are not of very much account save in their own private and

immediate surroundings, and have little or nothing "to do," as men, or at least young men, reckon, —no games, no sport, no pastimes, no clubs. The Looker-on, he is bound to say, finds something interesting in this unfailing pleasure in dress, which so many of his comrades lose no opportunity of flinging in the faces of their woman-kind. To see an old lady poring over the descriptions of the fashions, with serious brow and eager eyes, has a pathos in it. Her own black gown has not been changed for years. She is thinking no more of herself than of the Queen of Sheba. At the best she is pondering which will be best for Annie ; how this and that will suit her. At the worst she has still the vision, if there is no Annie, of multitudes of gay figures, all shining and splendid in the finery which is also poetry and beauty and charm. I have a tender feeling for the newspapers which are full of *Chiffon*. They amuse the unamusable. They carry interest and even a little excitement to the dullest places. Not an elevating kind of interest, do you say ? Ah, well ! there is nothing very elevating in a catalogue of old books, which awakens in our own bosom a kindred feeling. Nay, the old books are less elevating. You don't suppose we want to read them when we have got them ? First editions are not meant (nowadays) to be read. We like to gloat upon them on our shelves, and congratulate ourselves that Dryasdust would give his head to have an example like this. It is all pride and selfishness and the love of acquisition. Whereas the old woman, wondering if that special *confection* of red and blue or pink and white would suit Annie, is on a much higher plane.

We met a young lady the other

day at her father's table who had been having an early peep at London, one of the first of the season. Her talk was of Hats—such beautiful hats!—she had not seen anything so nice for ages. The conversation around the table closed over this little babbler after a while, and went on in weightier strains; but paused from time to time, as conversation not highly inspired has a way of doing—and in the interval of silence, as if it never had paused for a moment (as indeed it had not), there became once more audible this subject of hats. The rest of the company resumed: they went on *à plusieurs reprises*, treating now one subject, now another, discursively and inefficiently; but as often as they paused to draw breath, that one small voice on the one theme made itself heard steadily: through the thickets of politics, and books, and public incidents that stopped its little way, up it turned again in endless babble, always about hats. The Looker-on can only say that at last he was overawed and listened. It was not always very intelligible: there was a great deal about bows, and something about ruches—but it flowed as if it could never tire. And the interest of the subject was irresistible: other women, discussing quite different affairs, lent by times a distracted ear—jerked in a sudden word—then turned round to talk about Lord Rosebery and the approaching dissolution, or South Africa, or some other less important subject. “One had pink roses, a great large bunch, like the whole of a standard tree cut off, and a big blue bow behind,” were the last words we heard. And we withdrew, thinking of the three hats which flourish in ‘Bon Gaultier,’ and unable to free our minds from the spell. After this experience one feels an awed and respectful com-

prehension of the ‘Lady’ and the ‘Gentlewoman’ and the ‘Woman at Home.’

After the very languid spring we have had, the dragging of faint interest, the go-to-bed atmosphere of practical politics, broken only by a mere whiff of fresh air from a bye-election—there is something now which arouses our best feelings in the highly dramatic position of affairs, which seems leading on towards the final act of the performance. Is it a tragedy? No; only a portion of the *Comédie Humaine*—the never-ending exhibition of mortal wills and ways that touches farce at one side, if the most serious elements of trouble at the other. The last act is coming on; there is a general stirring up among the actors. The greatest sensation of the piece is approaching. And we don't know in the least how it is to end, which adds greatly to the excitement. There are indications that the villains of the drama are quarrelling, that they are about to turn on each other, that the conspiracy is breaking up, and honest men are to have their own again. As a matter of course, whatever happens, honest men must have their own; but there is all the difference between the dull flagging of an exhausted party and the dramatic struggle of expiring combatants. The Looker-on pricks up his ears, he pulls forth his clear glasses, when the giant begins to show fight, when Ajax lays about him, slaying a heap of Highland cattle at every blow. By-and-by it will be the turn of the goats and the porkers—not noble game, it is true, but much better fun at least than if the big man was, like another hero, sulking in his tent. We breathe the air of battle: the consciousness

of an approaching catastrophe, to be brought on by we know not exactly what means, though of no uncertain issue, rouses all our faculties. This is the very soul of every dramatic entertainment. When we see precisely how it is going to be done, we lose our interest. Perhaps, alas! the excitement will be over, and when this page meets the reader's eye he will know all about how it is going to be done, or possibly may have seen the slaughter and the dead heroes lying about the field.

But at the present moment all the excitement of the unknown is in the ringing-in of the last act. The very supers thrill to the call. No man knows, though his post may be in the most peaceable background, that he may not receive a chance blow as the fight thickens; for who could have believed that the faithful Crofter could ever be defied to his face, heedless of consequences? We love to look on when the plot develops, to catch the conciliating whisper, the last efforts to dissemble, and to watch the blood rising, the temper getting beyond control. The peacemakers will rush from all quarters; they will almost hide the scene from us by moments; they will breathe flatteries and compliments on either side. But when the sweep of a large arm clears the stage, and the centre is disclosed, what a moment breathless with expectation! The common current of events is tame. The spectator really has little to do with it. The biggest affairs in the world may get themselves settled—or even unsettled, which is always more dramatically effective—without disturbing his composure, or even attracting his attention; but when, as at the present moment, the house of cards is built to its highest, and any careless breath may topple it

over, then the excitement of the drama is added to all the more important interests of public life.

And the Season has languished along with Parliament. It has come to life poorly after the misfortunes of the winter. The invalids have recovered slowly; mourning has been the common wear; and as nobody has known at what moment they might have to “go to the country”—as important a matter nowadays for the leaders of Society as for the leaders of the House, seeing that everybody canvasses, and most people make speeches—there has, as a consequence, been but a poor beginning of that general revel. Though the sword is still hanging over all our heads, the flutter and the glitter of a drawing-room or two, the visit of a Queen—nay, of two Queens—the brilliant weather, and the stirring of young blood, which has always something to do with it, in the midst of all the conventions, begin to tell. The escapade of the two Queens is a pretty incident in the history of a Season. Her little Majesty of Holland is too young, perhaps, to be looking out for a sublime Prince Consort—that ideal man who has been found but once in the history of the ages—and we, alas! have but few princes on hand. It would be worth taking a little trouble to supply the Dutchmen with an English pendant of a more amiable description to that grim but pathetic Dutch William whom they gave to us at a ticklish moment, and who did his work well, though nobody loved him. A half-English Alfred, sprung of that Saxe-Coburg race, which appears to have been specially adapted by Providence to provide Princess-Consort for the queens of Christendom, would do, people thought; but it is only on the feminine side

that the royal house of England furnishes monarchs for other countries. A queen of fourteen is the prettiest thing, and full of interest, even more than the king of nine, who kept his birthday last month among all the *bourgeois* of Madrid. And Queen Wilhelmina is fair and full of spirit, as they say, and adapted to keep her sensible mother and her sober counsellors in occupation for some time to come. That she should not go to the drawing-room, poor little maiden, whether rebellious or not, nor to the great dinner at Marlborough House, was hard. One wonders if it was made up to her by the sight of her Britannic Majesty in her robes, and with that marvellous little crown poised upon her head, by what methods we know not—a sight which it is said her Majesty of Holland was permitted to have to make up for other deprivations? If Queen Wilhelmina is an ideal little maiden, the sight no doubt would overawe and inspire her; but if not, the young lady's (probably) warmest feeling must have been a sense of impatience that anybody else should be doing what she would have done so much better! and desire to seize that crown and impose it on her own curly locks, which would afford no possible means of supporting it. The eager little girl, with all her life before her, in the presence of the QUEEN, with so noble a record behind—is a historical encounter of the most piquant kind, more keen with common life and its natural problems than most historical meetings. Perhaps only a Queen like our own, all motherhood and tender benignity, would have thought of it—smiling with tender enlightened eyes over the impetuous little Princess with a prescience of all that lies before her, as yet undiscovered,—the same

path, if not so great, as that which lay before the timid feet of Princess Victoria of England nearly sixty years ago.

In such a contrast it is impossible not to pause to say a word of sympathy. The Queen has had many troubles in her life. She has borne all the ordinary sorrows of humanity, and borne them well; but it may be doubted whether the dropping of one old friend after another from around her is not as depressing and distressing an experience as a more immediate affliction. Her old friends: a monarch cannot have very many, no one perhaps has many left at the period of life which her Majesty has attained. They are those who like herself have sustained all those sorrows and misfortunes which are the daily bread of mortal folk. Bread of tears and water of anguish is our general fare to all of us, from time to time as the years go on. And those who have shared them, and all the intervals of sunshine, become as our own souls, as everything tends towards the common end. Her Majesty has had her right-hand man taken from her—the good, humorous, genial countenance, the tall figure, always a little *gauche* in spite of fifty years of courtiership, which was ready at every point for every need: Sir Henry Ponsonby is no more there to supplement the knowledge, so great and varied in all that concerns a Court, of his royal Mistress, to help her memory, if that was ever at fault. Others, the playfellows, the cherished companions, are falling like autumn leaves. We offer to our Sovereign the heartfelt tribute of our sympathy. No Looker-on but here becomes in his turn a humble friend and servant, feeling rather than observing. Sir Henry, we hope, may yet have a

peaceful evening to his busy days, though all the work and the bustle have come to an end.

It is whimsical but interesting, among the din and dust of politics, which at the present moment are of an ignoble sort, to see the little band which is fighting a desperate fight against its birthright. The other way we are quite accustomed to. The struggle of the young man for his inheritance, be it a morsel of soil or an old house or an empty name, is as well known as fiction and history—one of the most original and primitive of *motifs* in both of these great branches of literature; but to raise a lively struggle in order to get rid of the burden of the honour to which you were born is something quite original, and if it were not a somewhat important, would be an amusing contribution wherewith to enliven the tedious routine of a confused and bewildered House of Commons, working at its treadmill ineffectively, without any heart for its work. The band of the three brethren over whose devoted heads the coronet hangs like a suspended sword is of itself quite a noticeable band. Nay: for the sword has descended in one case, and the viscount by courtesy has, alas! in spite of all exertions, become an Earl in right, and a Peer of the realm whether he will or no. Only Messrs Brodrick and Curzon remain still happily open to all the chances of fortune. They may yet escape—their right honourable fathers may live, as we are sure they desire, to the age of Methuselah: the House of Lords may be abolished: the world may come to an end: there is no reckoning the things that may happen to prevent these gentlemen from being called to “another place.” But Lord Selborne is past praying for, how

many soever committees sit upon him or champions fight for him:—not even the keen shaft of Mr Chamberlain can neutralise that shaft, keener still, which has ended his days as a Commoner for ever.

It is generally considered a fine thing to be a peer. The English love of peers has been dwelt on with the utmost diffusiveness on every side; but nobody has as yet in song or story described the hard case of him who would not be a lord at any price. How many lords of Ireland, perhaps even of Scotland, would willingly change places with Lord Selborne? what thousands of young men who are not lords at all would give their souls to stand in his shoes? and also in those of Messrs Brodrick and Curzon, these doomed and unfortunate heroes, who, alas! there is every reason to suppose, will in their day fall, or rather rise, from their present desirable estate into nonentity. We do not wonder that the young men fight. They were born, if we may say so, Members of Parliament—they lisped not in numbers but in speeches. Their very features, though so different from each other, were equally parliamentary. They were to the rest of the world “my honourable friend,” or “the honourable gentleman” from their cradles. They are not insignificant opponents, these two young men. One of them has scoured the most dangerous wilds in pursuit of a subject and an aim. He has made himself an authority, perhaps the only authority, on his special theme. And is he to be turned off, when it pleases an old gentleman to die, whom everybody desires to live—into the region of the ghosts, where the voices are thin and echo as from afar, and where it does not matter very much what any one knows or does not know about Persia and

the Pamirs? The other has worked like a man, in the background, which is harder, among the dusty committee-rooms, less exciting, and more exhausting than the wilds of Afghanistan. Standing shoulder to shoulder, they are as dangerous a pair of fighting men in a desperate cause as we should care to meet with. If turning over the very foundations of everything sacred, the Peerage itself, the ark of salvation, will gain their object, we may be sure they will leave no stone unturned. It is all very well for people to talk who stand in no such danger. Arthur Balfour may look on cool as a cucumber, with an indifference which is almost cynical. There is no coronet hanging over his head, none, unless it may be one which he will win in after-years, after he has had his fill of parliamentary struggles and honours; but as for these twin brethren, the issue is grimly personal and not to be pushed aside. A few years perhaps, and both of them may stand like poor Wolmer on the edge of fate, toppling over into the abyss. Forbid it every parliamentary saint, if saints of Parliament there be!

The Looker-on, alas! can but shake his head as he sees these champions standing back to back, weapon in hand, their knuckles white with the grip upon them, their bosoms panting with the struggle. "Alas!" he is obliged to say, "You can never, never do it; your pluck is admirable, and there is nobody but will be sorry to lose you: yet you, like other men, must obey your fate. It would not perhaps be so good a thing to be a lord if it were not sometimes so very bad a thing, too dreadful to contemplate; but that which other men have had to bear you too must endure in your turn." We may add, was there not a horror

of anticipation in the land before the death of the last much lamented Duke of Devonshire, lamented on many grounds, yet most of all on this, that his son would certainly be called upon to succeed him? and yet the British empire has gone on even through that bereavement. And so it will perhaps when Messrs Brodrick and Curzon have both been called to their fathers—or rather to their fathers' seats—in the House of Peers.

It is a curious sign of the times, however, that the young men should so fight. To the elder generation the inevitable was still the inevitable. However much we disliked it we had to do it, and the general opinion was that the only dignified course was to do it quietly, and make as little as possible of one's dislike or private rebellion. The Duke of Devonshire said no word—neither did others before him who have had the same dismissal-veiled-by-promotion to bear. But that is no longer the temper of the time. Why should we bear anything? Let us override all these ancient necessities, and assert our right to have our own way. This is the sentiment, the determination, of the age. It is to be seen in all ranks, and there are instances in which it is not at all lovely; but we pardon it in our young friends, partly because we love them, which is the most potent of arguments, and partly because their position is piquant and original, and partly because it is a fine thing to fight for the right of working, against every easier conclusion. We tender to Lord Wolmer our tenderest sympathy. Alas! he will have to wear his coronet whether he likes it or not. It is hard upon him. Still for the moment he must remember that it is the House of Lords that has the *beau rôle*. The

more ineffective, the less wise, the House of Commons is, the finer part the Lords have to play. Far be it from us to say that the hereditary legislator is in himself a wiser man than the gentleman from the potteries or from the mining districts. The average man is always the average man, whether he wears a cricket-cap like Mr Keir Hardie, or that velvet-lined and ermine-bordered coronet which Lord Selborne finds so hot and oppressive to his head. But, as a matter of fact, the Lords have, for the moment, for the day, the power as well as the judgment in their hands. They hold the fortunes of the State in their grasp—a grasp often so loose and so little felt, yet, according to some occult virtue in the British Constitution (that once perfect thing, which nowadays is supposed to be so much in need of tinkering), answering to the strain when it is wanted. Let the unwilling arbitrator of our fate console himself. He will probably yet find some work to do. And as for Lords Middleton and Scarsdale, we devoutly hope that they may live for ever!

The Looker-on, whose business is with men rather than with measures, and to whom "the reasons why we smile or sigh" are more interesting than either Beer or Disestablishment, does not pretend to busy himself about politics. It troubles him that the general scope of legislation of what is supposed to be the popular kind should be ugly, bent upon the removal of landmarks which have formed the country into the semblance which we know and love. But though it is not his part to criticise projects of law, effectual or ineffectual, it is curious and congenial to note the groups into which our political parties are broken up, and the successive

small explosions on one side and another—chiefly of human rather than political feeling—which are daily taking place. The Opposition is steady enough: it has so much the easiest part to play. The mere fact of that watchful observer looking on, not losing one of the pranks which an agitated Government is obliged to play, must be an exasperation beyond description to those toiling and striving leaders of an unruly army.

But it is that army which is curious to the more impartial, unpolitical spectator. There never was a time in which the reign of the Fad, popularly so called, was so evident as now. We remember when it was a most remarkable and touching thing, which went even to the obdurate heart of the whole House, and, after it, of the country, when Mr Samuel Plim-soll, the Sailor's Friend, broke out in a genuine passion of disappointment, indignation, and sorrow, almost weeping, if not altogether so, over the loss of his proposal, which was about the over-freighting of ships or some other such evil thing, and looked on the outside a trade business, till we found out how deeply it concerned the lives of men. So far as we can recollect, it was the disinterested despair of this good man, his loss of self-control, in the conviction that nobody cared for the lives of his sailors, which virtually carried the measure he upheld, awakening an audience, hard to touch, to the importance of the subject, by the unusual sight of genuine human emotion. We may be stating the matter wrongly, for the Looker-on does not pretend to absolute accuracy in his impressions; but such, we think, was the effect. Alas! we have travelled a long way from Mr Samuel Plim-

soll. All the Welsh members might weep their fill, and Dr Donald Macgregor (fierce, wild, red-handed, Highland reiver of a name, but in this instance harmlessly bestowed) dance with despatch on the floor of the House, without awakening anything but laughter in this hard-hearted country nowadays. We have already seen the Irish members tear their hair times without number; we have heard the shrill scream of the Cymry,—and we are not moved. Nay, the respectable member for the Steam-boilers has shown his feelings, and we have liked him the better for it; but it has not touched our heart. The sight of them all, indeed, each going on upon his little way, totally oblivious of the Imperial progress which of old we believed to be superior to every lesser interest, amuses the spectator more and more in proportion as he himself becomes cynical, and gives up the sentimental conviction that a true regard for Imperial interests is somewhere to be found in the heart of every Britisher—even by one who has a ticklish constituency to please and is terrified to lose a vote. The present Looker-on has not lost that conviction; but as the existing parliamentary malady attains its acute point, and as here and there the blatant specialist comes in contact with the latest Governmental Octopus, and receives a sharp and unexpected magnetic shock under water, it is impossible to subdue altogether the pleasure which these characteristic explosions give. Does not the House of Commons itself share this pleasure? It fills when there is hope of a “personal incident”; it comes up eager and interested even for a Selborne case; it delights to see the leader of the House burst and explode.

All these things are more delightful than Local Vetoes, or even the robbery of the Church. We are but men!

And it is very curious to follow the movements of the man who, amid all that tumult and encounter of various opinion, pursues his own little object with the steadiness of a dog, with his nose to the ground following a trail. Is it from simple conviction, is it from that narrowness of ignorance which sees no importance in any object but its own? The dog on the trail might pass the procession of a king and would be no way moved by it, save in so far as it might interrupt the scent. Are thy servants as dogs that they do this thing? Or is it from motives which are at once larger and meaner, from the thought of the eyes of the constituency fixed upon them, from the fear of loss of votes if a popular mandate is not obeyed? Worse still, is it perhaps the terror of losing his living which moves the specialist,—a motive which as yet affects very few, and we hope affects them little, of the members of our present Parliament, but might affect many if those individuals who take up that principle had their way? It is a most curious inquiry, but one which, to be sure, the individual inquirer is apt to decide in his own way, and on which we can come to no certain conclusion. It is only to the cynic that personal interest, ignorance, vanity, and all the other inferior motives, are always uppermost. A man may really have a high and ideal principle in his mind, even when he desires to take away his neighbour's pearls and fling them before swine. There are many we know who do so with their own.

As for the different points of

view from which the most intelligent spectators may regard the same thing, we saw it amusingly exemplified the other day by the two leading literary newspapers, both very capable of an opinion, and able to defend it. The subject was the late great meeting upon the troubles in Armenia, a question into which we do not of itself feel disposed to enter. But every man, however little he knows his Armenia, knows his 'Spectator' and his 'Saturday Review.' The 'Saturday' has had its vicissitudes. In its rampant days it trod upon all our toes, and most of us replied with shouts of defiance; but we and the 'Saturday' had both grown older since then, and were taking things quietly, when our familiar foe and friend suddenly changed his cognisance and became another man. He is now a very Free Lance indeed, but tolerably innocuous in literature, where he is perhaps less strong than on other subjects. The 'Spectator,' most virtuous, intelligent, eccentric, and viewy of all papers, which has stood staunch to its very pronounced and on the whole delightful character, with all its candours and all its prejudices, for at least a quarter of a century, everybody knows.

Let us pause a moment and recall our attention—we were talking not of these papers in themselves, but of the startling difference in points of view which in the same week, on the same day, these two admirable organs of public opinion gave forth. The 'Spectator' was really eloquent upon the Armenian atrocities. It is nothing if not tender-hearted, and it was natural it should be so: and that it should also discourse much of the touching combination of the old Duke of Argyll, with

his golden hair grown white, and at the risk of his life, making a great speech—while old Mr Gladstone, in no risk of anything, the most unabated of old men, joined hands in the spirit with his old brother and adversary, upon a subject which was certain to rouse them both. It was all very fine, the 'Spectator' said, except for the "extraordinary outburst from Lady Henry Somerset," who, according to this article (for we confess that we did not read even the Duke of Argyll's speech, much less that of Lady Henry Somerset), described herself as standing there as the representative of the "lively indignation and burning love" which "a hundred thousand women who wear the White Riband feel on behalf of their sisters yonder in the clutch of the harem-despot in Constantinople." We are equally unable with the 'Spectator' to see what polygamy has to do with Armenian atrocities; but that is neither here nor there. Let us see now what our new 'Saturday,' in his force of youth renewed, says. We confess we are a little confused by the paragraph in which he lets loose his opinion, and from which it might be justly inferred that the death of the late Sir Robert Peel was due to the over-excitement of this Armenian meeting, where "he might have been observed in the front of the audience, the tears running down his face while he listened, completely carried away, to the silvery voice and the impassioned eloquence of Lady Henry Somerset, whose speech was worth all the other speeches put together." We hope that Lady Henry Somerset did not kill Sir Robert Peel by her eloquence, as well as that she had information enough to know that the unspeakable Turk is infinitely less of a polygamist

than people think. But these are inferior considerations. The chief thing we ask is, What are we to think? When the guides of public opinion are opposed to this point, who shall decide when such doctors disagree? Other marvellings arise in our mind as to the question, Why did Sir Robert Peel weep, and then die next morning? and, What is the White Riband which a hundred thousand women wear? It is true that a great many women visibly wear white ribbons, in startling quantity and effect; but we had thought in our ignorance that this was because it was the Fashion. If it is a party emblem, what party? We are afraid a great many frivolous followers of the *mode* don't at all know to what they are committing themselves.

The 'Saturday Review' and the 'Spectator' are alike, however, in one thing, that they each have a very outrageous and rampant Young Man on their staff, who runs amuck at Artistic matters in general and the Exhibitions in particular. We should not like to fall into the hands either of Mr D. S. M. or of Mr G. B. S., and therefore hasten to explain to them that in our capacity as Looker-on we rather like it, and find their delightful contempt for everybody and everything quite exhilarating. They have the courage of their opinions, and are not afraid to have their fling at every constituted authority. Afraid! they love it; it is the breath of their nostrils. Here is how the former of those gentlemen treats the Royal Academy: "The Academy Exhibition contains nothing of the first importance. Most interesting are a portrait by Mr Seymour Lucas, a statuette by Mr Swan, two studies of Mr Patmore by Mr Sargent, one or two pieces of deco-

orative work, and paintings by Messrs Greiffenhagen and Lavery." And there you have it in a nutshell, and need trouble yourself no more! He promises, indeed, to return next week, and does return, when, after two columns of slapdash on things in general, he informs us jauntily, "Lastly, I enter the Academy," and thereupon says his say in the same splendid manner on one picture and no more: but concludes, with his nose in the air, that in the present state of the public taste, the nation "will be happier and more honest if they let painting be." It is in respect to the drama that the 'Saturday's' Young Man is rampagious. To see him handle Mr Irving is enough to give the reader a cold shiver, if not to imperil his life, as Lady Henry Somerset imperilled those of her audience. "It was Mr Grant Allen, I think," says this gentleman, "who familiarised us with the fact that all attempts to sustain our conduct at a higher level than is natural to us produce violent reactions. . . . No actor suffers from the tyranny of this grotesque necessity more than Mr Irving. His career ever since he became a heroic actor has been studded by relapses into the most impish buffoonery." So much for Art and the Drama—the actors and the painters. The young gentlemen no doubt are quite able to set us all down in the same high-handed way. "At her, little Burney!—down with her!" cried Dr Johnson, when his Fanny was expressing her sentiments in respect to Mrs Montagu or some other established goddess of opinion. The sage chuckled over that voice of nature, which pleased him "hugely," as Miss Burney herself would have said. It is always exhilarating to hear that voice of nature. The impudent rogues!

we cry with delight, as we pat them on the head.

We may as well, however, glance at the one picture which our young critic condescends at the height of his contempt to notice, and which we may say at once is, to ourselves, as amusing and exhilarating as he himself is. It is not a picture, he says with truth, it is a locality. In all gravity and fact, in the first glimpse we had of Mr Herkomer's performance over the heads of the crowd, we thought it a new room which in some extraordinary way Burlington House had burst forth into, or the Academy thrown out from the old familiar wall for want of space. But it was not so. The blaze of sultry sunshine of which it is full has rarely shone in London, and further observation enables us to prove to ourselves the fact that it is in reality a canvas, hung upon the wall like any flat piece of painting round. Yes; we allow it is not a picture. Even in a decorative point of view it is not at all like those fine openings out into stately halls with which Paolo Veronese enlarges the noble galleries of Venice. It is a room with a set of men in it, one standing up about to speak, probably to say something very commonplace indeed about the finances of that high-peaked, crowded little German town, which we can see through its windows; but by reason perhaps of being not a picture, it is the most wonderful Illusion that ever was. The sensation of warmth and dazzling light, the atmosphere of a blazing summer day, is not a thing that can be rendered by everybody, saving the presence of all the superfine young critics in the world. Professor Herkomer's picture is at the worst an astonishing *tour de force*; at the best it is a very singular and

striking work,—not good art perhaps, but fact, rendered with the most amazing realism: too clean to be Zolaesque, but more like the art of Zola otherwise than anything we know. The men who line the sides of the room are perhaps not very refined personages—being, as we suppose, the Town Council of the small Bavarian commonwealth, it is not to be expected they should be so—but they are as certainly not vulgar: and their fault is the strange one, that they are too much like actual men—too real, producing absolute illusion, as we have said. But it is the room itself that is the most wonderful fact of all. We do not know what it is that prevents us from walking into it, which is its weakness, we believe, in point of art. But the light, the sultry atmosphere, the town basking in the summer sunshine, which shows through the open window, is prodigious. It is not a representation, still less is it an artistic impression, of a scene and moment. It is Illusion *pur et simple*. The little Council Chamber in which this repetition of itself is to be hung will want no wood in its stove in the severest winter. The Thing dazzles, quivers, with light and heat. The realism, indeed, of the glare makes us feel instinctively that there is an impossibility in it,—that the blinds must have been drawn down to soften that sunshine, or some contrivance adopted to shut it out, had it been as real as it looks: and this is no doubt a vulgar suggestion, as the whole extraordinary achievement, we are told, is vulgar. Mr Alma Tadema has, and has long had, a speciality in marble, or rather in depicting that coolness of the lustrous stone in the bosom of the heat, which makes it so grateful to eye and touch. How many

gazers will be able to understand what the difference is between that refined representation and this sheer fact of the warm boards and floor, the windows letting in the glare and heat, we should not like to predict; nor do we pretend to explain the difference. But in no case does it seem to us that this extraordinary scene is anything less than a wonder. It dwarfs and deadens everything round. When we take our eyes from it they are blinded with that excess of light.

It is not the first time that Mr Herkomer has been guilty, if it is guilt, of this excess of reality. We remember, a few years ago, to have been taken, in a friend's house, to a room in which hung a portrait of the dead mistress of that house, completed just before her death. We entered, expecting to be affected and touched by the sight of that familiar countenance. We were, in fact, so startled that we could scarcely contain ourselves. We waited breathless for a moment till she should rise and greet us. The illusion was almost as complete as in the picture of this year. But the effect, we allow, was entirely different from that of a picture—it was exciting and disturbing. The aspect of the sitter was favourable and the expression excellent,—there was nothing to find fault on that head,—but the fact was overwhelming. The head of the Looker-on turned round. Was she, or was she not, that gently smiling woman, seated there in her habit as she lived? The illusion was so intense that it almost became a delusion. Close the doors, make no sound, lest she should discover that we have found her out in that mystery of her seclusion! This was the sensation with which the gazer stole away.

The delicate and refined and

fastidious work of Mr Alma Tadema has nothing in common with this; but for the sake of the contrast, and because he is unusually well represented this year, we step back as it were to the legitimate drama by his means, and enter the purer domains of art, far away from Herr Herkomer and his realism. We are tempted, however, more by two groups of portraits in the New Gallery than by the beautiful "Spring" in Burlington House, which is a fine Tadema, beautifully painted, with myriads of lovely faces like enamels, and floods of flowers most exquisitely rendered against the usual accessories of polished marble and delightful lucid perspective and cool white steps, which it refreshes the foot to tread upon and the eye to see. What can we say except that it is a fine Tadema, and that it is beautiful, before such a picture? Behold what it is, oh friends, to be a perfect painter! The portraits, however, are freaks of genius which call forth more animadversion. They are in two groups of three heads each, which literally, according to the graphic French idiom, jump at the eyes of the Looker-on. They are so near that we naturally start back a step or two, not to brush disrespectfully against a finely-tinted cheek, or hustle a man—who plainly would not put up with hustling. Why are they so near us, these handsome high-spirited living folk? Why do they thrust that *carnagione* of theirs against our sleeves, compelling us to forfeit our good manners in spite of ourselves? We should prefer a little air, a little distance between us, common public as we are, and these *élite*. John Baptist's head in a charger was nothing to this bundle of heads in a frame, like so many lovely rosy apples in braids of gold, smiling upon us

as if they were well aware it was something of a trick and mystification to arrange them so, as it is also a mystification, a private jest, too private for the public, to nickname a man not unknown to fame as Mrs So-and-So's family. We do not think, however, that the joke will tell a generation hence, or that it is any way desirable to heap up pyramids of human heads like fruit, even in a golden dish—and thrust them upon us at these close quarters, too near to see.

The Academy is an interesting academy. It has more incident than usual, and not so much of the flat and dreary upon its walls. Of the two ghosts we almost think we prefer Mr Frank Dicksee, whose pretty commonplace placid wife, singing away her little song, while her husband sees the vision of a Person of more account behind her, gives a touch of nature which Sir John Millais' distracted widower, who seems starting from his bed in the agonies of a nightmare, rather than by the breath of vision, is without. But ghosts, which are kittle cattle anywhere, are impossible in a picture. So we rather think is old Time, that worn-out old fellow, with all his paraphernalia about him; and why he should be going in at the chink of that half-opened door we have not a notion, nor indeed any desire to know.

The other baronet of Art has a royal space in the New Gallery, which he fills with those mournful figures which we know so well, whatever chance names may be put upon them, and whether they sleep or wake. The Fall of Lucifer is so far out of the common, however, that the figures are small, and there is a certain curious movement in the wavering line which produces something like an original effect. It is not a

fall, but a slow sailing downwards, like that of a bird on the wing, which has always seemed to ourselves the most pleasurable of movements: nor is there any pain in the suggestion. The descending angels don't seem to dislike it. They are retiring in perfect order, with all the honours of war. If the artist had not gratified us with a name to it, we do not think the liveliest imagination could have derived any idea of rout or catastrophe from the full ranks floating downwards in that tranquil fashion, neither beaten nor discomfited. Despair is not in them, nor any sentiment of loss. Sir Edward Burne Jones is always sad: he does not realise the possibility of any other feeling. The morning stars sing together on his canvas with a gentle woe. Classic legend and medieval romance breathe forth both the divinest melancholy in his hands; but disaster is as far from his thoughts as joy. His Lucifer does not fall headlong from heaven. He descends unmoved, master of himself, with as much spirit as the painter ever permits, unbroken. Indeed, the archangel in his despair looks just as much and as little unhappy as the knight of the Brier Rose when he goes to deliver his lady from her enchanted sleep. But in one thing, let us hasten to add, Sir Edward is supreme. The ghost of Sir John in the other place is a mere imposition, in presence of the mystic and shadowy figure which Sir Edward calls Lady Windsor. No one of us would care personally, we are sure, for a ghost which we could see through—that is the very simplest and least spiritual word of the science of spiritualism. But the shadowy slim form, in mystic vestments of uncertain hue the colour of twilight—with mystic features

half withdrawing as you gaze into a vague of pensive nothingness,—there is the ghost of poetry, the true Grey Lady of refined and wistful story. It does not strike us as being a great work of art; and if there was really a sitter we humbly crave pardon of that lady. But it is an admirable Ghost.

The Looker-on does not pretend to criticise the pictures. He sees but the salient points as he passes, and makes his contribution to "what people are saying." In fact, a great deal of what the real people are saying, who are neither critics nor trained observers, is, to tell the truth, about pictures that nobody in the other sense of the word even looks at: and that is a thing always entertaining and wonderful to the spectator, who thinks he knows better. We remember on one occasion to have addressed to a gentle sage and old, not always gentle, critic of humanity, a foolish question as to what he liked best in an exhibition. "To tell the truth," said Mr Kinglake, with a mild uplifting of his tired eyelids, "it is the subject of the pictures that chiefly interests me." We share the feeling so much that we could acquiesce more or less without any strain of conscience; but, on the other hand, the ladies with careful catalogue in hand pursuing the Convalescent Child, the ministering Angel, the old father and mother in the end of their virtuous days, and all the pretty pictures of pretty women and babies, into all the corners, make an amusing sight. They like the gentle touch of emotion, the suggested recovery and consolation, the little story in paint. Why not? and what right have the young ogres of critics to assail them in their honest pleasure? Art is not a Juggernaut to roll its chariot wheels over the bones of

the innocent. The critics, on the other hand, are enraptured over the "Shannon" in another corner, the flushed little girl in a medley of lights more prismatic than any rainbow, with reds and greens which no honest atmosphere ever thought of, crossing each other about and around her ruddy countenance. She clutches something which at the first glance looks like one of those ragged things of fur which ladies of advanced principles wear round their necks—which, on close inspection and much thought, we find to be a cat, nay, are suddenly seized, if we get them in the right light, by a pair of horrible grass-green eyes in the middle of the boa, which give fierce proof of the fact. Poor throttled animal! no wonder its eyes are fierce: what would Madame Ronner say to see one of her favourite clients so hardly treated? And here is another tall thing on the favourite wall in the great room of the Academy, a notable production of one of the heads and chiefs of Youth-in-Art, Mr Sargent to wit,—who is not ours, by the way, any more than the Herkomers and the Tadmases,—which we for one look at appalled. It is Decadence in person, the person of a Weed of a young man—a weed not of glorious feature but of overwhelming significance. The slim, long, nerveless, effeminate body, the feeble head, the agate-topped stick, the coat half petticoat, the femininity of that kind which is no gracious softness of a gracious youth, but a mockery and an outrage—how did the painter venture to put it there, looking at us with fictitious shyness and consciousness? The Looker-on does not pause, but condemns with all the force he is capable of, this strange image of the Young Man of the Period. The blowzy maiden

on a bicycle is good sense and good taste in comparison.

This wonderful representation of the fading century carries us back to the New Arts Club, which indeed contains nothing in the least like it, but only ladies occasionally indecent, who are really less offensive—and a great deal of pictorial muddle, from which in the end a keen eye can find out a picture or two. There are not many eyes, keen or otherwise, to find them out. Ourselves formed the public on the occasion of our visit along with two poor little Art students of a very humble description going round with their noses to the wall, in that piteous enthusiasm of the uninstructed who have never seen anything, for that which they think superior to the common fact of everyday existence and to the constituted authorities of Art—something which takes credit for being original, and which the shabby enthusiast yearns to believe in, and examines devoutly, to make out if he can those occult qualities which he is told are in it, and in which he would fain hope. But, alas! we cannot hope that here is to be found the regeneration of Art. Even in the company of Mr Wilson Steer we should, we fear, tire of assisting continually at the toilet of a buxom young person dressing or undressing before a glass. It is a device open to the photographer as well as the painter, and not of the first ingenuity any more than originality. The show, such as it is, is inferior to that of last year. It wants the occasional touch of reason and reality which still lingered in it. There is not even a Coster-girl, though she is no very lofty heroine, to light up the un-luminous place.

The streets are perhaps, after

all, the best show at this time of the year. An efflorescence and warmth of colour which is not in them at any other time floats from the Row away into the farthest East end slums; for there, however distant, there is always the costermonger with his barrow to light up the dulness. The costermonger's cart, we confess, is the thing about him which, for our part, we like best: with its green cabbages, its red tomatoes, and its bundles of brown sweet wall-flowers and primroses, perhaps not in their first freshness—it is an endless delight, and lights up the dullest street. It is not much taken into account by the lugubrious persons who dwell on the miseries of lower London—any more than those other privileges of the slums, the sittings at the doors, the parliament at the street corners, which are more real human society than our foolish assemblages farther west. There man meets man and woman meets woman with more genuine zest than is felt when a costume from Madame Chic encounters and eyes with emulation a robe from Monsieur Worth, or one Society wit clashes the tin sword of contending gossip with another across a dinner-table. The group of the ladies in the East end form around the coster has more pictorial qualities than all the satins and the laces. His cabbages perhaps are faded, which proves he has been lazy, and has not got up early enough to get them at "the Market" in the first crispness of their green. And what a sight that Market is in the early mornings, with the dew upon its mountains of greenery, the radiant red apples of love, and the rhubarb, a growth not half appreciated, in its glorious great stalks of brown and innocent pinkness of infancy! Whoso has never been in Covent

Garden at this season, though he may have gathered primroses in innumerable woods, and wet his feet in many a dewy field, has never known the wealth, the exuberance, the lavish and overflowing luxury, of spring vegetation. A flower-market is always beautiful everywhere, but the homely market becomes a Field of the Cloth-of-Gold, worked with pearls and rubies, inlaid with emeralds: dewy daffodils, and virgin lilies, and fresh sweet lilac, white and purple, or rather lilac in colour as well as name. By the way, the pretty name of *lilac* has disappeared as a colour save in Mr Crockett's 'Sun-bonnet,' for which one thing we thank him. The dressmakers call it mauve, which means nothing, or if anything, the harsh and scentless mallow, whereas a mere lilac ribbon smells sweet as becomes its name.

No, we do not thank Mr Crockett for much. He it is, perhaps, of all, who has most pushed the production of those romances in dialect, very fitly and cleverly called the literature of the kailyard by a recent critic, with which we are now overflooded. Does Mr Crockett or Mr Maclaren, or any other of the many professors of this craft, think *that* is Scotch? It is no more Scotch than the dialect of Lancashire or Somersetshire is English, or than the appalling jargon of American dialect-books is — we had almost said American. As a matter of fact, it is the American books that have set this preposterous fashion. 'The Bonnie Brier Bush' has many good qualities. We like the glen and many of the people in it, especially the secondary people; for the virtue of the principal persons is superhuman and the pathos is cheap, as that

contrivance always is which plays upon the sad experiences of the reader himself to make an effect which ought to be done by the writer. We have all known a *Lad of pairts*, and the suggestion is enough for the imagination, which knows but too well how to fill up the story, with the least possible aid from the teller of it. But does there exist a village, a glen, in Scotland, in which every one without exception speaks the language of the kailyard? No fearful collocation of vowels can represent an accent: but words are solid things. Does the well-to-do farmer and the doctor and the writer talk of "gangin' awa'" instead of going away? We don't ourselves, though Scotch to the backbone, see the superior beauty of "gangin' awa'." The Londoner would say "goin' awa'," and his dialect is an abomination. Why is it less to be delighted in than Drumtochty? The Englishman — that patient and much-suffering predominant partner — has endured a great deal more from us Scots than we should bear from him. He has even somehow been made to suppose that he likes it, which is a most curious mental phenomenon, produced, we suppose, by Mr Barrie, if not by Mr George Macdonald, both of whom sweetened the mess with genius; and this has made the reader incapable of criticism. But we do not believe it is possible that it can last; and we hope that no more ministers or members of any other lawful profession will give up an honest trade for this whim of the public. Alas! there has lately died in pain and poverty a good man, quite unhampered (and unaided) by dialect, who took that foolish step on the occasion of some early success, and flung himself upon literature as a novelist — with disastrous effect. It might wound some individual

feelings to hold this poor gentleman up as a warning by his name; but the fact itself is a warning of the most serious kind.

We have strayed, however, from our point, which is, that we do not believe all Scotsmen, whatever be their position, speak in dialect. We have seen over and over again a jargon supposed to be Scotch put into the lips of Mr Carlyle, that worst-used of men and sages. Mr Carlyle had the most genuine and natural of accents, large and soft, Annandale all over, and recognisable of the most ignorant. But he did not speak "broad Scotch" any more than Mr Balfour does. Perhaps the Southern reporter may think that the only way of representing the accent is this, and may be excused for doing so; but there is no excuse for the Scotsman, who ought to know better. Carlyle's language was that which Wordsworth describes—did our kailyard writers never hear it?—the words that "each in solemn order followed each,"

"With something of a lofty utterance
drest,
Choice word and measured phrase beyond the reach
Of ordinary men: a stately speech,
Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,
Religious men, who give to God and
man their dues."

Mr Crockett and Mr Maclaren recognise no man like the Leech-gatherer. They would have made that grave and stately personage jabber like the lad at the plough.

Drumtochty, however, is wholesome and sweet, and only too virtuous. The kailyard is without speck or stain, which perhaps is one reason for its extraordinary popularity; for, after all, notwithstanding the organised assault against that old-fashioned institution called marriage, which,

for the wonder of the thing, has caught the attention of many people, the most of us prefer the society of those, whether in books or out of them, who have nothing to be ashamed of. There is not in all these stories so much as an Effie Deans, that young perennial sinner who has been in every story-book from the beginning of the world. No doubt it is because of the clerical character of the authors that Effie is not there. But Effie is an angel of light in comparison with the women who do—everything they didn't ought to: not by hot love, or wicked deception after the old models, but because they choose to do it, sinning on principle for some exquisite reason of their own. The Looker-on, who loves to see how everything is done, is compelled to confess that he takes no interest whatever in the pranks of those ladies who do wrong because they think it right. The old charm is quite gone from these offenders on principle; and as whatever befalls them is the natural issue of their actions, we leave them to count the reckoning with law and nature as they like, and care not how it turns out. There is a high hope in all their minds that they are defying God, which is nowadays believed to be a very fine thing to do. And so no doubt they are—but a number of lesser things besides which exact their punishment quite remorselessly, without any grandeur about it. Marriage is not a bad thing on the whole, and society is founded upon it. To tilt at that institution is about as little practicable as if a mediæval knight in armour were to assail St Paul's or the Bank of England. He might dash himself against the great portals, but he would not do any good by it, or much harm. From time to

time a band of clever people have done their utmost before now, but they have never touched so much as a toe of Hymen in his yellow robe. Godwin was very great on the matter of principle, but he married his own wife when it came to the point, and still more determinedly he married his daughter and would hear no nonsense on that subject. So we presume would Mr Grant Allen and Miss Mémie Muriel Dowie. They would never have the courage of their opinions; and what is the use of talking to us of people who did things which their author does not venture to do? Now there have been plenty of authors who have done, but have not said, unmentionable things such as those boldly flung forth by the highly respectable persons, who think it the finest thing in the world to teach other people to break all the laws. We should prefer that they carried out their own views themselves and held their peace.

Far be it from us to encourage immorality; but it is only just to demand of our instructors that they should practise what they preach. We have not the slightest doubt that they would do as Godwin did, if the occasion arose—which showed that he was a good father but a bad philosopher, and which took away from him every right to speak. As soon as we hear that Miss M. M. Dowie has given up her legitimate bonds and formed a connection of another sort, we will take into consideration what she says. In the meantime we decline to take her recommendations into consideration. It is certain that no honest man, or woman either, can have two creeds, one to guide their own conduct, and one to be pressed by every argument on their neighbours. "Let the fellow build a house," said

poor Pugin the architect to a certain pestilent young Oxford graduate who was afflicting him; but even the impudence of a critic who will not show his skill in doing that which he is so ready to find fault with in others, is nothing to that of the respectable person who preaches impropriety, but behaves himself like an archdeacon. No, no, we will have none of this. *Que Messieurs les immoralistes commencent*—then we may consider what are the advantages of their way.

On the whole, I think we may set our minds at rest. The institution of marriage is not in much danger, whatever the novelists may do. It is perhaps more honest to assail it in this naïve and undisguised way than to undermine it as they do in France. Our neighbours are too logical and too prescient of the consequences, to desire any catastrophe or overturn of those domestic arrangements which secure the safety of the race. They love to add a little vice, we fear, rather on the principle that a pleasure is more piquant for being wrong, than on that which affirms that wrong is right. They are, in short, too clear-headed for any such illusion. And so, indeed, at bottom are those good people who, being sure of themselves that all their papers are in order, take a pleasure in advising others to try the other way.

One of the advantages of looking on for any length of time upon the vagaries of this queer world is, that you acquire a great composure as to the effect of revolutionary movements in the moral world at least. After we have lifted up our hands and eyes in the enjoyment of that sensation which it is their great function to produce, and assured ourselves that it never was so in our time, and that the

foundations of the earth are being overthrown, we look up again, and lo! the disturbers of the peace are gone, and the foundations, &c., are just as steady as ever. The woman who did,—we offer our sympathies to Mr Grant Allen,—did not make nearly so big a splash in the water as was expected, and by this time the circles on the surface are all dispersed, and she might never have gone under at all for anything the callous world cares about it. Once Cimabué was everything, but now Giotto has all the cry. Gallia has gone one better, and to-morrow something else will have gone one better than Gallia; and presently they will all depart into that awful limbo of old novels where everything is dust, and nobody will ever remember this last attempt after so many others to shake the steady pillars of domestic order. Our authors will not have ceased to thrill and twitter over their own temerity when we have forgotten all about them, or that they ever have been.

What does become of the old novels? we stop with a certain awe to inquire. Where do they go to, those of them which do not survive in smart new editions? But even to speak of smart new editions is an anachronism, now that there are no longer the three volumes to be swept away along with the faded leaves, and return again in a resurrection of one. We regret the three volumes with the sincerest sentiment, and so will all the beguiled writers do, who were wheedled into the belief that it was only that fatal fictitious 31s. 6d. which stood between them and a prodigious popular sale. Alas! poor deceived ones, by this time even you must have found out your mistake. Great persons of genius like Mr Hall Caine may

find their account in it; but we are not all Hall Caines, thanks be to Providence—and we cannot look for his harvest. Where do those battered, dog's-eared, unlovely wrecks of popularity go? Do they rest in a limbo dark as that of those who live in the infernal suburbs, *senza infamia e senza lodo*—dusty dark in endless acres of untouched shelves? It is a famous fad of the scientific person that nothing is ever completely destroyed. There is always something left to produce microbes and taint the atmosphere. We remember an old library in the days before Mudie, which, but that all was silent, would have made a sufficiently good representation of Dante's Limbo. What if there might be hopeless souls about whose fate it was to go on and on reading the old novels? It might form a chapter of purgatorial literature not without originality—but very alarming to the producers of many novels, who would naturally be the first affected, and there find an appropriate but appalling manner of punishment. How many centuries, we wonder, would it take an unhappy fictionist to get through all the dead and gone novels of his own country alone!—the Pamelas and the Rosa Matildas, the sporting, and, ah me! the detective books. Repent, oh novel-writer, while there is time! the flesh-hook of Barbariccia would be little to this.

The chill that has come over our beautiful May of the poets breathes mournful anticipations in the hearts that had just begun to come to the light and sunshine after a terrible winter. What a winter it was, and how many sad souvenirs of friends removed, and health broken, it has left! None, perhaps, among all the victims

of the evil season, made a more marked and distinctive vacancy among men than one whom the readers of 'Maga' have long known, and whose endless activities in the wider world outside of literature have added to the laurels of 'Maga' one of those martial wreaths and trophies of honour with which her standards are perhaps more widely decorated than those of any other leader of literature,—for she has always been beloved of soldiers, and proud of the sons of arms enrolled under her banners. Sir George Chesney was not one of the brilliant and dashing band whose gay exploits and light-hearted sallies into literature have so often brought a breath of the open air, and the rush and impetus of life out of doors, into the sober realm of letters. He was a man full of the gravity of his scientific profession, a keen disciplinarian, an organiser and administrator, with many of the instincts of a statesman, though always attached, with almost a stronger devotion than that of the gayer soldier, to his profession and its interests.

It is a little remarkable that such a man, so occupied with the practical necessities of a profession which more than almost any other absorbs its servants body and soul, should have taken to literature at all, especially in its lighter branches. But no doubt there was in his mind a vein of romance which demanded expression, and which was a welcome alternative to severer toil: and fiction gives many an opportunity both for the recollections and for the theories of one whose daily occupations are amid more serious difficulties and dangers. The extraordinary sensation which the *Battle of Dorking* produced throughout the country was no

doubt more or less aided by the temper of the world at the moment, and the prognostics and alarms of the day when other risks and imaginations were uppermost, and we had one of our periodical moments of acute realisation of outside dangers which we usually hold very light. But that vivid and extraordinary sketch, after all, owed its power chiefly to qualities of its own. The writer knew, with an exactitude fortunately impossible to the most of us, what might and could happen in the circumstances, not in themselves at all impossible, which he conjured up. He laid bare to us what might be the results of that curious happy-go-lucky system which has always existed, concerning all dangers out of doors, in a country which considers itself, and is considered, one of the most serious in the world: how we have always taken it for granted that we are safe in our house, though it is notably the best house to plunder, and the most able to pay ransom of any: and how one dull morning we might waken up to find, what has never been known in England these eight hundred years, an enemy's knife at our throats. The thought itself, once forcibly struck into the public intelligence, is sensation enough; but Colonel Chesney, as he then was, put it in the most real yet most startling form, with a truth of detail, and an impression of reality, which no man could resist. The unexpectedness, yet perfect naturalness, of the catastrophe, the possibilities which seemed to become inevitable as we turned over page after page, the temperance with which that course of events was worked out, without brutality beyond what is the commonplace of war, came to a climax in the anguish of the

invaded house and the slain boy,—an anguish intolerable, yet the merest simple incident of fighting.

The effect of this fable was that of a great sob and strain of laboured breath throughout the whole country. Perhaps the most of us have forgotten it by this time. The new generation, which is so eager to step into our shoes and so scornful of all our sensations, does not perhaps even know it—certainly not as such a singular literary effort deserves to be known. In its day it was the most impressive piece of literature that saw the light, though many notable writers were with us then who now are gone. We are not aware what effect it had upon the state of the national defences; but certainly it made the nation pause and think that, notwithstanding its great moat which separates it from the path of the invader—that “silver streak” of which the optimist has made so much—the British soil, after all, was not invulnerable, and that such a thing as an invasion might be.

We remember that Colonel Chesney followed that remarkable production with a very grim chapter of imaginary combat, a story of the *Ordeal by Battle*. It was his purpose to show how, as scientific methods went on, and every army became as powerful as every other army, by means of scientific training and the constant advance in the manufacture of arms, explosives, &c., and thus became less and less fitted to bring matters to a conclusion,—we might return, at the end of all things, to the primitive struggle between man and man, the fewest number possible, and the most deadly conflict. It was a very grim chapter indeed, and but that a hecatomb of dead bodies on the stage always overshoots the mark, and produces

horror rather than awe and terror, would have been impressive, as the first part certainly was. But it did not touch a real note, as in the *Battle of Dorking*, and consequently fell blank. The power and ability of the writer was, however, no less conspicuous—perhaps almost more so—as suggesting that conclusion of bare and primitive simplicity to which, after every artful device has been tried, human nature in so many ways is forced at last to come back—which is always a most interesting possibility to the student, and dear above everything else to a Looker-on upon the busy frettings of the earth, and those inventions which make so much fuss in their day and so often come to nothing, and are supplemented by others cleverer still, which likewise come to nothing in their turn.

Sir George Chesney, as we have learned to call him, had very little leisure in his life to spend in literature. No man had ever a busier or more keenly occupied existence. He founded and organised, and ruled with what the young men considered a rod of iron, the Royal Engineering College established at Cooper's Hill, near Windsor, which was intended to supply India and the Public Works department with efficient and highly trained engineers: and did so to such purpose that India cried Hold! and the great institution became semi- or less than semi-official,—still an admirable training-place for young engineers, but with only now a few prizes in the way of Indian appointments. He had already done good work in India before holding this appointment, and he did still better work after in the reorganisation of the Indian army and some able expositions of Indian policy. He reached the high office of Member of Council in the 'Eighties, and only in 1891 re-

turned to England,—when he was elected member of Parliament for Oxford, and became one of those hard-working and little-speaking members who are of more use in the conduct of the affairs of the nation than many an orator, and whose sound knowledge and experience in military matters were always to be relied upon.

This Magazine has for many years possessed a stalwart contingent of soldiers—if indeed it were not by her special encouragement that the military writer became a distinct figure in the ranks of contemporary literature. We will not claim the highest merit for the longer essays in fiction of Sir George Chesney. They were never commonplace, but they were perhaps more political and professional than is suitable for the craft of story-telling; and indeed it was for their politics and their professional experience that they were prized. He was a little of a martinet in his active work, but a worthy comrade, a genial companion, full of original views and excellent talk, clear-cut in thought as in features; a noticeable, keen man, prompt and ready, sweeping the horizon with the practical and rapid glance of a soldier, taking in all circumstances and accidents. We hoped to have seen him for many years in his place in the House, in his position in the world. It is great harm for the world and his family when a man drops thus, full of power and capacity and vigour. But who can say it is anything but gain to him, even in the limited and mortal sense of the words? He attained the apex of life, but felt none of its decays. The chill of age had not touched him; he had

known no pang of ineffectual exertion. A sharp and sudden passage carried him out of a country which he had served steadily with his best all his life. What use there will be in the future for these keen faculties, that ordered and trained intelligence, not the wisest of us can tell or even guess. But he left us with his sword bright and his armour unflawed, as most men, if they could choose, would wish to do.

A softer name calls from the Looker-on a tribute of another kind. He would fain be, not a stroller about the world and *flaneur* at street corners, but steal for a moment from any shadowy corner where its echo might linger, something of the voice which celebrated "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," to do justice to this delicate theme. Wilson's grandchild, Ferrier's daughter, the wife of that robust Principal of Edinburgh, who was at once a Scots gentleman of characteristic size and largeness, and an Oxford Don—Lady Grant had a gift of her own, which she did not live long enough to develop fully, the art of graceful dialogue and gentle satire, a rare and admirable endowment. She was a recent, but prized, contributor,—one of the third generation of her family who have helped to fill the pages of 'Maga,' and the author of several brilliant sketches which have appeared in these columns during the last five years.¹ She died in the freshness of middle age, when many possibilities were yet before her, and much might have been accomplished. She was Susan Ferrier by birth, like the great aunt who has left so pleasant a name in literary history, the friend of Sir

¹ Readers of 'Maga' will readily recall the delight with which the humorous contributions by O. J. were welcomed.—ED. 'B. M.'

Walter, who was not ashamed to own her as a sister power. Indeed a whole age of literature seems to be rounded out in this gentle name, which recalls what still was the fine age of Edinburgh and the witty age of St Andrews, a place which has a niche of its own in letters. All sorts of lesser illustrations come before us in its sound. Mrs Ferrier, Lady Grant's mother, a humorist who never put pen to paper, and would have scorned the idea of so doing, but whose fine flood of sometimes reckless and always brilliant talk recalled Christopher North in all his headlong fun and eloquence, was one of those of whom nothing is known but by their contemporaries, though their mental force and wit and intelligence would make up half-a-dozen Men and Women of the Time. But no biographical dictionary will ever hear of her—and well for any luckless interviewer who might have attempted to put such a woman in his note-book! Lady Grant was killed, like so many more, by the chill of the bitter winter that is past—a true winter of discontent and gloomy associations to most of us. The cold and frost never blighted a more fragrant and tender soul.

Well, let us hope the summer will do better for us. All the same, it would be kind to take in that cowering lilac-bush which makes timid appeals with its branches flung against the window by the bitter blast. And it was so sweet, poor thing, a few days ago! And pile on more coals upon the fire. Not wood, good Thomson, which you got in March to give the brightness of a fire without too much heat. Coals, man, and plenty of them! We cannot have too much of a good fire to-day. The fine ladies shiver in the Row, but the Looker-on will not go out even to see them. The Four-in-hands are collecting, with nothing but red noses on the box-seats. It is a providence that Sir William Harcourt occasionally loses his temper to keep a little vital heat in the House. And the poor Premier on the Channel, where perhaps, however, he is less blown about than he would be at home.

“As cauld a wind as ever blew,
A cauld kirk and in't but few:”

we add with Burns, but without any threat of departure, that we hope

“Ye'll a' be warm ere I come back.”

LITTLE WARS ON THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

ONE of the most spirited of our Indian frontier expeditions is now bringing to a successful close an advance characterised by dash and *élan* worthy of the best traditions of our old fighting days in India. The endurance, gallantry, and daring displayed by British and Indian troops, fighting and marching side by side, and vying in friendly rivalry who should get first and farthest into action, come upon us with an inspiring force, as the first burst of the monsoon comes upon the plains in the hot weather. Quite recently we could scarcely refrain from envying the Japanese their active and daring soldiery, and contrasting them somewhat dismally with our own Asiatic troops, who, we are often told, do not, in the altered circumstances of India, represent the old fighting castes of the country. But the Chitral war has taught us that the latter-day Jack Sepoy has still got the real fighting grit in him in no less degree than his predecessors of the pre-Mutiny times. Our own troops have again added to their laurels, and shown that India can make soldiers even out of short-service men; while the defence made by the gallant little garrison in Chitral fort—so isolated from the world, from outside support, from information of what was being done for them, and depending only upon their faith that the Government would not abandon them,—must recall memories of the beleaguered garrison that held the Lucknow Residency in times of greater trouble. Sir Robert Low and his officers have acquitted themselves admirably of their difficult charge; the war has revealed coming leaders, to continue the un-

broken and brilliant succession of Indian generals; our loss has been slight compared with our previous experiences on the same part of the frontier, though the fall of so gallant an officer as Colonel Battye is a disaster felt by the whole service: all the results have been satisfactory,—all except the bill which will assuredly be presented, and for which India will as certainly have to pay.

The Chitral expedition was unavoidable. All our little wars on the Indian border are unavoidable, but that does not prevent their constant recurrence, nor the heavy expense in which they involve the Indian empire, already struggling under financial exhaustion. They are not now undertaken as part of the "Great Game"; they are not directed to purposes of annexation; and nowadays we make nothing by them, while as often as not they result in permanent additions to the cost of our frontier up-keep. They make the Punjab the best military school in the world, better even than France found in Algeria in the days of Louis Philippe. But when frontier wars take the regular place of autumn manœuvres, the course is an exceptionally costly one, and quite beyond the straitened financial resources of India. The present time is a good opportunity for considering the whole subject of frontier expeditions, which India has at last been compelled to regard as a question of serious urgency; and while leaving the details of the present war to the pens of the newspaper correspondents, who have found eloquent material for description in its incidents, we shall more profitably occupy our

attention in considering the nature of the Chitral difficulty, and the bearing of its lessons on the whole subject of our frontier administration.

Chitral in itself embodies all the possible complexities of a frontier problem. It feudally appertains to Kashmir, which with its force of Imperial Service troops should be in the first place responsible for order and security in its feudatory State. But Chitral belongs to us as well, and Kashmir can only take the initiative in such a serious state of matters as those involved in the Chitral succession at the instance of the supreme Government. There is also the fact that we are responsible to the Ameer for the security of a corner of British India abutting on his own territory,—a responsibility all the greater that we have frequently to call his Highness to account for the condition of affairs inside his own border. Then there is the appearance of the one strong man who generally comes to the surface in such times of disturbance, though never on our side—the routine of our system prevents his recognition until he has made himself formidably disagreeable—and the direct danger to ourselves if he should succeed in becoming a power on a commanding portion of the frontier. We have the old *de facto* policy at work, with its recognition of the divine right of assassination and usurpation; and, finally, we have internal dissensions, a check to our advance, and the inevitable expedition, which will be profitable or not according as we turn its results to good account or patch up a settlement and quit the country in the good old happy-go-lucky way of “masterly inactivity.”

We do not believe that there still remains a statesman in India

who will uphold the doctrine of “masterly inactivity” as it was laid down in all its completeness in the Lawrence days and before the Umballa Conference. But its principles have continued to influence the whole policy of our frontier administration down to the present time, and have been the main cause of all our little wars, and of the enormous cost entailed by them. Events have utterly discredited it, and compelled its reversal in all matters of external Asiatic policy: only in frontier administration has it up to this time been allowed to exert its influence, with the inevitable disastrous effects. It seems a ridiculous situation that we can put forth the authority of the Indian empire at St Petersburg, at Teheran, or at Kabul, while any petty chief with a few hundred followers, sheltered behind the Trans-Indus hill-ranges, can select without misgivings his opportunities for raiding within British territory, and can count the cost of his outbreak as coolly as if it were a mere mercantile transaction. We send an expedition into the territories of the raiding tribe, kill a few hundreds of the clansmen, burn their towers and villages, mulct them in a fine, and then go home again. To a fighting people, who enjoy an encounter not less than does the Punjab Frontier Force, such a punishment can hardly be expected to have much deterrent effect. Where means of living are scanty, the surplus part of the population can easily be spared. Pathan towers and village hovels are not costly structures, even if the enemy's fire has done them any great injury; cattle and valuables are generally got out of the way before the avengers reach the scene of action; and as soon as

the Sirkar's soldiers have entered the passes on their return journey the tribe sets to work to put their belongings to rights, to devise means of evading the fine, and to look forward with hope to the early prospects of a future *divertissement* on the same lines. The fine naturally is much more easily imposed than levied; and a return of the penalties inflicted upon the border tribes of North-western India, the percentage realised, the time the amounts were left outstanding, and the ultimate processes of recovery, would be a very interesting document. Where recovery is made at all, it is generally by putting the offending tribe under a blockade on the British border, closing the frontier against all its members, and seizing any persons or property within the line that can be laid hold of. But in the great majority of cases the tribes allow their accounts to run on, adding by fresh acts of turbulence to their obligations, until the debt and their misconduct combined are held to justify the despatch of a new expedition. Strange stories are told about these border penalties. One petty chief who had incurred the displeasure of Government by a raid undertaken by his followers, and had been let off with light damages, coolly consulted a British officer as to whether, since the fine was quite within the possibility of his tribe's paying, it would not be well to place himself in a position of political insolvency by another foray on a more extensive scale.

The most unsettling feature in our frontier policy is the assurance that the Trans-Indus tribes have derived from it that we are only interested in warding off their outbreaks, that the punishment they will incur is merely of a slight and transitory character, and that the

Government will neither proceed to extremities against them nor bring them under the exercise of firm British control. For twenty years the British have been trifling with them, and they recognise the fact, and ask no better relationship. They well know that if they had the Ameer to deal with, justice would be meted out to them in a very different fashion, and that their shrift would be short if they drew down upon themselves or their country the wrath of the Kabul ruler. We have, however, jealously discouraged the Ameer from punishing the frontier tribes, though it must be admitted that they have from time to time furnished him with ample excuse for teaching them a lesson after the Afghan fashion.

Frontier policy is entirely guided by *de facto* principles and moves on *ex post facto* lines. Its details have always been regulated by hand-to-mouth arrangements, and officials have always shrunk from the consideration of any comprehensive scheme of settlement. The financial issues involved have been, since the last Afghan understanding, the great excuse for keeping up a disorderly and disorganised country immediately outside our own border, just as before that event the danger of political complications was urged as an excuse for doing nothing. But have we saved anything by our partial and piecemeal dealing with frontier difficulties? Take the last three years for which we have got the figures, from 1888 to 1891, and we find the total cost of our little frontier wars in that period amounting to Rs. 2,544,812. And what have we got to show for the outlay? Not a foot of territory, not a single political advantage, not even six months' assurance of good behaviour from the very tribes

which so much money was spent in punishing. As an illustration of this, we may point to the present case of Chitral. In the years from 1890 to 1893 we spent Rs. 10,31,343, which does not include the military operations in Hunza-Nagur on our Gilgit mission and the establishment of an agency in Gilgit. Both the mission and the military operations were admirably conducted, and Colonel Durand deserved the utmost credit for the manner in which he brought the Gilgit affair to a conclusion and established a protectorate over Chitral, which might reasonably have been hoped to be effective, if we had not left the power of its wild and lawless neighbours in the west entirely untouched. It was another case of piecemeal policy, a temporary saving and an ultimate extravagance. We had between Gilgit and the Afghan frontier a broad tract of Yaghistan or lawless country, comprising Bajour, Swat, Boneir, and the Kohistan on the frontier-line, inhabited by tribes who have given us constant trouble during the last thirty years, and upon whom our counter-raids have never made more than the merest passing impression. The Black Mountain tribes alone have cost us four expeditions since 1852, some of which were by no means successful campaigns; and none of them can be said to have been able to produce a permanent effect upon the tribes: and though the strength of the fanatic party in Umbeyla, which has been the prime source of disturbance in this part of India, has been held in check in Swat and Boneir, it is sufficiently strong to play an important part, should the cry of a Holy War be raised at any time along the frontier. To establish a mission at Gilgit, supported by a small force, and depending

upon a base so distant as Kashmir, was manifestly to invite some such disaster as actually occurred, unless a corresponding movement was made simultaneously from the Peshawur side upon Boneir, Swat, and Bajour, and the tribes in that corner of India placed in dependence upon the Chitral agency, or, better still, upon another position established farther to the westward. That unless some such step were taken it would be impossible to guarantee the security of the British position at Chitral was clearly foreseen three years ago; but in frontier matters the Government of India never does anything by whole that it can do by halves, with the result that it is ultimately obliged to have recourse to the costly nine stitches which might have been saved by the timely one. The Government's idea that, by spreading a large expenditure over a number of years on a series of small expeditions, instead of facing the immediate expense of putting the frontier upon a sound and manageable condition, it is less likely to provoke a financial outcry in India and to excite the opposition of the Home authorities, has wrought much harm to the frontier tribes as well as to the Indian taxpayer. It may postpone the day of reckoning, but it is with a full consciousness that the cost of settlement will be all the heavier when it has to be faced.

And even at this date, with so many lessons from our past blunders in frontier policy imprinted upon our minds, there seems to be some danger of a recrudescence of our former follies, and of the fruits of our splendid campaign in Swat and Bajour being thrown away. India, we are told, has at last raised her voice against the constant drain which these little wars

are imposing upon her finances, and has declared that the revenues of the country are no longer able to sustain the cost of annual expeditions. We quite acknowledge the justice of this complaint, and the strong claim which the pockets of the Indian taxpayers have to the consideration of the supreme Government. The bill for the Chitral expedition will be a heavy one; but that is all the more reason why the Government should keep something tangible to show for the money. If the expedition is merely to spend a few months in Chitral and Bajour, establish new chiefs in both States, strengthen the supports of the Gilgit agency, and leave the tribes again to their unruly independence, then, indeed, the Indian taxpayer will have good cause to grumble, for he may be sure that he will be called upon again at no distant date to provide the means of another expedition. If the frontier experience of a quarter of a century has taught us anything, it is the folly and futility of "in-and-out" expeditions, and of the hopes, in which the Government always professes to indulge, that some permanent advantages can be secured from such flying demonstrations.

In the case of Chitral there are considerations wider than the mere local circumstances and immediate necessities of that corner of the frontier. The establishment of a new chief in Chitral itself, and the selection of a fitting man to take the place of Umra Khan in Bajour, are no doubt matters of importance; but these are completely secondary to the opportunities now offered to us of taking up a strong position in that country. The formal demarcation of our borderline, together with the conclusion of the agreement with Russia regarding her frontier on the

Pamirs, have brought home to us our duties and responsibilities in the north-west corner of India in a much more forcible manner than was possible while the wild region between us and the Hindu Kush was least troublesome to us when it was most left alone, and when we had some justification for abstaining as much as possible from interfering with the tribes so long as they gave us no provocation. But all this is changed now, and we are bound to take the altered state of our relationship to the tribes within our frontier fully into account. The demarcation of our border-line does not merely draw a mark upon the map for external Powers, such as Russia and Afghanistan, to recognise and respect. It means that all the tribes within that line are now British Indian subjects, that the Government is responsible for ruling them, for restraining their natural lawless independence, and for compelling them, if necessary, into an orderly and peaceful course of life. The Government of India always regards its responsibility as strong in an inverse ratio as it is distant from the centre of authority, but its obligation for the good government of Chitral is as morally strong as for that of the Twenty-four Pergunnahs. And, to look at the subject in a political light, we cannot tolerate a lawless and disorderly tract of country on the side of either Afghanistan or Russia. We must practise on our own part what we preach to the Ameer about responsibility, and if we "scuttle" out of Swat and Bajour, we shall leave behind us but a sorry object-lesson for his Highness's edification. And our Russian neighbours will not be slow to turn the Chitral border to account if we leave it behind us as an open sore for their

indefatigable emissaries to prod at. Now that the Ameer has testified his friendship by his voluntary surrender of Umra Khan, chiefs who get into trouble on our own side of the frontier will seek in future an asylum in Russian territory, where they will be protected as political refugees, and made use of in unsettling the dispositions of their countrymen towards British rule. For these reasons, if for no other, it is necessary that we should initiate an effective control over the frontier-line as far as its Chitral angle, and over the tribes immediately within it.

It is only now that the Government of India has been brought to admit that there was any question of establishing ourselves on the Chitral corner of the frontier; and even now that we have an expedition in the country, and all the elements of resistance crushed, there seems to be a disposition to get out of the country as quickly as we got into it. We shall hear about the financial impossibility of further development in frontier policy; and already the discontent with frontier wars in general is sought to be directed against any further interference with Chitral in particular. But India has seen enough of the "in-and-out" and "scuttle" policy to know, that it is the most fertile source of frontier wars, and the most expensive course in the long-run for the taxpayers. And to leave Chitral as it was, even with a small outpost at Mastuj, dependent upon Gilgit, will no longer meet the requirements of the case. The demarcation of the frontier, the Russian agreement, and the necessity for taking up a position which, in connection with Peshawur, will enable us to exercise a firm control over Chitralis, Swatis, Bajouris, Boneirwals, the Black Mountain tribes,

and the British-Indian half of the Mohmunds, are new and urgent facts in the situation. All these clans should properly be ruled from Peshawur, which is the only military post for which they have any respect. Gilgit, lying inside Kashmir territory, cannot be regarded as a suitable centre from which to administer these tribes, and whatever force it may be found necessary to maintain among them will require a more important base than Gilgit, with its garrison of Imperial Service troops, can supply. Peshawur is the nearest military strength, and the Chitral expedition has shown that, even with such roads as exist at present, military communication is quite practicable while the passes are open. The whole question of maintaining a sufficient garrison in Chitral, securing the frontier, and taming the tribes, is resolvable into one of communications. In short, Chitral offers to the Government of India a most favourable opportunity of trying the policy of road-making, which the late Sir Robert Sandeman put to the test with so much success in Beloochistan, as against the old, profitless, and never-ending one of punitive expeditions.

A brief survey of the position which Chitral occupies with relation to the neighbouring tribes, both inside and beyond our frontier, such as Lord Roberts presented at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on March 25, places this view of the subject beyond controversy. "Some may wonder," said his lordship, after he had gone over the various tribes, their fighting strength, the troubles they have already caused us, and their capacities for giving us future molestation—

"Some may wonder why so much stress is laid upon the extension of British influence over tribes with

whose religion and domestic arrangements we have no intention to interfere, and whose territories we have no desire to annex. Others, again, may think that these men ought to be left to themselves, to murder and plunder to their hearts' content, as they have done for generations past, so long as they do not trouble us. The reason why it is desirable for us to try and gain an ascendancy for good over the border tribes (looking at the question merely from a selfish point of view) is that they are a great factor in the defence of the North-west frontier of India. They number over 200,000 fighting men, and our frontier is conterminous with theirs for some 1100 miles. Thanks to the enlightenment of the present ruler of Afghanistan, our relations with that country are becoming more satisfactory than they have ever as yet been. But it is just as essential that we should be on satisfactory terms with the warlike tribes who inhabit the mountainous districts between Afghanistan and India. It will not do to leave them to themselves until the time arrives when we shall need their assistance, or, at all events, their neutrality. Before that time comes they should have learnt to look upon us as friends, and to appreciate the benefits which civilised intercourse with us will confer upon them. Moreover, it is all important that we should be able to pass through their territories, and make roads to those points which we should have to occupy in the event of India being threatened by a foreign Power."

The discussion which it has been attempted to raise regarding the strategical importance of Chitral is simply a re-echo on one side of the ancient ideas of "masterly inactivity" which changed times have now rendered obsolete and untenable, but not before they had wrought their legitimate amount of mischief. We can quite understand both Sir Neville Chamberlain and Sir John Adye viewing with disfavour any attempt to establish our authority in a

corner of India where their own experiences were so unfortunate. But the lessons of the expedition against the Black Mountain fanatics in 1863, in which both these distinguished generals played a conspicuous and gallant part, all tell against their own arguments for letting the Chitral country severely alone. Through the mismanagement of the Punjab authorities on that occasion, the country rose to block Sir Neville's march to the Umbeyla Pass. The Boneirwals checked the British advance, and compelled Sir Neville Chamberlain to entrench himself at Umbeyla. From the 20th October to 15th December he was practically held in check by the tribes, who kept up a constant series of harassing attacks the whole time; and though much gallantry on the part of our troops was displayed, the object of the expedition was in the end achieved only by negotiating with the Swatis and Boneirwals. At length we succeeded in burning Malka, the stronghold of the rebel fanatics, and got out of the Umbeyla Pass by Christmas Day. The lapse of thirty years since this luckless undertaking has brought about an entirely new world on the frontier. Sir John Adye was the historian of the Umbeyla campaign, and he has only to refresh his memory with his own work, and to recall the events which have since transpired in connection with that part of the country, to arrive at a clearer view of the present situation. We did then, in the case of the Black Mountain tribes, what both Sir Neville and Sir John advise us to do now with Chitral. But hard upon the heels of the Umbeyla expedition of 1863 came the not less costly one of 1868, another in 1887, and the last up to date in 1892. Had we done

our work effectively in 1863, laid a firm hold upon the Black Mountain tribes and opened up their country, we should probably have been spared at least four little wars, and doubtless even the present expedition to Chitral. Judged by their own experiences, neither Sir John Adye nor Sir Neville Chamberlain are good witnesses to call in defence of applying the "masterly inactivity" policy to Chitral.

To show how out of date the views of these generals are on the frontier question, it is enough to point out that they talk and write as if Russia's nearest outpost were still the historical "Fort No. I." on the Syr Daria, the Khanates had still to be annexed; and an agreement had not just been concluded for assigning her a frontier-line in the immediate vicinity of North-western India. Chitral, always a position to be safeguarded since Russia made her appearance on the head-waters of the Oxus, has become a point of prime importance in frontier defence, now that Russia has secured the line of Lake Victoria and the right bank of the Panjah tributary of the Oxus, clinging with her wonted tenacity to the geographical blunder perpetrated by our own Foreign Office in 1873. Chitral, with the two passes of Terek Diwan Kul and the Baroghil open for the passage of wheeled artillery, presents to the new frontier of Russia the most practicable route for making a diversion on India in the case of our advance through Afghan territory, and the readiest one for effectively menacing Peshawur and our other garrisons in the Punjab. Years ago the importance of Chitral in the event of a Russo-Indian war was brought prominently forward, backed by the high authority of the late Sir

Charles MacGregor. That distinguished master of strategical geography pointed out in 1883 that Chitral formed the most likely objective for a Russian column from Khokand or Marghilan marching on by Kolab and Faizabad, or by the Terek Diwan Kul and the Baroghil. Now that Russia will be in a position to lay down military roads, and plant a line of forts up to the very vicinity of the Hindoo Kush, the danger in this quarter, thus foreseen and pointed out twelve years ago, is now brought still more closely home to us. If we persist in shutting our ears against all warnings, the fault will certainly not be on the part of Russia. Within the last few weeks, during the breeze raised in Russia by the terms of the China-Japan treaty, and in the Anglophobe indignation at Great Britain's abstention from joining Russia and the other Powers in bullying the Mikado's Government, we have been repeatedly told by the Russian press what she can do to us in India. "The key of peace in the Pacific Ocean lies at Lahore," says Prince Aukhtomsky in the 'Moscow Gazette'; and all the chauvinist newspapers of St Petersburg join in a congratulatory chorus on their ability to checkmate British power in Asia by striking a blow at our Indian possessions. The attitude of the St Petersburg press supplies the only argument that was wanting to completely discredit the views of the "leave-it-alone" school of politicians.

But to come back to the point from which we started, India cannot longer afford to indulge in little wars upon her border, and she is sick of the expense, the fruitlessness, and the ever-recurring round of them. But experience has shown her beyond dispute that almost all

these expeditions have been due to half-and-half measures, and to failing to utilise opportunities when these were presented. When our frontier has been finally demarcated there ought to be an end of all little wars. Up to the border-line we must teach the tribes to acquit themselves as British subjects, to respect property and law and order, and to expect prompt and infallible punishment for all lawlessness and excess. It will be a difficult task and an expensive one as well, but we shall only add to its ultimate cost by postponing it. We have

tamed the most warlike races in other parts of India, and there is no reason why we should fail in its north-west corners. As for raids from beyond the frontier, the gallows and the Andamans will be a much more effective means of checking them than any punitive expedition. An excellent opportunity for initiating a firm frontier policy now lies open to the hand of the Government, and it will be to court future disaster, both political and financial, if it fritters away our present possibilities for the sake of following historical policy or precedent.

MYSTERY.

I.

CURSE not the web of circumstance;
 Is God no God to thee?
 A brooklet ripples not by chance
 To join the brimming sea:
 By Law its babbling waters dance,
 And skip in minstrelsy.

II.

And are the laws of sea and brook
 But fables in thine eyes?
 And are the leaves of Nature's book
 Writ with eternal lies?
 Is there no God of law to look
 On man, and sympathise?

III.

Are great worlds moving without plan?
 That plan by chance begot?
 The smallest insect Doubt may scan
 Shows wisdom without blot:
 Then, be ye patient, foolish man,—
 God is, or Law were not.

CHARLES T. LUSTED.

RECOLLECTIONS OF M. BOUCHER DE PERTHES.

M. BOUCHER DE PERTHES was no geologist. He himself, in one of his numerous letters to an English friend, disclaimed any right to the title in these words, "*Je ne suis pas un savant et en géologie moins qu'en autre chose.*" Yet his name is so inseparably associated with the discovery of flint implements in beds of geological age, that a few notes of a day spent with him before these flints were generally accepted and recognised as the handiwork of man may be of interest, now that their artificial origin is established, and their significance in being something more than simple natural objects is understood. Unfortunately, our antiquarian of Abbeville had given forth his geological theories before he had found his flint implements. Hence, when his far-sighted perseverance was rewarded by the discovery of works of primitive man—which he had over and over again predicted—geologists gave neither heed nor attention to his announcements, and he had to endure no little ridicule and neglect.

Jacques Boucher de Crèvecœur de Perthes was not always known by the name of De Perthes. He was born at Rethel in 1788, and it was not until the 16th September 1818, during the reign of Louis XVIII., that a royal decree authorised him to assume his mother's name of De Perthes, "she being the last descendant of Pierre de Perthes and Marguerite Romée, cousin-german of Joan of Arc." His father held office in the administration of the customs, and at the age of sixteen the young Jacques was enrolled in the same service, and was sent to

Marseilles. After a few months there, he resided successively at Genoa, Leghorn, and in several German towns, returning to France in 1811, after having been engaged in missions connected with his service to different countries. For a short time he was sub-director of the Paris customs, and finally in 1825 succeeded his father as director of the *Douane* at Abbeville, an office which he filled until his retirement from the service in 1853. This post was then cancelled, having only been held by father and son. During nearly thirty-six years he filled the presidential chair of the Société d'Emulation at Abbeville, the Memoirs of which testify to his unremitting industry and to the wide range of subjects on which he wrote. He was rarely absent from the meetings of this society, except when he traversed Europe to collect the materials which he gave to the world in his many books of travels. His '*Hommes et Choses*' appeared in four volumes; the '*Voyage à Constantinople par l'Italie, la Sicile, et la Grèce*' came out in two volumes; '*Voyage en Danemarck, en Suède, et en Norvège*,' as well as '*Voyage en Espagne et en Algérie en 1855*,' '*Voyage en Russie en 1856*,' and also '*Voyage en Angleterre, Écosse, et Irlande en 1860*,' besides others, appeared in single volumes. He also published his presidential addresses to the Société d'Emulation, likewise several discourses to Abbeville workmen, such as "On Probity," "On Courage, Bravery, &c.," "On the Education of the Poor," "On Poverty," "On Obedience to the Laws," "On the

Influence of Charity," "On innate Ideas, Memory, and Instinct," and several on questions of political economy.

In many respects M. Boucher de Perthes was a man in advance of his time. Besides his addresses to workmen he was engaged in numerous philanthropic schemes, and he was a warm advocate for the settlement of international quarrels by arbitration, at a time when few Frenchmen held such opinions. His versatile pen was never idle. We know little more of his several tragedies and comedies than their names. No man was ever more possessed by the *cacoethes scribendi*. There is, in short, scarcely a subject on which he did not touch—from plays, poems, romances, satires, and ballads, on to "Spontaneous Generation" and to that *cause célèbre*, "The Human Jaw of Moulin Quignon." But he was essentially an archæologist and antiquarian. Thus at the date of our visit to Abbeville, now nearly seven-and-thirty years ago, M. Boucher de Perthes was known in France as a voluminous author of light literature, but chiefly as a collector and writer on antiquities.

The first work in which he predicted the certainty of traces of industrial remains of primitive man coming to light, was one in five volumes, entitled 'De la Création, Essai sur l'Origine et la Progression des Êtres,' which appeared in 1838.

Yet long before that date he had a preconceived idea of the discovery he was about to make, the origin of which is recorded in the first volume of his 'Antiquités Celtiques et Antediluviennes' in 1847:—

"It was on a summer evening at Abbeville, while examining a sand-pit at the end of the Faubourg Saint Gilles, that the idea occurred to me that instruments cut out of flint

might be found in Tertiary deposits. However, none of those about me exhibited the slightest trace of workmanship. Some were still encrusted, others rubbed and worn round. Here and there a broken one, yet without the least trace of man's labour. This occurred in 1826. Several years passed by, and though I examined several localities, I discovered nothing. At last one day I thought I recognised the work of man on a flint of about 12 centimètres in length, from which two pieces had been chipped off. I submitted it to the examination of several archæologists: not one could see in it anything more than a common flint stone, accidentally broken by the workman's pick. In vain I showed that the fracture was very ancient, and that the bed from which it was taken had never before been disturbed. . . .

"My convictions remained unshaken. I continued my search, and soon discovered another, similar to the first, and cut in the same manner: with great joy I tore it from the bed in which it lay half-buried. I thought that the attention of my judges would be awakened by the coincidence,—they were not even willing to look at it.

"I discovered a third. In my own opinion this amounted to absolute proof. They did not doubt but that the flint was really taken from an undisturbed bed of diluvium; but as to the workmanship, they discredited it, and concluded that it had been broken like the others by the same cause—that the fractures were all caused in the same manner. I then discovered several large implements (*haches*). Here the evidence of man's workmanship, I thought, should be clear to every one; but still it was only clear to myself. One day a fine axe in flint was brought to me; in this case the workmanship was incontestable, but I had not seen it taken from its bed. The labourers assured me of the fact, and its colour, and the remains of the sand still adhering to it, were sufficient evidence. Yet these incredulous persons insisted that it had not been so taken, and as a reason gave that it could not have come from the diluvium. I then recommenced the search for myself," &c.

It will thus be seen that M. de Perthes' anticipations had put him upon the right track, and when in 1832 a trench was being excavated outside the ramparts of Abbeville for the construction of a canal leading from the Hocquet Gate to the Rouen Gate, he was all eagerness to inspect the excavations, and to procure any relics that might be exhumed. Two Celtic *haches* with handles of deer-horn were found by the labourers, and though only Neolithic or of comparatively recent date, the discovery of them roused his enthusiasm to the highest pitch.

We hear of no other extensive excavations until 1837, when works were resumed for the cutting of trenches for the defence of the place. It was then that M. Boucher de Perthes suggested that a Commission should be appointed to watch the excavations, and to secure any specimens or relics that the workmen might come upon. Many of the members of the proposed Commission happened to be busy men, others were absent; their numbers dwindled away until the Commission became represented by M. Boucher de Perthes alone. He had, however, every assistance from the engineer officers directing the works, and he made a point of purchasing any fragments that the workmen might find, besides offering an extra reward for each specimen of any interest.

A series of thin beds of shingle or pebbles, alternating with peat, were exposed, and underneath the lowest was one of carbonised wood. Below this last was a sort of open platform made of small joists of oak roughly squared, all unmistakably the work of human hands. There was nothing remarkable in the superposition of these beds, which were distinctly within the human

period; but the exposure of them was interesting, and they incited M. de Perthes to undertake on his own account excavations in the older undisturbed gravels of the valley. The cuttings into the shingly beds at the Rouen Gate acted as a spur—if spur were needed; and when the diggings into the older gravels were begun, M. de Perthes was confident that he was on the point of some great discovery. He employed his ample fortune liberally, and when the workmen found the first old flint implement, he promised a reward of double the amount for the next, provided that he could see the specimen *in situ*.

The first announcement of his discovery of a palæolithic flint implement in gravels of the age of the Drift was in a work entitled 'De l'Industrie primitive, ou les Arts et leur origine,' published in 1846. In a description of the gravels of Menchecourt, he records the occurrence of this worked flint implement, and asserted that it was found among remains or fragments of bones of *elephant, rhinoceros, and other extinct animals* at the bottom of a bed of gravel underlying many *mètres* of modern deposits. The inference was clear. It made it probable that man in this district had been a contemporary of these extinct animals, and M. de Perthes, in recording the fact, announces with enthusiasm that he felt impelled to prosecute his researches with ardour, as he was about to unfold a page of history hitherto unread. In 1842 to 1843, three other flint implements were exhumed from the same locality, thus confirming and corroborating the evidence furnished by the first specimen. As the excavations were carried on further, our antiquarian by degrees amassed more and more of

his *pièces justificatifs*, being confident in the hope that some day—maybe some far-off date—in spite of the sneers of an unbelieving public, the facts would ultimately be acknowledged, and would speak for themselves.

In 1849 the first of the three volumes of his '*Antiquités Celtiques et Antediluviennes*' appeared, announcing that numbers of rudely worked flint implements had been met with in the old undisturbed beds of gravel. The two districts which yielded the greatest harvest were Amiens and Abbeville; the first embraced St Acheul and Moutiers, while the Abbeville district included Menchecourt, St Gilles, and Moulin Quignon. He repeated his assertion that these worked and chipped flints, to which he assigned so high an antiquity, were found at depths varying from 9 to 16 feet, and in association with bones of extinct animals. His announcement was altogether at variance with the preconceived and accepted axioms on the geological age of the human race; he was notorious for having previously propounded theories regarding the antiquity of man without any facts to support them, therefore it was not surprising that when he did hit upon a great discovery, he could not obtain a hearing, and was treated as a wild visionary. One reason of the general unbelief was that the figures in the book are only in outline, and are mostly so badly executed, and include so many that show no sign of work, that they failed to do justice to the specimens. Yet, with a patience which at this far distant date one cannot think of without admiration, he urged his countrymen to put his startling theories to the test, and make excavations for themselves in unbroken ground; but he was only laughed at, and

men of science held aloof. Nevertheless, undaunted he worked steadily on, accumulating a large and miscellaneous collection.

In England few men of science had heard mention of his name. Still there was one English geologist who knew of the reported discovery of so-called worked flints, and who had it in view to visit Abbeville at some convenient season, and judge of it for himself. Mr Prestwich was apparently the only one who, from his knowledge of the geology of the Department of the Somme, thought it a fit base for investigation. Other engagements, however, prevented him carrying out this project, and in the meantime his friend, the late Dr Hugh Falconer, who had been engaged with him in the joint investigation of Brixham Cave near Torquay, took the opportunity in passing through Abbeville of paying a visit to M. de Perthes, and inspecting his collection, though time did not allow him to visit the localities where the implements had been found. He was so impressed with the statements of M. de Perthes, and with the character of the implements, that he at once wrote to Mr Prestwich and urged him to proceed to Abbeville. With characteristic generosity he invariably assigned the precedence to this friend, saying, "What I did was to stir up the embers of your interest in the matter into a quick flame."

It is right, however, to mention that in France there was an exception to the general disbelief of the flints having been fashioned by the hands of man—Dr Rigollot of Amiens, who had been very antagonistic to the views of M. de Perthes, but whose opinions underwent a complete change after he had personally examined the ground and the evidence. On his

return to Amiens he discovered similar flint implements in the great gravel-pits at St Acheul near Amiens, which had been excavated through and below an old Gallo-Romano burying-ground. Dr Rigollot ultimately was so convinced of the facts that he became one of the strongest advocates for their recognition, and his interesting memoir upon 'Instruments en Silex trouvés à St Acheul,' published in 1855, was a special pleader on their behalf: but Dr Rigollot was not known as a geologist, and disbelief still prevailed.

Before giving an account of our reception at Abbeville, we would fain notice an attractive portrait in our possession. It is the lithographic likeness of a very handsome man; and as it is dated 1831, it must have been taken when M. de Perthes was in the prime of life. There does not seem to be much resemblance between the original as we knew him and this picture, if we except the large clear straight eyes, a certain regularity of feature, and an expression of benevolence and placidity common to both. But we only saw the septuagenarian, whereas this likeness must have been taken when he was in his forty-third year. A profusion of curls cluster about the high forehead and temples, and the drapery, which French artists know so well how to adjust for pictorial effect, consists of a velvet trimmed cape, thrown back so as to show the collar of an embroidered uniform, and the orders which are displayed on his breast. To the end of his days he took pleasure in presenting this portrait, and this only to his personal friends. He never would be drawn nor photographed when advanced in years.

It was on a bitterly cold morning on the 1st of November 1858

that we arrived at Abbeville. We were on our way to Sicily, where Dr Falconer wished to explore the bone-caves, and other caves on the shores of the Mediterranean, and the writer had the privilege of accompanying him as secretary. We were a day behind the date fixed for an interview with M. de Perthes; therefore, taking the earliest train from Boulogne, we deposited our luggage at the old "Tête de Bœuf" on arrival at Abbeville, and hurried on through streets of pointed gables, where the sun had not had time to melt the crisp frost of the night—on to the house in the Rue des Minimes. It was a large old building, which stood back from the street in an iron-railed enclosure; but our dismay was great to see at a first glance that it was shuttered and blinded as if untenanted, and only one window by the door was open, a *calèche* with luggage standing as if for a traveller on the point of departure. Five minutes later, and another hand would have had to chronicle the first recognition by English men of science of the old flint implements of the Somme Valley. M. de Perthes had made a point of coming in from the country for the interview on the previous day, and thinking that we had passed on our way, he was about to return there.

We were ushered into a small room on the ground-floor, which was crowded with examples of medieval art. There was no flint implement visible: the walls, from ceiling to floor, were covered with old pictures, specimens of bronzes and brasses, beautiful carvings, prominent among them all being a great ebony crucifix. In a few minutes M. de Perthes entered, and gave us an eager welcome. The *calèche* had been countermanded, shutters unbarred, and

venetians thrown open,—our arrival, in short, had intercepted the journey. He was just upon seventy, vigorous and active, not at all betraying his years. He looked a man carefully preserved: the thick brown wig was unmistakably a wig, and there was a suspicion—nay, a certainty—of artificial colouring about his complexion. He showed us his private study, which opened off the small outer room, and which was literally crammed with curiosities. The house from garret to ground-floor was a great museum, the staircase walls lined with paintings, and room after room devoted to one or other branch of art, principally medieval. His collection of curios was very cosmopolitan, much having been amassed doubtless while on foreign travel. The roomy old house was absolutely filled with relics and treasures of bygone days, with not a single habitable-looking or comfortable room in it, and must have been a dreary abode for any other than its owner.

Finally we were taken to the geological room or gallery, containing the flints which were the object of our journey to Abbeville. The collection was a magnificent one and full of interest, and our host was almost breathless with excitement in detailing the circumstances in which each specimen had been found. The remainder of that memorable day was spent in this gallery, but it nearly finished the unfortunate secretary. The gallery was like an ice-house, there was no fire, and the very handling of the flints was freezing work. So much has been written and published about this collection that I need only allude to it, and will transcribe the letter which Dr Falconer wrote from the “Tête de Bœuf” that same evening.

“ABBEVILLE, 1st Nov. 1858.

“MY DEAR PRESTWICH,—As the weather continued fine, I determined on coming here to see Boucher de Perthes’ collection. I advised him of my intention from London, and my note luckily found him in the neighbourhood. He good-naturedly came in to receive me, and I have been richly rewarded. His collection of wrought flint implements, and of the objects of every description associated with them, far exceed anything I expected to have seen, especially from a single locality. He had made great additions since the publication of his first volume, in the second—which I have now by me. He showed me ‘flint’ hatchets which *he had dug up with his own hands mixed indiscriminately with the molars of E. primigenius*. I examined and identified *plates* of the molars—and the flint objects, which were got along with them. Abbeville is an out-of-the-way place, very little visited, and the French *savants*, who meet him in Paris, laugh at Monsieur de Perthes and his researches. But after devoting the greater part of a day to his vast collection, I am perfectly satisfied that there is a great deal of fair presumptive evidence in favour of many of his speculations regarding the remote antiquity of these industrial objects, and their association with animals now extinct. Monsieur Boucher’s hotel is from ground-floor to garret a continued museum filled with pictures, medieval art, and Gaulish antiquities, including antediluvian flint knives, fossil bones, &c. If during next summer you should happen to be paying a visit to France, let me strongly recommend you to come to Abbeville. You could leave the following morning by an 8 A.M. train to Paris, and I am sure you would be richly rewarded. You are the only English geologist I know of who would go into the subject *con amore*. I am satisfied that English geologists are much behind the indications of the materials now in existence, relative to this walk of post-glacial geology, and you are the man to bring up the leeway. Boucher de Perthes is a very courteous elderly French gentleman, the head of an old and affluent family,—and if you wrote

to him beforehand, he would feel your visit a compliment, and treat it as such.

"I saw no flint specimens in his collection so completely whitened through and through as our flint knives—and nothing exactly like the mysterious hatchet which I made up of the two pieces. What I have seen here gives me still greater impulse to persevere in our Brixham exploration. . . . H. FALCONER."

The result of this letter was that Mr Prestwich in April 1859 made his first visit to Abbeville, where he was shortly joined by some geological friends whom he had invited to meet him there, and on the 24th of May his paper, entitled "On Flint Implements associated with the Remains of Extinct Species in Beds of Geological Period in France, at Amiens and Abbeville, and in England at Hoxne," was read to the Royal Society. This paper made a great sensation, demonstrating as it did that a large portion of the flints in M. de Perthes' collection were of human workmanship, and pointing out their undoubted geological position. We shall quote one or two passages from the abstract of this paper:—

"At Abbeville the author was much struck with the extent of M. Boucher de Perthes' collection. There were many forms of flints, in which he, however, failed to see traces of design or work, and which he should only consider as accidental; but with regard to those flint-instruments termed 'axes' (*haches*) by M. de Perthes, he entertains not the slightest doubt of their artificial make. They are of two forms, generally from 4 to 10 inches

long, . . . and were the work of a people probably unacquainted with the use of metals. The author was not fortunate enough to find any specimens himself,¹ but from the experience of M. de Perthes, and the evidence of the workmen, as well as from the condition of the specimens themselves, he is fully satisfied of the correctness of that gentleman's opinion that they there also occur in beds of undisturbed sand and gravel.²

"With regard to the geological age of these beds, the author refers them to those usually designated Post-pliocene (Pleistocene), and notices their agreement with many beds of that age in England."

Finally, Mr Prestwich stated that he

"Purposely abstained for the present from all theoretical considerations, confining himself to the corroboration of the facts:—

1. That the flint implements are the work of man.

2. That they were found in undisturbed ground.

3. That they are associated with the remains of extinct mammalia.

4. That the period was a late geological one, and anterior to the surface assuming its present outline, so far as some of its minor features are concerned.

"He does not, however, consider that the facts, as they at present stand, of necessity carry back man in past time more than they bring forward the great extinct mammals towards our own time, the evidence having reference only to relative and not to absolute time; and he is of opinion that many of the later geological changes may have been sudden, or of shorter duration than generally considered. In fact, from the evidence here exhibited, and from all that he knows regarding Drift phenomena

¹ This only refers to the large worked *haches*. On his first visit to Menche-court, the day after his arrival at Abbeville, he was fortunate enough to obtain in one excavation he had made to a depth of about 20 feet beneath the surface, several fine flint flakes with large bulbs of percussion, in a bed with abundant remains of the mammoth and other extinct mammalia.

² Subsequently, Mr Prestwich was summoned by a telegram from Paris, to which he responded by going to St Acheul and finding an implement *in situ*.

generally, the author sees no reason against the conclusion that this period of Man and the extinct mammalia—supposing their cotemporaneity to be proved—was brought to a sudden end by a temporary inundation of the land: on the contrary, he sees much to support such a view on purely geological considerations.”

The effect produced by this paper was very great. Before writing it, Mr Prestwich had been joined by Mr (now Sir John) Evans, and together they had examined the flints and gravels of Amiens and Abbeville. Both being experts in different departments—one from his practical knowledge of geology, especially of the more recent deposits, and the other holding the foremost rank in archæology—their joint opinion carried great weight. Thus when their belief became public, that M. de Perthes had made an important discovery, and that a large proportion of the flint implements in his collection were what he had claimed them to be, men of science on both sides of the Channel cast away their doubts and unbelief, and the Valley of the Somme became at once the shrine for many a scientific pilgrimage. No longer had M. de Perthes occasion to bewail in bitterness of spirit the roughness of the road of science; his labour of years was recognised, and a sudden revolution effected in his favour. His letters of this date, especially those addressed to Dr Falconer and to Mr Prestwich, are expressive of the most lively satisfaction and gratitude.

In the same year we read of another visit by the latter to this flint-bearing district, accompanied by Messrs Godwin-Austen, J. W. Flower, and R. W. Mylne, followed by one from Sir Charles Lyell. Then again, in 1860, Mr Prestwich led a party of his personal friends there, including Mr Busk, Captain

(now Sir Douglas) Galton, and Sir John Lubbock. A host of geologists and others followed on the same errand, amongst whose names we note those of Sir Roderick Murchison, Professors Ramsay, Rupert Jones, Henslow, Rogers, and Mr Henry Christy. That cold November day spent by Hugh Falconer in examining the collection of flints and stones and bones had had far-reaching results.

Nor did French *savants* remain longer unconvinced. Mr Prestwich, satisfied by the success of his paper to the Royal Society, addressed a letter to the French Academy of Sciences, urging the significance of M. de Perthes' discoveries. The effect of this communication was that M. Gaudry, a distinguished member of the Institute, visited Abbeville and Amiens to examine the implements and the flint-bearing beds. He found several worked flints *in situ*, and his researches confirmed M. de Perthes' statements: his report had the effect in Paris that the paper to the Royal Society had in England, and a French pilgrimage to the valley of the Somme began, headed by well-known members of the Institute, among whom were MM. de Quatrefages, Lartet, Hébert, and many others.

Our antiquarian of Abbeville was now a proud and happy man, and if he did see the attacks of one or two adverse critics in England, who stigmatised him as “that amiable fanatic,” he heeded them not: he could afford to smile at such criticisms. One cannot resist giving a quotation from a humorous note of Dr Falconer's. It is dated about a year after that first visit to Abbeville:—

“LONDON, 4th Nov. 1859.

“MY DEAR PRESTWICH,—I have a charming letter from M. Boucher de

Perthes—full of gratitude to ‘Perfidie Albion’ for helping him to assured immortality, and giving him a lift when his countrymen of the Institute left him in the gutter. He radiates a benignant smile from his lofty pinnacle—on you and me—surprised that the treacherous Leopard should have behaved so well.”

But although M. de Perthes had thus achieved the ambition of his life, and had been spared to see recognised the importance and value of his collection of the works of primitive man, he had again to experience the “stony roughness of the road of science.” In his remarkable collection there was a certain admixture of very carefully worked specimens, in the authenticity of which he himself blindly believed, but which his English friends at once pointed out and unhesitatingly condemned as spurious. There can be little doubt but that certain of the workmen were dishonest; and lured on by the awards held out to them for every implement found, they thought to do business on their own account, and secretly started a manufactory of their own. These modern imitators copied the implements with considerable exactness, declaring to our antiquarian of Abbeville that with their own hands they had dug them out of the gravel. These forgeries were really deceptive in form and make, but experts were not slow to detect the absence of patina or vitreous glaze, that “varnish of antiquity,” and the staining which are characteristic of old palæolithic implements, and which the workmen had not been able to reproduce.

But the culminating interest in the later years of the life of M. de Perthes was his asserted discovery of a “human jaw” with flint *haches* in the *couche noire* of

the gravel-pit of Moulin Quignon. The authenticity of this jaw, which he firmly believed to be of the same age as the accepted palæolithic implements, was generally questioned, in face of his asseveration of having extricated it with his own hands on the 28th of March 1863. During all these years of excavations in the gravels, remains of man himself had been carefully looked for, yet never found, and this was the first occasion on which a human bone had come to light.

This asserted discovery excited the most lively interest on both sides of the Channel. Dr Falconer at first had been inclined to believe in the remote age of the jaw, but the “deliberate scrutiny” of the materials which he had carried away from Abbeville compelled him to alter his opinion. To quote his words:—

“The French *savants*, the more they went into the case, were more convinced of the soundness of their conclusions; while their English opponents, the more they weighed the evidence before them, were the more strengthened in their doubts.”

To settle the question definitely, it was agreed that a deputation of English *savants* should proceed to Paris to confer with representatives of their French brethren. This deputation consisted of Drs Falconer and Carpenter, Messrs Prestwich and Busk, all Fellows of the Royal Society, while the French members, who were largely drawn from the ranks of the Institute, were MM. de Quatrefages the eminent naturalist, Desnoyers the geologist, Edouard Lartet the palæontologist, and Delesse, professor of geology, with M. Milne-Edwards the zoologist as their president. Other distinguished naturalists joined in the investigation, as, for example,

our old friend M. Gaudry, M. A. Milne-Edwards, and the Abbé Bourgeois. Sir John Evans was prevented by other engagements from joining in at this stage of the inquiry.

Three meetings of the Commission were held in Paris in May 1863, the proceedings being conducted with as great solemnity as if a human life hung in the balance, and depended on their deliberations. And what a remarkable assemblage!

Unable to agree, they adjourned to Abbeville, when the picturesque aspect of the conference had its crowning touch. Here the members were reinforced by the presence of M. de Perthes, with that also of several distinguished *savants*, such as MM. Hébert, de Vibraye, &c., and the sitting was held at the quaint old "Tête de Bœuf" far into the night. At 2 A.M. they separated, to meet once more a few hours later for the summing up. The *procès-verbaux* of each meeting had been voluminous and minute, but the evidence was so perplexing that in the final verdict there was only unanimity on the first clause—namely, "The jaw in question was not fraudulently introduced into the gravel-pit of Moulin Quignon; it had existed previously in the spot where M. Boucher de Perthes found it on the 28th of March 1863."

It was a bitter disappointment to M. de Perthes that his English friends, in acknowledging the fact of the human jaw having been truly found as he described, yet refused to admit that it belonged to a remote antiquity. In writing subsequently to Falconer and to Prestwich, he pleaded for his jaw in words that were pathetic. He felt that the halo of his success was dimmed, and never quite

recovered from his keen disappointment. Yet he had support among the members of the Commission, who were his distinguished countrymen, and might well have been content to leave the age of this famous human jaw as it rested in the minds of his English friends—in doubt. His early researches had thrown a flood of light upon a subject which had been shunned, so beset was it with difficulties: in obtaining the public recognition of his flint *haches* as the tools and weapons of primitive man, he had achieved a great work.

Could he have been but spared to witness the hold that his discoveries eventually obtained over the public mind! Could he only have foreseen the growth of the subject in seven-and-thirty years, how great would have been his triumph! His indomitable energy and far-seeing sagacity had given the first impetus to a subject which has grown into a new science, and geologists all over the world have set themselves to seek (and have found) those rudely wrought weapons and tools of flint and stone, fashioned by savage man before the use of metals was known. And the inquiry, once started, has not been limited to the search in the Valley Drifts, of which the flint implements have become historical. The horizon has widened; evidence is forthcoming which shows that flint implements of a still ruder type are found in a Drift on the summit of hills, and to which a much older date has been assigned than to the Valley Drifts. This new field of research is now in course of active exploration, and the discoveries in it already shadow forth results that are remarkable, inasmuch as they point to the still greater antiquity of the human race.

TWO GREAT SHIKARIS.

WE always feel reassured as to the immediate future of the empire when we read the memoirs of men like Baker and Braddon. For both have attained the honourable distinction of dispensing with the titles their sovereign bestowed on them. They are the descendants and representatives of the Raleighs and the Drakes—animated to incessant action by an irrepressible spirit of adventure, versatile in their gifted manhood, prompt in emergencies, ready of resource, with iron nerve and unflinching courage. The two had much in common in their tastes and qualities, although physically very different. Baker was of enormously powerful build, with broad shoulders and massive chest. Braddon is¹ tall, spare, and sinewy, yet with all the appearance of being preternaturally tough. Indeed, neither could have gone through their trying experiences had they not originally been of exceptionally robust constitution, although Braddon's health was shaken by a severe attack of jungle-fever, and Baker was frequently brought to the doors of death in the malarious swamps of Central Africa. Both braced themselves for the more serious business of their lives by daring indulgence in the dangerous wild sports which were their favourite pursuits, before turning their many-sided talents to account in administering, organising, and in directing successful irregular warfare. The chief difference between them is, that

Baker, being born to affluence, was more absolutely master of his actions, and so found opportunities for exploration and travel which Braddon never enjoyed. He had the fortune to associate himself with the solution of the great problem which had puzzled the *savants* of Europe since the days of the Father of History. In the way of sport, Baker was perhaps unsurpassed as an elephant-hunter, although rivalled by Selous, who started for the chase with fewer advantages. Braddon says, in his 'Thirty Years of Shikar,' that his heroic friend George Yule had killed more tigers than any man who ever lived. But we have been told by the late Sir George Chesney that Braddon, who was his brother-in-law, had destroyed more tigers than any man now living. Authorities differ as to whether the elephant or the tiger is the more dangerous game; and some, by the way, assert that the buffalo, when tracked in the thickets he frequents, is more formidable than either. Be that as it may, what is certain is, that both Baker and Braddon had a startling succession of hairbreadth escapes. Baker, whether in Ceylon or Africa, was continually playing hide-and-seek with trumpeting "rogues," often almost within clutch of the fatal trunk, or in peril of being crushed beneath the colossal feet. And Braddon was nearly as often at close quarters with the teeth and claws of the savage of the jungles, when roused to fury by intrusion

¹ We used the verb in the past tense in the previous sentence; but we need hardly say that Braddon is living, and likely to live, for the name of the able Tasmanian statesman is continually before the public.

on his retreat or maddened by the pain of his wounds.

An excellent biography of Baker has been lately published.¹ But the authors had to face one insuperable difficulty. As to all the most exciting periods and episodes of his life, Baker had been his own best biographer. Few men who have followed literature as a profession had a more picturesque or fascinating style; his dramatic power of sharp presentation is remarkable, and he excels in concise but most effective description. His early volumes on Ceylon are graphic in the extreme; but perhaps he is seen at the best in the opening chapters of 'The Nile Tributaries'; at least, within a narrow compass, they are the best example of his literary power. Nothing can be more strangely impressive than the description of the terrible Nubian desert, traversed by the shorter camel-track which cuts across the long western sweep of the Nile. "Description," we say; but "the misery of the scene surpassed description." "Glowing like a furnace, the vast extent of yellow sand stretched to the horizon." It was a waste of gloomy volcanic desolation. There were conical tumuli of black volcanic slag which must have been the models for the stupendous pyramids of Ghizeh and Saccarah; and "the surface was strewn with objects resembling cannon-shot and grape of all sizes." "The molten air quivered on the overheated surface;" the mercury under the cooling water-skins stood at 114°. Except at the half-way halting-place between Korosco and Berber not one drop of water was to be found. Baker illustrates the

dangers of the march by narrating the frightful catastrophe which befell a regiment of Egyptians. In their agonies of thirst, the men were delighted by the vision of a broad sheet of water shimmering in the distance. They refused to listen to the warnings of their guide; and when he would not lead them in the desired misdirection they slew him. Then they rushed away headlong over the sands to see the delusive mirage vanish before them. The guide was gone; the way was lost, and every man of that ill-fated regiment perished. The caravan-track is only marked by the skeletons of camels, which lie thicker and closer as the wells are approached.

"Movrâhd (the bitter well) is a mournful spot, well known to the tired and thirsty camel, the hope of which has urged him fainting on his weary way to drink one draught before he dies: this is the camel's grave. . . . The valley was a valley of dry bones. Innumerable skeletons of camels lay in all directions—the ships of the desert thus stranded on their voyage. Withered heaps of parched skin and bone lay here and there, in the distinct forms in which the camels had gasped their last; the dry desert air had converted the hide into a coffin. There are no flies here, thus there were no worms to devour the carcasses; but the usual sextons are the crows, though sometimes too few to perform their office. . . . As many wretched animals simply crawl to this place to die, the crows, from long experience and practice, can form a pretty correct diagnosis upon the case of a sick camel."

Passing onwards beyond Khar-toum, in a short sentence or two he gives a vivid idea of the volume of the Nile, which has reclaimed in course of ages, from the shallow sea and the sands of the Libyan

¹ Sir Samuel Baker: *A Memoir*. By T. Douglas Murray and A. Silva White. Macmillan & Co.

desert, the Egypt that has become a synonym for luxuriant fertility.

"As we travelled along the margin of the Atbara and felt with the suffering animals the exhaustion of the climate, I acknowledged the grandeur of the Nile that could overcome the absorption of such thirsty sands and the evaporation caused by the burning atmosphere of Nubia. For nearly 1200 miles from the junction of the Atbara with the parent stream to the Mediterranean, not one streamlet joined the mysterious river, neither one drop of rain ruffled its waters. . . . Nevertheless the Nile overcame its enemies, while the Atbara shrank to a skeleton, bare and exhausted, reduced to a few pools that lay like blotches along the broad surface of glaring sand."

It would have been difficult to indicate with more concise eloquence the two great problems he had set himself to solve. These were, in the first place, the river-sources, and in the second, the origin of those masses of loam in solution which at a certain season swell the Nile to the turgid flood that annually renews and irrigates the surface of the Delta.

Nor can we refrain from one other extract, which reminds us, though on an infinitely larger scale, of the sudden flooding of the Findhorn after a spate in the hills. Baker had been camping on the bank of the Atbara: many of his people, with the Arab villagers, had been sleeping on its sandy bed. At midnight there was a general alarm when a rumbling like thunder was heard in the distance. The familiar warning was recognised, and in a few minutes all was in agitation, as the sleepers were saving themselves and their belongings.

"The river had arrived like a thief in the night. On the morning of the 24th June I stood on the banks of the noble Atbara river at the break of

day. The wonder of the desert!—Yesterday there was a barren sheet of glaring sand, with a fringe of withered bush and trees upon its borders, that cut the yellow expanse of desert. . . . In one night there was a mysterious change—wonders of the mighty Nile!—an army of water was hastening to the wasted river: dust and desolation yesterday, to-day a magnificent stream, some 500 yards in width and from 15 to 20 feet in depth, flowed through the dreary desert. Where were all the crowded inhabitants of the pool?"

He had told how crocodiles, hippopotami, and monster fish had been all crowded together in a lakelet.

"The prison doors were opened, the prisoners were released, and rejoiced in the mighty stream of the Atbara."

We have quoted enough to do some justice to Baker as a writer, and to illustrate the unavoidable difficulties his biographers have had to face in attempting to reproduce the brilliant narrative it is wellnigh impossible to condense. But to return from the style to the man, we are indebted to the biography for valuable information not otherwise accessible, especially as to Baker's beginnings in life. The eldest son of a wealthy merchant of Bristol, he inherited a comfortable fortune. So it was that he undertook his first sporting trip to Ceylon with every advantage money could supply, and that afterwards he was enabled at his own expense to fit out his costly expedition for African exploration. He was first attracted to Ceylon as a magnificent elephant-preserve. We have compared him to Selous as a mighty elephant-slayer. But whereas Selous in achieving his first great feats had to content himself with wretched and unreliable guns, Baker always prided himself on possessing a first-rate battery, selected with extreme care and

utterly regardless of price. He could trust to his guns as absolutely as to his nerve. But as it was not every man who could bend the bow of Ulysses, so few could have handled like playthings Baker's ponderous weapons. After an exhausting chase, he would snatch from a gun-bearer a 15-lb. rifle, and pressing onwards, "faint but still pursuing," deliver the death-shot as steadily as if armed with an air-cane. "The Baby," whose scream or roar became familiar to his followers and enemies in Africa, was by far the most formidable. For that piece of shoulder-ordnance discharged a half-pound shell, and the recoil of its heavy charge would send its master spinning round like a teetotum.

'The Rifle and Hound in Ceylon' is a delightful book, although, as the thrilling adventures are necessarily of similar character, the climax of sensations is speedily reached, and the narrative latterly becomes somewhat monotonous. On the first occasion Baker went thither for a year's sport: subsequently, having been charmed with the country, he returned as a settler with his brother. There never was any lack of money, and his free-handed liberality made him friends among the forest tribes, who served him as gun-bearers and trackers. He went thither when even coffee-planting was still in its infancy; when there were vast stretches of trackless primeval forest, where no European had ever trod; when you could hear elephants trumpeting in the jungle round Newera Ellia, and shoot a buck on occasion out of the window of the bungalow. Baker lived to learn to subsist for days on wild roots with an occasional handful of the coarse *durrha*, and to deem *kabobs* from a rank old

he-goat a luxury. But he confesses that he always liked his comforts, and invariably made himself as comfortable as circumstances admitted. The sylvan hunting-lodge he planned and built at Newera Ellia was a model of architecture suited to the climate, and the housekeeping was always on the most liberal scale. All his expeditions into waste places were carefully planned, with tents and portable articles of furniture, cases of wine, spirits, and liqueur, well-drilled servants, and a competent cook. So, when passing the rainy season on the Atbara, Lady Baker's dressing-table was decked out as coquettishly as if their home had been in Mayfair; and when their tabernacle had been set up among the savages of Unyoro, her boudoir was draped in gay colours, and adorned with mirrors and engravings. On the other hand, when it was a question of exploration or sport, no one held anything more than bare necessities more lightly, and he would face imminent starvation sooner than retrace his steps.

In those Ceylon days, even more than now with our explosive shells and express rifles, the records of his elephant-shooting must have sounded almost incredible. Gordon-Cumming used to expend fifteen to five-and-twenty shots on a single unfortunate animal. Baker thought little of bagging six, eight, or ten out of a single herd—it sounds somewhat ludicrous when he speaks of a "bag" of elephant—and grumbles sometimes at having to content himself with two or three. His plan was always to come to close quarters. He trusted to the shot at the temple or the forehead, which was almost always stupefying if not immediately fatal. On the Abyssinian

frontiers he came to the unpleasant conclusion that the forehead shot could never be relied upon with the African elephant, and consequently the danger was infinitely increased. In Ceylon, the great risk at those close quarters was when the charging elephant threw up his trunk so as to protect his forehead. Of course there was the chance of being deserted by the gun-carriers, but both Baker and Braddon generally assured the presence of stanch followers by their unruffled coolness and the deadly precision of their shooting. The worst peril in elephant-shooting is from solitary "rogues," as wary and cunning as they are vicious. In the Ceylon forests they were unusually numerous, and they were wont to go patrolling on the outskirts of each herd, although they did not actually associate with it. Baker had many of his most narrow escapes when attempting to dispose of those vigilant sentinels. On one occasion he and his elder brother mutually saved each other's lives by dropping two trumpeting rogues to the forehead shots, when the heads of the infuriated monsters were actually over the shoulders of the sportsmen. "The great risk," he says, "in attacking rogue elephants consists in the impracticability of quick movements upon such ground as they generally frequent. . . . Large stones, tufts of rank grass, holes, fallen boughs, gullies, are all impediments to rapid locomotion when the pursued is forced to be continually looking back to watch the progress of his foe, and to be the judge of his own race." But it seems to us that some of his most awkward scrapes were when there was literally no room for movement of any kind. The ponderous bulk of the elephant sends him crashing through the strong-

est timber, and tearing his way through the matted masses of parasites as if they were curtains of flimsy gauze. Whereas the sportsman can only stand still and shoot, when he has been caught up in something like the heart of a quickset hedge. The South African thickets are bad enough when garnished with the thorns which the Boers humorously named "wait-a-bits." But Baker says that the creepers forced in the tropical temperature of Ceylon bristle with the barbed fish-hooks which might be called "full-stops." If they seize a man who is clad in tough cloth from behind, extrication without assistance is impossible, so that he might be doomed to a horrible and lingering death if he were hung up in the solitudes of the jungles when unattended.

Had Baker had a fair chance with the elephants, he might have relied on his wind and swiftness of foot. The pursuit he preferred even to elephant-hunting involved extraordinary feats of activity and endurance. In the fulness of his purse he indulged himself with a pack of hounds. Hunting in Ceylon was a very different thing from carrying a burning scent over the broad pastures in the Shires, or from a day with the stag-hounds in the Vale of Aylesbury. The quarries were the elk, the deer, and the wild boar. Going out with the eager dogs, it was easy enough to find the game. A note from one of the skirthers who had struck a scent swelled into a joyous chorus. Guided by the sound, though puzzled by the echoes, Baker dashed off to be up at the bay, reflecting as he ran, like a knowing old fox-hunter, on the line the animal was likely to take. The sporting paradise lying around his lodge was far more picturesque than pleasant. The course lay

across ravines which broke into precipitous side-gullies, and over hills where the dense woods occasionally opened into enchanting glades. In the depths of each ravine ran a stream, which was swollen after rain into a torrent, and which must be either swum or forded. Frequently the swift flow was interrupted by a headlong rush or the plunge of a cataract. These streams were the favourite refuge of the hunted buck. With the marvellous instinct of self-preservation, he would choose, in all the heat of the chase, some almost impregnable position, where the pack could only assail him from the front, and where each stroke of his hoofs sent a hound into the torrent. Baker, panting forward, would listen to the baying, with feelings of excitement that triumphed over anxiety. For he knew that his best and boldest dogs were possibly being drowned or tossed from the points of the antlers. Attached as he was to his canine companions, we confess we can hardly understand his enjoying the sport. For almost every good burst had its fatal casualties. His stanchest friends were seared and scarred like the heroes of a hundred fights, and often he assisted at some horrible catastrophe he was powerless to prevent. There is something pathetic in the picture of the stanch and sullen old Smut, an immensely powerful half-bred bloodhound, still springing at the ears of buck or boar when he had lost the teeth with which he used to lay hold. Still more touching was the end of the gentle but equally courageous Killbuck, who bled slowly to death of internal wounds, when he seemed to have escaped comparatively unscathed, and had been put in the slips to be led home. But if Baker would cheer

his dogs on the lowered antlers, or on the razor-like tusches which made ghastly gashes, he never spared himself. Armed only with his hunting-knife, he always rushed in to help; and we may conclude those Ceylon experiences with one of the most exciting adventures. When out with his brother Valentine, there was a slow, running bay, and they knew the pack were on a sturdy old boar who preferred fighting to flight.

"The jungle was frightfully thick, and we hastily tore our way through the tangled underwood. . . . There was a fight! The underwood was levelled, and the boar rushed to and fro, with Smut, Bran, Lena, and Lucifer all upon him. Yoick to him! and some of the most daring of the maddened pack went in. The next instant we were upon him, mingled with a confused mass of hounds, and throwing our whole weight upon the boar, we gave him repeated thrusts, apparently to little purpose. . . . Away went the boar, covered by a mass of dogs, and bearing our weight in addition, as we hung on to the hunting-knives buried in his shoulders. For about fifty paces we tore through the thick jungle, crushing it like a cobweb. At length he again halted. The dogs, the boar, and ourselves were mingled in a heap of confusion. All covered with blood and dirt, our own cheers added to the wild bay of the infuriated hounds and the savage roaring of the boar. Still he fought and gashed the dogs right and left."

Had the hunters not hurried up, half the pack would have been killed or mangled. As it was, although there was no death, there is a ghastly report of mutilations.

It was sport that induced Baker to try Africa, and it was only afterwards that he decided upon his adventurous explorations. It is chiefly as a sportsman that we endeavour to sketch him, and we must touch briefly on the im-

portant work of his life. Scott remarks in an article on Leyden, written in 1811, that travel in Africa was virtually suicide. Things have since changed considerably, but it is still the most trying and heart-wearing task to which any ardent spirit can devote itself. When Baker reached Khartoum in 1861, the power of the slave-traders was everywhere unbroken. They raided the cattle which were the current medium of exchange; by setting neighbouring tribes by the ears, they turned fertile fields into wildernesses of weeds; many villages were sacked and burned; many others were abandoned; half the adult males had been massacred, the rest were impressed as ivory porters; the women and the children were sold into slavery. The arrival of a daring Englishman from the North, although provided with a potent *firman*, was as astounding as unwelcome. No one believed he had come on such a fool's errand as to go on a profitless quest for the sources of a river. He was received as a political spy, and consequently an enemy. Had it not been for his indomitably persevering resolution, he must have been turned back on the threshold of his enterprise.

Never losing sight of the goal, he went on the principle of *festina lente*. Feeling that some knowledge of Arabic was indispensable, he determined to combine business and pleasure. It was then he went on his expedition among the Abyssinian tributaries, when he mapped that almost unknown country for the benefit of geographers. The sport, in which he indulged to his heart's content, had an exceptional element of danger. For the best of the shooting was in districts into which even the warlike Arabs seldom ventured. It was infested by the Basi, a

robber race, who, descending from inaccessible fastnesses in their hills, defy alike the Abyssinians and the Bedouin. Each night the camp was carefully fortified as a zareba; for if the Basi were not skulking in the surrounding thickets, the nights were made melodious by serenading lions. But for the explorer that country had rare attractions. Not only did he wander about from discovery to discovery, delighted with the luxuriant scenery, which reminded him of the English parks,—not only did he find constant employment for his rifles,—but he enjoyed the wonderful feats of the natives, who slay the elephant by hamstringing him with their scimitars, when, as he modestly says, he reverently bowed himself to the heroes whose feats far surpassed his own.

On his return from Abyssinia he was delayed for six wearisome months in Khartoum, which he describes as a city of insanitary abominations. When at last he set out, it was with a company of the refuse of Khartoum rascality, who broke out at once in open mutiny. He often congratulates himself on the fortunate possession of great physical strength; and there, as elsewhere, a blow straight from the shoulder, knocking the burly ring-leader out of time, stemmed the flood of disaffection. There too, as elsewhere, the *argumentum ad hominem* was clinched by Lady Baker's feminine tact, which often served her husband admirably. It was she indeed who saved the expedition from disastrous failure, when she persuaded him to accost the surly leader of the slave-trading gang who had threatened to fire on the Englishman's caravan. Nothing short of the explorer's burning zeal could have persuaded a proud man like Baker

to stoop to civilities towards the ruffians he detested and despised. Yet ere long he had established a wonderful ascendancy over them. Compelled to cast in his lot with them in face of the native hostilities they had provoked, it was he who took the command in desperate emergencies, and directed the combined operations. Delayed repeatedly on the march for months by the rains and difficulties of transport, when he was nearing his destination his supplies were exhausted. Worst of all, on the borders of the most pestilential districts the quinine had given out. Kamrasi, the king of Unyoro, did much more to hinder than to help, for he desired to engage the redoubtable Englishman as his ally in a civil war. On the final journey which led him to the great discovery, Baker was escorted by 300 yelling savages, whom he christened "The Devil's Own," on account of their devilish antics and diabolical headgear. Part of the time he was carried forward in a litter; poor Lady Baker lay prostrate and unconscious, and one night he had given her over as dead, and had actually made arrangements for the interment. But hardships, hunger and thirst, fevers and agues, bivouacs among snakes and scorpions, on sands which were alive with sand-ticks and stinging-flies, were alike forgotten when he looked out on the boundless expanse of the lake he named after the Prince of Wales. "It is impossible," he says, "to describe the triumph of that moment. Here was the reward of all our labour, for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa."

We have compressed the trials and troubles of four years within a page or two, nor can we touch

at all on the formidable labours undertaken, as the Khedive's Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces, when he organised undisciplined levies into an efficient fighting force and formally annexed Unyoro to Egypt, to the very natural dissatisfaction of its native chiefs. But there is one memorable episode to which we must revert. It brought him mingled delight and disappointment, as for a moment it threatened to baulk his schemes and to make all his preliminary troubles fruitless. He had started not only to search for the fountains of the Nile, but to carry succour to Speke and Grant, who had gone inland from Zanzibar on a similar quest. At Gondokoro he heard of the approach of a caravan, bringing "two white men who had come from the sea." "Could they be Speke and Grant? Off I ran, and soon met them in reality. Hurrah for Old England!" Delighted as he was to welcome his friend Speke, and to make the acquaintance of Speke's gallant companion, he fancied, after he had given them cordial greeting, that there was nothing left for himself to accomplish. To his intense satisfaction, they soon undeceived him. They had heard of another vast lake beyond the Victoria; and, moreover, there was a long stretch of the Nile they had not ventured to trace because the natives were at war with Kamrasi. Consequently Baker gladly decided to persevere, and to take the chance of the disturbed country having settled down. Very far from showing any jealousy of a rival competing for a share of their honours, Speke and Grant gave the most generous assistance, which Baker gratefully acknowledged. He writes to Admiral the Hon. H. A. Murray:—

"Speke when at Gondokoro, in his hot love for geography, planned this exploration for me, and gave me a map of his route and adjacent countries. I am much indebted to him for that map, which has been of immense service; and I am very happy to have been able to run down the game he had scented."

In a subsequent letter, written to Mr Douglas Murray, there is a warm and discriminating tribute to Grant, to which all who were privileged to have the friendship of the distinguished traveller will heartily assent:—

"Speke . . . was a splendid fellow in every way. Grant was a *fidus Achates* to him; and Grant himself assured me that he would have been unable to carry through the great expedition unaided, and that to Speke alone all honour was due. Grant was one of the most loyal and charming characters in the world. Perfectly unselfish, he adored Speke, and throughout his life he maintained an attitude of chivalrous defence of Speke's reputation, after the latter's death by a shooting accident.

"Grant was the most unselfish man I ever met, amiable and gentle to a degree that might to a stranger denote weakness; but on the contrary, no man could show more strength of character or determination, when he was offended. As a true friend Speke was a hero."

Assuredly we shall seldom, if ever, see again such reminiscences as Braddon's 'Thirty Years of Shikar.'¹ It is a graphic record of the vanishing past of the Anglo-Indians, and of the habits and manners of a bygone generation. Many of them lived hard and fast; not a few found opportunities of earning ample incomes, which they lavished freely in a land that was far removed from their old home. Communications with England

were slow and costly; there were no short furloughs; there were few railways; and soldiers and civilians, ordered from one station to another, travelled wearily over the ground, by *dak* or boat. Like Braddon, the planters or subordinate officials were banished from white society for indefinite periods. But, on the other hand, there were solitary places, now easily accessible, where the "bark" of the spotted deer made music in the mornings under the verandah of the bungalow; where the leopards nightly patrolled the village streets, and where the man-eating tiger might make his lair, within gun-shot of the washing-place in the encircling stream. It is as a shikari that Braddon claims our attention; yet what, perhaps, we have most enjoyed in the book is the social sketches, although, indeed, they are all associated with sport.

When he went out to India to enter a mercantile house, the gaieties of Calcutta were so many snares set for the newly emancipated college lad. The young writer, with an income of £400, often lived freely at the rate of £4000, and found seducing tradesmen and persuasive usurers who were eager to help him on the road to ruin. So he handicapped himself for the race of life, and might be burdened to the last by his early embarrassments. Visitors from the up-country and the hills surpassed wealthy bachelor officials in careless extravagance. The play in the clubs was recklessly high, as indeed it was elsewhere, and for long afterwards. Notably the sporting indigo-planters, who had been economising involuntarily in isolation for the best part of the year, came to the City of Palaces

¹ Thirty Years of Shikar. By Sir Edward Braddon. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

to get rid of their superfluous cash in a brief and breathless holiday. Braddon made the acquaintance of one of those free-handed gentlemen, who, meaning to combine pig-sticking with dissipation, had brought a string of a dozen "walers." He tacitly warranted them safe and sure, and kindly gave the griffin a mount. The horse took the bit in his teeth, and the rider had a series of exciting experiences and sundry heavy falls. He was asked how the animal had carried him, and when he tried to make the least of the brute's vagaries, out of consideration for the friendly lender, he was blandly informed that it never before had a saddle on its back. But these indigo-planters of the old *régime* held their own lives so lightly that they might be excused for playing practical jokes with the necks of other people. Braddon picturesquely confirms all that Inglis (Maori), who was a planter himself, has told us in 'Sport and Work in Nepaul' and in 'Tent-life in Tigerland.' In their petty principalities, on the borderland between barbarism and a land of law, they were almost absolute monarchs. They carried things with a high hand in their dealings with their neighbours. They administered summary justice to the tributary villages, and did what seemed right in their own eyes. Their hospitality might have been a redeeming virtue, had it not frequently degenerated into convivial excesses. "Sometimes this limited monarch lived in a really palatial style—he of Mulnauth, for example. Architecturally considered, Mulnauth ranked among the Indian mansions that I saw second only to Government House, Calcutta, and it stood in a nobly timbered park with which the Calcutta Palace grounds cannot be

compared." In the present days of falling prices and keen native competition no indigo-planter could keep up such an establishment. *En revanche* no one could venture now to lead so roistering a life as that of one of Braddon's immediate predecessors on the indigo plantations he went from Calcutta to manage.

"He was a typical character of his time. He was a strong man physically and as to his will—a '*zubberdust*' (high-handed, masterful) man, the people said, and those people trembled at his nod and paid scrupulous respect to all rights of property whereof he claimed ownership; native swashbucklers ran hither and thither at his bidding; native mothers hushed their fractious babes by the mention of his awful name. And this giant—this Titan among pigmies—led the roaring, rollicking life peculiar to his era and so wofully destructive of the British liver. Day and night the wine-cup and the beer-flagon were passing round his hospitable board, and all the long night through bacchanalian revelry went forward, until the weaker vessels sank below the table and the stronger went staggering to their couches. He, the host, strongest of all, cared not for such effeminate luxuries as bed and blankets; for him a morning shave was ample equivalent for a night's slumber, or if he snatched from the fleeting hours some fragment of time for something more restful than the barber's operations, any convenient strip of turf or puddle served him as well as, or better than, a canopied four-poster. He it was who, as report said, used to take the candle-shades from the wall-sconces and quaff his beer from them in heroic measure. He was a man who should have died in the prime of life as the gallant leader of a forlorn-hope; but it has to be admitted that his mettlesome career had a dismal termination that in no way encouraged imitation of his heroic methods, for while yet comparatively a young man he became a confirmed rheumatic and broken-down invalid."

There was a brief interregnum before Braddon succeeded that gentleman, during which the management had fallen into feebler hands. He came into a troublesome and dangerous inheritance, and might as well have been settled on the Scottish border, between Liddesdale Armstrongs and Grahams of the Debateable Land, in the raiding days before the Union of the Crowns. He had no backing from any agent of the Company, and had repeatedly to repel personal attacks. His most formidable neighbour was a fighting rajah, who was in the habit of exchanging shots and sword-thrusts with his brothers, though they lived together in the same rambling mansion. The rajah's cattle had been turned loose upon Braddon's domains, and when he dared to impound them their owner would come out upon the warpath. Indeed, at that time civil broils between rival indigo-planters were far from unfrequent; and Inglis tells of a pitched battle for a store of seed, when he took the field at the head of his own dependants, with horse and foot, and marksmen upon elephants. With Braddon's firm resolution and his suave diplomacy, things began gradually to settle down. The natives soon know when they have to deal with a man; and, after all, in the last resort the forces of the British Raj were within his reach. There he served his apprenticeship as a self-appointed magistrate and active justice of the peace. It is needless to say that he had no lack of occupation or of varied practice as superintendent of detectives. Human life was held so cheap in these parts that servants would commit a murder as part of the day's work, and assassins could be hired for a couple of

rupees. But the chief difficulty in getting at the truth and assuring a conviction on safe evidence was in the universal prevalence of shameless perjury.

After three years of that busy and exciting life, he shifted his quarters to the north and to a still wilder country. "Jungle was there in every direction of my station, on the hills timber from foot to crest, and on the alluvial plains below dense and tall grass." Though there were tigers, panthers, and bears in abundance, it was two years before he killed his first tiger. But meantime he had more stirring work to do. The warlike Santhals suddenly rose in rebellion. Braddon rather sympathised with the grievances of the insurgents, but was bound to fight them in self-defence. A more favourable country for the campaigning of irregular levies, familiar with the ground and addicted to ambushes, could scarcely be imagined. As Braddon could not persuade the commandant of the nearest European force to take prompt action, he took the field himself with seven English comrades and 150 natives. Three of the Englishmen showed the white feather, all the native auxiliaries turned tail, and it was by a miracle that Braddon and his remaining companions were permitted to withdraw, for 2000 Santhals had actually advanced within bow-shot. They probably owed their safety to the pluck and "bluff" which gave the idea of strong reserves in support. But that was far from being his only wonderful escape, for he went on active service with the troops when the troops at last came forward. He was never nearer death than when he plunged into a swollen river, like William of Deloraine, having undertaken to

carry an important message to the rear. The rider and the struggling horse were swept down the rapid stream; he missed a snatch at a branch which seemed his last chance of salvation; but when hope was gone, he was caught in an eddy, and floated back within reach of the bough. In the course of the desultory fighting, and afterwards in the darker days of the Mutiny, he and the hostile Santhals learned to like and respect each other. Accordingly he was charged with the raising of a Santhal regiment, and a very humorous account he gives of the drilling of his ragged and unsophisticated corps. But, like Baker with his Soudanese on the White Nile, Braddon made very tolerable soldiers out of savages.

Before that, however, he had been settled as a Government Deputy-Commissioner among the Santhals, where he devotes an exciting chapter to "the Deoghur Tigers." There he was first fairly entered to tiger-shooting. He had better opportunities than fall to the lot of most sportsmen, for the forest tyrants were so audaciously familiar that they sometimes trespassed on his garden. Not a few were noted man-eaters, and all had a decided partiality for human flesh. They preyed upon the pilgrims to one of the most frequented of Hindu shrines; and the officiating Brahmins actually protected them, because they believed them under the guardianship of their god. Braddon naturally took a different view. "I slaved in the Deoghur catchery and in camp, when I went on tour as magistrate, collector, judge, &c., eight, ten, and twelve hours a-day, and every day, with one reservation—that whenever news was brought of a tiger, panther, or bear, anywhere within twenty miles, my

court was to be closed *instantly*." He dealt death and destruction broadcast till the survivors became comparatively shy and retiring. It was in Deoghur that he became the friend of George Yule, whom he admired beyond all men, alike as sportsman and administrator. Yule was as famous a pig-sticker as a tiger-shot. To be invited to one of his select sporting trips to the Terai was regarded as a rare piece of good fortune. It gives an idea of the lordly fashion in which some of the wealthy old-time civilians used to take the field, when we are told Yule had a stud of ten magnificent elephants, each valued at 2000 rupees, besides a dozen or more of high-bred Arabs and "walers." And by the way, reverting to the time he spent in Calcutta, Braddon tells of a great meet of pig-stickers who were entertained by the princely Resident at Moorsheadabad. The ground was beaten by a hundred elephants in line, and in twelve days of extraordinary sport ninety and nine boars fell to the spears. Braddon himself, when he organised his own parties for the Terai, speaks of engaging 200 or 300 coolies.

Tastes differ; but although we can understand his enthusiasm, we should have thought that the pleasures of these expeditions were more than counterbalanced by the pains and sufferings. It had been the policy of Jung Bahadoor, the omnipotent prime minister of Nepal, to discourage settlement of any kind in the Terai, and to keep it an undisturbed preserve for wild elephants. Almost the only inhabitants were wandering herds-men, who declined to give *khubbur*, or news about the game. The tracks of tigers, sambhur, or bears lost themselves in seas of waving grass, or in thickets of almost impenetrable jungle. If the sports-

men reserved their fire for tigers, there were many days of disappointment and weary expectation. The heat in the stifling coverts was intense; and there were agonies of thirst to be endured, in the scarcity of drinkable water. Flies and mosquitoes often made a misery of the well-earned evening meal, and the sleeping-tents were infested by poisonous vermin. Most troublesome of all were the forest bees, which would attack in swarms, without any provocation, and put the whole party to rout, endangering the necks as well as the eyesight of the men in the howdahs on the maddened elephants. Possibly it may be owing to resentful recollections of elephants stung to madness, and bolting recklessly ahead, that Braddon speaks so contemptuously of elephant sagacity. He admits that "there is no little physical suffering to be borne by him who shoots tigers in the Terai season," but he declares that, nevertheless, it is more than compensated by the delightful moments of hard-won success. And although he afterwards passes on candidly to paint the darker side of the picture, he begins with an enchanting sketch of the Terai as the ardent tiger-slayer first saw it in rose-colour. We present it as a companion picture to Baker's study of the Nubian desert:—

"The Nepal Terai came upon one as a delightful contrast to the monotonous succession of mango-groves, unhedged and unfenced fields, and stereotyped villages, that are the prevalent characteristics of the drearily level districts of Oudh. In the Terai wide stretches of forest were relieved by undulating glades studded with trees of noble outline and foliage, and emerald plains where in this season the cattle grazed. There was at every turn some fresh and unaccustomed beauty to admire in this sylvan world: a group of forest-trees that overarched

the track and stayed the rays of a fiery sun; a park-like bit, the very home of Oberon's court, seen through an arch of greenery where, possibly, the feathery cane trailed overhead; a mountain stream meandering between its tree-fringed banks, deep shaded by the branches that kissed the flowing water and poisoned as they kissed; a lake that mirrored the steely blue of heaven, save where the wide-spreading lotus made a splendid harmony of green and white,—all these, and many another physical charm, were there abundant; and many an unfamiliar creature of the wilds was to be seen as one jogged along—spotted deer in the glades, now and again a sambhur or ghond breaking from cover, or the more frequent pig or hog-deer, or a porcupine, to say nothing of those animals for which we more particularly looked, the tiger, panther, and bear. And birds were there that were peculiar to the Terai,—the white bird of paradise; the night-jar, rising from and settling upon the ground always; the bronzed-winged pigeon, darting in and out amidst the trees like a flying gem; the golden oriel, piping its chaste and Wagnerian recitative up in the tree-top; and another member of the feathered choir (whose name I wot not of) that whistled very correctly one-half of a music-hall refrain, and always forgot the remainder; and there were the more generally known pea-fowl, jungle-fowl, black partridge, and florikan, that were perhaps more admired when they came up to the table in a stewpan than in their natural condition."

We should be glad to go on indulging in free quotation. But, cutting the story short, we must be content to say that the 'Thirty Years of Shikar' ought to take its place among the most attractive and instructive books on Indian wild sports. For ourselves, we shall give it an honourable place on the shelf with 'The Old Forest Ranger,' 'The Highlands of Central India,' 'Tent-life in Tigerland,' and 'Hindu-Koh.'

OTHER THOUGHTS ON IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

Two principal impressions are created by a perusal of Major Breton's long article :¹ 1st, the impossibility of divining the objects at which the writer aims ; 2d, the absence of all recognition of the cardinal factor of Imperial defence. The cause of the first is doubtless to be sought in the second ; the omission of the part of Hamlet explains the inconsequence of the latest version of the play.

Major Breton hits out freely—even wildly—but his opponents are chiefly phantoms of his own imagination, which do not appeal to our consciousness or stir a chord in our memories. "The sailor," we are told, "would abolish the military defence of ports, ignore the difficulties of commerce protection, and reck nothing of the pressing need of men." Who is this sailor, where did he write, and what did he really say? We cannot be expected to take him on trust, and with a large acquaintance in the navy and many opportunities of learning naval opinions, I have never heard of any one bearing the least resemblance to Major Breton's opponent. I find, to my dismay, that I am "writ down" as an advocate of the "abolition of port defences," the necessity for which I have consistently pleaded for many years. The charge is equivalent to one of imbecility, which I am quite sure Major Breton does not wish to prefer. This, and much more in the article, exactly illustrates the disadvantages of a familiar method of theological controversy, in which an impossible figure is loosely constructed, with a careful

eye to facile demolition at the hands of the constructor. Shooting is reduced to its simplest terms, when one is permitted to erect a target of any form and at any range.

Major Breton traverses much history and deals with many subjects into which I cannot now follow him. His statements are frequently inaccurate, and his deductions consequently fallacious. No marked "military weakness" was shown in the successful struggle for Canada, and the main force employed consisted of regulars. Instead of the latter standing "shoulder to shoulder" with the militia, great jealousy existed, and the mode of fighting of the colonial force differed entirely from that of the trained soldiers.

Writing on the 30th September 1755, Lieut. W. Jacobs of the Success alludes pointedly to this tactical incongruity, and significantly adds :—

"There is one thing in this part of the world, and that is the unkind behaviour of the Regulars to the irregulars. Most of the officers are men of fortune in New England, and have left their estates to serve their king and country. The resentment has run so high that I believe that the New England troops will not serve nor join the Regulars any more, and perhaps will not serve at all, which will be a great loss to the Government, for the Americans are a brave and honest people."

Minorca in 1756 was not "promptly seized" by France because her "hands were free" from Continental preoccupations, but simply and solely because both the Admiralty and Byng blundered.

¹ "Thoughts on Imperial Defence," 'Maga,' May 1895.

Similarly, it is not correct to assert that "in 1797-98 . . . this concentration [of the British fleet in the Channel] left the Mediterranean without a squadron, enabling the French to seize the Ionian Islands," &c. The abandonment of the Mediterranean was entirely due to Man's acknowledged disobedience of orders.

"The conduct of Admiral Man," wrote Jervis to Lord Spencer, "is incomprehensible: he acknowledges to have received my orders, and the duplicates. . . . I had taken the liberty of cautioning him against consulting with the captains under his orders, who all wanted to get to England; and yet, by a passage in his public letter, it appears that he acted with their concurrence. I conclude a powerful reinforcement will be sent to me immediately. . . . Had Admiral Man sailed from Gibraltar on the 10th October, the day he received my orders, and fulfilled them, I have every reason to believe the Spanish fleet would have been cut to pieces."

A misapprehension of the facts has led Major Breton into an unwarranted inference, which, however, serves the purposes of his argument.

No one who had read Admiral Colomb's careful study of the French expedition to Ireland in 1796 could possibly have stated that it was "prevented not by naval force; but by a winter gale, poor supplies, and the want of chain-cables."¹

Of Drake's "disastrous defeat," brought about by "the measures of defence he had forced on" Spain, I have never previously heard. That preparations were made on shore to resist the Spanish

invasion, and that Raleigh may have recommended the erection of defences on the Thames, was natural and proper. The science of naval strategy was in its infancy, and even the very "advanced naval views" of Drake and Wynter included the idea that an evasion by the Duke of Parma was possible. The whole point, however, which Major Breton entirely misses, is that the money thus spent was thrown away as regards the Spaniards,² although it may perhaps have aided in preventing the insurrection on which Philip relied. The popular fiction that the Armada was destroyed by the winds of heaven and not by the British navy has happily disappeared. We now know that the Spanish fleet would never have seen the Channel if the sailors of Elizabeth had received a free hand. Of all great Englishmen, Raleigh is the very last to be quoted in this connection. The modern school of fortification, founded on the misconception of the Royal Commission of 1860, would have had no more uncompromising opponent. "If," he urged upon Cecil, "we be once driven to the defensive, farewell might."

Turning to other matters, Major Breton's statements are scarcely more fortunate. It is altogether incorrect to assert that "England has always maintained a navy as strong as the necessities of the case demanded or as she can man," or that we are "now tending towards a transgression of the limit imposed by the available supply of men." Misled by the fascinations of pure defence, the country

¹ This reluctance to attribute anything to the navy is characteristic. Even when most wisely admitting that "the fleet forms the proper defence against invasion," Major Breton is careful to add that "in some ways the fact is to be regretted."

² How sorely this money was needed for the purposes of the fleet is proved by the Armada papers recently published by the Navy Records Society.

allowed the navy to fall dangerously below the standard of bare requirements, and it is only in very recent years that a healthy reaction has occurred. We are now making real efforts to recover lost ground; but we are faced by a competition, which might never have assumed serious proportions if the old standards had been consistently maintained. To suppose that we are reaching the end of our resources in men is a complete illusion. There is no difficulty, except that of money, in attaining a peace strength of 100,000 if it becomes needful. Similarly, Major Breton is wrong in stating that "an attempt in 1894 to mobilise 800 men for the naval manœuvres resulted in 150 men being obtained." No such "attempt" was made. It was sought to pass these men into the service, a totally different matter. Equally incorrect is the statement that "Nelson largely employed Maltese."

To score a dialectical success is, however, no part of my object. I desire merely to show what are the real requirements of Imperial defence, and why the excessive expenditure upon coast fortification and its complicated and costly accessories is deplored by the school which Major Breton strangely misinterprets.

"A total external trade of about 53 millions in 1800 has grown into 970 millions in 1893. In the same time the colonial population needing communication with the mother country has grown from about 2½ to 21 millions."¹ The *movement* of this vast volume of trade is the life-breath of the empire. This is no question of food-supply alone. The whole structure of the nation

is built upon a gigantic and intensely complex trade-system, in which every interest is directly or indirectly involved, on which the means of existence of the great majority of the population absolutely depend. Unless ships continue to arrive at and to leave the national ports in numbers not greatly below the normal, the resources of the people will swiftly disappear, and the country must surrender at discretion. Unless communication between the scattered members of the nation can be maintained, the empire must be broken into fragments. The movement of commerce at sea *must* therefore be secured. "The stately ships" must continue to "go by to their haven under the hill," and it is absolutely useless to crowd that hill with fortifications and guns, or to guard that haven with mines and Brennan torpedoes, unless the stately ship can be protected on her ocean-way.

The cardinal factor of Imperial defence is, therefore, the secure movement of commerce at sea. If the British shipping can be forced to remain in fortified ports, the object of an enemy will be perfectly attained. Of no other nation in the world can this be exactly said. This condition differentiates us from all our rivals, enforces upon us a policy which need not be theirs, and supplies the only possible basis of a rational scheme of Imperial defence. Major Breton alludes casually to the protection of commerce, which his imaginary "sailor would . . . ignore"; but I do not trace any recognition of the factor to which all the considerations he presents are subservient.

¹ I quote from my article in the 'United Service Magazine' of September 1894. See also articles entitled "Imperial Defence" in the 'Army Book for the British Empire' and in 'Federal Britain.'

Raleigh perfectly understood what the protection of commerce implied. "Whoever commands the sea," he wrote, "commands the trade; whoever commands the trade of the world, commands its riches, and consequently the world." During the French wars not only did the nation learn to understand its real requirements; but the navy splendidly discharged its functions. In a remarkable passage, Captain Mahan reviews the British loss "by sea risks" during the years 1793-1800, when the policy of commerce destroying was actively pursued by our enemies :—

"Taking everything together, it seems reasonable to conclude that the direct loss to the nation, by the operation of hostile cruisers, *did not exceed 2½ per cent of the commerce of the empire*; and that this loss was partially made good by the prize ships and merchandise taken by its own naval vessels and privateers. . . . The writings of the period show that the injuries due to captured shipping passed unremembered amid the common incidents and misfortunes of life; neither their size nor their effects were great enough to attract public notice, amid the steady increase of the national wealth and the activities concerned in amassing it."

Since these eventful years, the conditions have changed. The absolute dependence of the nation upon the movement of commerce had not then arisen. Under the ægis of the flag of England trade actually thrived in war. If we may not now expect this beneficent result, we *must* secure the movement of that trade, or perish. If we can succeed in keeping the percentage of loss at sea within Captain Mahan's estimate, we need not fear national disaster.

Thus the point upon which I have always laid stress is that the old policy, proved to be right

in days of storm, is of infinitely greater value to-day. We could then have survived a measure of loss which would now wreck the Empire.

That great policy may be summed in the words, *offence on and across the seas*, thus indicating the respective functions of the navy and the army.

We have been taught by the dire needs of war that our coast-lines are not the frontiers of the Empire in any sense whatever. It follows inexorably that their defences are and must always be matters of entirely subordinate importance. "As to the former definition," writes Major Breton, "that the fleet was the first line, the new sailor will have none of it." So far as I know, this unfortunate and misleading "definition" is purely modern. Pellew defined three or four distinct lines of defence, but all alike were naval.

It is impossible for me to check the armament which Major Breton states was in existence at Plymouth at the end of last century. The mere number of guns present at this port has, however, no bearing on the question. The coast defences of England were at this period in a condition of neglect, which would have been deplorable if there had been any need for their efficiency. The fact remains, that the powerful influence of Pitt failed in 1786 to carry a vote for the rehabilitation of the fortifications of Plymouth and Portsmouth, and that Sir John Jervis, with four members of the Board ordered to report upon the question, recorded the following dissent, which saved the country from a useless expenditure :—

"The bare possibility of such an event we do not deny; but how far

it is probable that the whole British fleet may be sent on any service requiring so long an absence, at a time when the enemy is prepared to invade this country, we must humbly leave to your Majesty's superior wisdom; and therefore whether it is necessary, in consequence of such a supposition, to erect works of so expensive a nature as those proposed, and which require such large garrisons to defend them."

These words were written and this view was adopted by the nation within a few years of the appearance of a superior hostile fleet in the Channel, and of a projected invasion of England. I scarcely think, however, that any one would be now found to assert that it was any defence on shore which saved the country in 1779.

Contrast the views of Jervis and his four associates with those which commended themselves to the Royal Commissioners of 1860:—

"Should any such catastrophe [defeat or dispersion by storm] occur, or should the fleet from whatever cause be unable to keep the command of the Channel, it appears to your Commissioners that the insular position of the kingdom, so far from being an advantage for defensive purposes, might form a disadvantage, inasmuch as it would enable any superior naval Power or Powers to concentrate a larger body of troops on any part of our coasts, and more rapidly and secretly than could be done against any neighbouring country having only a land frontier; and such an army so placed could maintain its base and be reinforced with more facility than if dependent upon land communication."

The difference between the point of view at a time of real need, when we were at war with

France, Spain, Holland, and the revolted colonies of North America, and that evolved from the inner consciousness of theorists speculating after a long period of peace, is startling. Unfortunately it is the later view which has prevailed since 1860.

A parliamentary return shows that, between the financial years 1860-61 and 1889-90, more than 17½ millions sterling were expended upon guns and fortifications. This does not include much expenditure in India and some colonies, nor the heavy annual charges for *personnel*, which the new policy has entailed. The gross total up to the present day must be enormously larger. It rests with the advocates of the new policy to justify this expenditure from the abundant experience of great wars. They have never essayed the task. Major Breton refers to the capture of Minorca in 1756, but does not claim that more fortification would have saved the island. He also alludes to the protracted defence of Malta by the French, and intimates that the resistance might have been prolonged if the garrison and its resources had been greater; but he ignores the fact that Great Britain had no inducement whatever to put forth an effort to hasten a foregone conclusion. Malta dropped into her hands—the ripe fruit of sea-power.

As I have frequently pointed out, the mere money question is of secondary importance. "Great Britain can afford to throw away millions on the erection and maintenance of unnecessary fixed defences.¹ The misdirection of a

¹ I adhere to what Major Breton stigmatises as an "awkward term." No other phrase is equally expressive. Fixed defences include fortifications, immobile guns, submarine mines, Brennan torpedoes, position-finding installations, and all the sedentary troops required for their service.

nation's resources, however, acts in a hundred ways. Experience proves that every superfluity produces starvation in essentials, and every misplaced preparation implies the neglect of something needful. When a nation is once involved in war, it is too late to inaugurate a new policy, or repair deficiencies."¹

If the vital requirement of Imperial defence is fulfilled, the national coasts must *ex hypothesi* be secured against serious attack. The enemy who fails to arrest the commerce of England on the ocean is necessarily impotent for the attack of her ports. The enemy who succeeds in destroying her trade at sea has no need to attempt the latter task. It was solely because, in the old wars, British commerce, as Captain Mahan clearly shows, received adequate protection at sea, that the coast-line remained inviolate, while fixed defences fell into desuetude, and, in the mind of Jervis, into disfavour. The navy, in fulfilling the larger condition of checkmating the enemies' fleets, necessarily and inevitably fulfilled the smaller condition of protecting the national ports. Until hostile fleets are enabled to be in two places at the same time, this must always be the case.

In proportion to the value of commerce afloat and to the necessity for its continuous movement, must the importance of fixed defences diminish in any sound scheme of national defence.

History, however, shows clearly that no reasonable naval superiority constitutes a complete guaran-

tee against naval raids by an enterprising enemy. Alluding to this obvious consideration in a lecture delivered at Malta in 1893, I stated that—

"Ports containing exposed resources required for the use of a navy in war, or necessary for the shelter of a commercial marine, must, therefore, be provided with defence. The command of the sea cannot be established at the outset of a war between naval Powers, and even when established, will not secure such ports against naval raids. If the naval raider is able to destroy docks and stores, and to sink or capture shipping, injury in proportion to the strategic importance of the port and the value of its exposed resources will be inflicted.

"In such raids torpedo-boat attacks are obviously included where geographical conditions are favourable.

"The defence of a port always implies the fulfilment of two separate conditions—protection of necessary resources against purely naval attack, and protection against military operations on shore. There is a back-door which, as history clearly shows, is the one usually selected; and, in closing this back-door, coast defence proper, in spite of its many weapons, will generally render no assistance."²

I could, if it were necessary, multiply such quotations, proving that while I have strongly maintained that our present standard of the requirements of coast defence is false, and that some of our ports are preposterously over-fortified, I have always pleaded for the protection against raids of harbours required for the war uses of the navy and commercial marine.

I hold that both services have

¹ 'R.E. Journal,' May 1892.

² The proceedings of the Japanese at Port Arthur and Wei-hai-wei exactly bear out this view.

alike suffered from the modern perversion of ideals. Exaggerated fortification has throughout the history of the world exerted a demoralising influence upon nations. Unquestionably the navy suffered during many years from the concentration of national effort and national thought upon objects which all the experience of war proves to be subordinate—objects which, if the navy fails in the hour of need, can avail us nothing. I am not certain that the army has not suffered more from the ill-judged measures which have obscured its rightful and inevitable rôle in war. By the multiplication of the costly paraphernalia of coast defence, by the remarkable growth of forces whose only function is to wait for an enemy to come to them, and by the concentration of vigorous minds upon the defensive ideal, the army is unconsciously led to forget that it is the great offensive force of the Empire. Its training, organisation, and preparations are diverted from attack to defence. It is drawn away from the contemplation of the functions which the nation will demand from it in war.

The modern view of the position of mere coast fortification in relation to Imperial defence has led to widespread misapprehension of the national needs. There are political tendencies in some colonies which may be directly traced to this cause, the exaggeration of fortification may almost be said to operate as a counsel of disintegration. The idea that defence can be localised, that Australia or New Zealand has nothing to fear in war, provided that their ports are fortified, occasionally finds expression. It is true that the provision of an Australasian squadron marks a distinct advance; but it is not yet realised that the highest

interests of Australasia might demand the employment of this squadron thousands of miles from her shores.

In 1786, one of the members for Cornwall seconded the amendment which destroyed the scheme for strengthening the fixed defences of Plymouth. In these days, the representative of a seaport, backed by popular opinion, would support any expenditure of this nature, however unwise. Political pressure has even been brought to bear with a view to the erection of expensive and superfluous defences. By accustoming the national imagination to false standards, a sense of insecurity and a craving for the outward and visible signs of protection is created. Yet, as Captain Mahan has finely stated, storm-beaten ships hundreds of miles from our shores—ships on which the eyes of the Grand Army never rested—and gallant sailors, whose splendid services are half forgotten, saved England, and enabled the nation to emerge from a gigantic struggle, pre-eminent in commerce as in naval war. In the history of that struggle, and there only, must be sought the true principles of Imperial defence.

Strain every nerve to hold the vital communications of the empire. Prepare the army for offensive operations across the sea. Make ready to defend, at short notice, against naval raids such ports as will be needed in war. These, in order of importance, are the measures by which alone the national safety can be assured. Thus only can we hope to hand down to our successors, inviolate in territory and untarnished in honour, the magnificent inheritance which we have received from our fathers.

GEORGE S. CLARKE.

With regard to this subject, Major Breton writes to us (Ed. 'B. M.') desiring to make the following correction in his article on "Imperial Defence" in our May number:—

"In this article, published in 'Maga' for May, there occurs the following sentence: 'The abolition of port defences has been urged by Admiral Colomb and Lieut.-Colonel Sir George Clarke.' It has been pointed out that the term 'abolition' is a misrepresentation, and a correction is therefore not only desirable but necessary, though the ordinary reader will probably have regarded the sentence as only a rhetorical exaggeration. I would therefore apologise for the use of the word 'abolition,' and substitute 'reduction' in its stead.

"In the 'Royal Engineers' Journal' for April 1892, Sir George Clarke expressed his views at some length. Treating the subject generally, he says: 'Fixed defences should be provided only for harbours of national importance—i.e., harbours whose security from violation is absolutely required for the purposes of the navy, or for the commercial marine, in war.' 'Such defences, however, should be merely sufficient as a deterrent against a naval raid. Anything further is pure waste. The rest is an affair of garrisons, whose efficiency is a matter of far greater importance than the number and calibre of the guns.' 'Outside of European waters, a few medium guns suffice for all reasonably probable requirements against France and Russia, assuming that our present strength is maintained. Within European waters the provision of three or four 9.2 inch guns is desirable for naval bases possessing docks and building-yards essential to the fleet.' The practical adoption of these principles would involve a very material reduction, one indeed that to the moderate party would mean the loss of present security. If the new scale were based upon the disbelief in naval attacks expressed by Sir George Clarke, and upon the comparisons instituted by him between batteries and ships, it would entail—in my view—the virtual abolition of port defences.

"In a note on page 679 of 'Maga,' there is a reference to an illustration used by Sir George Clarke at Aldershot. That note I would unreservedly withdraw, and for its presence I would express regret. It was added when the article was in proof, through a misapprehension due to an abbreviated report of his lecture. As the note stands, it is unjust and untrue.

H. D'ARCH BRETON."

BRITISH WEST AFRICAN POSSESSIONS.

THE share of England in the great task of the last half of the nineteenth century—the opening up of Africa—is perhaps the largest that has fallen to any nation of Europe. Looking back through the years that are past, we realise, by the light of history, the vast importance of those great events which led to the discovery and colonisation of America, and the inclusion of India, Australia, and many an island of the sea, within the British empire. The pioneers of progress of those days have left names enshrined in the pages of our history, and while we read with pride of the great statesmen who grasped the importance of the drama in which they played their part, we stand aghast at the folly which lost us so much that else might still be ours. Yet in those earlier days there was not a tithe of the incentive for expansion which now exists. Not yet had arisen that war of tariffs, that struggle for commercial advantage, which has placed the nations of Europe to-day in an antagonism which must soon become a struggle for existence. No longer is the rivalry one for honour and glory alone, or prompted by a greed of power and lust of empire. No longer do the far East and far West hold limitless fields for European expansion and exploitation. Japan and India in the East, America in the West, are our commercial rivals, ousting our goods by their own productions, not only from their own countries, but in the markets of the world. It is at such an epoch in the world's history that Europe—newly awakened to the vast potentialities of the Great Silent Continent—has turned

with fevered energy to Africa to find in its immensity (three times the size of Europe) the last and final outlet for civilised expansion. It is no mere conjecture that the historian of a future age will mark, as perhaps the greatest event of our era, the share which England took in this great movement of expansion, and the extent to which she availed herself of her opportunities. In Northern Africa we have wholly neglected our chances; Algiers and Tunis—and practically Tripoli also—are French. Except for a precarious protectorate in Egypt, we have no footing on the African shores of the Mediterranean; and within the last few days we have sold to Morocco our only possession in north temperate Africa—the little Cape of Juby. In South Africa we have done better, though there, too, Germans, Portuguese, and Boers own large territories which might have been ours for the taking; and the French claim Madagascar, where our influence was supreme but a year or two ago. Were it not, indeed, for the genius and the wealth of Mr Rhodes, our position in South Africa would be far other than what it is to-day. In East Africa we have the British Central African Protectorate, and, thanks solely to the patriotic and self-sacrificing efforts of the Imperial British East Africa Company, we hold a splendid country between the coast and the Nile sources. It is, however, with our possessions in West Africa that I propose to deal in this article. They are—(1) the Gambia; (2) Sierra Leone; (3) the Gold Coast; (4) Lagos; (5) the Niger Coast Protectorate; (6) the Niger territories.

1. The settlement on the Gambia, which was first connected with England in 1588, has dwindled in size and importance, till at the present day its total area is only about 69 square miles. Its extension in any direction whatever has been curtailed by the neighbouring French territories, which now completely surround it.

2. Our earliest connection with Sierra Leone dates from 1787. The colony has a coast-line of 180 miles in length. Like the Gambia, its hinterland has been entirely cut off by the French, and within the last few months an Anglo-French treaty has finally settled its long-disputed inland frontier. Its main importance consists in its harbour, and in the fact that it is the only coaling-station on the West coast. Neither of these two colonies has, therefore, any future.

3. The Gold Coast is a settlement of great importance, dating from 1672. It has a coast-line of about 300 miles, and includes a hinterland averaging some 70 miles from the coast-line. In this case, too, the French extension has crept behind the British Protectorate, but the extensive country of Ashanti is reserved by treaty from French encroachments, and it seems probable that before long it will be incorporated in the British territory. This is a step which is much to be desired on many grounds. It is of great importance that boundaries as between England and France should be settled with as little delay as possible. However anxious we may be to avoid premature extension, by our ancient custom of letting the flag follow the pioneers of trade and missions instead of preceding them, it is no longer possible to adopt this course, since it has become equivalent to ceding

our legitimate hinterlands to the acquisition of other Powers. For the custom of France in West Africa, as elsewhere, has been the reverse of our own. The acquisition by military conquest of vast territories, where not only had no French merchant penetrated, but which even explorers had only skirted, has led to the incorporation of these countries under the French flag. Hence if the boundary, however limited, which we claim is not defined with some degree of accuracy, international disagreements have too often resulted, involving, as in Sierra Leone (Waima), a deplorable collision on the spot, or, as in some other cases, a friction between the British and French Foreign Offices which might at any moment develop into a most serious crisis. Moreover, Ashanti abounds in gold, and the country will undoubtedly be a most valuable acquisition. We have already seen in South Africa the financial complications which arise where mining concessions are ceded by native potentates to private speculators with no central European authority to control and regulate their operations. Again, there is a moral obligation resting upon us to control the barbarous practices of human sacrifice, slavery, intertribal war, and the like, in a country whose borders are closed by treaty to any civilising influence except our own. Continual wars, and even invasion of our own protectorate, have already compelled our interference at great expense from time to time in Ashanti. The Gold Coast Colony is bounded on the west by French, and on the east by German territory.

4. Passing onwards along the coast, the next British settlement is Lagos, a flourishing colony, far

ahead of any other—area for area—on the West Coast, both in the amount of its revenue and the extent of its trade. The energy of Sir G. Carter has recently added largely to the extent of the protectorate which lies at the back of the colony, and the whole of the Yoruba country up to the 8th parallel of north lat. is now included in it. On the west the Anglo-French boundary of Dahomey, and on the east the borders of the Niger Coast Protectorate, form its limits. North of the British Lagos Protectorate it has recently been my mission to add Northern Yoruba and the country of Borgu to the territories of the Niger Company, and thus to place a bound to the extension of the French from the Senegal to the Niger. Lagos, therefore, has an Anglo-French boundary (now being accurately surveyed and defined) on the west, but on the north and east its frontiers are coterminous with the neighbouring British possessions. On the south its sea-front is about 180 miles long.

5. The coast-line onwards from the Benin river is British as far south as the German Cameroons. This coast-line is called the "Niger Coast Protectorate," with the exception of a central piece 108 miles long between the Fourcados and the Brass rivers, which includes the main mouths of the Niger, and is administered by the Royal Niger Company (Chartered). The "Coast Protectorate" consists of a network of creeks, from which there is a very large export of palm-oil. Its frontiers are bounded by British possessions, with the exception of that towards the Cameroons, which, however, has been accurately defined by treaty. It has not, therefore, devolved upon this settlement to safeguard British interests as regards other Powers. The pro-

tectorate, though small and now incapable of further extension, is commercially a valuable one, owing to its large palm-oil trade.

6. The last of the British possessions in West Africa is that area which is included under the government of the Royal Niger Company, estimated at over half a million square miles. It consists, as we have seen, of a comparatively narrow strip of coast at the mouths of the Niger, and follows that river inland, including all the districts which border its banks, and those of its great tributary the Benué. Upon the Niger Company has fallen the onus of opposing a barrier to French extension on the one side and German on the other, and it is solely to them that the nation is indebted for the acquisition of this vast and magnificent territory, bisected by one of the greatest waterways of the world. Hitherto the resources of the Company have been greatly taxed by the necessity of safeguarding the legitimate and necessary expansion of their frontiers as against the onward march of Germany and France. Probably, however, the mission from which I have recently returned, and which placed the acquisition of Borgu beyond all cavil, will be the last for which the Company will be called upon to pay. They claim no more to the north than what was determined by the Anglo-French treaty of August 1890, under the provisions of which their boundary was fixed at a line drawn from Saye on the Niger to Barrua on Lake Chad, to be deflected northwards so as to include "all that properly belongs to the kingdom of Sokoto." On the north and east they claim Gurma and Borgu. It remains only for a joint Commission to survey and delimit the exact frontiers.

From this slight sketch of our West African settlements it will be seen that the epoch of expansion, so far as we are concerned, has almost, if not entirely, passed. The Gambia, Sierra Leone, Lagos, and the Coast Protectorate have now well-determined boundaries. The Gold Coast Protectorate, it is true, has yet to include Ashanti; but that done, its further expansion must cease. Treaties have of late been concluded by Mr Fergusson in the far interior towards Salaga and the north, but it is highly improbable—and perhaps hardly expedient—that the colony should ever occupy these distant points. The countries in question will probably be found to consist of a congeries of small States, some of them in treaty with the British, some with the French, and some with Germany. The existence of such various rights will afford bases for a tripartite division when an International Commission shall delimit the frontiers. The Niger Company is not wholly shut off from extension eastwards across Lake Chad, but whether extension in that direction will be practicable remains to be seen.

The constitution of the West African settlements is peculiar. The Gambia is a Crown colony pure and simple, but Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and Lagos are Crown colonies only in so far as the seaboard, and a small and definite area attached to it, is concerned. Each possesses a further small inland extension which is officially described as a Protectorate. Beyond the protectorate, again, in the case of the Gold Coast (as we have seen), is a sphere of influence, which includes the territories as yet wholly outside the Administration, but over which, in virtue of treaties with native chiefs or agreements with Euro-

pean Powers, we claim exclusive rights. The Crown colonies are of course an integral part of the British empire, administered by governors, with a judicial and executive staff, appointed by the Crown. Their affiliated protectorates are similarly under the Colonial Office, and are included in the jurisdiction of the governor of the colony. Roughly speaking, they may be considered as Crown colonies in embryo. The "Niger Coast Protectorate," on the other hand, is under a wholly different system, its administration being under the Foreign Office, while the "Niger Territories" are in the unique position of being a protectorate administered by a chartered company under the Foreign Office.

This confusion of systems is much to be deplored, and the ambiguous nature of the term "Protectorate" is responsible for continual misunderstanding, even, it would seem, among members of Parliament. Cyprus is officially called a protectorate; Egypt is as often called a British protectorate as not; Zanzibar, Uganda, Witu, a part of Bechuanaland, are equally "protectorates"—though the constitution of each of these, and the nature of our rule in them, differs essentially. If I may be so bold as to say so, the conception of our great State departments which is usually held by the British public is, that the essential function of the Foreign Office is the conduct of Great Britain's foreign relations all over the world, alike in Europe and on the frontiers of our dependencies—Crown colonies or protectorates; while the duties of the Colonial Office consist in the control of all those administrations which are directly under the Crown. Thus self-governing colonies on the one

hand, and protectorates whose administration is delegated to a chartered company, or remains in the hands of a "protected" potentate, would remain under the control of the Foreign Office, while all protectorates whose executive is formed of officers appointed by the Crown would properly come under the control of the Colonial Office. This, as it appears to me, clear and workable distinction, is not, however, universally adopted in practice, with the result—as on the West Coast of Africa—of parallel administrations under two separate Home Offices. In such a reorganisation the protectorates of Cyprus, Bechuanaland, Uganda, Witu, the protectorates affiliated to the West Coast colonies, and the Niger Coast Protectorate, would be under the Colonial Office; while Zanzibar and the Niger territories would remain under the Foreign Office, together with the control of such frontier relations as might arise beyond the borders of all Crown colonies and protectorates alike.

I must apologise to my readers for going over so much familiar ground in this brief review of British possessions in West Africa before turning to the main purpose of my article, which is to make a few comments upon the way in which some African problems have been dealt with on this side of the great continent.

I. *As regards the Slave-trade.*—It is, as all the world knows, our national boast that the British flag never flies over a country where slavery is tolerated. The Colonial Office have dealt boldly and successfully with this question, by the application of the Indian Act of 1843, which declines to recognise

the status of slavery in a law court, and thereby gives the slave equal civil rights with all other members of the community. Slavery has consequently (as in India) died a natural death in the colonies of the Gold Coast and Lagos. I am informed that even throughout the Gold Coast "Protectorate" it has practically ceased to exist, but in this I have no personal knowledge. In the protectorate portion of Lagos, however, the case is otherwise. Not only does slavery exist wholly unchecked, but I myself heard continually, when in that neighbourhood, and while travelling in Borgu, that a regular and continual import of slaves takes place from the surrounding countries into Yoruba-land. Indeed, his Excellency the Governor of Lagos, speaking in 1891 of this portion of his district, observes that "slaves are the currency of the country"! and later, when making a treaty with the greatest of the chiefs of Yoruba, he erased from the prescribed Colonial Office treaty-form the clause relating to slavery, and remarks in his report¹ that he did so knowing the king was unable to suppress such a form of slavery as was prevalent in Yoruba-land. No one supposes that the *king* was able to suppress it—that duty would devolve on the British agents of the Crown who now administer his territories under the title of District Commissioners. This action I greatly deplore. I have myself frequently urged that the sudden emancipation of domestic slaves is a step to be deplored. Its abstract justice cannot possibly be appreciated by African natives; it results in hardship alike to the owner and to the slave; and it must of necessity cause a complete dislocation of the

¹ Blue-book, Africa, C. 7227, of 1893.

social relations and of the labour market. Was it, however, too much to hope that the British law declining to recognise the legal status of slavery, which had worked so successfully in Lagos itself, should have been extended to the Lagos Protectorate? and that a clause strictly forbidding the import, export, and local *trade* in slaves, should have been substituted for the clause which the British Governor did not see his way to enact as it stood?

As regards the Niger Coast Protectorate, we have no documents by which to judge of what steps have been taken in the matter of the slave-trade, or any other questions of administration beyond the collection of customs and revenue. Owing to the absence of any such reports, it is generally supposed that the protectorate has done but little outside the coast-ports and custom-stations where its revenue is collected.

The vast territories administered by the Royal Niger Company are situated well within "the area dominated by the slave-trade." This Company has since its formation in 1886 been so harassed by the continual aggression of Foreign Powers on its frontiers, and by the necessity of spending large sums on treaty-making—subsidies to native potentates, &c.—that it has not as yet had breathing-space, so to speak, to devote much outlay of money and energy to the effective administration of its territories except along the waterways of the Niger. So far its energies in the cause of humanity have been mainly devoted to grappling with the question of the liquor traffic (of which I shall speak presently); and in consequence of the unrestricted import of spirits in the neighbouring protectorate, the Company's revenue—on which

of course must depend the effectiveness of its administration—has temporarily suffered by the one-sided competition. Moreover, there are two points which cannot be lost sight of in discussing the Niger Company's government. First, the revenue accruing on a given coast-area ought in justice to be devoted to the development of the hinterland of that coast-area. This is, in fact, a natural corollary of the hinterland principle, which has been accepted by most of the European Powers. In such a case the revenues of both Lagos and the Niger Coast Protectorate, aggregating not far short of £300,000, would be available for the administrative purposes of the Company, while only at most 50,000 square miles of additional country to be administered would be added to their present half million square miles. So long as two other Governments possess between them about 400 out of the total 500 miles of the coast-area of the Company's territories, and draw therefrom an aggregate revenue of about £300,000, so long will it be impossible to criticise the Company's administration, or to condemn them for any shortcomings due to a lack of revenue.

The second argument, which cannot be lightly set aside in judging of this matter, is, that the greater part of the Company's territory consists of the Sokoto empire. Even the great emirs of Nupé, Yola, and Illorin acknowledge the rule of the Sokoto king. Before any step can be taken to forcibly check slave-raiding, the Company must be prepared to face the possibility of a conflagration among these extremely powerful Negro Mohammedan States, which cherish most jealously the right of slave-trading and slave-raiding. It would indeed have

been mere madness had the Company thrown down the gauntlet on such a question, and raised the whole population of their territories in arms against them, with their thousands of cavalry and infantry, at a moment when Mizon was intriguing in the heart of their territories, and giving French arms to the natives, or (as now) when French expeditions from various quarters are apparently concentrating within the Company's territory. Until our Foreign Office can assure the Company against such unwarrantable aggression on the part of European neighbours, it is impossible for the Company to take the great step towards the suppression of slave-raiding which they have long been willing—nay, eager—to do.

It must be clearly understood that the slave-trade of West Africa is different in its kind from that of Central and East Africa. In the latter the slave-traders, emanating from what is now the British Protectorate of Zanzibar, traversed the far interior or settled down among the tribes—raiding where they were able, and devastating vast areas of country, kidnapping and buying where they were not strong enough to raid—in order to form large caravans of slaves for despatch to the coast, there to be shipped abroad to Madagascar, Arabia, or Persia, or utilised in the plantations or hareems of their Arab masters at the coast. The slave-raids in the Congo territories were an extension of these Zanzibar Arab raiders. North of the Congo basin, however, they have never penetrated. There the great empires of Sokoto, Gando, Samory, Ahmadou, Wadai, Baghirmi, and the country now held by the Mahdi, formed a barrier they could not pass. On the West Coast, therefore, since the suppression

of the European slave-trade at the beginning of the century, there has been no over-sea export of slaves, and the raids and slave-trade to which I have alluded are to supply the great Negro Mohammedan States named.

II. Turning from the question of slavery, the peculiar problem of West Africa—principally as regards its coast area—is the traffic in *spirituous liquors* imported from Europe. An excellent article in the 'Times' of March 4 states that two million gallons of gin are yearly imported into Lagos, and a like amount into the Niger Coast Protectorate.

"There is not a doubt," says the writer, "left in the minds of intelligent, experienced, and practical men, that the supply of intoxicating liquor to the native races is equivalent to the demoralisation and degradation of the races concerned. . . . It is not a temperance fad nor a mere philanthropic counsel of perfection. It is the sober decision of unromantic men of business from one end of Africa to the other, that an essential preliminary to successful administration is to prevent the sale or supply of spirits to the natives."

Contrasting the European exporter of slaves of the last century with the gin-vendor of the present day, the 'Times' adds, that when the terrible degradation induced by this traffic is realised, "the European trader in cheap spirits to the African coast will stand as his predecessor the European slave-trader now stands, outside the pale of the known varieties of contemporary degradation."

I can myself bear witness that the spirit penetrates far into the interior, even beyond the limits of Yoruba, and that the import *via* Lagos and the Niger Coast Protec-

torate finds its way into the Company's territories to the north of the parallel of latitude beyond which the Company endeavour to prevent the importation. Thus the revenues of the neighbouring administrations under the Crown, are increased at the expense of the conscientious efforts of the Company and of its legitimate trade. The Yorubas amongst whom the poison is distributed are a singularly industrious and intelligent people, eager to engage in trade of all kinds—a people who should long ago have reaped the benefit of their energy and industry in an increase of comfort, and an improvement in social and agricultural appliances, had it not been for the sterilising and strangling influence of the liquor traffic on all forms of legitimate trade.

If the immediate and total suppression of this traffic is considered unfeasible, it is at least absolutely necessary that there should be a uniform and much higher duty charged on these spirits—a duty which, by a steady yearly increase, should eventually become prohibitive. The reply to a question in this sense, which was recently given in Parliament, was to the effect that the import into the neighbouring French and German possessions rendered it impossible to impose an effective restricting duty, and that hitherto negotiation had failed to secure an international co-operation in this matter. Surely, however, it is a new departure for England to be dependent on the action of other Powers for the initiation of such reforms as humanity and national honour demand? It was not thus that Great Britain accomplished the overthrow of a kindred evil—the European slave-trade. Rather was it the pride

of Englishmen to be the pioneers of such reform in Europe. Moreover, from Porto Novo on the borders of French Dahomey to the Rio del Rey, the boundary of the German Cameroons, there is an uninterrupted coast-line of some 500 miles solely under British rule. It is absurd to argue that the import of spirits by the French or Germans at either end of so great an area would render the prohibition of no effect in the Lagos or Niger Coast Protectorate districts; in point of fact, such a prohibition, coupled with simple protective measures against smuggling on the inland frontiers towards the French and German possessions, would be amply effective. Let us at least be free from hypocrisy, and, if we will not suppress the traffic, let us acknowledge that dollars are more to us than humanity—even though they be the price of human degradation—and not throw the blame on our neighbours when it should rest on our own shoulders.

It would seem, however, that public opinion in Germany is already ripe for co-operation with Great Britain in the suppression of this abominable traffic, since the Reichstag adopted in May 1889, almost unanimously, a resolution "to request the Federal Government to again take into consideration whether, and how, the trade in spirits in the German colonies can be effectually opposed either by prohibition or limitation." With Germany and Great Britain united in this matter it is probable that France would not maintain an attitude of opposition; but even if she agreed to adopt the same measures as England and Germany in respect of her Dahomey coast only, there would be an uninterrupted extent of 1150 miles of coast-line along which the sup-

pression would take effect, and that too in the district where the traffic is greatest.

The suppression of smuggling would not be difficult in West Africa, and indeed the nations of Europe are already pledged by the Brussels Act to effective measures in this matter, with the view of preventing the import of all arms and ammunition, so that the inclusion of spirituous liquors as contraband would involve no additional coast supervision. Moreover, vessels bringing such articles from Europe must be of considerable tonnage, and on arrival at any port of call they would be boarded by custom-house officers, who would satisfy themselves that they did not discharge any contraband goods into canoes. The surf is so heavy along this coast that it would be impossible for ships' boats, or steam-launches, to put off to land with contraband cargoes.

I have spoken of the import into Lagos and the Niger Coast Protectorate. The amount received by the Gold Coast, though large, is comparatively insignificant when its greater area is considered. The action of the Niger Company in the matter of the liquor traffic has been an example to Europe. It was Sir George Goldie, then the Deputy-Governor of the Company, who was the first to represent to Government the evil of this import, and it was he who, as the Company's representative at the Berlin Conference in October 1884, urged upon the British delegates that measures should be taken on this question.¹

The British delegates adopted his views, but their efforts were abortive, and not until the Brussels Conference in 1890 did the principles which Sir George Goldie had initiated and championed obtain a European sanction under that Act. But the Company had not waited for this international sanction. Four years previously² they had (immediately after obtaining their charter in July 1886) imposed a very heavy duty on spirits entering their territories, and a year later they totally prohibited the import into one-third of the area administered by them. More, at that time, could not be done without incurring a protest from other Governments. This resulted in the almost entire suppression of the traffic throughout the great kingdom of Nupé, in which at the time the trade was rife, and was rapidly increasing. So soon, however, as the passing of the Brussels Act gave the Company a new *locus standi* for extending their policy of suppression, they were not slow to avail themselves of it—in fact, two years before the final ratification of the Act, they extended the area of total prohibition to nine-tenths of their territories, admitting liquor only in the Niger Delta up to the 7th parallel of north lat. Even within this area the importation was hampered by excessive duties, which made its selling price double what it is in the adjoining colony of Lagos and in the Niger Coast Protectorate. The result was that the total average yearly import into the Niger Company's territories up to the end of last year (with an area of half a million

¹ Blue-book, Africa, No. 4, 1885.

² *Vide* the statement by Sir G. Goldie made to the Anti-liquor Traffic Committee, dated February 27, 1895, and published by Shaw & Co., Fetter Lane, E.C., to which I am indebted for many of the facts and figures relating to the action of the Royal Niger Company.

square miles) was 163,000 gallons, as against about four millions of gallons in Lagos and the Niger Coast Protectorate, whose aggregate area does not exceed 50,000 square miles at most. The Company is eager to entirely abolish the import in the remaining tenth part of their territories; but so long as the traffic remains unchecked in the neighbouring British protectorates—between which and the Niger Company's territories there is no natural frontier—it is impossible to do so. Indeed the action of the Company with regard to the liquor traffic is at least one of the causes of the recent attack on their depot at Akassa by the natives of Brass in the Niger Coast Protectorate, which resulted in a loss to the Company estimated

at some £40,000 sterling. To enforce entire suppression, therefore, would necessitate the retention of a very large armed force in the Company's portion of the Delta. Sir John Kirk has been sent by Government to institute an inquiry into the causes of the Brass outbreak, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the results of his investigations may be to support the Company's policy of liquor suppression, either by total prohibition or by the enforcement of uniform and far heavier duties throughout the West Coast Settlements. Meanwhile, as the matter is still *sub judice*, it would be invidious to institute any more detailed criticism or comparison.

F. D. LUGARD.

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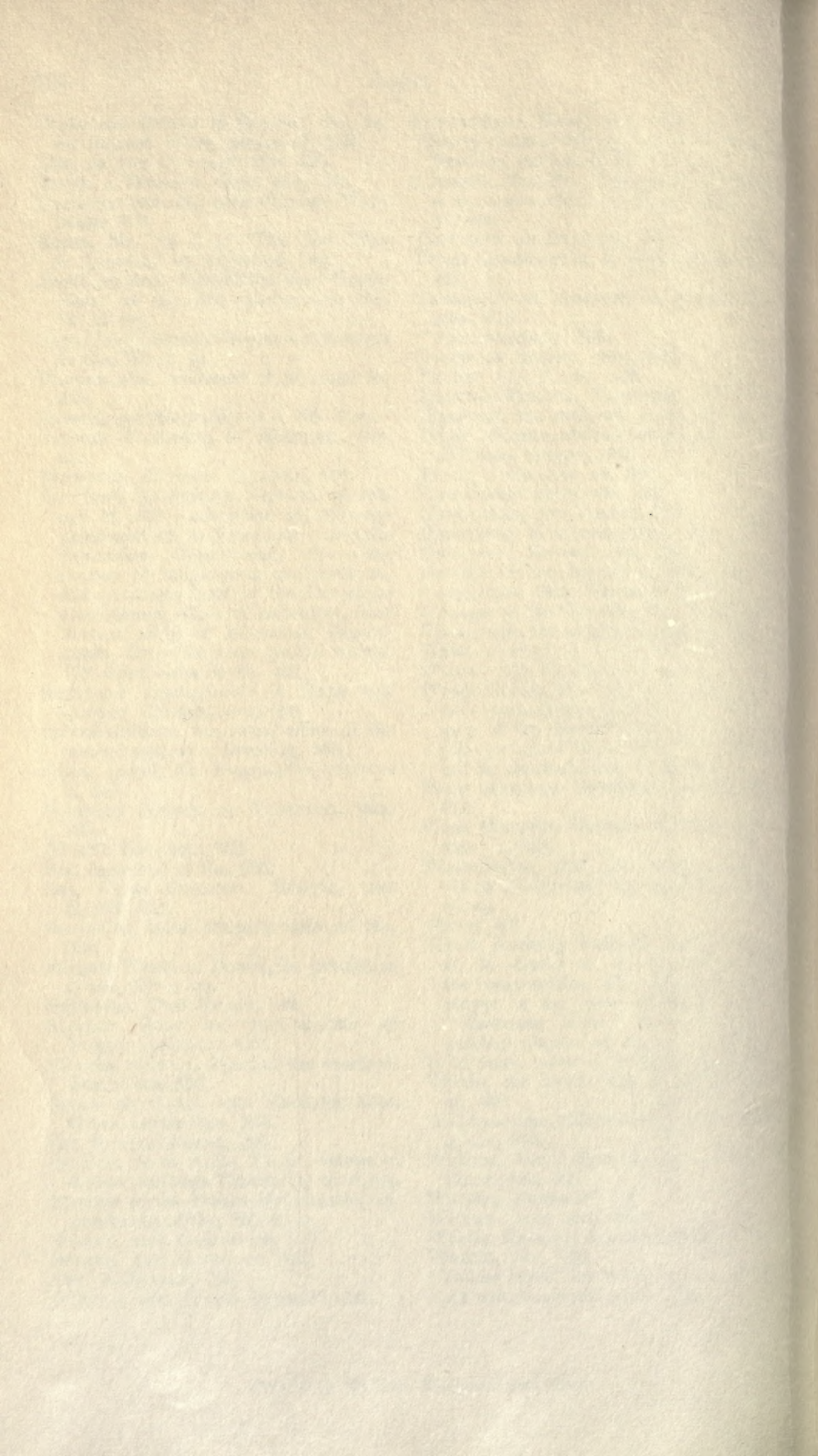
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